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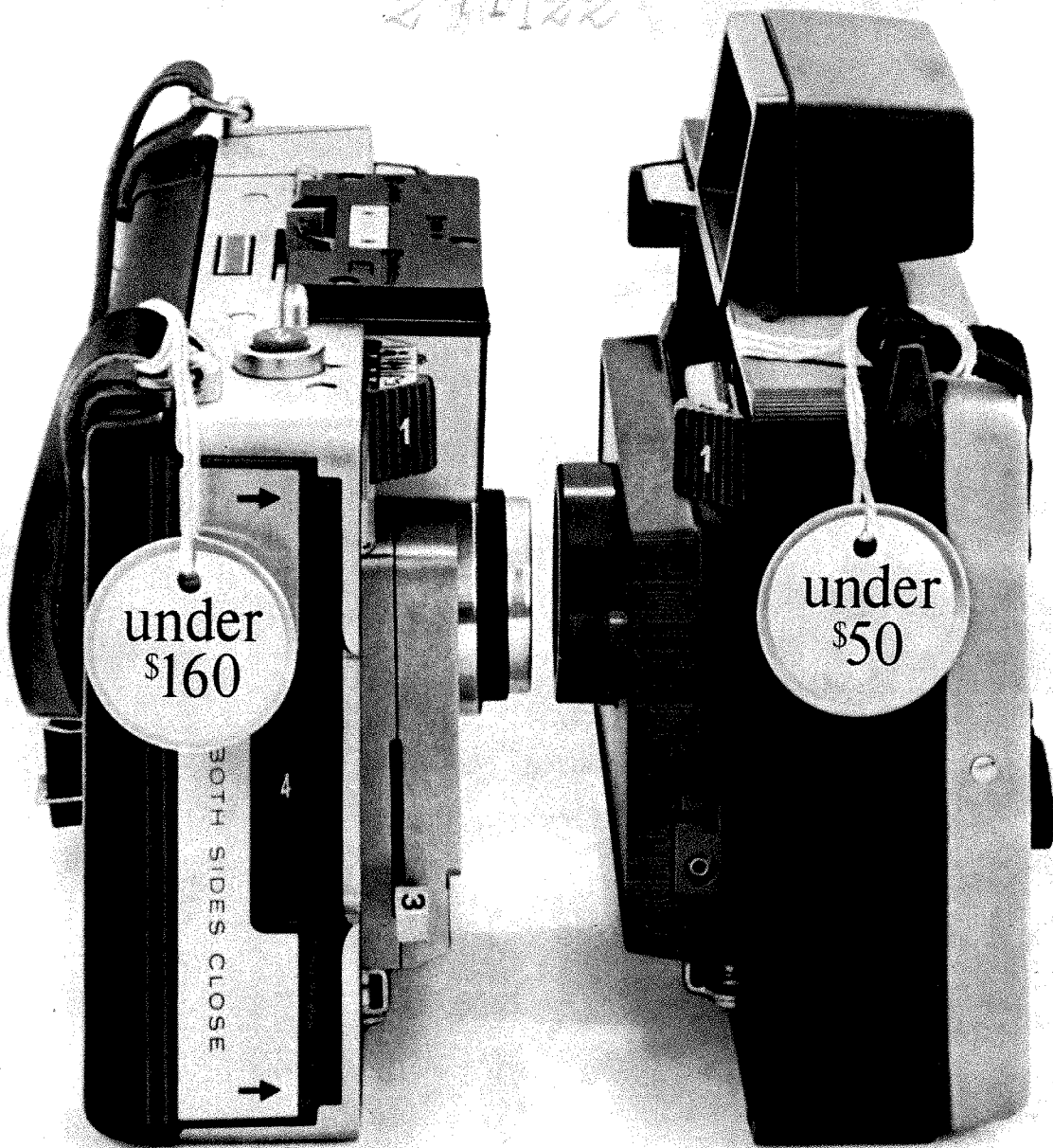
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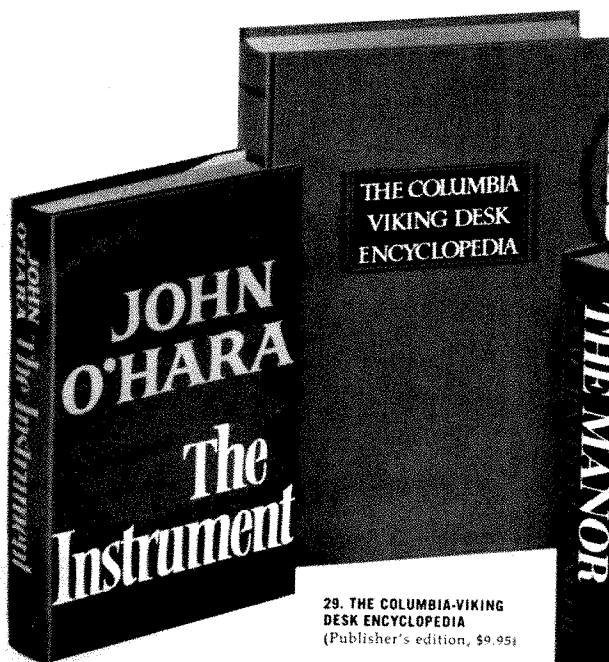
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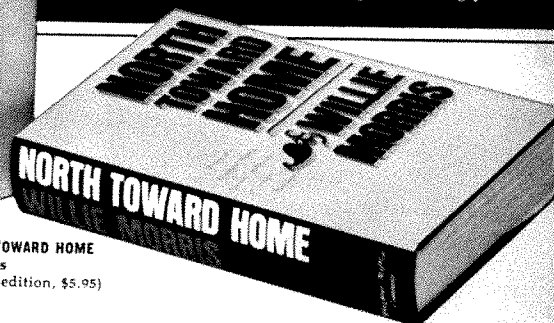
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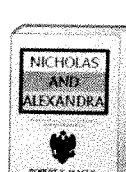
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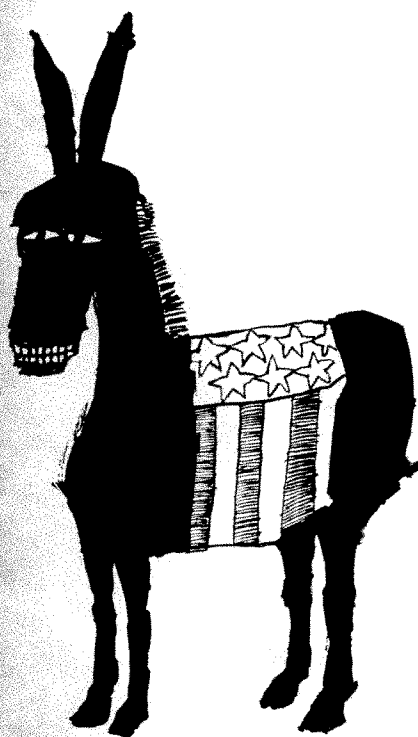
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reports

Washington



"If elected, I will go to the Pentagon . . ." — *Sen. Eugene McCarthy*

Unlike Ike, Eugene McCarthy has an outsized gift for irony and whimsy, and is happiest when free to indulge it. Like Ike, he ventures where his peers fear to tread. McCarthy's wisecrack about going to the Pentagon speaks volumes — about the quixotic aspect of his campaign for President, and about the failures of war policy in Washington and in Vietnam which are the backdrop and occasion for it.

The quixotic moralist as realist — McCarthy is a man who has managed to do well for himself in the past by taking "suicidal" positions, most

notably his valedictory for the passing of Stevenson's hour and refusal to embrace Kennedy's at the Democratic National Convention in 1960. (One of the senator's problems, it should be added, is that many people know him for his speech nominating Stevenson and for nothing else.) Something in him wants to laugh in the face of history, or at least in the face of the journalists who presume to pronounce on what is and isn't realistic or historically fated. "They say I'm committing political suicide," he remarked a few weeks ago. "Well, I'd rather do that and face up to the wrongness of the war than die of political old age." Behind the laugh at other people's political certainties, behind the offhand pose, is a serious man, and a practical enough one so that to many friends and foes opportunism often seems to be showing through the idealism.

What is certain?

The alleged certainties against which McCarthy argues today seem at first glance a great deal more certain than did Kennedy's nomination eight years ago. For what is certain in January, 1968? That the war in Vietnam will be won? Lost? Negotiated? When? That Johnson will run for re-election? Live? Die? Win? Lose? That the Republicans will nominate an alternative to Johnson who favors liquidating the war? That they will indulge their right wing as in 1964? All of these are as uncertain as the outcome of a McCarthy-Johnson primary confrontation. And the questions do not end there. Would a McCarthy victory over Johnson or a pro-Johnson slate help persuade the President that he ought to retire, or provoke him instead into a more determined fight to

serve on? No less serious, does a McCarthy candidacy, by splitting the Democrats, hurt the potential candidacy of a Rockefeller and strengthen that of a Nixon or Reagan? Even McCarthy concedes that his entry will contribute to Republican euphoria, and thus to a mood that could favor, say, Reagan over a Republican with more appeal to Democrats and independents. But they have their party, and he his, and it is hard to go through political life doing other politicians' and other parties' thinking for them.

Loner

With all these variables, why is so much of official Washington certain as a computer that McCarthy's candidacy is an irresponsible exercise? In part the answer is that Washington doesn't welcome quixotic souls, and the emergence of a quixotic realist is a paradox which clashes with most Washingtonians' assumption that practicality and the status quo are the same thing. More immediately, Johnson's Washington is a balkanized city of factions, too bitterly isolated to coalesce; amidst them, McCarthy is a loner who commands the loyalty of no faction and is suspect by all.

The Johnson men see him as a sulky hypocrite, mouthing great ideals about issues and institutions but really burning with the desire for revenge against the President, who lured the senator into the vice presidential hide-and-seek game in 1964, and rendered him an embarrassed loser. The Johnson men say they wish McCarthy would "grow up."

The Administration stalwarts (not always the same as the Johnson men, for they include those J. Kenneth Galbraith has called "the strategy-minded professors, the bloodless ex-

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Washington

perts . . .") seem to believe that this time the bullish war predictions really are sound, and that McCarthy is a petulant saboteur harassing the hard-pressed President just as the latter is attaining his objectives in Vietnam.

Opportunities

The Kennedy men have never liked McCarthy nor he them. He disdains their clannishness and obsequiousness toward their leader, and toward their leader he finds unsympathetic. They in turn feel about anti-Kennedy Democratic liberals the way Stalinists used to feel about Trotskyites. McCarthy has put Robert Kennedy on the spot, and Kennedy's statements spin about like so many tops: he would, he suggests, split the country and seem opportunistic if he tried to usurp Johnson, but he would risk his own following and seem no less opportunistic if he abandoned his position on the war. So he will try to be as little an opportunist as possible (for Kennedy, sort of like being a little bit pregnant) by smiling beatifically on McCarthy's campaign. This attempt at bilateral non-intervention will hardly charm the President. Yet Senator Kennedy's Mona Lisa response to McCarthy is confusing to Kennedy loyalists. One way or another, McCarthy has upset what some political bookmakers have taken to be Kennedy's timetable, which up till now has had Kennedy endorsing Johnson in 1968 and counting on his big chance for four years later (the scenario gets cloudy there, but logically or illogically, it calls for LBJ and RFK burying their hatchets in the submissive back of Hubert Humphrey sometime before the summer of 1972).

The Senate Democratic independents, many of them more outspoken critics of the war than McCarthy, are of two minds about him. Some, like Nelson of Wisconsin, Church of Idaho, McGovern of South Dakota, and Morse of Oregon, are up for reelection, and must worry not only about the drain a McCarthy candidacy would put on their campaign funds, but also about the vulnerable target a split Democratic Party presents to Republican challengers. Others, though they admire his guts, feel the same way about McCarthy the loner as do the Johnson and Ken-

nedy men. Then there are those, like Vance Hartke of Indiana, whose instinct is toward the dependability of a cohesive Senate bloc of anti-war Democrats as against the possible futility of a confrontation with LBJ in the primaries. But most of them would have to acknowledge that as anti-war senators they have had little effect on war policy. Johnson spoke as much about their ineffectiveness as from his own irritability when he said in November, "I can't say that these various proposals that range from a Senator to a county commissioner to a mayor of a city have really changed General Westmoreland's plan much or Ambassador Bunker's proposals."

Then there is the Washington press corps, which includes a number of individuals who love McCarthy for his charm, intelligence, and merciless humor (he once remarked that Kenneth Keating and Jacob Javits were skin-deep liberals, rather like faint-hearted soldiers who wait till the fighting is over and then go out and shoot up the enemy wounded). They also deplore what they diagnose as a severe case of laziness, which frees him to be effective in the delivery of his sardonic one-liners but of little consequence elsewhere in Washington. In Minnesota, says a presidential assistant who is partial to Humphrey, "Hubert did all the fence-mending and thankless political work that made the state safe for him and McCarthy, and now in the Senate Fritz Mondale does it all. McCarthy never lifts a finger." With his customary pungency, columnist Robert Novak expresses a more sympathetic criticism: "Gene just has none of Kennedy's patience for dealing with all that impacted crap of Byzantine local political organizations." Some newsmen can't make out if McCarthy is running *for* President or *against* the war, and feel there is a crucial difference; they see the latter as a fool's errand and doubt that McCarthy can affect the war any more through a sizable primary vote than through Senate resolutions. From anti-Johnson senators and sympathetic newsmen one might expect to hear any minute now the same words one used to hear about the first McCarthy: "I agree with his goals, but not his methods."

Deferred dream

Given the ifs and uncertainties of politics in 1968, what can one count

on? An early resolution of the war satisfactory to most citizens is obviously improbable. One can then buy the pessimistic prognosis and count on escalation continuing to breed more of the same. The latest casualty, Secretary of Defense McNamara, is supposed to have fallen in battle against escalation. Whether or not he has in fact been sacrificed to the gods of war, the President often manages to mix promises of early peace with news of escalation. So one might speculate with the optimists that by next summer the U.S. position in Vietnam will have stabilized to the point where casualty rates are declining, and where some troops are actually being brought home in accord with the Administration's long-deferred dream of a "phase-out." But here there lies a trap for the President. Clearly the strongest buttress to his political position would be demonstrable evidence that the war is at last being won, and an equally demonstrable reduction of American troop strength in Vietnam as proof of the Administration's confidence in any addition to its maze of "corners turned" announcements. The President wants this development badly, and wants it on a schedule best calculated to enhance his political position while undermining that of hawkish spokesmen for escalation and doveish prophets of cataclysm. So it is probable that, as is his wont, Johnson will be tempted to manipulate appearances to make this projection seem proven even if it isn't.

Whatever he says is the state of affairs will be examined mercilessly, no matter what is going on, by observers all the way from Hanson Baldwin to Mary McCarthy. And if the Hanson Baldwins can show that the President is staging a faked phase-out without the projected corner of stabilization having in truth been turned, or if the Mary McCarthys can show that new escalation proceeds behind the facade of a faked phase-out, if in short, statistics and troop strengths and the levers of war at the President's command are being manipulated *even a little*, the President will be charged with a misdeed which to the voters will border on a crime: playing domestic politics with the war. The charge has of course already been made by the President's critics on the left; it is certain to be pressed later on by hawkish and doveish Republicans.

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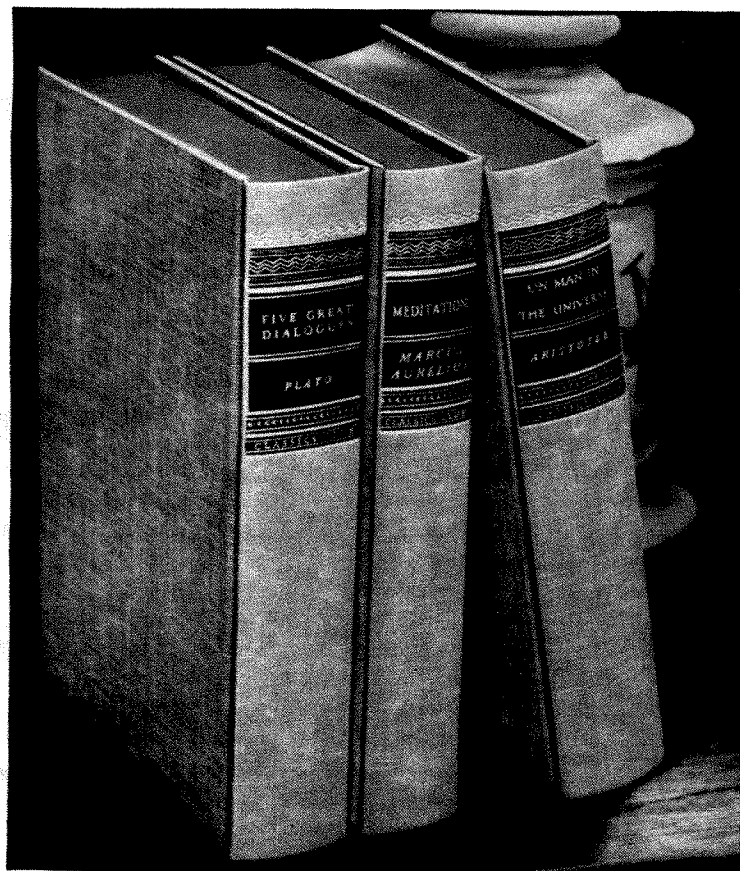
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Washington

The question will be to what extent the President is going to be guilty of it, and to what extent the people will believe he is guilty of it.

Scandal or fact of life?

What else can one count on? Riots; without doubt worse ones than in 1967. The inability of the Administration to head off an escalating string of ghetto riots in 1968 is, depending on how you look at it, a scandal, or a fact of life as long as the war continues, or a fact of life even if the war were to end tonight. The Administration line is that all the appropriations the President could ask for or the Congress grant won't prevent riots next summer, and that to say that the war, by sapping money and energy, causes riots is a phony argument.

Here too, the Administration can argue its case on nationwide television every day between now and the election, but it will have little effect as long as the public sees a war in Vietnam and racial violence in the cities as twin catastrophes over which

Lyndon Johnson presides but which he cannot control. Certainly Administration men acknowledge that the President's time and attention are monopolized by Vietnam, but they ridicule the notion that an instant solution to the ghetto problem is lying neglected on his desk beneath the cables from Saigon. They do acknowledge that as there is no magic program that can head off riots, and as the weekly drill of National Guard and Reserve units in riot control is a great deal more the heart of the Administration's response to the 1967 riots than the almost unnoticed President's Commission on Civil Disorders, Johnson will inevitably be taking a "law and order" stance by next summer that will make Goldwater's 1964 talk about racial trouble seem like fuzzy ADA cocktail talk.

But here too, Johnson's position is not as strong as it might seem. There are critics of the President who go as far as to envision an American kind of garrison state of late-Hitler vintage, overcommitted and bleeding badly abroad, and holding down explosive revolutionary upheaval in cities all across the country only through force of arms. But as was

seen in Detroit last summer, any President's police powers are limited (and in the case of the National Guard in Detroit, have only limited effectiveness), and *this* President's exercise of those powers tends to collide with his instinct to play politics. The big-city mayors may in many cases be his friends and allies; the governors of New York, Michigan, California, and Pennsylvania are not. The garrison-state nightmare could come true, but it would more than likely be preceded by chaotic bumbling from which no one can profit politically, just as the Michigan National Guard's less than ready performance preceded the President's dispatch of General Throckmorton to Detroit. Surrounding the whole drama will be a clash of local, state, and federal prerogatives and policing functions, and following it all, blame and counterblame. Through it all, Johnson may behave as impeccably as a nonpolitical statesman of the cast of Henry Stimson; he will still be fighting an impression, created by his conduct during the Detroit riots, that he looks for political advantage even in the midst of dark crisis.

Localism and "leadership"

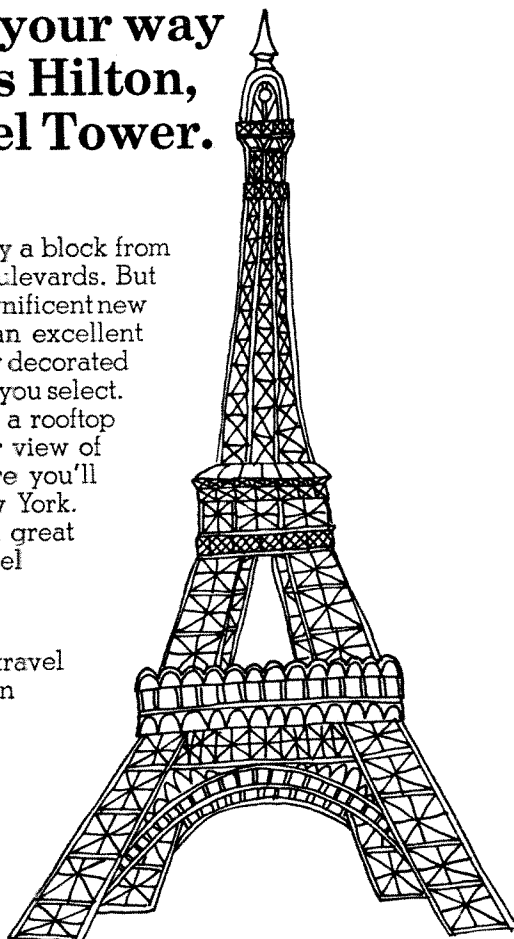
Thus handicapped, the President will find it difficult to do what he may be forced to do anyway for lack of choice: exploit adversity to the extent of running on his conduct of the war and on a "law and order" response to riots at home. Liberals and conservatives alike observe that the voters are disgusted with the expansion of government, and the inability of government, despite its expansion, to manage the country better; from Kennedy liberals like Daniel P. Moynihan come calls for a re-evaluation of decentralization. More in the conservative spectrum, Horace Busby, a longtime Johnson aide and Secretary to the Cabinet in 1964 and 1965, recently put forth some persuasive conclusions, which because of Busby's experience as a business and local government consultant are being received with interest in Washington by bureaucrats who want to know what's going on "out there." (They may also want a rationale for the fatalism that is prevalent in Washington.) "For more than thirty years," Busby says, "we have been getting used to the notion of a dynamic, dominant, interventionist federal government, and the cliché has been that all pow-

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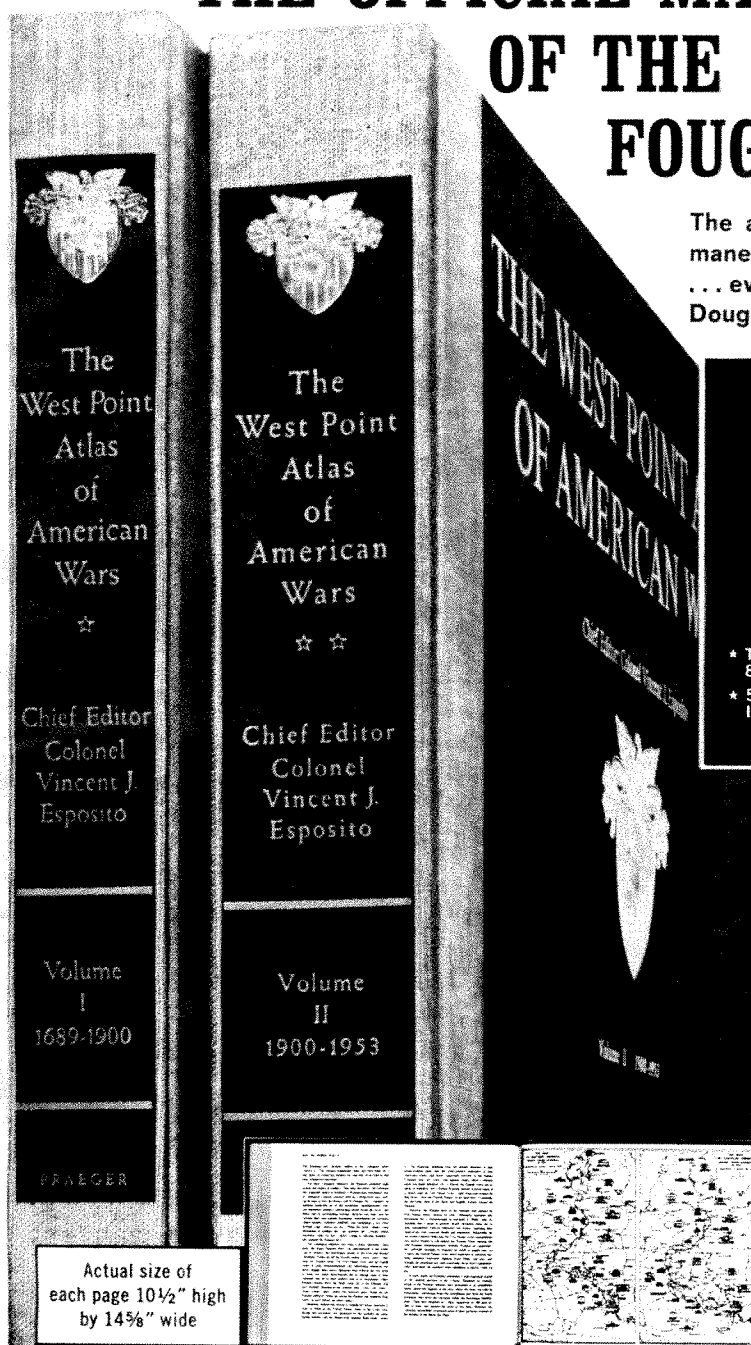
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er is flowing toward Washington. But when you look closely at the activity, it's primarily in the economic and international spheres. Now the federal government is trying to tackle the problems of the cities, and it's coming face to face with the intricately structured nature of local power. Local policing power, local and state control of education, and perhaps most important in terms of 'moving' and 'rebuilding' the cities, the dependence of local government on property tax revenues: these are all realities which are not about to disappear. At the moment Johnson is getting blamed for stalemates in some of these areas as though the fault were in the presidency. It's not."

To some presidential advisers, "leadership" is the short-term political prescription for the malaise that grows out of these problems of governmental frustration. But how can "leadership" prevail against the situations in Vietnam and the ghettos? Busby and others argue that the clamor for "solutions" is misleading; there can only be responses. But "leadership" minus a program is a thin substitute for either one. One hears little now of the poverty program except word of new trouble. The days seem long ago indeed when Lyndon Johnson was enjoying his power and his ability to translate it into legislation with the rapacious exuberance of Henry VIII.

Overreaching

From one point of view, the President now has nothing *but* the war to run on, because it's the only major operation under his direction that is functioning on all cylinders. He has lost control of Congress as completely as he had it dancing to his tune three years ago. The war and the collapse of the pound help make his domination of the economy uncertain. His position now as an embattled, boxed-in administrator of programs that do not bring desired or promised results draws him little sympathy from either the Congress or the voters, not least of all because he was such an overreacher and overperformer in 1964 and 1965. As long as he performed well, and as long as Congress kept up the pace, his overreaching mattered little more than his yanks of his beagles' ears. But even to unsophisticated voters,

the cost effectiveness of Lyndon Johnson without a Congress that will deal with him is small, and this is part of the explanation for his failure as a "statesman" faced with solving intractable problems of war and racial disorder through the executive branch of the government.

In 1964 and 1965, Mr. Johnson's performance as a politician-President who made our governmental system function productively was highly visible. Congress, which so many political scientists had written off as the beached whale of American politics, actually seemed young and randy with a love of activism.

The upbeat first act ended rather suddenly on the day in 1965 when Congress faltered in its adherence to Johnson's assembly-line mass production of legislation and defeated that year's home rule bill for the District of Columbia. "That's it," said Johnson to some staff members. "That's what?" one asked. "That means it's all over. We've got our basic legislation, and this is the signal that they're back to where they can form a coalition to beat us again."

Johnson bound

In the current, melancholy second act, the scene shifts to the executive, and Johnson being Johnson, the action shifts from cannon-and-bugle legislation to more covert maneuver. Having brought fire to Congress and Vietnam and tempted the gods on both fronts, Prometheus is now bound and can only wail ("I am President" — a sarcastic rejoinder to questions he feels are presumptuous) and make sarcastic cracks, as he did in his November press conference, about the meaninglessness of Senate resolutions. ("The Senate Foreign Relations Committee kinda had a big day yesterday. They reported two resolutions in one day.") His substantive performances, when they recapture the maestro mood, are no longer visible to the people, as when he was rolling bills out of Congress — Medicare, aid to education, anti-poverty, civil rights — that had been unpassable for almost two decades. In those days, he admitted candidly to his staff that he had to overreach because he realized that the perishability of his 1964 mandate was great.

Few would argue that his overreaching produced *bad* legislation, or even legislation that in retrospect

ought not to have been tried because of disappointing late returns on the programs it created. But there was a personal aspect to the overreaching, and for that Johnson is now paying the price, in a Greek sense. Even to many who cheered Johnson in 1964 and 1965, there was a troubling suspicion of power-lust built into the man's makeup. The suspicion remained vague so long as his performance as politician-President remained productive. Now he is the frustrated warmaker who can't get the victory either of substance or face which he demands, and in cruel turnabout, the further he reaches, the further his goals seem to recede. His overreaching is so emphasized by his war stance that it hides the crafty, cautious, apprehensive part of his nature known so well to those who worked with him and observed him during his Senate career ("Lying-down Lyndon" was the phrase then). In fact, the latter manifests itself now in calculated appeasement of the hawks — as in the ABM decision, for example — in the hope that it will keep the superhawks quiet, and protect him against the charge he still fears even more than that he plays politics with the war: the charge that he, like all Democrats, is "soft on Communism." President-watchers (as opposed to Johnson-watchers) say all this emphasizes the nature of the man too much, and the nature of the presidency too little. To them, Johnson is simply too deeply into a war to maneuver his way out.

Extremes

"Johnson," argues Eugene McCarthy, author of a new book entitled *The Limits of Power*, "consumes everything around him: institutions as well as people; the Cabinet, staff, Supreme Court justices. . . ." For a season after the 1964 election it even seemed that he had rendered the two-party system obsolete, and he and his advisers used to ruminate on the bright future of the Johnson consensus, swelled with Republican defectors. The President underestimated the two-party system's resilience, and today his consensus stretches all the short distance from L. Mendel Rivers to Everett McKinley Dirksen. His hope that with the help of the likes of Dirksen he can replay his 1964 campaign strategy at least to some extent seems as undependable as the

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hope that he can make the war and the riots work to his political advantage. He speaks of drawing toward the center a facsimile of his 1964 consensus, a coalition of "responsibility" against the extremes.

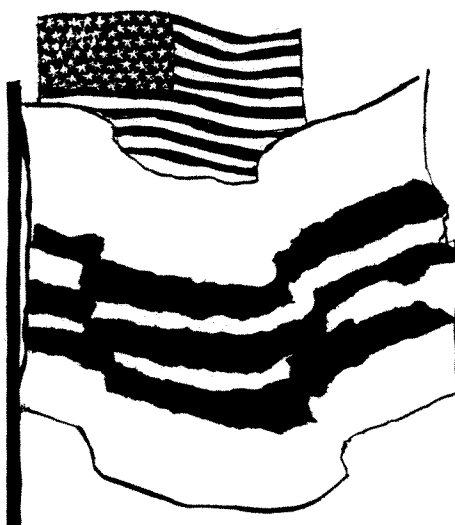
To his challenger McCarthy, the extremes slice rather differently. The senator compares the way the war is polarizing opinion in America today to the situation in France seventy years ago at the time of the Dreyfus case. (Johnson's perorations at military bases evoking a martial ethos support the point; they disturb even White House staff members.) The frustration implicit in such a split seeks an outlet, and one way McCarthy's supporters rationalize the Minnesota senator's activities is by pointing to the therapeutic effect his campaign will have on the ailing body politic, channeling dissent and protest off the streets and into calmer forms of political expression.

That rationale alone would not satisfy McCarthy because it makes him nothing but a functionary. "What is he really up to?" is the question everyone asks about him. He is too shrewd a politician to answer it simply; he is certainly too proud to choose for himself a role of mere sacrificial functionary in the cause of therapy. Yet he stands to lose too much and the odds are too much against him for him to be merely an opportunist. In a speech in Cambridge in November he quoted Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach's remarks to the effect that the President doesn't need congressional declarations of war to conduct war. If Katzenbach's theories hold, said McCarthy, we are now living, insofar as foreign policy is concerned, under a kind of constitutional totalitarianism, "a four-year dictatorship." In fact, he concluded, "much of what Katzenbach said is true. Only every four years do the people have a chance to say something about foreign policy."

That is one view of the American way of politics in 1968. The opposite one, expressed several weeks ago by the President, has it that "all we have as a nation, we owe to our unity as a people." The latter view somewhat oversimplifies the events of 1861-1865; it also fails to allow for the fact that every fourth year in this country there is a presidential election.

—Michael C. Janeway

Vietnam



The installation of General Nguyen Van Thieu as president of the Republic of Vietnam on October 31 marked the end of the four-year period of constitutional lawlessness that began with the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu, his brother and supreme counselor, on November 1, 1963. Diem's murder was a sorry affair, and it had equally sorry consequences. Whatever his faults, and those of his family — and they were serious — he was the only man with any claim to real leadership to emerge in the thirteen years of the republic's existence. To have shot him down with his hands tied behind his back was an act of fear and futility, discreditable to the military junta which gave the orders and damaging to the United States, which had let it be known that almost anything would be better than Diem.

That some sort of change had become inevitable need not be questioned, but the coup as it shaped up was blindly irrational and a wholly negative act. No one had thought the consequences through, or considered what would happen when Diem's authority was withdrawn and nothing existed with which to replace it. A witch-hunt, inevitable in the circumstances, led to the ferreting out of members of Diem's Can Lao Party and those who could be smeared by association with it. As a result, the government's intelligence apparatus collapsed, and with it most of the fragile machinery

of government. In three months the Viet Cong were able to make a more rapid advance than they had achieved in the previous three years of war.

Politics past

While it is easy to write about the fall of Diem with hindsight, it was obvious to many observers, including some of the U.S. Mission in Saigon, that nothing about the military leadership invited any confidence whatsoever in its capacity to run the country or the war more effectively than Diem had run them. In the event, the military resorted to the same police methods, which they pursued less effectively. Corruption had been held within limits during the Diem regime, and Diem himself had been above suspicion; now from top to bottom there was no limit to the military's appetite for personal enrichment, or for the opportunities for graft provided by the rapidly increasing U.S. commitment to the war.

By the spring of 1965, eighteen months after Diem's overthrow, the war within the limits of the existing American military commitment had been lost. It was not because the Viet Cong had won any military victories. Rather, the processes of disintegration had accelerated to the stage where the military government could no longer provide effective opposition either to the political forces of the National Liberation Front or to the guerrilla forces of its military arm, the Viet Cong. Five governments had come and gone. Coup had followed coup as the task of government proved beyond the capabilities of those who had arrogated it to themselves and as others plotted to seize power and its perquisites. The new element in 1965 which put an end to Viet Cong expectations of early victory, and to the worst of the political instability, was of course the American military buildup.

It is not necessary to recapitulate in detail all the events that led to the election of President Thieu on September 3. Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky's approval of the elections was designed originally to take some of the heat out of the Buddhist Struggle Movement in the late spring of 1966. Despite the young Air Marshal's lack of confidence in the democratic processes, the latter worked their own progress



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Vietnam

through the subsequent elections for the Constituent Assembly, the constitution itself, and the elections for the presidency, the Senate, and the House of Representatives.

By any comparable regional standards, which are, surely, the only appropriate yardstick, the elections were well conducted. General Thieu won the presidency not because the votes were rigged but because ten civilian candidates split the non-military vote, and in fact defeated themselves. From the moment that Ky agreed to run in the vice presidential slot on Thieu's ticket, the result of the election was not in serious doubt.

Moreover, Thieu himself was probably the most competent candidate. Tran Van Huong, the former mayor of Saigon, and onetime premier, has an engaging personality, but his espousal of southern regionalism was highly suspect in the central provinces of South Vietnam, where, not without cause, there are strong feelings of antipathy to those who believe in Cochinese exclusivism. In addition, Huong, who is in his mid-sixties, has not been well, and there were doubts whether he was fit enough to stand up to the demands of the presidency.

Phan Khac Suu, the chairman of the Constituent Assembly, though he had an excellent running mate in Dr. Phan Quang Dan, proved to be weak almost to the point of senility, and few really took Truong Dinh Dzu, the peace candidate, seriously. For the rest, none had any real expectation of wide popular support, and they polled accordingly.

Politics present

To the extent that the country now has a duly elected constitutional government, it is clear that South Vietnam has come a long way since November, 1963. But how far it has still to go was made plain in the weeks of maneuvering that followed the election. With the appointment of a cabinet in early November, it was evident that Thieu was practicing the same old techniques of government by clique. Of nineteen initial appointments, only two were new faces; the other seventeen were holdover officials from the pre-election Thieu and Ky regimes.

No cabinet representation was given in these early appointments to the voters who supported the ten civilian candidates for President whom the generals defeated. Thieu himself is publicly committed to encourage the development of a loyal opposition; whether these cabinet appointments mean that "opposition" rather than "loyal" will be the operative word remains to be seen. Much of the opposition will form in the Senate and House of Representatives, neither of which will be rubber stamps for the regime. Whatever the appearances of progress toward constitutionalism, it would seem that the political maturation South Vietnam so desperately needs is still far off.

The maneuvering that led up to the cabinet appointments revolved around one fact: of the many problems which the Thieu regime government faced, few were potentially more serious than those within its own ranks. In agreeing under pressure to stand down as a presidential candidate in the interests of the unity of the armed forces, Ky did not agree also to relinquish power. Yet as vice president, he may hold neither cabinet nor military office. His hopes that the Senate and representatives would be amenable to constitutional changes permitting the vice president to take office as prime minister have proved illusory, since amendments to the constitution must be approved by two thirds of the total number of representatives and senators, a vote that Ky will never get.

Ky was required to step down constitutionally as head of the air force, and as a result his military power has also been eroded. But his former air force colleague and classmate, General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, remains as chief of the National Police, and Ky continues to command support among some of the Corps commanders, and the possibility that he may one day be tempted to seek authority by extra-constitutional methods cannot be entirely ruled out. Long before the elections, Ky had gone on record to define what sort of government he would and would not accept. Not least because of his suspected restlessness, there was more talk about the possibility of a coup d'etat in the month following the elections than there had been in the twelve months preceding them.

For weeks, Thieu and Ky agreed on almost nothing, and such positive acts as the government took were scarcely calculated to rally popular support. The prosecution of peace candidate Dzu, and the arrest of Ky's former economic minister, Au Truong Thanh (who had been eliminated from the presidential race on the grounds that he was a neutralist), were highly impolitic.

Against all external advice, Thieu from the start showed little interest in going beyond the technicians to create a broader-based government of national union. As a gesture, he did offer the prime ministership to Tran Van Huong, who finished fourth in the presidential campaign. Not unexpectedly, however, Huong declined, thus opening the way for at least a temporary patching up of the Thieu-Ky partnership.

Ky man

For Nguyen Van Loc, who was then offered, and accepted, the prime ministership, read Nguyen Cao Ky; the riddle of the new distribution of political power then becomes a little clearer. Forty-five-year-old Loc, a personally agreeable and unassuming Saigon lawyer, was born in the Mekong Delta; thus he gives the government the proper regional balance. President Thieu is from Central Vietnam, and Ky was born in the North.

But in the prevailing political climate, where Loc was born matters less than where his loyalties lie. No one pretends that he possesses either great political talent or experience, or that he has the charisma to rally the people of his native delta provinces to the government side. But no one doubts that he is a Ky man through and through. When Ky planned to run for the presidency, Loc was to have been his running mate. Then, when Ky stepped down and agreed to run on Thieu's ticket as the vice presidential candidate, Loc became their campaign manager. He is not a strong prime minister. But he is most certainly Ky's prime minister.

Since President Thieu presides at cabinet meetings, which Ky, as vice president, does not attend, it will not be easy for Loc to oppose the will of the chief executive, and real power is likely to remain in the hands of Thieu, a fact of life that may rest uneasily with the ambitious Ky.

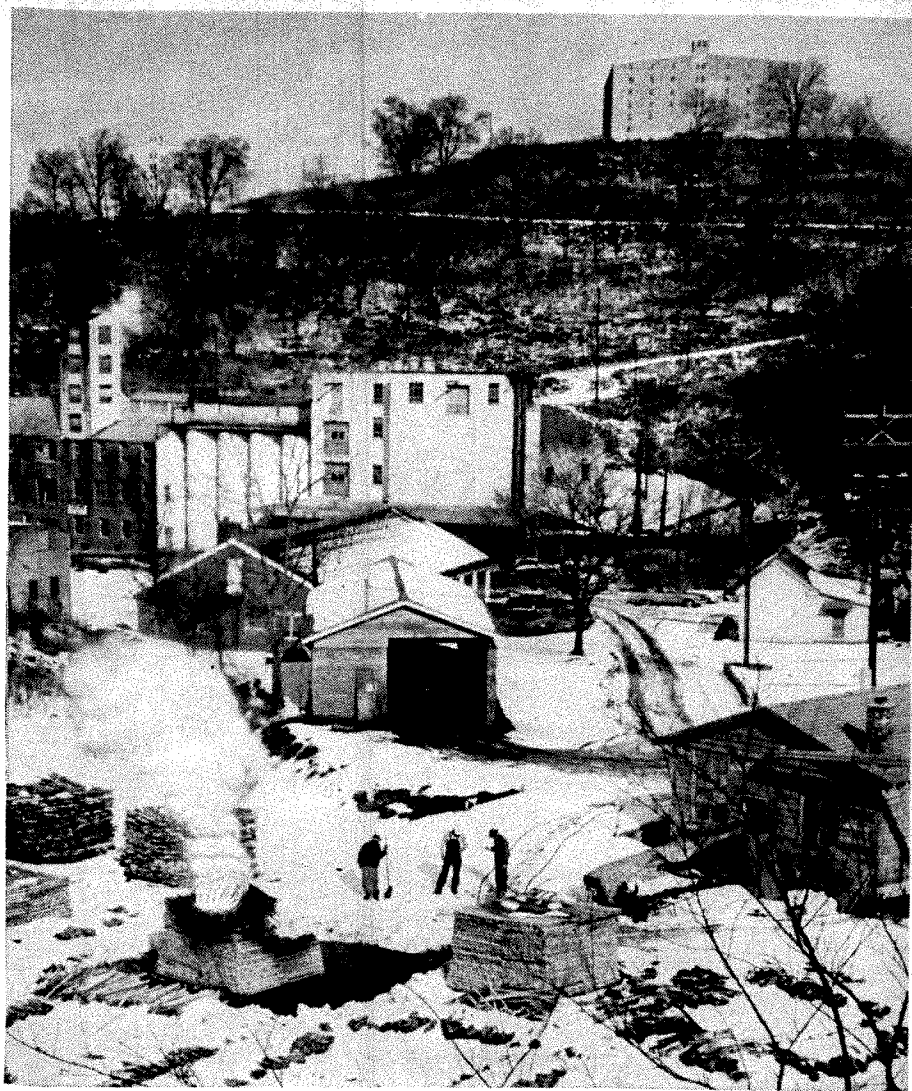
More conventional opposition to the government has polarized around two groups, one led by the disgruntled Dzu, who finished second in the presidential election, and Phan Khac Suu, who finished third; and the other based on Tran Van Don's victorious Peasant-Worker-Soldier Senate team of ten.

Dzu and Suu are as unlikely a pair of partners as Vietnam has ever seen. They came together not because they had plans for effective opposition, but simply because they could not accept defeat. Their "Front for the Defense of Democracy" had as its sole *raison d'être* the denigration of the elections and the new government. It offered nothing but street agitation of the type that has consistently served as a substitute for genuine political activity in Saigon.

Predictably, the militant Buddhists, patiently rebuilding their organization after their crushing defeat during the Struggle Movement in 1966, were eager to exploit the situation. They were helped by an earlier and serious official miscalculation about the respective strengths of the moderate and extremist wings of the Unified Buddhist Church.

The moderate leader, Thich Tam Chau, known irreverently, if aptly, as Thich Dollar, with five of his followers met in May to revise the Buddhist Charter, under which the church is permitted by law to operate. Since the effect of the new charter was to make Tri Quang's extremist group illegal, Thieu, as chief of state, cheerfully signed the new charter, whereupon Tri Quang rallied almost the entire Buddhist hierarchy to his side, effectively isolating Tam Chau and gravely embarrassing Thieu.

A renewed wave of suicides by Buddhist nuns and a sit-down hunger strike by Tri Quang outside the presidential palace, and finally, an attempted march from the extremists' headquarters in An Quang pagoda to the Vien Hoa Dao, where Tam Chau is in occupation of the Buddhist institute, led to clashes between Tri Quang's followers and the police, which is precisely what Tri Quang had planned. With a Catholic president and with the Catholics holding a disproportionate share of the seats in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, he has explosive politico-religious material with



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Vietnam

which to develop his campaign against the government.

"The only way to work . . ."

The success of General Tran Van Don's Senate team on September 3 encouraged this latter group to attempt the formation of a formal party, which hoped to poll well in the election for the House of Representatives. Without the charismatic figure of Don himself, who has always had a big personal following in Vietnam, the voters were unenthusiastic, and support for the party was meager.

Its sponsors hope to keep the organization alive and to build it into a more significant political force four years hence. If the intention is laudable, the prospects are indifferent. Many politically conscious Vietnamese are frankly skeptical of party politics in the Western tradition. A day or two after the presidential campaign, two of the more notable political leaders sat down over lunch with a Western friend to discuss the plans for the future. The Westerner suggested that their failure had been due in part to the proliferation of civilian candidates and in part to the lack of an effective national organization, and that the only hope for the future was to organize a genuine political party in company with like-minded leaders.

Both men disagreed. "We have considered everything very carefully," said the more senior of the two. "There is no tradition of party politics in this country, and we doubt whether there will ever be such a tradition. The only way to work is with existing organizations, with one of the old nationalist organizations like the Dai Viet, or the VNQDD [Vietnamese Kuomintang Party], with the sects [the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai], or with the religions, either the Catholics or the Buddhists.

"The sects are too limited in their appeal. As the elections have shown, the old nationalist organizations have served their purpose. This eliminates all but the Catholics and the Buddhists. We have no chance of working in with the Catholics, so that leaves only the Buddhists. Tam Chau is finished. He's not worth thinking about. So that leaves only Tri Quang. But who in

the world could work with Tri Quang?" And with that he threw his hands in the air in a gesture of utter hopelessness.

None of this would matter so much if the war were not so very much a political war. When Ho Chi Minh formed the first platoon of the Liberation Army in December, 1944, he named it the Vietnam Propaganda and Liberation Unit. It had a fighting role, but its primary task was to proselytize. The essential difference between the late "Che" Guevara, who believed that he could organize a successful war of national liberation in any country in the Latin Americas with twenty-five to thirty guerrillas, and Ho Chi Minh was Ho's insistence on putting politics first and guerrilla warfare second. Because the Viet Cong have always thought in terms of people and the Saigon government mostly in terms of terrain, progress in the "struggle for the hearts and minds of the people" has been slow and sometimes one-sided.

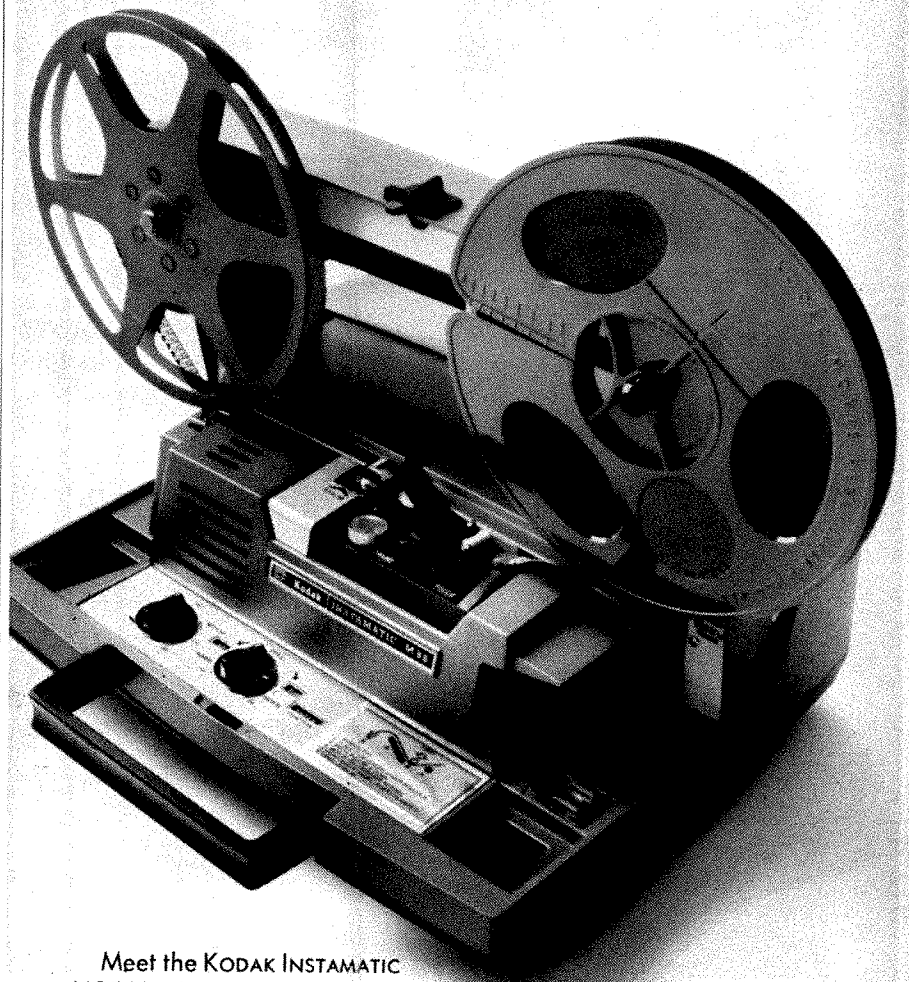
The pressures of war have recently cost the NLF friends in the countryside. Time no longer permits the luxury of having the youth volunteer to serve in the Viet Cong. Taxes have grown increasingly heavy, and the quality of Front cadres has deteriorated. To assume, however, that the Front is primarily a terrorist organization and that those who work for it do so out of fear, or because of coercion, is to misunderstand the nature of the war.

Front force

It is obviously impossible to attempt to estimate the size of the Front's popular following and the votes its candidates might expect if at the peace table Washington and Saigon are ever challenged to a free and democratic vote between the Front and its opponents. Nevertheless, a rough sampling in the wake of the September 3 poll among Vietnamese qualified to make an educated guess produced some surprising responses. Among the Vietnamese bureaucrats, former cabinet ministers, teachers, students, and businessmen, the minimum figure anyone ventured about the Front's popular following was 25 percent. Several thought it might be about 35 percent, which is the proportion of the popular vote which went to Thieu on September 3. Others put the figure even higher.

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All of these estimates may be grossly inflated, but it is at least reasonable to assume that the Front's following would be larger than that of the Catholics, who, though numbering only about 10 percent of the population, won 27 out of the 60 seats in the Senate, and despite many withdrawals to avoid a repetition of this landslide, picked up 35 seats out of 137 in the House of Representatives.

For the immediate future, there is little prospect that the issue will be put to the test. In anticipation, no doubt, of an erosion in the U.S. position before and after the presidential campaign, both Hanói and the Front are taking an uncompromising stand on negotiations.

But looking forward to the day when some negotiated settlement must be found, there is some reason for optimism. It is not too much to expect that the Senate and the Representatives will prove useful sounding boards for the people's aspirations and grievances and that out of this there will develop greater political maturity and responsibility. There are times, however, when the spectacle of an incandescent Buddhist nun seeking nirvana in a blaze of gasoline on a street corner seems, in its own macabre way, a fitting symbol for the state of Vietnamese politics.

Northeast Brazil

There was a time when Northeast Brazil enjoyed a reputation of being on the verge of violent revolution. Peasant Leagues were preparing the rural masses for Armageddon, with the Communists at work in the urban unions and a leftist governor moving toward national power. People talked of a "second Cuba," and an alarmed President John F. Kennedy sent out a large mission under the Agency for International Development (AID).

When the Brazilian military met no resistance in the region during the 1964 coup, the exaggeration of prior assessments became apparent. Foreign observers had overlooked a long tradition of periodic outbursts of rebellion in the backlands of the Northeast in their eagerness to blame an international conspiracy for the unrest. Disordered agitation had been passing for the vanguard of a sinister plot to seize power.

Today, Northeast Brazil continues to suffer from hyperbole. Now the claim is that a "new Northeast" has emerged from the pre-1964 disorder, signaling the beginning of the end of the misery which has made this huge land mass the most extensive underdeveloped area in the Western Hemisphere.

Test tube

The use of repressive tactics by the Brazilian Army has stabilized the region for more than three years. Both federal and state governments have embarked upon a plan of development viewed with approval in Washington. Their strategy includes a program of attracting new industries from the more developed south of Brazil, the stimulation of public investment in the region's infrastructure (transportation, health, education, hydroelectric projects, and so on), and an increase in agricultural production, especially in the sugar-growing zone. The AID mission has been applying funds and technical assistance under the Alliance for Progress. U.S. presence has reached such proportions that Northeast Brazil has become a sort of test tube for development, American-style.

The accompanying ballyhoo has been remarkable. For example, one reads and hears that the Northeast has been growing at a rate of 7 percent a year. The figure is a fabrication. A series of articles published by a Brazilian magazine and purporting to be an on-scene report from the "new Northeast" was in fact paraphrased from promotional literature. Things reached a crescendo in August when President Costa e Silva and his Cabinet spent a week in the Northeast issuing proclamations affirming the wondrous development about to take place.

The din of publicity celebrating the "new Northeast" is woefully premature. Massive poverty and backwardness still dominate the region. The oligopolistic structure of the economy continues to thrive, while little material progress has filtered down to the masses. No measures have been taken to alleviate the problem of overpopulation — one of every nine Latin Americans lives here — owing to an unholy alliance of Catholic and Marxist objections to birth control. The cities keep swelling, and in the humid belt along the coast, an ailing sugar industry depresses even further the economy of

the region. The only missing element is one of the periodic droughts which plague the semi-arid interior.

At the same time, U.S. efforts have produced a surprisingly widespread anti-Americanism, especially on the Catholic left. Those unhappy with the current situation identify U.S. policy with the maintenance of the status quo. Moreover, Brazilian nationalism runs counter to the dominant role which the United States is playing in the region.

Taxes as a means

The push toward industrialization derives its impetus from an imaginative tax device borrowed from the Italians, who used it to draw industry from northern to southern Italy. A company doing business in Brazil may invest or reinvest in the Northeast up to 50 percent of its annual federal income tax instead of paying it to the government. The particular investment requires approval by SUDENE, the Brazilian federal agency charged with coordinating the development of the Northeast. Investors may also obtain credit on liberal terms from the Bank of Northeast Brazil and from some state developmental agencies. An aggressive promotional program has publicized these investment opportunities.

New industries attracted by this tax law will ultimately provide more than 80,000 new jobs. SUDENE claims that every job directly created will in turn stimulate four more jobs. Of the total amount of new investment planned, 25 percent is already in production.

There are several difficulties with this emphasis upon industrialization. First of all, it is still on a scale far too small to make a meaningful dent. Recife, the largest city in the Northeast, and its environs contain a population of 1.2 million people, of whom at least 60 percent live in varying degrees of poverty. About 50 percent of the available work force in the area is unemployed or underemployed. The entire region must support 26 million people. Yet despite the continuing magnitude of the problem, murmurs of discontent have been heard from industrialists in Rio and São Paulo, who would rather invest elsewhere. At the same time, other underdeveloped and undeveloped regions of Brazil are pressing for similar tax incentives, and American firms doing business in Brazil have found that their liability



for U.S. income taxes may be less if they pay their full taxes to Brazil.

In addition, the new industries in the Northeast are naturally utilizing modern machinery, which demands fewer, more highly skilled workers. The existing manpower pool in the region is for the most part untrained and illiterate, although efforts are being directed toward adult vocational education.

The new industries have neither broken the grip of the few family groups who control the economy of the region nor stimulated any improvements of conditions within existing industries. Eight or nine close-knit groups still run almost everything within the key state of Pernambuco and Recife, its capital. Political leaders who are tolerated by the military maintain their traditional ties with these families. Thus, capital now entering the Northeast finds it expedient to work within the structure, and not compete with this concentration of economic power.

At the same time, workers in the textile mills and other older industries often must accept less than the legal minimum wage, \$30 a month in Recife and lower elsewhere. Though living costs have been on the increase, the federal government has kept these levels depressed as one of its arsenal of anti-inflationary measures. Because of the manpower surplus in the region, workers find it unwise to strike. Trade unions exist, but under the domination of management or under the leadership of men apprehensive of what the army

does to anyone it labels an "agitator." Labor conditions have, however, stimulated one of Recife's biggest businesses. Girls migrating from the interior in search of work often find themselves forced to join the ranks of the city's 8000 full-time and 30,000 part-time prostitutes.

Sugar politics

Industrialization has also left unchanged the Northeast's most pressing problem, poverty in the countryside, where the majority of the population still lives. An ailing sugar industry employs some 450,000 peasants, while more than 2 million Northeasterners depend upon the industry for their daily existence. Growth and production of sugar are generally inefficient because of archaic machinery, outdated methods, and bad land use. Per acre yield is 15.2 tons, as compared with 27.2 tons in Puerto Rico. Without government price supports, sugar from the region would be unable to compete with that grown in the south.

A handful of mill owners control sugar production and own much of the land on which the cane is grown. Most of the remaining land is concentrated in the hands of plantation owners, who sell their cane to the mills. With few exceptions, the mill owners have managed to thrive on the perpetual crisis in the sugar zone. When the situation reaches a critical stage, they have been able to obtain emergency financing from the government. These funds they then invest in real estate in the cities or other, more profitable industries. Many of the plantation owners do not live on their land, and likewise see no need of improving methods of production.

The landowner enjoys a highly paternalistic relationship with his peasants. Social conditions in many areas seem more appropriate to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the rural workers were slaves imported from Africa.

The first Peasant Leagues emerged on the sugar plantations in the late 1950s. Originally a sort of mutual benefit society, the movement adopted the rhetoric of revolution under the leadership of Francisco Julião. The Leagues attracted considerable attention when they led strikes, sponsored take-overs of plantations, and pressed for the enforcement of rights secured by laws never meant to be enforced. But when the Brazilian Congress gave legal recognition to

the rural labor movement, the Leagues became embroiled in a battle for control of the newly organized unions. Catholic priests, Communists, Trotskyists, and Maoists all joined the fray, which came to an emphatic halt with the military coup of April, 1964.

The army completely destroyed the Peasant Leagues and arrested those who had been agitating in the countryside. New leaders were installed in most of the rural unions, which kept functioning in an ineffective way. Two Catholic priests, under the watchful eye of the military, moved into virtual control of the movement. A feud between them greatly hampered the efforts of the unions in the period immediately following the coup.

The army gave assurances that it did not intend to turn back the clock, and that the legal rights of the peasants would remain secure. At the same time, it tended to view any attempt to vindicate these rights as "agitation." The rural unions have thus continued in a state of impotence. The leaders are democratically elected, draw handsome salaries, and do little. A land-reform law passed shortly after the coup has accomplished nothing, and authorities have ignored a law requiring that each peasant be given two hectares of land for his own use. Although there was one successful strike earlier this year, this form of protest is risky. The union leadership fears the army, and the peasants fear eviction by the landowners. The unions do provide legal assistance to any peasant who wants to make a claim before a labor court, but the scarcity of judges and backlog of cases force delayed decisions of almost a year.

Conditions today in the sugar zone are even worse than in the pre-1964 period. The failure of employers to pay the legal minimum wage (80 cents a day) has depressed the rural economy. In the old days, strikes and other forms of pressure forced the owners to comply with the law, and the peasants spent money in the towns. A nutrition study of a group of peasants in the southern part of Pernambuco revealed that they are now consuming fewer calories than in 1963. According to the report, these peasants used to consume 1990 calories daily. The figure is now 1299. What makes this astounding is that according to medical science a person doing absolutely nothing

27112

Northeast Brazil

for twenty-four hours requires from 1440 to 1512 calories to maintain basic metabolism. Palmares, a municipality in southern Pernambuco, was the scene of a serious crisis this winter when one of the mill owners began to pay his workers in script redeemable at the company store. For a number of weeks the store was empty, and emergency food supplies had to be rushed to the area.

Reform of a sort

In a new approach to the sugar problem, the government has created a new agency called GERAN, which is supposed to force the mill owners to increase productivity and at the same time accomplish a genuine land reform. The idea behind GERAN is that the adoption of modern machinery and methods will enable the mill owners to produce as much sugar as they are now growing on half as much land. The surplus land would then be available for crop diversification and distribution to the peasants.

The plan is just getting into operation and will take at least five years to show results. Though it has stimulated the customary overenthusiasm which Brazilians shower upon new projects, many observers are skeptical. They say that the plan may be sound in theory, but will never be administered effectively. One of the existing agencies which is participating in GERAN has already dissipated time and resources by taking over several bankrupt sugar mills. Another fear is that the mill owners will use the plan to get rid of bad land at high prices, a common practice under many land-reform schemes in Latin America. Finally, the fate of the peasants who will become unemployed in the course of the modernization of the sugar industry is uncertain at best. Then, in August, an administrative shake-up further fouled the launching of GERAN.

The rural union in Cabo, just outside Recife, has already evidenced a lack of faith in GERAN by putting into practice its own version of an agrarian reform. One year ago, this union conducted the first successful sugar strike since the coup. More recently it forced a plantation owner to hand over his plantation to the workers as a settlement for the back wages he owed to them. The Cabo

union has enjoyed unusually effective leadership from its president, João Luis da Silva, a twenty-three-year-old peasant whose imaginative and scrupulously legal maneuvers have avoided the wrath of the army.

Any protests against conditions in the Northeast risk being considered a threat to the stability which the armed forces have imposed upon the region. The Fourth Army, with its headquarters in Recife, is the ultimate arbiter of all matters of importance. Military men hold key positions in government agencies.

The state government is in the hands of politicians who are either members or representatives of the family groups which control the economic wealth of the region. The family of the present governor of Pernambuco, for example, virtually owns the western part of the state. The urban slum dwellers and the peasants have no real representation within the political framework. This has left without recourse unfortunates like the 300 families the mayor of Recife recently moved from a riverbank near the center of town to a little valley behind the airport. They now find it almost impossible to commute to the city, where they could at least eke out subsistence living, and are now starving. But what seems more important to the city administration is that they are out of sight.

Those on the left who were actively agitating against social and economic conditions before the 1964 coup and who did not flee into exile have been traumatized into silence. The repression in the Northeast following the military take-over was particularly brutal. Countless arrests and not infrequent instances of torture have left an indelible impression. All political prisoners are supposed to be free, but some remain under indictment and may yet receive additional prison terms. This has dulled their enthusiasm for politics or for experiments in insurgency. Six bombs exploded in Recife between March and July of 1966, but under circumstances lending credence to the popular belief that they were set off by "hard-line" elements within the army.

The students have been the only group which has taken to the streets in protest. Since most of them are from the upper and middle classes and have no families to support, they have been willing to risk beatings and temporary imprisonment. Thus

far, the state police and the army have had little difficulty in dispersing demonstrations. Random arrests and the widespread use of informers have kept the students off balance.

The "Brazilian Kerensky"

This leaves Dom Hélder Câmara, Archbishop of Recife, as the only voice of protest not yet silenced or intimidated by the military. A leading spokesman for the Catholic left, the diminutive Dom Hélder has aroused the ire of conservatives in the Northeast with his insistent pleas for reform. Sociologist Gilberto Freyre once called him the "Brazilian Kerensky," and more recently made the curious charge that the archbishop is really a Communist.

Dom Hélder and his followers argue that growth without social or economic justice is not development. They hold that radical change in the region's power structure is the only cure for the imbalances in the distribution of wealth. In their view the approach being taken to development in the Northeast, with its predominant emphasis upon private enterprise, is repeating the mistakes of the past, and thrives upon the weakness of the urban and rural labor movements. But up to now Dom Hélder and the Catholic left have confined their protests to speeches and manifestos. No organized force exists to translate these sentiments into effective action.

The frustration felt by opponents of the present military regime has produced a considerable amount of anti-Americanism in the Northeast. Brazilians regard the United States as a major prop behind the government, and feel that any attempted change disapproved in Washington risks direct American intervention. There is a tendency, especially on the Catholic left, to scorn American aid programs such as the adult literacy

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Janeway is an ATLANTIC editor. Joseph Page, an associate professor of law at the University of Denver, travels annually in Brazil and has written extensively about it. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

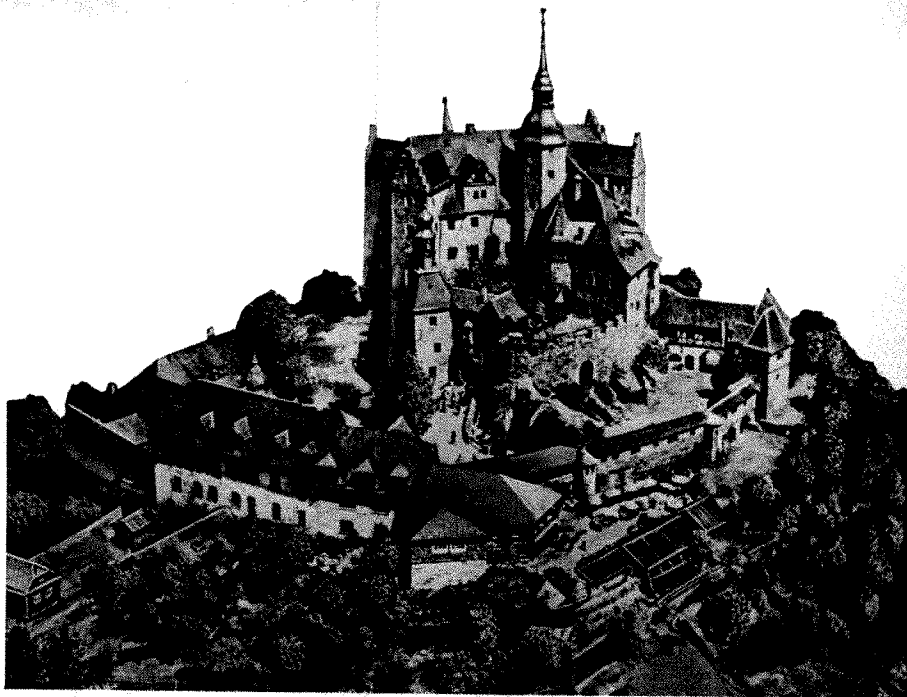
crusade and the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development among the sugar workers as efforts to tranquilize the masses into accepting the status quo.

Anti-Americanism often appears quite irrational. For example, the discovery that several American missionaries in the Amazon region were sponsoring the use of intra-uterine birth-control devices among Indian women provoked a vitriolic press campaign accusing the United States of promoting the sterilization of Brazilian women. Brazilians criticize members of the AID mission in Recife for their inability to speak Portuguese, and in almost the same breath suspect that Peace Corps Volunteers fluent in the language are engaged in espionage or other such mischief.

On the other hand, there are comprehensible sources of this hostility to the United States. In part, it is probably an indirect expression of unhappiness with the military, which tends to suppress any effective criticism of governmental policies in the Northeast. It also finds roots in a sense of nationalism offended by an overwhelming U.S. presence in the region. The AID mission has grown into a formidable bureaucracy. The number of Peace Corps Volunteers and missionaries continues to increase. Americans have devised key programs such as the latest literacy crusade and the GERAN plan, and are now pressing for a complete overhaul of the Brazilian educational system. Brazilian reaction to all this has reached an ugly stage in Paraiba, just to the north of Pernambuco. There students have angrily confronted Peace Corps Volunteers, chased Mormon missionaries, and sacked an office of the literacy crusade. More recently, anti-American agitation has erupted at the University of Ceará, where a number of American professors are teaching under AID contracts.

There are no easy answers to the developmental dilemmas of Northeast Brazil. But staggering problems would seem to require an all-out attack on every front. The present "trickle-down" approach, though showing little but publicity over the short run, purports to be a gradual, evolutionary solution. The few who have profited from it so far appear oblivious to its human cost. How long those bearing the cost can be forced to wait is another question.

— Joseph A. Page



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letters

The Data Center bugaboo

SIR: Arthur R. Miller's dramatization on "The National Data Center and Personal Privacy" (November *Atlantic*) reads more like George Orwell's 1984 than a serious attempt to assess the legal threats posed by a National Data Center.

Professor Miller's article misses the point of why a National Data Center is being proposed. The purpose is not to assemble dossiers on individuals to be used to provide intelligence for the government about those individuals, but to provide statistical information about groups of persons.

For example, the proposed National Data Center would not be permitted to divulge that citizen John Doakes has been arrested. The center would be able to tell us that one half of all the long-term unemployed had been arrested at some time in their life, while only 5 percent of the employed population had been arrested at some time in their life. From this we might be able to infer that an arrest record would harm the chances of someone like John Doakes getting a job. Knowing this, the government could launch a program to persuade employers to hire persons with arrests on their records, especially since arrests and convictions are not synonymous. Rather than serving as a threat to someone like John Doakes, the National Data Center would help him.

Professor Miller's failure to grasp the distinction between statistical and intelligence information systems pervades his article. If information about individuals is not to be released in dossier form, it is not necessary to send each individual a copy of the data relating to him. The test of whether data are to be retained in the center is a statistical test, namely whether the data are

good enough to provide answers to the questions asked of them.

The argument by Professor Miller that a National Data Center is a "foot in the door" [to a] federal snooping system" is wholly unsupported. Nonregulatory government agencies such as the Census Bureau have been collecting data about individuals and families for years, yet not one example has been cited by Professor Miller of use of the data for intelligence purposes. Federal statutes assuring the confidentiality of federal data collected about individuals have been conscientiously obeyed by government employees entrusted with their execution, and there is no reason why they cannot be adapted to a National Data Center.

MALCOLM S. COHEN
Riverdale, Md.

SIR: Except for one point, Arthur R. Miller's article, "The National Data Center and Personal Privacy," is among the best so far on this very serious subject. I would, however, take exception to his suggestion that the Census Bureau be allowed any hand whatever in the management of what may well become a Frankenstein's monster — or a Bob and Ray monster.

It will become clear to anyone who takes the opportunity, as I have, to examine Census Bureau plans for the nineteenth decennial census in 1970 and the bureau's successful campaign on behalf of the recently passed House bill creating a mid-decade census that the Census Bureau is very much an interested party in the proposal to create a National Data Center.

The public, generally, is unaware that Census Bureau files contain the single largest block of information — much of it highly personal — anywhere in government on literally millions of Americans, information we are required, under penalty of law, to give during decennial censuses. Under certain circumstances, this information is for sale to anyone with an eye for bargain-basement, tax-subsidized statistical information.

Allowing the Census Bureau any control whatever in the proposed National Data Center is very much like saying to the cat, "Now, pussy-cat, you guard that mouse."

SUSAN A. MEYER
Parsippany, N. J.

SIR: A National Data Center threatens personal privacy and requires congressional restraints, as Arthur R. Miller effectively described in the November *Atlantic*. You have done a public service by focusing on this important question.

Professor Miller recently commented on legislation I have proposed to limit mandatory census questions, some of which invade the privacy of our citizens and have no public purpose. He stated: "Many questions must be asked and investigated before the Congress blithely acquiesces in the administrative convenience and necessity arguments of the Census Bureau. Of course it is *easier* and *cheaper* to let the Census Bureau proceed according to its proposed plan. But in our country *ease* and *cheapness* have never been an adequate justification for circumventing or compromising American liberties and freedoms."

JACKSON E. BETTS
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

SIR: A recent survey by the New England Council of Education required all New England public school personnel to fill out detailed data as to age, color, salary, degrees, class load (calculated to the minute), marital status . . . *ad infinitum*.

As a public school teacher, I at first refused to fill out the form as I felt it was an invasion of my privacy and tantamount to converting us to numbers for bureaucratic uses.

Upon checking with a local professor of educational law, I understand that I am obliged to supply the data unless I intend to make a court test case of the matter. From a legal standpoint I wonder if Professor Miller would agree with this opinion?

LOUISE V. SCHOFIELD
Braintree, Mass.

More on Kozol

SIR: Jonathan Kozol ("Death at an Early Age," September *Atlantic*) did not exaggerate as much as some may have thought. It is true of course that a child does not die from rattaning, whatever may happen to his spirit or his pride. But teachers are permitted to kill pupils. Three states expressly permit this: Kansas, Colorado, and as you might guess, Texas. May I quote (Texas. Vernon's Annotated Penal Code, 1957, Article 1229):

If a pupil dies while a teacher is administering lawful corporal punishment and the teacher is free of any criminal intent, the death of the child is an *excusable homicide* and the teacher will be exonerated.

Various judges have ruled some weapons improper for such purposes: fists, rubber hoses, cat-o'-nine-tails, rawhide whip, strapping while principal's knee is pressed into pupil's abdomen, three-foot stick on a girl in poor health, two whips on one pupil, and an eighteen-inch sash cord. But ping-pong paddles, a mesquite switch, or a flat stick two feet long, one half inch thick have been ruled suitable.

And the crimes? These have been ruled as deserving of corporal punishment: Making faces through a window, crawling under a desk, undone homework, inattention, reciting a riddle, absence without permission, lying, making noises in class, or humiliating a teacher. But the law can be kind too. It is not permitted to beat children for whistling while the bell is ringing, correcting the teacher's misspelling, refusing to inform on another student, or refusing to carry buckets of water if one is in poor health and the parents have forbidden it.

If civil rights, some civilized day, should be extended to children, the Supreme Court will have to rule that the battering of defenseless children constitutes cruel and unusual punishment and is unconstitutional.

ADAH MAURER
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I have just read, with mounting anger, Jonathan Kozol's article about his experiences in a Boston Negro ghetto school ("Where Ghetto Schools Fail," *October Atlantic*).

I have taught Mexican-American migrant children in California for two years. My problems have been parallel to those of Mr. Kozol. It is completely unrealistic to expect a child from a totally different culture to fit into a classroom designed for White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant children.

I found it virtually impossible to teach Dick, Jane, Mother, Father, Spot, and Puff to children whose brothers and sisters were named Francisco, Jorge, Maria, and Esperanza, whose fathers did not work regularly, and whose mothers had no time to play with them be-

cause they were doing stoop labor in the fields.

I do not consider Mexican children "culturally deprived." They have a rich and varied culture. We impose a sense of "deprivation" upon them when we refuse to recognize the value of their own culture and to discuss it with them in our classrooms.

Our world is changing. As a teacher I believe I have an obligation to educate children to adapt to change. A person can be adaptable only when he is secure within himself. A Mexican child, a Negro child, an Indian child must be allowed to know the value of himself, and of his own culture. It should be a source of strength and pride to him. And it can be.

CHARLOTTE SUTTON HILSENRAD
Reedley, Calif.

SIR: It is inconceivable to me that any intelligent person could read Jonathan Kozol's article without feeling simultaneously shocked, ashamed, and angry.

To think that there is any school system in America that forbids teachers to present literature to their

students without permission of a supposed superior is terrifying.

It is time for concerned Americans of every color to rouse themselves and realize that we are all losing our rights when we allow our schools to be dominated by such people as the Bostonian bigots.

PATRICIA V. McNULTY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Interstate 87

SIR: I must protest the article "Interstate 87" by Norman Ritter appearing in the September *Atlantic*. I do not criticize Mr. Ritter; he is an employee of a conservation organization and naturally must make the best case possible for his side. But the *Atlantic* should stand for all the facts.

1. The first route for Interstate 87 lay close to the Harlem Railroad and was approximately Mr. Sells's route. It was favored by local authorities as it would draw through traffic from the streets of several villages and the greatly overburdened Route 117. However, protests from property owners caused the change. Many houses, both large and small, would have been

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taken. On the present route there are few houses and most of the land is farmland gone to waste. Likewise it would have ruined the Marsh Nature Sanctuary in which the Bedford Garden Club is interested. I notice you do not show the Marsh Sanctuary on the map on page 106.

2. I see also on the same map a cross-hatched rectangle off Route 172 that is not marked. The implication is that it is another sanctuary like the other shaded parts. It is the campus of the Fox Lane School — an enormous regional school. The author does not state that this lies among the “prerevolutionary homes and rolling estates.”

3. I would be interested to know what prerevolutionary homes are in the area. I was born there and lived there — right in the center between the two routes — for over thirty years and still have friends in the area. I have heard of only one such old house and know of none properly documented.

4. Since the beginning of construction this summer, three houses very close to the new interstate have been sold at record prices far above the market. Apparently some people appreciate the road and do not regard it as a blemish.

CAROLINE DARLINGTON
Bennington, Vt.

Mr. Ritter replies:

Miss Darlington is confused. The “first route for Interstate 87” proposed by the State Department of Public Works was not the Sells or Westerly Route but, as I reported, the Chestnut Ridge Route. The Westerly Route later won county and state approval. Protests naturally came from property owners along both routes.

I did not delete the Marsh Sanctuary from the map (the original I sent to the *Atlantic* from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation shows it). I alluded to the refuge when I pointed out that the bureau, in recommending the Chestnut Ridge Route, had considered the potential damage to sanctuaries each route would cause and decided the Westerly Route was less harmful.

I am amused by Miss Darlington’s remark that my employer, the General Learning Corporation, is “a conservation organization.” Actually, it is an educational firm with no present involvement in conservation programs. My Inter-

state 87 article was an after-hours pursuit.

Advice and consent

SIR: Faye Levine’s impressionistic reports from India (“The End of the Maharajas,” April *Atlantic*, and “India’s Holy Men,” October *Atlantic*) show stylistic facility, and a consistent lack of meaningful insight.

More serious than her terminology (e.g., likening the prayer leader to “a camp counselor”) is her cynicism toward India’s practical and philosophic cultivation of nonattachment. Her amazement that worship can include “traveling, festivals, music and dance, bhang, and village women” belies, if not an ignorance, at least a lack of understanding of India’s religious customs.

I think Miss Levine is jealous of Westerners (with “their own refined self-indulgence”) who have the courage to become holy wanderers and who can meet the (“hedonistic”) holy men as fellow bhikkus. Miss Levine has a quick mind, but she shall continue to stand outside.

R. A. PERRY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: There is much that is commendable observation in the report “Middle East: After the Arab Defeat” (October *Atlantic*). There are also a few tried and unproven clichés.

That Israel in 1966 had a net loss of immigration is, far from being “something . . . gone wrong,” the first thing which has gone right in that geographical region in half a century. In order to have things go even better in the interests of the welfare of all the people involved and in the interests of peace in the region, there are two steps necessary.

First, Israel must behave as the “only truly democratic state in the Middle East” by permitting its citizens the right of unrestricted emigration, a right at present seldom fully exercised outside the Western democracies. Second, there needs to be an international concern for the welfare of Israel’s citizens as individuals, not as mere building blocks in a state of a certain composition, as pawns in Zionist statism. More than half of all Israelis are Western in origin and in culture; many of these would find more happiness and certainly greater security living in the great Western democracies. As individuals leaving East Germany

have “voted with their feet,” so also Israelis must be given the right of expressing their preferences through unrestricted emigration and minimal aid in finding new and freer lives in the countries of their choice.

RAY L. CLEVELAND
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

SIR: I read with great interest your report on the Middle East after the Arab defeat.

I, like your reporter, feel distressed that “the neutrality proclaimed by successive Administrations” in the United States has turned out to be a policy somewhat less than neutral. For those of us who have lived in the Arab world and who have come to appreciate the problems the Arabs are facing — and who are aware of the need of the Arabs for American support in coping with these many problems — the bias of our government is particularly disheartening.

PHYLLIS SALEM
Beirut, Lebanon

SIR: One of the things which Ralph Maloney (“What I Need Don’t Come in Suitcases,” October *Atlantic*) needs that “don’t come in suitcases” is a bit more care in citing Ernest Hemingway, himself a very careful writer. Maloney tells us that “In ‘Big Two-Hearted River,’ Hemingway fishes upstream until he reaches the headwater marsh and the cattails standing tall in the ooze.” The fact is that Nick is fishing, he works downstream, the marsh is not a headwater marsh but a cedar swamp. No mention is made of cattails or of ooze. How mixed up can you be?

JOSHUA MCCLENNEN
Chatham, Mass.

SIR: I am perplexed by John Barth’s story “Lost in the Funhouse” (November *Atlantic*). Should not Mr. Barth have written, or you have published, this piece *before* he dropped his thread in the brain of Jorge Luis Borges (“The Literature of Exhaustion,” August *Atlantic*)? Otherwise, published essay, story seem too pat an application of one to the other. Barth writes, “Borges, whom someone once vexedly accused *me* of inventing. . . .” Clearly, he (John Barth) is an invention of Borges himself.

JOHN GOLDTHWAITE
New York City

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CAGE FOR THE INNOCENTS

BY ORVILLE SCHELL

The war forces the South Vietnamese out of their villages. Are they refugees? Or prisoners? The Americans are not more certain than the Vietnamese whose Kafkaesque fate they administer. Mr. Schell, twenty-seven, recently returned from his fourth trip to Vietnam since 1962. A research fellow at Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies, he is with Professor Franz Schurmann the co-editor of a three-volume work, THE CHINA READER.

SCORES of GI's in combat fatigues who had been sprawled out on the benches in the Danang Air Base passenger shed started getting up and moving outside. Once outside they gathered in small knots on the rain-soaked aprons, watching. Some halfheartedly fumbled with cameras. Overhead, jets screamed off the runways into the fluffy early-morning clouds to their targets. A large army truck had just pulled up a short distance from the shed and disgorged about sixty barefoot Vietnamese dressed in ragged shorts and faded dirty shirts. Each had a gray sandbag pulled down over his head. They clung to each other in a disjointed human chain as they were herded by shotgun-toting GI's into an awaiting C-130 transport plane. Moving over closer to this faceless procession, I noticed that several captives had long hair flowing out from under their gray sacks. At the end of the groping line two people were limping and were being helped along by anonymous friends. A Japanese correspondent tried to take a picture and was waved off. He was told that it was against regulations. No one was quite sure what regulation it was against, so he took it anyway.

I walked over to the officer in charge and asked who these people were and where they were being taken.

"These here are hard-core V.C.," he drawled. "You can tell just by lookin' at 'em."

An assistant corrected him and said that he thought that they were CD's (Civil Defendants). I asked what that meant.

"We don't deal in the meanings of all these names," he said, "but we know they're Charlie — maybe saboteurs, collaborators, and like that."

Meanwhile the Vietnamese were slowly being loaded through the rear door of the tadpole-shaped C-130. Since they could not see, they were moving very cautiously, feeling their way slowly up on the hanging tail gate. A GI who was jabbing them along with the barrel of his shotgun said playfully, "If one of these slopes takes off his bag, I'll blow his fuckin' head off."

The officer in charge, who was not accompanying the flight, handed over the manifest of passengers to the pilot. "Well, Chief," he said, "here are the Mexicans. They're all yours."

Inside the aircraft the "sacked" Vietnamese sat utterly silent on the cabin floor. Four GI guards sat on the fold-down seats on both sides of the aircraft. In the dim light of the interior the Vietnamese looked like some sort of strange hooded religious order. Except for one or two pathetic parcels wrapped in brown paper, these people carried no personal possessions. As the engines started, they shrank back against one another in terror. Sensing their fear, one of the GI's poked the Vietnamese nearest to him in the foot with his rifle

barrel. The man lunged back away from his unseen tormentor. Another guard commenced breaking his shotgun and cocking his pistol. The noise sent a wave of cringing down the line of huddling figures.

Finally the plane was cleared and started down the runway on its takeoff. As it got airborne the hydraulic system to retract the landing gear went on making a high-pitched scream. The Vietnamese clutched each other in fear.

One of the guards hooted above the noise of the engines, "Hang on, sweethearts!" Then he leaned over to me and said, "Hope none of 'em barfs."

I asked if they would be allowed to remove their sacks if they became sick.

"Hell, no!" he replied. "They're so dirty they don't give a shit, and neither do we because we're getting rid of 'em."

As we gained altitude, the Vietnamese began shaking their heads and hitting their ears. They apparently did not understand how to pop their ears. Several became quite frantic. One of the guards looked toward them and then at me in feigned amazement that anyone could be so stupid.

In a half hour we landed at Chulai Air Base in Quangtin Province. The Vietnamese were herded off the plane and led into a small barbed-wire enclosure, about twenty-five feet by twenty-five feet, out under the blazing hot sun. Here they squatted on the sandy ground and waited. Within a half hour a large pickup truck arrived. The Vietnamese were then divided into two groups and thirty were jammed into the back of the truck. The fact that the vehicle was really too small to transport the whole group in two trips seemed to disturb no one. None of the captors spoke Vietnamese, and obviously none of the captives spoke English. When a guard's command was not immediately understood and obeyed, he would start swearing and shoving the Vietnamese as though they were some dumb stubborn animals refusing to leave the barn.

After some hesitation the driver agreed to let me accompany him to camp, and we set off across the Chulai Air Base, headquarters for Task Force Oregon. The giant runways stretched endlessly away, finally disappearing into mirages in the heat. Sandbag bunkers, gun emplacements, barracks, and hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fence were all that broke the monotony of the dry, sandy dunes upon which the base is built.

The truck finally pulled up in front of a large sign emblazoned with two crossed pirate pistols which read CHULAI POWC (Prisoner of War Camp). As the Vietnamese were being unloaded, I was ushered into the camp headquarters and introduced to the temporary commanding officer, a morose-looking sergeant from Cincinnati who

had eyes like Robert Mitchum's. I explained that I was a journalist and that I had accompanied the newly arrived Vietnamese from Danang. I said that I was interested in finding out just who these people were, what they had done, and where they were being taken. The sergeant said that until he had had a chance to look at their papers he could not be certain. Five minutes later he returned and announced that the Vietnamese who had just flown down from Danang were what is known as IC's (Innocent Civilians). He said that this meant that they had been interrogated and found to be innocent of aiding or cooperating with the enemy. He proudly informed me, "These people will be returned to their villages just as soon as we get a chance to ship them out. And if their villages have been destroyed or lie in V.C. areas, well, then we'll turn them over to the Vietnamese refugee authorities and let them take care of them."

THE Chulai camp lies on a sand dune bluff overlooking the blue ocean and a beautiful beach, where GI's can be seen riding on air mattresses in the surf and cooking barbecues. All day, low-flying jets, transports, gun ships (helicopters), and small Cessna spotters circle noisily overhead. The prisoners' compound itself consists of four barbed-wire enclosures known as "cages." In each cage the prisoners have built a small thatched roof structure faced on three sides by rattan matting to protect themselves from the sun and rain. Besides the prisoners, a latrine, and the sandy ground, there is nothing else inside the cages. At night the prisoners are given army cots on which to sleep. In the daytime these are stacked neatly outside the cages near the cooking area, into which the prisoners are brought three times a day in two shifts to cook their own meals over an open fire. The army provides dried meat, onion soup, tomato juice, and Texas long grain rice. The reasoning behind this bizarre bill of fare is unclear. The fact that it was not Vietnamese left the sergeant undisturbed.

"Since these people like American chow," he said, "there is no sweat. We treat these people like human beings, not animals."

The camp medic hastened to add, "You know, some of these folks really cry when they have to leave here. [This was said to me on numerous occasions during the next two days.] We give them four squares a day and all the pills they can eat. And we try and show them the American way of life so that when they go back to their villages . . ."

He trailed off, not knowing exactly how to finish his sentence. Outside the office the new arrivals were squatting in the sand up against a barbed-wire fence. They had removed their sandbag hoods.

There were six women and several extremely young looking males. They sat listlessly looking up at the bare-chested Americans towering over them. No one talked. Their faces showed no trace of any kind of feeling.

Inside, the briefing continued: There were 141 people imprisoned at the camp. Chulai POWC is the collection point for Vietnamese "detained" in the area of operations of Task Force Oregon. In some areas and on some military operations only people with weapons are picked up and brought in. In other areas where there are known or suspected hostile forces, everyone is picked up and brought in. This includes the aged, women, and children. There are no systematic rules for determining who will be a "detainee." The decision is left up to the field commander's judgment. I asked several people to explain the difference between a "refugee" and a "detainee." Most of those asked assumed that the words were somehow self-explanatory. But none of them could systematically articulate the difference.

Like so many other terms in the Vietnam War lexicon, these words are adopted out of administrative necessity, although they may have very little relation to reality. In Vietnam the situation is very different from any previous war situation in which there have been "detainees" and "refugees": every Vietnamese in the field is potentially hostile. Yet the army needs categories to handle and process these people efficiently even if the categories do not accurately describe the people involved. Every Vietnamese encountered by U.S. forces must fit into one of the previously determined categories. The words "refugee" and "detainee" are really words without meaning. They bring with them old meanings which are irrelevant as designation for the people they are describing. For instance, both "detainees" and "refugees" are "generated" by U.S. and ARVN forces as they move through the countryside on operations destroying villages. These people are not fleeing Communism. They are forced to leave by an invading army. Their designation usually depends on a hasty battle-field decision. It is this decision which makes a person a "refugee" or "detainee." Often a suspect is questioned briefly in the field by a team of ARVN interrogators. But under combat conditions this intelligence-gathering can become extremely indiscriminate and brutal. The emphasis is on getting quick information which may save American lives as the operation moves on. Torture and intimidation are common. After this field interrogation, any villager who is still suspect is bound, blindfolded, and taken back to Chulai to be questioned at greater length and then finally classified. Until this time he is treated just like a prisoner, since there is no way to ascertain whether a "detainee"

is hostile or friendly. He is guilty until proven innocent; then if found innocent he suddenly becomes a "refugee." As one colonel in J2 (intelligence) at the Saigon Pentagon put it, "Our job concerns us with the intelligence we can get so that we can take a hill or save a life — this is our interest. But we do respect the dignity of others and treat them in a humane Christian manner. But you mustn't forget that there is a war going on out here."

At Chulai, 52 out of the 127 prisoners (not including the 59 new arrivals) were designated as IC's. Throughout all of Vietnam 65 percent of all detainees finally prove to be IC's. In other words, two out of three suspects brought in from the field are innocent. There are only two other possible designations besides IC; PW (Prisoner of War) and CD (Civil Defendant). North Vietnamese regulars, Viet Cong, or any other person who has committed an act against a "friendly force" is designated as a PW. But an average of only 7 percent of all detainees prove to be PW's. These prisoners are turned over to Vietnamese Army-run PW camps, of which there are now six with a capacity of over 10,000. One camp which is under construction on Phuquoc Island on the Cambodian border will have a capacity of 20,000 when finished. These camps are technically built according to Geneva Convention specifications, and the inmates are theoretically under the jurisdiction of the Treatment of Prisoners of War section of that convention. But because it is extremely difficult to gain access to these camps on anything more than a short formal tour, it is impossible to be certain of what conditions in them are really like.

The third possible designation for a detainee is CD. This is the vaguest and most poorly defined of the three categories. Officially, someone who is suspected of being a "spy, saboteur, or terrorist" comes under this category. But actually it is a convenient designation for anyone about whom the interrogation teams cannot make up their minds. These unfortunates fall into a limbo category. Since they have not committed a belligerent act against a friendly army they cannot be classified as PW's and therefore do not fall under the protection of the Geneva Convention. They are treated as criminal or political prisoners and thrown into local provincial jails, which are under the jurisdiction of the national police. Treatment is rough, and conditions are indescribably squalid. Such prisons are prime targets for raiding Viet Cong units. For instance, on August 29 the Viet Cong hit the capital city of Quangngai Province and sprang the local jail, freeing 1200 prisoners, many of whom were CD's. A national average of 28 percent of all detainees are finally designated as

CD. During the time I was at the Chulai camp 30 out of 141 fell into this category.

In a situation where every Vietnamese is potentially hostile, the United States, as the figures suggest, is forced to the desperate tactic of picking up vast numbers of questionable cases. A large number of civilians are simply shot in the field by scared trigger-happy GIs who have learned that it is risky business to trust any Vietnamese, especially any Vietnamese near or in a combat area. Of course, any dead Vietnamese is conveniently considered V.C., thereby raising the unit's enemy KIA (Killed in Action) body count, the summa of progress in Vietnam. As one enlisted man in Ducpho District, Quangngai Province, said, "Anything dead that's not white is V.C."

For instance, on an operation a unit may take sniper fire from the direction of a village. This is sufficient justification for calling in an air strike and wiping out part or all of the village. (The casualness with which Americans put air strikes on "suspected enemy positions" is disturbing.) The Vietnamese have learned to build bunkers under their huts for just such an eventuality. But when the ground forces finally do move into what is left of the village, anyone who is caught hiding in a bunker is automatically treated with great suspicion. He or she is usually detained.

In the month of June 10,000 Vietnamese were detained. In July the figure rose to 15,000. Only 2.5 percent of the July detainees were finally designated as PW's. This is a very small return and a very large catch. In the last six months in I Corps, where combat had been most intense, this mass detention of tens of thousands of people and the attendant disruption of rural life have created a critical but largely ignored social problem. These people are taken forcibly from their farms (which are usually burned), separated from their families, and taken to collection centers like Chulai to await interrogation and designation. Frequently they are moved again because of overcrowded facilities. It often takes weeks before a detainee is finally declared innocent and released. Then he is usually released into one of the badly overcrowded refugee camps. A military police spokesman in Saigon from the Plans and Policy branch, when asked what effect he thought this mass detention was having on "winning the hearts and minds of the people," merely said, "Bringing in so many people is just a problem which is necessarily inherent in this type of war. But it has not yet been presented as a problem area."

For the detainee it is a "problem area." At Chulai, no one had told any of the prisoners or detainees with whom I talked why they had been picked up. I talked to several Innocent Civilians who had no idea why they were being held, and had not

even been told that in fact they had already been designated as IC's and were only waiting to be transported to refugee centers. The Americans seemed totally oblivious of this piteous information gap. It was blandly assumed that somehow these small unintelligible yellow-skinned people were different, that they could live anywhere, eat anything, and not be disturbed by common American emotions and concerns for one's family, oneself, and the future. None of the Americans I met spoke Vietnamese. They were totally dependent on the seven ARVN interpreters who had been assigned to them for communication with their captives. The only real communication took place during the interrogations. At this time the Americans asked all the questions, never the other way around.

BEHIND the "cages" at the Chulai camp, four small open interrogation huts have been constructed out of plywood. The head of Interrogation assigned one of them to me for interviewing some of the inmates. Then, accompanied by an interpreter and a Press Information Officer, we walked down to the cages to select some subjects.

Most of the prisoners were lying on the sand in the shade of the thatched roof shelter when we arrived. As we entered the cages they all stood up. One old man jumped to his feet and saluted in a pathetic attempt to please. He wore the black pajama-like garb which is the traditional peasant mode of dressing. Like all the other inmates, he had a large white cardboard tag fastened to his shirt which identified him not by name but by number. The prisoners stood uneasily as we walked between them checking their tags.

Two IC's were finally chosen and led out of the compound.

Nguyen Mê, the first of the group of prisoners whom I interviewed, is forty-six years old and comes from Phuongdong village in Quangtin Province. He has been told that he has been designated an Innocent Civilian, but he does not know what that means. He is a slight man, under five feet tall. He wore a dirty pair of black cotton shorts and a black cotton shirt, which was fastened in the front by the large safety pin which secured his white numbered identity card. His feet were bare, archless, and splayed out from years of working in the fields. His skin had been burned a dark brown by the sun. During the whole interview he sat very upright. He smiled only once, when the PIO major offered him a life-saver (which at first he did not know what to do with). The rest of the time he listened intently and spoke simply and directly. He betrayed no hostility or any sense of having been wronged. His whole tone was so matter-of-

fact that if it had not been for the brief moments when a mixture of pain and bewilderment would cross his face, one might have assumed that he was narrating the story of another person.

Q. How long has it been since you were detained?

A. I don't know. I can't exactly remember how many days. Each day is the same, so they are hard to count.

Q. How were you captured?

A. I was captured in the morning time when everyone was still in the village. We began to hear some shooting and then bombs started to fall [probably mortars]. So we all ran into the shelters under our houses.

Q. Did everyone in your village have a shelter?

A. Yes, every house has one. We dug them two years ago when the bombing and artillery fire first started coming. We really need our shelters.

Q. What happened after you went into your shelters?

A. We couldn't see much or hear much. It was difficult to tell what was happening outside. I was with my wife and children. After a while we heard someone yelling into our house with a voice that we did not understand saying something about Chieu Hoi [the official name for defectors from the Viet Cong]. They fired some shots. I was very scared, but I came out anyway. I thought that it must be the Americans because we had seen helicopters flying over our village earlier. When I came out they pointed guns at me and grabbed me. I was afraid because I could not understand them and didn't know what would happen to me. The Americans are very kind, but these Americans were very rough and hit me. They pushed me back into my house and gestured for me to call my family out of the shelter. I had no choice but to call them.

Q. What did they do after you were all out?

A. They ran off to get a Vietnamese soldier who asked us where the V.C. were and where the V.C. kept their rice. I told them that the V.C. came through our village every four days or so to get rice. But the soldiers were in a big hurry. They tied our hands and put sacks over our heads and led us away someplace. I couldn't see where we were going.

Q. Where was your family?

A. We got separated. We were led away someplace where there were lots of other people. I couldn't see and didn't dare call out to them. They never came to the camp. Now I don't know where they are.

Q. Was your rice already planted when you were picked up?

A. Yes, but now I don't know who will harvest it.

Q. What happened to everything that you owned, like your house, buffalo, et cetera?

A. I am not sure. We were not allowed to bring anything with us at all. Our hands were tied. How could we?

Q. Do you have an extra change of clothes with you?

A. No. I haven't been able to wash my clothes since I have been here.

Q. Did the soldiers destroy many houses?

A. They were burning many when they caught me. Do you know if they burned my house down? [Inmates constantly assumed that since I was American I must have some sort of authority and could help them.]

Q. How many houses had been destroyed before the day you were captured?

A. Six.

Q. How many houses were there in the village?

A. Twenty-seven.

Q. Why were the six houses destroyed?

A. They were near the mountain and the airplanes bombed them.

Q. Were many people killed?

A. Yes, quite a few because they didn't have time to get into their shelters.

Q. Where are they going to take you from here?

A. I don't know. Someone said to the Hoiduc refugee center. But I don't know if my family is there. I want to see them very badly. But that is up to the higher people.

NGUYEN LUC, who is seventy-seven years old, came from Phuctien village, in Tienphuc District, Quangtin Province. He had also been designated an Innocent Civilian and was waiting to be shipped out. He was probably the oldest inmate in the Chulai camp. Although his hair was not completely gray, he was hunched over from years of bending down working in the rice paddies. He walked extremely slowly and finally had to be helped up the steps of the interrogation hut. I reached down to give him a hand. His wiry body could not have weighed more than eighty pounds. A major from the Press Information Office thrust out a glad hand in welcome. But Nguyen did not know the significance of shaking hands. Instead he placed both hands together in front of him in a prayer-like motion, which is the traditional form of Vietnamese greeting. The major gave a nervous laugh and then tried to clasp him around the back like a public relations man squiring a big client into his office. But Luc had already begun to sit down. His eyes were riveted to the ground the whole time. He wore an oversize pair of sawed-off army fatigues, and sat quietly on a small wood stool. He seemed neither nervous nor scared, just weary. I had the feeling that even if I had wished

to, I could have done nothing which would have elicited any emotional response from him.

Q. How long have you been here?

A. Six days.

Q. How were you captured?

A. I was captured in the morning while out in the rice fields working. The Americans and the ARVN's came and ordered me to go with them.

Q. Did they allow you to return home and talk to your family or bring any possessions?

A. No, they were in a very big hurry. They pointed guns at me and I just went.

Q. Had your fields been planted?

A. Yes.

Q. What will happen to them now?

A. I don't know who will harvest the rice. I would like to go back because now there are very few people in the village. They all live underground. All our houses have been bombed and destroyed. The bombs have made big holes in our rice fields.

Q. When did the bombing start?

A. [He paused.] It started three years ago — but then not as much as now.

Q. Did the people fear the V.C. or the bombing more in your village?

A. We don't like the Viet Cong because they take our rice and sometimes make us work.

Q. But which do you fear the most?

A. We fear the bombing because we don't know when it will come and we can't see it. [At this point Luc began fidgeting with his pants. I asked why, but he did not respond.]

Q. Who are the Americans?

A. [Pause.] The Americans are like the French. The French were very cruel.

Q. Are the Americans cruel?

A. The French beat the people.

Q. Do the Americans beat the people?

A. [Luc glanced over at the agitated but silent PIO officer.] Sometimes the Americans give candy. [Again he started tugging at his baggy fatigue shorts, which I noticed were missing most of the buttons on the fly.]

Q. Why are you fidgeting? Are you hurt?

A. [A long pause during which time Luc stared at his feet.] I want some underwear. I am embarrassed because my pants will not fasten.

Q. Have you asked the Americans for some new clothes? You know that they give clothes to inmates, don't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Have you asked them? [The PIO major interrupted here to assure me that all prisoners received all the clothing and medical attention that they needed.]

A. Yes, once.

Q. What happened?

A. I asked the Americans, but they did not

understand me. They just laughed at me, and one struck me. He slapped me on my face. I was very scared. I didn't dare ask again.

Q. Why do you ask now? I have explained that I am not in the army.

A. The atmosphere is good. [The PIO major acted shocked and assured me that this "oversight" would be corrected. After the interview he hurried to the office to launch his protest.]

Q. Do you know why your village was bombed?

A. The people said that it was because of the Communists.

Q. What is a Communist? Who are they?

A. [Long pause.] They are . . . I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard of Nguyen Cao Ky or Nguyen Van Thieu?

A. No, I do not know them.

Q. Have you ever heard of Ho Chi Minh?

A. Yes, he sent troops from the North. He is well known.

Q. Why were you detained?

A. I don't know why. They just brought me in.

Q. But has anyone explained to you the reason for detaining you?

A. No. They do not speak Vietnamese. We cannot understand one another.

Q. What did they tell you in the interrogation?

A. They asked me questions. They asked me if I was a Viet Cong and if I knew where the Viet Cong were hiding. They just asked me questions.

Q. Do you know that you have been designated an Innocent Civilian?

A. What is that? [The PIO major moved forward on his chair ready to give an explanation.]

Q. Where are you going when you leave here?

A. I don't know what they are going to do with us. Will I be able to go back to my village? I am very worried because no one is there to look after our ancestral tombs.

Q. Do you have a family?

A. Yes, a wife, two sons, and some grandchildren.

Q. Where are they now?

A. I don't know. I am very sad because I don't know what has happened to them. Maybe they are worrying about me also.

Q. Perhaps they are in refugee camps. Do you know anything about the resettlement program?

A. No.

Q. Have the Americans ever dropped leaflets on your village explaining the refugee program and warning you to leave your village because it will be bombed?

A. Yes, sometimes they drop leaflets. But I can't read. Many people can't read. Now there are no schools in the countryside. They are all destroyed.

Q. Do you know what is going to happen to you?

A. No, I don't know. I need someone to help me. I am very scared here all alone.

THE BATTLE OF THE PENTAGON

by Bruce Jackson

There were, inevitably, some infantile happenings during the Vietnam dissidents' Washington march last October, but few were more pronounced than the performance of most of the news media. Journalism's shortcomings enhance the value of this account by a thirty-one-year-old participant in the late unpleasantness on the Pentagon Mall. Mr. Jackson is a sociologist and teaches English and folklore at the State University of New York at Buffalo.



IN NONE of the accounts I've so far read of the October 21 and 22 peace demonstration in Washington do I discover any sense of what that weekend really meant. The older reporters, who were behind the soldiers' lines or on the Pentagon roof or inside the temporary war room, wrote about hippies and Maoists; the kids, on the other side of the line, wrote about the awful brutality of the U.S. marshals. Each wrote with enough half-truth to feel justified in excluding the other; neither moved beyond the immediate lure of invective and self-righteousness to ask what that awful weekend tells us about our American land in this darkening year.

I was there; I suppose I can't claim absolute objectivity either. To qualify my point of view, I'll first tell you something of what I did and saw that Saturday afternoon and evening and in the early hours of Sunday morning.

"I just love them flower girls," a man in his thirties said to me, staring at one pretty in a very short skirt, "but I wish there was more of them."

He was right: there weren't very many. Hippies were there, but so was everyone else. The crowd was an American pastiche: older people with graying hair and grim faces, quite at home among the more numerous youngsters of college age; some children, playing among the placards; people in the middle—like myself at thirty-one—not quite knowing whether to be juniors in the mature section or graybeards in the young. Many of the people were political, involved in political activity as part of a *modus vivendi*, but not most.

Photograph courtesy Washington FREE PRESS.

From atop the Lincoln Memorial policemen peered at the city and at us through field glasses; one had a camera with about a 300-millimeter telephoto lens. Down below, half the people seemed to carry cameras. It was like the start of a love-in, or perhaps midafternoon at a county fair. From time to time, early in the afternoon, the loud-speaker called for the lost, gave locations of groups, requested that people gather at their respective staging areas. There were signs, most of them direct and simple:

END THE WAR

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN VIETNAM:
BRING THEM HOME

NO MORE NAPALM

HELL NO, WE WON'T GO.

Others were more imaginative or aggressive:

PULL OUT LIKE LBJ'S FATHER SHOULD
HAVE

PROVE YOU'RE A MAN: MAKE LOVE
NOT WAR (this one toted by a girl with whom that prospect was not unattractive).

There was a pleased roar from the crowd: veterans of the Lincoln Brigade arrived with a sign that read, "No More Guernicas."

At the reflecting pool between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial people were grouping below and around large lettered signs. The C contingent in the parade order was the veterans. I was undecided whether to march with them, with former students and friends gathering about a Harvard banner, or with current students and friends around a Buffalo sign. The veterans' contingent

should be as large as possible, I decided, so at first I went there. As I walked by, a man tried to sell me the veterans' organization's official cap. "I don't want a cap," I said. I thought the caps were silly.

"But you got to have a cap. Man, the mass media see us with all those caps, it'll get all kinds a coverage." I told him again that I did not want a cap. "But if you don't have a cap, it don't mean a thing. Your marching here just don't mean a thing. Might as well not be here. Two bucks, Mac, that's all." I gave two dollars to someone collecting for the Mobilization Committee and joined the students elsewhere.

Robert Lowell introduced me to Norman Mailer, whom I had never met before. He was smaller than I'd thought and quite dapper in a dark blue suit; he looked rather like a healthy pimp. Contrary to *Time* magazine's report, Mailer was neither drunk nor incoherent. He was one of the first people arrested at the Pentagon, and therefore had to miss the most interesting parts of the day's events, but it wasn't because he didn't know what he was doing; posturing was very difficult when you came right up to the soldiers and marshals: their clubs were large, and they were using them nastily.

I wandered around the pool, taking photographs. I have one photograph of two old men sitting on a park bench near the end of the reflecting pool; they are obviously regular residents and are quite amused at the parade. Near them: a woman pushes a baby carriage by a boy with a flower in his lapel; another youth in dark suit and tie carries a light raincoat; another carries a poster. In the next frame, taken about a minute later, one of the two old men is poking in a trash barrel, looking for food, while his friend continues to watch the crowd; on their left stands a man in a very dark suit, with very dark tie, very dark glasses, very white shirt, and very bald head; a cop, FeeBie, CIA, something like that.

A chant from somewhere:

*Hey, hey, LBJ
How many kids did you kill today?*

And then another: "What do you want?" yells a single voice. "Peace," call back a dozen voices. "When do you want it?" "Now!" The call and response continue until there are several hundred voices responding; the pace quickens until the leader drops out and the crowd chants: *Peace, now! peace, now! peace, now! peace, now! peace, now!*

The action got going on the platform. The Bread and Puppet Theater parodied patriotic hymns, then performed a parable, "The Great Warrior." Three busloads from Oakland, California, arrived — "the real heroes in the fight for peace," said the announcer; the crowd cheered. A flautist fluted.

Malcolm X's sister gave a rather simpleminded and incoherent speech about "barbarickisms." There were many speeches, but hardly anyone could hear them. It didn't matter much: they weren't for the crowd anyway; they were for the TV cameramen and wire services, whose electronic rigs were arrayed in a brilliant display of technology in the sun. Phil Ochs warbled a song declaring the war over, and Peter, Paul, and Mary sang about the Great Mandala. The music was the first key that something was wrong: it was surface, anachronistic. Those things belonged back in 1963, but not now. If anything, the main stage should have had something violent and angry, the Jefferson Airplane, or even the Fugs, who were elsewhere.

Everything went late: moving out took too long; the bridge across the Potomac was too narrow for the crowds; a new fence confused the first marchers and delayed those behind; people were tired and hungry and thirsty before they ever reached the Pentagon grounds.

It was obvious that the Buffalo contingent wouldn't move for some time, so I went forward and joined the group ambiguously identified as "Professionals." For a while I walked with some white-coated doctors and nurses from a New York hospital, but the lines mixed crossing a road, and I was between some college students from Long Island and high school kids from Detroit. The lines went and stopped, went and stopped; I moved out and walked along the bridge's sidewalk. Helicopters buzzed constantly, filled with newsmen taking our pictures, or FBI doing the same.

THE AREA for the Pentagon demonstration was a large triangular grassy place in front of the Mall, but the new eight-foot fence blocked off the area. At the Pentagon North parking lot there seemed now nowhere to go but back; people milled around without design. I talked with a few older people who said they were going to walk to D.C. for dinner, then would join their buses later. Hundreds were walking back toward the Lincoln Memorial.

I decided to walk to National Airport. I strolled around the Pentagon grounds. At one point I skirted some MP's who didn't seem to be guarding anything in particular and found a break in the fence. I walked through it, climbed a hill, passed through a small grove of trees, and found, quite by accident, several thousand people in front of the Mall. It was like stumbling upon the Hollywood Bowl. I never did make my plane. More and more people found that hole in the fence, and by late afternoon the fence was trampled to the ground.

On the lawn triangle, a man with a bullhorn stood on the edge of the parapet and told us what

was happening on the elevated parking lot which forms the Pentagon's main entrance. Once he yelled for a doctor: someone had fallen off the wall and broken a leg. He gave reports of clubbings. Then he said, "They've surrounded Dr. Spock. Ten MP's have surrounded him. And more are around them. The MP's have him trapped."

When I saw the Buffalo sign and wandered over to see if any of my students were there, I met two other professors from my department, and one said, "Let's walk near the wall." We did, intending nothing but a look around from below. Occasionally someone scurried up the ropes dangling from the parapet at the left side of the Mall. The climb ranged from about ten to sixteen feet, depending where you stood on the row of steps that ran parallel to the parapet. Bob and Al went up the rope and disappeared over the parapet.

I never *could* climb a rope, but I managed to get to the top. The first thing I saw was a sea of helmets that resolved themselves into a row of soldiers with their rifles at the port backed by another row with their rifles at parade rest; behind them about one hundred and fifty soldiers in five ranks covered the main steps. The second thing I saw was a woman about sixty years old who carried a coat that looked like mine. "This is your coat, I think," she said, handing it to me. Where she got it, I don't know.

Bob came over and said, "Man, you just had to come up here."

"Why?"

"I've got your camera, and I don't want to be holding it when it gets busted."

I thanked him and took it, so I could be holding it when it got busted. The logic seemed logical.

A girl of about twenty walked by with a cookie in each hand. I stared at them, mostly because they were so incongruous with the rifles and shiny helmets in the background. "Want one?" she said.

I did, but I said, "No, you only have two."

"It's OK," she said. "I had another one a little while ago. Somebody gave me three."

She went away. Far above, on the roof, were soldiers with rifles and, someone said, automatic weapons. There was also a TV camera, which I later learned was the main reason more of us were not attacked on the Mall. It wasn't until after the last camera crew left that night, about ten thirty, someone said, that the brutality got bad there; it was bad elsewhere all evening, however.

A boy in a suit was distributing small wet rags from a large plastic bag. "For the tear gas."

A Negro gave me a Wash-and-Dri. "Use this first," he said, "It's better." I must have looked dubious, because he said, "It really is, man; I've tried them both, and I know."

A sergeant tightened the front line, moving the

men shoulder to shoulder; whenever there was room enough he introduced a new soldier; he adjusted until the line was solid. Hovering everywhere were the marshals. The soldiers were poised, as if we were going to attack.

Down below, some kids put flowers in the muzzles of the MP's rifles. The MP's were under orders not to move, so they didn't know what to do. Some of them shook the flowers out. One smiled. Another remained motionless. The sergeant came by, and said, "Jones, get that fucking flower out of your muzzle." Jones did.

About this time reality and the press diverge most acutely. Jimmy Breslin (*Washington Post*, October 22) wrote that an Airborne captain told his men, "A Company, hold your ground. A Company. Nobody comes and nobody goes. Just hold your ground A Company." Breslin, who heard the order locking the demonstrators in, was appalled that kids later used the side of the Pentagon as a toilet target. There were of course no toilets on the Mall, but Breslin, secure and warm, didn't understand that — the comfortable never understand the difference between the necessary and the gratuitous. Breslin's biological imperception wasn't nearly so gross as his visual distortions. "These were not the kind of kids who were funny," he wrote. "These were the small core of dropouts and drifters and rabble who came to the front of what had started out as a beautiful day, one that would have had meaning to it. They turned a demonstration for peace, these drifters in raggedy clothes, into a sickening, club-swinging mess. At the end of the day, the only concern anybody could have was for the soldiers who were taking the abuse."

Breslin may have been there, but he wrote as if he hadn't. Had he been out with the crowd, he would have known that hardly anyone was raggedy; had he been curious later, all he had to do was examine the photographs accompanying his own copy in the *Post*. Drifters? Was he taking employment statistics? And what on earth does he mean about "beautiful" and "meaning": that we should have spent the day at the Lincoln Memorial listening to Peter, Paul, and Mary singing about the Great Mandala? that no one should be angry about anything? that it should be a sunny afternoon on the grass after which everyone goes home feeling ratified and discharged, like any good old-fashioned liberal who has talked out his need to act?

Breslin, I should point out, is the only reporter I've read who seemed to believe the Department of Defense claim that the demonstrators threw the tear gas at themselves to get sympathy. Other reporters, who *saw* soldiers throwing the canisters, suggested that the Department was either confused or mendacious.

I did not *see* troopers fire tear gas. I did see



troopers remove their helmets, fix their gas masks by the numbers, replace their helmets, and resume their port arms positions while their sergeant aimed his gas launcher and a bunch of people who had been quietly standing on the grass ran like hell. A few minutes later something made my eyes runny and me sneezy.

James Reston wrote that about this time "the event was taken over by the militant minority. . . . It is difficult to report publicly the ugly and vulgar provocation of many of the militants. They spat on some of the soldiers in the front line at the Pentagon and goaded them with the most vicious personal slander" (*Times*, October 23).

It is true that some of the militants were militant; that's why we call them militants. What Reston doesn't say is how small a portion of the population at the Pentagon they were. As an indication, as the *New Republic* pointed out, all those thousands of people broke just *one* window. I knew many of the people up on the front Mall, and hardly any of them were particularly political or militant. Some people cursed at the soldiers; most just looked at them; some chatted or smiled or lectured. The MP's in the line didn't earn the loathing earned by the marshals and paratroopers, and many of the kids assumed the MP's were draftees there against their will. (We met one boy with bruises who defended the soldiers: "They're wrong, but they're under orders. What can they do? A lot would like to join us.")

"How do you know?"

"Hell, man, I'm in the service myself. Just have a weekend liberty.")

The Pentagon show was not Maoist, it was not SDS, it was not any organization's affair. They were all there, surely, but so were others of us, "traditional pacifists," as Reston said, "like the

earnest young professors who dislike the War because it seems to them a senseless war, a war without honest purpose, a war that belies their idea of America and gives the lie to the idealistic language that is used by the President and Secretary of State to defend it. Also they feel its terrible human misery, the unfairness of asking young men who are not professional soldiers to die in this cause." And even more, I think, the unfairness of asking the people of Vietnam to submit to gradual attenuation so that the United States can conduct this exercise.

You saw a lot of things outside the Pentagon if you looked around. I saw a marshal reach over the line down below with a club and swipe any head in reach. The soldiers grabbed someone on the parapet and began beating him and beating him and beating him. The crowd booed and roared and began throwing things at the MP's. Someone screamed at them, "Maintain non-violence! Violence is their bag, not ours." They settled down and stopped throwing things, and after a while the MP's stopped beating the boy.

A soldier collapsed on the stairs, one of my students told me. One demonstrator tried to keep the soldier from falling, and about five soldiers and a marshal pounced on him. They stopped beating him when the TV spotlights came on. "But I think the soldiers weren't doing it for real; they were just going through the motions because they had to. They were pulling their blows. Otherwise they would have killed that guy, five of them pounding him like that. It was just the marshal who hit hard."

"The marshals didn't pull any punches," another student said. "Man, I saw them reaching through our lines and yank someone out, and they beat him unconscious."

"We were on the line, and I heard a yell that a

Photograph courtesy Washington FREE PRESS

soldier had taken off his helmet and dropped his rifle and was coming to our side. I turned and I saw him being dragged by the wrists into the Pentagon. You could see he hadn't collapsed or anything like that; they were mad, and he was fighting them."

Someone came over the wall; he carried a green plastic canteen. He offered some of us a drink of water. It was the first I'd had since early that day. The fellow who had brought the canteen took a turn, then passed it around again. When it was empty he went back over the wall, going for more. I later learned that the police wouldn't let cars within a mile of the place, so if you went for food you had to stop on one of the approach roads and unload your food- and water-carrying passengers before the police chased you away and roving bands of soldiers and marshals and Nazis spotted them and took up positions in the woods to jump them as they came through in the dark.

A familiar smell occasionally drifted past. One youth held his grass out to me, and said, "Ain't it the weirdest. Get caught with this, and they can give you five years; drop your napalm bombs good, and they give you a medal."

On the North wall a man walked to two girls sitting on the parapet. "You better move," he said. "Why?" "This is the Pissing Wall." "What?" "You heard of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem? Well, this is the Pissing Wall in the Pentagon." The girls moved, laughing.

In the deep left corner I saw a flash of flame, and the people over there began a cheer. There was another flame on the parapet, and the mob below let out a pleased yell. Among the thousands of people below there was a sudden rash of small flickering lights in the dark, then a small bonfire. No need to wonder what they were burning.

When the reporters had gone to bed or typewriter, and most of the demonstrators had left in their chartered buses, and the night was cold, the troopers and marshals formed wedges that poked into the front lines of the demonstrators.

"As the advancing line of troops came in contact with the squatting demonstrators," said the New York Times news story, "United States marshals arrested the youths — apparently on the technical charge of having crossed official lines — and hauled them away, limp, to waiting vans." It wasn't quite that simple: the limpest were the unconscious. When the soldiers moved through, the marshals came right behind them, clubbing. *And this was while the demonstration permit was still in effect.*

"In a sort of war of attrition," wrote one reporter, "U.S. marshals quietly arrested over-zealous protestors one-by-one most of Sunday morning. Arrests were spaced several minutes apart in an effort to avoid trouble."

"I'll tell you the way it went," one student told me. "About ten P.M. the MP's were relieved by the paratroopers. They started clubbing and beating then. They sometimes hit the girls in the breasts instead of the head. We were sitting close with arms linked. The marshals would wedge and club, the troopers used rifle butts and feet; they clubbed them all the way to the wagons. I remember someone screaming, 'Stop it, stop it! I'm willing to submit to the arrest, just stop beating me!' But they didn't stop." Someone called on the bullhorn for Van Cleve of GSA, who had given the demonstration permit, to explain why the beatings and arrests were going on. They asked for anyone to explain. No one explained, except the troopers and marshals, with boots, clubs, and butts. Sometimes, when the Mall beatings started, the TV lights suddenly flooded the place for filming; immediately the soldiers would pull back. "But they got some footage I know." So far as I know, none of it appeared anywhere.

One boy said to me, "I understand how the Viet Cong holds out now. When those bastards started beating us with those sticks, and we were just sitting there, I knew they wouldn't make me give in. They could arrest me and chase me away, but not make me quit. Not now."

Many said it was a miracle the troops did not lose their temper and charge and maul the marchers. That is just the thinking the kids were marching against: someone disagrees with you, someone says something nasty to you, kill the sonofabitch and all his friends, wipe up the territory with his head, *yah yah yah*. No, it is the kids I give the credit to; they did not, for the most part, blow their cool; they did not let the seething fury within them give way to actions they knew would be fatal — not to them; many got beaten anyhow, just for being there — to the fading dream of a nonviolent confrontation that was still somehow meaningful.

Fading fast. All those troops and all those guns were there to save Washington not from some hideous gook-looking furriner, but *them*.

Did you ever suddenly realize that you were something your government needed protection against? Perhaps the first thing you do is laugh at the absurdity, the second is ask yourself why, the third is stop laughing.

Almost every newspaper account emphasized the hippie dress and hair, yet I don't think more than a small fraction of the population there affected that style. Certainly none of the group news photos bears out the notion that it was a hippie affair. The experienced few wore old clothes because they saw no point in having good clothes bloodstained.

The worst troops were the U.S. marshals, who work for the Department of Justice; next were the

methodical paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne, who previously distinguished themselves for duty in the Dominican Republic and Detroit. The MP's were pretty good; sometimes when they were beating someone, they obviously weren't doing it with conviction — otherwise the people wouldn't have been alive; the marshals were under no such restraint. (The Washington Post published a photo of two marshals beating the hell out of a fallen demonstrator. The caption was "U.S. Marshal threatens fallen youth.")

Though I may be a little eccentric, I am not a hippie, beatnik, Communist, crank, crackpot, or otherwise distinguishable weirdo. Few of the people on the Pentagon Mall were hippies, beatniks, cranks, crackpots, or otherwise distinguishable weirdoes. It was just demonstrators, journalists, marshals, and soldiers; only the last two were in uniform and responsible to a central command.

About 3 A.M. in a gas station on the east side of Washington we met a twenty-year-old Negro student from Columbia who was looking for a ride. He was lost, he said; someone had picked him up on the highway outside the Pentagon and dropped him off here. We asked him what had happened.

He had been on the right side of the Mall. The troops started advancing, kicking the people sitting there, then arresting and beating those whose positions they passed (for having crossed their lines). A white boy with him said, "That's the truth," and showed us a large bruise on the side of his face.

The Negro boy said someone stepped on him, and when he scrambled out of the way, he was beaten and arrested for resisting arrest. "I didn't understand it either," he said. When they took him inside the building, someone hit him again, and he had an asthma attack. The marshals panicked and after having a doctor give him a shot of adrenalin, which brought him out of the spasm, they decided not to arrest him. "They had some kind of rule that you had to have your picture taken with the marshal or soldier that arrested you. A girl was unconscious on the floor with a big bandage on her head, blood leaking through. The marshal lay down on the floor next to her, and they took their picture. But they said they couldn't find my marshal, so they told me to get out. I was going to go get arrested again — they arrested all my friends — but they threw me in a car and took me up to that highway and pushed me out, and said, 'Don't come back.' And they drove away." Their reason was obvious: to have a bruised Negro student die in captivity would be too much; no one would believe the asthma story. The boy was worried that he wasn't with his friends: "I'm broke. At least they get hot food and a place to sleep tonight." We gave him some money, and he went off.

What did it all accomplish? The next day, and

during the next week, the Johnson Administration sent the greatest air armadas yet to bomb downtown Haiphong and Hanoi. That showed us good. Can't mess with Johnson; he won't be pushed around by a bunch of yellowniggerlovingjewradicaldope-fiendcommiesympfaggotpeacebeatnikhippies. He'll prove he's right if he has to blow Vietnam to the four winds. So we didn't stroke his conscience any, we merely piqued his ego.

Sunday morning, Johnson went to church, and the pastor of the National City Christian Church stroked his President's ego with a Christian denunciation of the demonstration: "There are those in this nation who do not deserve to be free and to play fast and loose with that freedom."

"What do they know, these bearded oafs who listen to the strumming of lugubrious guitars? To be loved is not the end of greatness."

I don't understand the *non sequitur*, nor do I understand whom he was talking about: I didn't see any oafs, and I didn't hear any lugubrious guitars. Love, I'll agree, is not the end of Johnson's greatness. Oafs — those kids? Because they want an end to killing? Who is the Christian? Was the *Peace* on our Christmas cards subversive this year?

After leaving church, the President and his wife drove around the Capital. A reporter later asked Lady Bird her opinion of the march. She said, "I was thinking, by gosh, what a big clean-up bill this city is going to face. It must be ankle deep in the trash they left. To some extent that the demonstration was the effect of affluence and permissiveness. It was about as unconstructive a work as I can remember seeing."

As I have said, I'm neither hippy nor Maoist, but I am against the war. I'm not against our government, but I feel we are wrong to be in Vietnam. I hoped that if the government were convinced that enough citizens felt this way it might be willing to lose a little military face in favor of appearing more civilized. That's why I went to Washington.

I now know that I was terribly naïve.

Now, like many others, I believe the government knows quite well that it does not belong in Vietnam, but *belong* is a word connected with right or wrong, and our presence is instead a matter of some insane expediency (and even that is, of course, open to question), just as arresting those kids was perhaps a matter of right or wrong, but pummeling some of them insensible was insane and expedient. The press picture of what happened — blaming it all on the weirdoes — attempts to diffuse any significance the demonstration had: *Hell, man, they's only a bunch of nuts down theyuh. Raht? Raht!*

Something happened to many of us there Saturday and Sunday that is hard to describe, harder to explain. We went down to protest and returned ready to resist. Many, like myself, wandered over to the front steps out of curiosity, climbed the parapets because they were there. Somehow, in the course of that evening, I stopped thinking of the protesters as "those kids" (too many were adults) or even "them" — it became "us."

The weekend made believers of the sympathizers, activists of the passive. Usually, protest marches consist of a set of masturbatory fantasies stoked by rousing righteous speeches; everyone claps hands and goes home feeling *as if* something had been accomplished, the usual narcotic dysfunction that in the old days was accomplished by the communal singing of freedom songs to dissipate the need to act. This time was different. (As Oakland was different.) Many who were not anti-government now are; many who were committed to using legal channels to change governmental policy now have what they consider the governmental attitude — cynicism, violence, covertness — which they may use for the same end. There is a sense of solidarity among many, but at the same time a retreat from organization among many others. "You can't have an organization of five without one FBI snitch," one youth said to me. "I'm working alone now."

Someone said to me recently that Watts was protest, Detroit rebellion; the next step, moving out of the ghetto into *your* territory, will be revolution or war, depending on your point of view. I think something of the same is happening to the peace movement. Reason is starting to slip, and like the inmates of the concentration camps who gradually took on the values of their oppressors, I fear many are beginning to see violence as the only alternative to futile discussion. They go to protest and find their very serious and sincere efforts mocked or dismissed, by older liberals and popular press both, as the flip playings of the flower set, the phony feelings and posturings of left-wing extremists. They say, "Jesus Christ: how can we reach you? What will we have to do to make you listen?"

A lot of the kids never saw blood before, not a lot of blood, and it scared, revolted, and angered them. The first time you see someone really damaged is always traumatic; when it's one of your friends, it is more so. When you watch an official of the U.S. Department of Justice, presumably acting under orders from the Attorney General's office, club someone to the ground, club, club, and club, and then, when she stops yelling, drag her off by her hair with an expression on his face like he'd just gotten laid, you believe deep in your heart that you're right: we really can bomb villages and towns that have no military significance, not by mistake

but just because they're there and we've got the bombs. *Kill the gooks; club the Commies; zap the mother——s, yum!*

No one should confuse this demonstration with the March on Washington in 1963; it is neither a continuation nor a degeneration of the civil rights movement; it is something quite different. In 1963 people were in Washington trying to be beautiful in the hope of being granted by the nice men up on the Hill what the Constitution had theoretically given decades before. This time the message read: please stop killing those people who haven't done anything to you; I'm not going to help do it; I may try to stop you doing it. 1963 protested being a victim; 1967 refused to become a killer.

Lawrence Stern said in the *Washington Post*, "The 1963 demonstration was an impassioned and respectful appeal to the man in the White House, then John F. Kennedy, to do something for the cause of racial equality in the United States. The attitude of yesterday's marchers toward Lyndon B. Johnson was almost hateful. . . . The 1967 march started as a jolly pep rally, then turned to the ugliness of the confrontation at the Pentagon. And the ugliness rather than the jollity is what will probably survive the day. . . . It is yet to be seen whether the protest achieved its purpose — to dramatize national opposition to the war in Vietnam. The melee of mudballs, rocks, and mass arrests at the end is sure to dominate newspaper and television coverage of the protest. And most Americans recoil from scenes of civil violence."

And that is the point, the subject of the protest: the very Americans who were so outraged by the few hotheads and fanatics will dismiss everything those thousands of people were trying to say, but will, rationally, do and condone far worse day after day after ten thousand miles from home. Of course the attitude of the two groups of marchers toward Johnson and Kennedy is different: Kennedy was not *responsible* for racial intolerance, but Johnson bears the responsibility for Vietnam's escalation. Stern is right, the ugliness will be what survives the day, and not just for you, but also for the members of the Pentagon Expeditionary Force (civilian branch). As an educator, that means something to me, and I do not like it very much.

The scary part is that it is not simply a question of the Vietnam War anymore. That is why we went to the Capital, but that is not what is now important. It is something more, something worse, something far more cancerous, something of which the war is a symptom. It is this: that quaint American belief that you can say and believe what you think true is a permit that applies only before dark, only so far as it doesn't interfere with those who are in power; we realized that those in power will use any mechanism at hand to wrinkle your mind

and body to shut you up, will lie and cheat and hide, they'll draft you or beat you or arrest you to shut you up, they'll lie to the press ("The demonstrators released the tear gas," said the Pentagon), and the press, which needs its news sources' goodwill, for the most part buys it because buying it avoids the hassle of having to believe and print that those citizens may be right. It is this too: that the liberals of the older generation will accept the same nonsense as a means to dismiss what happened, discharge their own anxiety over their own effeteness; that the ones you knew wouldn't leave their office but expected at least to man their typewriters are so threatened they too join the enemy.

It is also an evil I feel in the peace movement itself. "Do your own thing" is the current *cri de coeur*. I think it both reflects the malady of the movement and impedes a cure. The first thing that comes to mind on hearing the cry is that it implies great tolerance for other people's perceptions of situations and methods of coping with them, a very nice catholicism. But in this troublesome world I don't think we can afford to permit even apparently benevolent anarchy to go unexamined. Examination of this one reveals some things not particularly pleasant.

"Do your own thing" is a statement of accommodation from leaders who really cannot lead, an attempt to box uncontrol by those who cannot control. In part, it stems from the disintegration in the civil rights movement: one has a choice between true tolerance of action and open hostility to it. The danger is that there is no way to contain the cranks, the nuts, the fetishists, and no way to consolidate the gains when they do happen to occur. In rebellion, anarchy is a luxury, and I'm not sure this rebellion can afford it very well.

My fear is that putting it on the line, the literal line, be it a sit-in or a picket line, isn't good enough anymore. What is happening to the peace movement is what happened to the civil rights movement: there is that awful realization that you spend most of your time talking to yourself. SNCC used to be what its name said: Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The white kids are just beginning to understand the reason for the change.

I think we all had better start understanding the change. The importance of the Pentagon encounter isn't that an easy out has been supplied with which one may now put down all the peaceniks; there is no justification for the gambit so much of the press would like — the one that would let you lump all those people together in a pink-colored Maoist hippie bag you can discard somewhere. Like the cat in the song, it comes back. It isn't the outrageous conduct of the extremists and weirdoes that weekend that is important — it is nothing new for a Maoist to be hostile, for a nut to be nutty — it

is what happened in the minds of those otherwise straight kids and middle-aged demonstrators. They've realized the march really was, as LBJ implied, nothing more than a terribly pathetic and futile gesture, that what was real about it were the clubs wielded by the marshals and the tear-gas grenades thrown by the paratroopers. Those who went to Washington for peace now have a choice: play *that* game or quit.

There is one other course of action, one that for the present I am going to assume is still viable. Perhaps in that assumption I show my allegiance to the older generation (the kids may be right, there may be a cutoff at thirty), but even though I am almost certain legal means will not at present effect a change in our unjust and fruitless war or the way our governmental machine is beginning to react to dissent, I still want to try by working within the machinery we have. I grew up believing that Congress was rational and sincere, that the presidency was an institution more than an ego; even though I've been disabused of these childish idiocies, I am not free of them emotionally and I still have an attachment for the institutions themselves. Although I expect the attempt to be futile, I am going to try to run for Congress next year.

I am by profession a teacher and writer, and I do not like the profession of politician, but when confronted by a moral outrage such as our Vietnam involvement, talking and typing are not enough, one simply must do more, one must at least *try*. I am not able to identify with the violent resistance, nor am I lucky enough to be able to turn off consciousness of the awful evil my country is supervising and administering. Even with an enormous military that is largely covert and an administration that is largely mendacious, I think it is possible to blame the evil on evil men and believe the democratic process itself capable of permitting change for the good.

But the young people who do not entertain this romance with the American myth — what of them? I fear for them, I worry about what I see happening to them, about what I fear they will do and what we will do to them. They say to us: you brought us up to appreciate the evil the Nazis created, and in example you do the same yourselves in Vietnam; you taught us of government keyed to justice and fairness, of a free press, and in life you've shown us expediency and self-interest and a free press so committed to the same expediency it lies on its own. As great as is the current cost of the war — described so well by Reston above — I fear more the future loss: a generation of kids who will feel able to approach and deal with life in America only with the cynicism, violence, expediency, and appreciation for raw power that is now limited to the highest echelons of our government.

Lester Drentluss, a Jewish Boy from Baltimore, Attempts to Make it Through the Summer of 1967

by CALVIN TRILLIN

ALTHOUGH Lester Drentluss, the mildly promising New York editor, held a party celebrating Israel's military victory and modestly accepted congratulations at the door, he was not someone who had become militantly Jewish only when it became clear that the Israeli armies had crushed the combined might of the Arab world. Lester had detected a fashion for Jewishness in his own world several years before, when Yiddish words began to appear in the conversation of his firm's chief editor, Douglas Drake, a Methodist minister's son from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. "There's no use trying to sell books to the *goyim*," Drake had said one day as he announced his decision to devote 90 percent of the firm's advertising budget to a historical novel based on the saga of the first Jewish frogman.

"But why would he put down his own majority group?" Lester asked later, when he had learned from Drake's secretary, an Irish girl from Queens, that *goyim* means gentiles.

The secretary shrugged. "Everybody's got his own *mishogas*," she said.

Although Lester was Jewish, he felt left out. ("It means 'craziness,'" the secretary added impatiently, anxious to get back to her copy of *Exodus*.) His family had been in Baltimore, Maryland, for

five generations, and his parents were so militantly Americanized that he had once been spanked for doing an imitation of Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*. Whenever his mother heard anything that sounded as if it might be Yiddish, she immediately said, "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means" — a habit that was so ingrained that she once blurted out "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means" after a brother-in-law she suspected of overt Jewishness told her he wanted to keep a bit of gossip "*entre nous*."

At the first word of Yiddish from Douglas Drake, Lester decided to reappraise his own ethnic situation; Drake was known as a trend-spotter. Soon Lester began to spot some signs of a trend himself — a boom in Jewish novels here, a Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin there. He noticed an increasing use of Jewish mothers by comedians and of Jewish advisers by politicians. Scotch-Irish professors seemed undisturbed about being included in the category of "Jewish intellectuals." The gentile movie stars who failed to convert to Judaism repented by donating their talents to Bonds for Israel benefits. The subway graffiti had begun to include phrases like "Medea Is a Yenta" and "Kafka Is a Kvetch." Lester's final decision came in February, 1965, while he was reading an article in *Life* magazine about Robert Lowell, the New England poet. "Do I feel left-out in a Jewish age?" Lowell was quoted as saying. "Not at all. Fortu-

Calvin Trillin is a 1957 graduate of Yale University, a native of Kansas City, and a regular contributor to the NEW YORKER and other magazines.

nately, I'm one-eighth Jewish myself, which I do feel is a saving grace." Lester decided that the day a Boston Lowell bragged about being Jewish was the day a Baltimore Drentluss ought to let it be known that he was at least eight times as Jewish as Robert Lowell.

That night, he tried out his Jewishness tentatively on Rosemary Higgins, a willowy blonde on whom he had been trying things out tentatively for six months with little success. "I think it's rather ironic that America's Everyman might turn out to be Herzog instead of some *goy*," he said to Rosemary as they had wine and gefilte fish at the apartment of Lemuel Scroggins, the Southern Populist poet.

"The Jewish sensibility is really rather unique," Rosemary said.

"Thank you very much," Lester said, trying to shrug his shoulders in the manner of Menasha Skulnik. "Nice of you to say so."

Gradually, Lester began to tell self-deprecating stories about the quaintly domineering mother who had raised him on love and chicken soup with kreplach (his mother, in fact, had only tasted kreplach once, at the home of a poor relation, and had taken pains to compliment the hostess on the lightness of her won tons). He published a short literary-quarterly article called "The Schlemiel as Hero in American Literature." He complained often of heartburn.

Robert Lowell had been right; it was a Jewish world. At work, Lester's colleagues seemed to take a new interest in his opinions on which Jewish novel to publish each month. At the fashionable bagels-and-lox brunches given by Lemuel Scroggins on Sundays, Lester began to feel more a part of the conversation. Scroggins phoned to invite him almost every week — usually adding that he should "bring along that lil' ole blond *shiksa* Rosemary." Lester's acquaintances began to assume that Rosemary was his to bring along; she often confided to the girls in the group that the most exciting men were "Mediterranean types." Lester also suspected that he was communicating better with Wash Jefferson, the group's favorite Negro. "Don't think I don't understand your suffering, Wash," he said to Jefferson just after the Selma march. "We've all been down that road."

"You sure are a sensitive mother," Jefferson said.

Lester's only problem was his parents, who decided to pay him a visit when his letters began to take on a disturbingly ethnic tone. "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means," his mother had said after Lester called his gouging landlord a *goniff* while showing his parents through the apartment. "You certainly didn't pick up language like that at home, I can tell you that."

Lester's father, who had seemed calmer than his

wife at first, suddenly accused his son of learning Yiddish at Berlitz, an idea that had actually occurred to Lester at one point before he finally prevailed upon Douglas Drake's secretary to help him with his Yiddish during lunch hours.

"I thought you might like to see *Fiddler on the Roof* tonight," Lester said, trying to re-establish a friendly atmosphere as he passed his mother a drink and a plate of cocktail blintzes. "They say it manages to convey some of the tradition of humor and suffering that all of us carry from the ghetto."

"What ghetto!" his mother said. She began to cry.

"I'm surprised at you, talking to your mother like that," Mr. Drentluss said. "Don't the traditions of our people mean anything to you, Lester — five generations in Baltimore, a law firm full of gentiles? How can you flout your own heritage?"

"But people change in America," Lester said. "Frankly, Dad, the old traditions are mostly a lot of *mishogas*."

"I'm sure I don't know what that means," his mother said, between sobs. "I'm only thankful that your grandparents aren't alive to see this."

For his Israeli Victory Party, Lester had tried to rent Yonah Schimmel's Knishery, and then decided to settle for his own apartment. He and Rosemary arranged a magnificent display of food; Lemuel Scroggins said it looked like "the Great Bar Mitzvah in the Sky."

"*Mazel tov*," Douglas Drake said when he came in. "It's a great day, even though the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Tent Fire Disaster of 1944 has erupted in my chest."

"With me it's felt like the Coconut Grove fire since that lunch," Lester said. He and Drake often compared heartburn symptoms, and both were suffering from a huge lunch celebrating Lester's triumph in landing a blockbuster book that every publisher had been after — a first-person account by the only Jewish-American dentist to take part in the Sinai Campaign. Rosemary, clinging to Lester's bicep, told Drake that the company should do a follow-up book on the tradition of ferocity in the Mediterranean fighting man. Lester shrugged.

Just three or four weeks after the Victory Party, during a period when Lester was in the habit of humming "*Havanagilah*" in the elevators, he was surprised and disturbed to read that an officer of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had made a speech complaining about Zionist aggression and "Jew storekeepers." Two or three Episcopal priests of Lester's acquaintance resigned from SNCC in protest, and some of his Jewish friends endorsed the statement and asked forgiveness. Lester was confused. A few days later, he overheard somebody at a Lemuel Scroggins brunch say that

Jewish storekeepers in the ghetto were more at fault for the summer riots than anybody, with the possible exception of Jewish liberals. Lester thought at first that it might have been an isolated incident, but then Douglas Drake, with ominous enthusiasm, asked him to read the manuscript of a black nationalist book called *Can the Jews Atonement for Everything on the Day of Atonement?* Moved by the manuscript, Lester phoned Wash Jefferson to apologize.

"I don't blame you," he said to Jefferson.

"Don't blame me for what, man?" Jefferson asked. "Did you get blackballed at one of those clubs I put you up for?"

"I don't blame you for hating me," Lester said.

"I don't hate you, Goldberg," Jefferson said.

"My name is Drentluss."

"You Jews sure are sensitive mothers," Jefferson said.

Lester stopped humming in the elevators. "I don't know what this storekeeper business has to do with you," his mother wrote him when she heard he was depressed. "Your people have been professional men for three generations." Lester was surprised to find himself slightly cheered up by his mother's letter; his relatives were innocent, and he himself could hardly be accused of exploiting the ghetto when he had never been there. A week later, his spirits dropped again when he was not included in a Scroggins brunch honoring some people who had participated in a seminar called "Black Power, the Third World and the Exploiters." Rosemary went, and reported that Lemuel, who had formerly spoken of Negroes as "them poor downtrodden *schwartzas* in Alabama," was beginning to talk about "black people" — whether he was referring to his cleaning lady, Hazel M. Jones, or to Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser.

One night, late in the summer, Douglas Drake, who no longer seemed to be suffering from heartburn, came to Lester's apartment to drop off a rush manuscript on the agonies of the Palestine refugees. As Drake walked in, Rosemary looked up from a magazine article on the occupation of Old Jerusalem and asked Lester if he thought it was wise for non-Christians to have control over Christian shrines.

"I don't know much about it," Lester said.

"It's hard to understand why they won't at least give back the West Bank of the Jordan," Drake said. "After all that napalm they dropped on it, it can't be worth much anyway."

"They're a strange people," Lester said. "They surely are." He couldn't understand why Drake seemed to hold him personally responsible for what Jews did in Jordan; his family had been in Baltimore for five generations.

Rosemary looked up from her magazine again.

"I think Moshe Dayan might have too much *chutzpah* for his own good," she said.

Drake smiled at Lester knowingly.

Lester looked puzzled. "*Chutzpah*," he said. "I don't think I know what that means."

1, 2, 3

BY JON SWAN

At 3, first
nothing occurs.
Completely at sea.
After this has gone on
for a time, slowly
your eyes and your ears
take it in. Then,
though still in the dark,
this hum . . . a rhythm
of waves sloshing in
that divides then. Divides
underneath in a street
you can't see into cars,
cars moving. As they multiply
back to the memorized
sum of traffic
something, there —
apparently classic,
unrecognizably tall —
simply flutters.
It looks like a column
of fluted stone.
Supporting a temple
of which you see only
this much,
it is sacred and gray.
It stiffens and shrinks
into curtain. The curtain
stands still by its window.
Now only those guts
spread out on the ceiling
remain to be read
by the augur. Safely
then back to sleep.
The room is in shape
for waking.

STRIKES BY PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

by A. H. RASKIN

Calvin Coolidge's dictum "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time" still stands strong in the minds of many, but strikes against government are in fact happening with increasing frequency. The time is near, says the distinguished labor relations expert and editorial writer for the New York TIMES, when the ban on strikes by public employees will have to be reinforced or abandoned. Which way will society bend?

AMERICA'S most expansive "growth industry" is state and local government. The urban explosion has caused the number of employees on city and state payrolls to skyrocket from 3.5 million twenty years ago to a present total of 8.5 million, and 4 million more are expected to join the job list by 1975. An unwelcome companion of this expansion has been an erosion in the traditional civil service concept of no strikes against the government. With one sixth of the work force now in some branch of government, unions have brought into public employment many of the militant practices they used to organize the mass-production industries in the early years of the New Deal.

Teachers in New York, Detroit, and a score of smaller communities were on the picket lines when the bell rang for the opening of the public schools last September. Policemen and firemen walked off their jobs in the Ohio steel center of Youngstown until they got higher pay. Garbage collectors, welfare workers, doctors and nurses in municipal hospitals, ferryboat crews, zoo keepers, and almost every other category of public employee have struck in one community or another across the nation. Subway and bus workers, who paralyzed New York with a twelve-day strike at the beginning of 1966, are holding a similar economic club over the metropolis as they near another New Year's Day contract deadline.

For the cities, already staggering under the unsolved problems of the slums, conflict between the races, polluted air, inadequate educational and health facilities, crime in the streets, and a thousand other afflictions, this upsurge of militancy creates a double headache. The community must suffer the pain inflicted by the strike's cutoff of a governmental service. Then, to the extent that the coercive effect of the cutoff has been to compel an unjustifiably expensive settlement, the community must raise taxes or divert scarce resources from services

that were probably underfinanced to start with. The worst part of this double squeeze is that the unions whose members work in the most vital of civic agencies are, for that very reason, in the best strategic position to extort excessive pay packages through the application of economic muscle.

Theoretically, civil service strikes are just as illegal today as they were in 1919 when Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, backed the firing of Boston police strikers with the declaration that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Labor's general status has changed enormously in the half century since that affirmation of the state's sovereignty over any strike challenge started Coolidge on his climb to the presidency. However, the officials who contributed most conspicuously to erecting legal safeguards for unionization, collective bargaining, and freedom to strike for workers in private industry have never deviated from the Coolidge doctrine that strikes by public employees represent illegal insurrections against the structure and security of government.

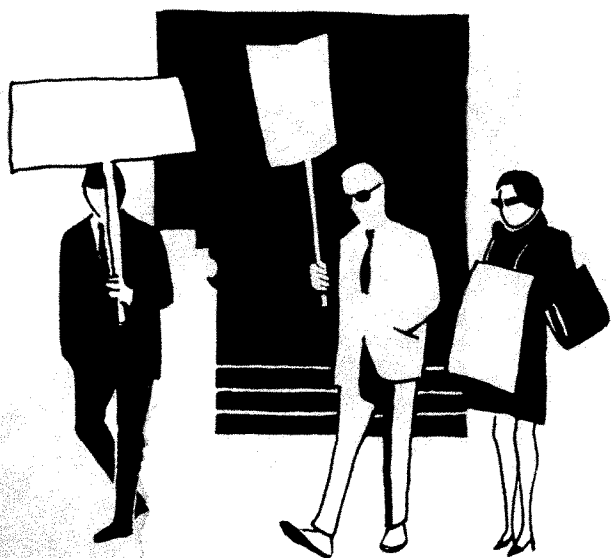
The father of the New Deal, Franklin D. Roosevelt, put his view bluntly in a message to an organization of federal employees in 1937. "Since their own services have to do with the functioning of government," he said, "a strike of public employees manifests nothing less than an intent on their part to prevent or obstruct the operations of government until their demands are satisfied. Such action, looking toward the paralysis of government by those who have sworn to support it, is unthinkable and intolerable."

The co-author of the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act, Fiorello H. La Guardia, was equally hostile to the idea that government workers should be allowed to strike. When strike threats arose during his three terms as mayor of New York, the Little Flower's response was unyielding: "The city

does not and cannot recognize the right of any group to strike against the city." Robert F. Wagner, Jr., whose father wrote labor's Magna Carta, the Wagner Act, stood on the same no-strike platform as La Guardia in his twelve years at City Hall. And when President John F. Kennedy promulgated the first unionization code for federal employees in 1962, he was at pains to restate the inviolability of the ban on government walkouts.

But for all these declarations and the regularity with which they have been backed up by specific legislative taboos and court decisions, the question never stays snugly buried. Strikes do occur against the government, and the country faces a basic decision on whether the ban can be made to work or whether it would be wiser to abandon it lest the frequency with which it is defied — and the substantial rewards that often accompany defiance — contribute to a disrespect for all law and established authority, with even more disastrous results for society.

TO ARRIVE at an intelligent decision, three areas of exploration are worthwhile. One involves looking into the appropriateness of the line that is now drawn between the rights of workers in public and in private employment. The second is what differences there are, and why, in the effectiveness with which the no-strike policy is being observed in various sectors of public service. The third is whether enough is being done to assure equity for government employees and thus make strikes unnecessary, with or without laws. A corollary of all these, obviously, is an examination of the adequacy of arrangements to make sure that the citizens who pay the bills are not forgotten in the fair-treatment department.



The proliferation of government activities keeps adding complexities to the problem of establishing boundaries between functions that are distinctly the province of government and those that belong in the private economy. Coping with floods, earthquakes, or tornadoes is clearly an emergency service of government, and few would find much difficulty in saying that strikes are unthinkable for such disaster crews. But the answer is a lot fuzzier when it comes to applying the strike prohibition to clerks dispensing bottled comfort in a state-owned liquor store. In sixteen states with liquor monopolies the clerks must stay on the job; in all the rest of the states the flow of liquid cheer dries up when the store owners and their unionized clerks disagree on the mix for a new contract.

The boundary becomes still more foggy when it is applied to so essential a field as transit. In New York the subway system was privately run until the financial difficulties of the two rapid transit companies forced the city to take them over in 1940. Drivers on the major bus lines in Manhattan and the Bronx operated under private contract and were free to strike until the city seized their franchises in 1962. Now the same men drive the same buses over the same routes, but they are outlaws when they and the subway workers go on strike, as they did in 1966. The city-owned bus lines intersect with lines still under private ownership; their drivers belong to the same union but do have a legal right to strike.

Similar interchangeability characterizes many other functions of great importance. Municipal hospitals and voluntary hospitals perform services so indistinguishable that many are united through affiliation contracts or partnerships in medical centers. Electric utilities, waterworks, and gas plants are privately operated in some cities and publicly operated in others. Warships are built in navy yards or in private yards. The multiplicity of such overlaps has led many analysts to conclude that it is unrealistic to insist on retention of an absolute ban on strikes by public employees — one based solely on the fact that they work for a government agency.

Those who favor an easing of the ban argue that the only valid test for forbidding strikes should be the essentiality of the service at stake. The trouble with that line of demarcation is that in practice it proves impossible to draw. Virtually everyone will go along on the proposition that policemen and firemen should not have the right to strike, but beyond that it becomes quite hopeless. Sanitation employees, teachers, transit workers all insist their jobs should not be on the prohibited list.

And it is already plain that any breach in the no-strike principle invites its total destruction. The International Firefighters Association has set up a

committee to reconsider the voluntary renunciation of strikes that has always been part of its union constitution. Before the Youngstown walkout of policemen and firemen last September, a mass epidemic of "sickness" kept Kansas City firemen away from their station houses and a "blue flu" hit the Detroit police force. In New York and a half-dozen other cities, the men on whom the community relies to combat crime and avert civic disaster have shown that restiveness in the civil service cannot be quarantined on the basis of what is imperative and what is deferrable — or a municipal boondoggle.

The real basis for holding indivisible the doctrine that "you can't strike against the government" lies in the nature of government as the embodiment of all the people. It is not an employer organized for profit, so the conventional notion of strikes as tests of strength in which the pressures of the marketplace operate to constrain both management and union lacks pertinency. The services government provides, no matter how unglamorous, are essential, or government shouldn't be doing them.

In that sense, a strike against government becomes an interference with the political process, an attempt by one segment of the people to exert its control over a specific service as a weapon to coerce the whole community into submission on its terms. And the more vital the service, the greater the chance that the community will have to capitulate.

A kind of Gresham's law operates in this field, with bad practices tending to drive out the good. Once civil service unions become convinced — as many already have — that strikes pay dividends in fatter contracts, union leaders who demand adherence to law are likely to find themselves ex-leaders. Before New York's teachers went out on strike this year, their union president, Albert Shanker, described two crucial earlier disputes in which the teachers had been told categorically that the city would not grant their key demand. Both times the authorities changed their minds after a one-day strike.

"Now we are beyond abstract lessons in legality," Shanker said. "Perhaps it is a bad lesson to have learned, but the city has convinced us that striking brings us gains we need and cannot get any other way." The third strike, begun a few days after that interview, lasted fourteen days. It brought the teachers a settlement three times as large as the biggest they had ever got before.

Not the least of the concerns raised by such tactics is that the infection will spread to the federal civil service, where relations have been much more amicable than they are in the municipal field. More than a million of the 2.8 million federal employees are in unions, with organization particularly high among postal workers and blue-collar employees in arsenals, naval yards, and other

federal establishments. Even though there are three times as many workers on state and local payrolls, the number with union cards is generally estimated at well under the million in federal jobs.

Despite the higher concentration of unionists on the U.S. payroll, strikes have been close to zero. The only recorded walkout in recent years was a wildcat strike of eighty-five sheet metal workers at the Tennessee Valley Authority in the summer of 1962. All the strikers were fired, and their union helped the government recruit replacements. However, the recent strike wave among municipal employees has stirred currents of unrest in the federal service. In August, for instance, 2500 Brooklyn letter carriers made secret plans for a mass "sick" strike over wages. The Civil Service Commission learned of the stay-home a day ahead of time, and notified the union leaders that the government would have no choice but to discharge all the workers. The union chiefs got on the phone, and the demonstration was called off.

There have been several other near-misses among postal workers, nurses in Veterans Administration hospitals, and scattered other groups, even though the heads of most federal unions are in basic sympathy with the no-strike idea. By way of ensuring that there will be no breakdown in the present relative tranquillity, President Johnson has a Cabinet-level committee at work reviewing the existing federal rules and recommending changes to improve relationships.

ALL of this raises the central issue: Can the prohibition on strikes be made to work, or will the virus become so assertive in state and local agencies that it will sweep away the restraints in the federal service as well?

One assertion can be made with some certainty. The prohibition will not survive in the American climate if its maintenance depends primarily on the severity of the penalties for violation. A tough law now backs up the ban on federal strikes. This law, passed in 1955 as a carry-over from the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947, makes it a felony to strike against the government. Anyone who does is subject to a year in jail and a \$1000 fine. The same law makes mandatory the removal from the federal payroll of any worker who asserts the right to strike or belongs to an organization that asserts the right to strike. No person has ever been brought to trial, much less imprisoned or fined under that law, in the twelve years that it has been on the books.

However, similarly stringent penalties have proved scant deterrent to municipal strikes. On the contrary, New York State discovered that an

overly rigid law could prove unenforceable, partly because local politicians were too fearful of union reprisals at the polls but also because imposition of the punishments would cripple government processes as drastically as did the strike itself.

The result was a decision by the state legislature last April to repeal the twenty-year-old Condon-Wadlin Act, which required the dismissal of all civil service strikers and barred them from pay increases for three years if they were later reinstated. The sanctions were supposedly automatic, but the knowledge that vital services could never be restored if 50,000 teachers or 35,000 subway workers were kicked out of their jobs in one draconian swoop caused municipal authorities to ignore their sworn obligation to enforce the law. The final irony, when irate taxpayers went to court to insist that the law be carried out, was a series of special bills under bipartisan sponsorship in the legislature to give retroactive forgiveness to the strikers. That made everybody a partner in flouting the law, for fear that failure to solemnize the fruits of one illegal strike would expose the nation's biggest city to a rerun.

With the Condon-Wadlin Act now consigned to the dustbin of history, New York is testing a new law that has all the ingredients for becoming a national model on how to prevent civil service tie-ups by assuring fair treatment to public employees and the public alike. But even though the law did not become operative until September 1, organized labor and many other ill-wishers are already forecasting that the revised curb will prove as futile as its predecessor. What's more, they are working overtime to make that forecast come true.

The fatal flaw of the old statute was that it was all penalties and no peace machinery. The new law, drafted with the aid of five of the country's foremost experts in industrial relations, seeks better balance in three distinct ways. It puts on New York's statute books the first code of rights the state has ever had for public employees — one that extends to them comprehensive guarantees for unionization and contract negotiation.

It also provides a mechanism for resolving controversies over wages and all other issues through impartial fact-finding if direct negotiation and mediation fail. A union dissatisfied with the fact finders' recommendations can carry its complaint to the elected authorities in the legislature or the city council. If the union's end decision is to defy the law by striking, it becomes subject to penalties, but these do not take the form of wholesale dismissals or other punishments directed against individual strikers. Instead, the new law puts its emphasis on squeezing the union's pocketbook through fines and withholding of rights to the automatic checkoff of union dues.

Using distinguished neutrals to make recommendations for breaking deadlocks on wages is particularly appropriate in the civil service. It helps protect public employees against the danger of being shortchanged by administrators chronically afflicted with appropriations too small to meet all the needs of their agencies. In similar fashion, third-party determination of what equity requires provides the administrators with a shield they can use to repel the complaints of taxpayers who feel they are opening the wage tap too wide. Deciding how much workers should be paid is far from an exact science, and impartial aid is much in order where the workers are prohibited from striking and the employers are trustees standing in for the whole community.

The union hostility to the sensible procedures the New York law sets up in this field is especially quixotic in the light of the mild or nonexistent objections the unions raise to federal wage practice. The executive order governing union relationships in the federal service explicitly excludes wages from the sphere of labor-management negotiation. That is a field reserved for Congress, and unions are obliged to put their trust in the effectiveness of their lobbying activities, a very different line of work.

The pattern-setter in this field was William C. Doherty, for twenty-one years president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, who became Ambassador to Jamaica by appointment of President Kennedy in 1962. A cigar-chomping glad-hander, quick with a drink or story, Doherty made so many friends on Capitol Hill that he regularly repulsed economy drives to get more cash for his members. Under Jerome J. Keating, the union's present leader, the same magic is being practiced. Part of the explanation came out with the disclosure that Representative Thaddeus J. Dulski of Buffalo, chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, had collected \$11,000 two years ago from a testimonial dinner financed largely by the postal unions. The newer breed in the municipal unions uses power as its chief persuader. It demands rather than petitions.

IN THIS period of ferment in civil service unionism, with patterns forming three decades after the dawn of industrial unionism, impartial fact-finding can be as beneficial on noneconomic disputes as it is on how much money to put in the pot. The nature of the urban crisis and the frustrations it thrusts on municipal employees have made it inevitable that public unions will be much more assertive in pressing for a voice in policy than are unions in steel, trucking, or meat-packing.

In New York the Social Service Employees Union struck for six weeks — and lost — over demands that the welfare department give relief clients automatic semi-annual grants for clothing and a monthly allowance for telephones. In the school strike the United Federation of Teachers had a much harder time with the board of education on its demands for a contractual commitment to expand an experiment in more effective schools than it did on its pay program. The American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees threatened an immediate strike if New York implemented a plan to turn its municipal hospitals over to the voluntary hospitals for administration.

Obviously, the workers whose lives are spent dealing with the problems and people involved in all these issues have a relevant contribution to make on how the problems can best be solved. Equally obviously, such issues involve too many interests and complexities to be disposed of under the club of a strike. And no less obviously, administrators are not cheerfully going to surrender their prerogatives in the policy area, even where they are not bound by legal prohibitions against any dilution of authority.

The surest guides through this thicket are third parties detached from the emotional embroilment that always surrounds a battle over prerogatives. The need in such cases is for the establishment of continuing committees in which management and union representatives are joined by technical experts or spokesmen for concerned community groups to seek answers in an atmosphere free of the countdown tensions of a strike deadline. There is much to be said for long-range joint committees, in any event, as instruments for day-to-day co-operation in the efficient conduct of public affairs and the avoidance of future explosions.

The saddest aspect of organized labor's reaction to the new law through which New York seeks civil service peace with justice has been the mindless character of its hostility to the entire venture. At a mass rally in Madison Square Garden a few weeks after the law was passed, the bloody shirt was waved as if the legislature had moved the state back to the era of Homestead, the Danbury Hatters, Haymarket Square, and the Ludlow massacre. Twenty thousand members of all the major unions of municipal employees took a collective vow to "reject and repudiate this law, this illegitimate offspring of diseased bipartisanship."

The teachers' strike started exactly eleven days after the law went into force. The negotiations were already too far along to permit application of all the law's procedures. That left only the negative features — the penalties for violation — as operative elements. However, Mayor Lindsay did

invoke fact-finding in a manner not basically different from that which would have applied if the law had been in effect all the way through.

The result was disheartening. The fact finders, headed by Professor Archibald Cox of Harvard Law School, former Solicitor General of the United States, proposed pay increases averaging \$1700 a year, the most substantial wage rise the city had ever offered to any major group of its employees. On matters affecting educational policy, the panel went further toward giving the union a say than pleased the board of education. But the union leadership turned thumbs down; the membership ratified its decision, and the strike was on — for fourteen days.

The mayor insisted, with more vehemence than persuasiveness, that the final terms were precisely in line with the Cox panel's recommendations, but the average pay increase rose to \$1900 a year and the school board had to agree to more of the policy modifications the union desired. Shanker, the union president, called the outcome "fabulous," and the conviction in union ranks that strikes are the way to get more from the city was reinforced, even though a judge sentenced Shanker to fifteen days in jail for defying a back-to-work injunction and fined the union \$150,000 for violating the new law. The case will probably drag through the higher courts for at least a year before a final decision is handed down. The Transport Workers Union, now involved in talks for a new subway agreement, has made it clear the law will be no deterrent if it is dissatisfied with what it gets at the bargaining table.

WHERE does all this leave us in terms of a program that will provide protection for the community as well as the people who work for the community? There is no question that the prospect for the next few years is one of increasing turmoil in city, state, and federal employment. Part of it is the general rebellion against all institutions, and what institution is stuffer, more tradition-ridden than government itself? Part is the drag of encrusted inequities, archaic work standards, and the resistance of taxpayers to the ever rising cost of public services. And part is the newness of the relationship, the necessity for throttling under the compulsions of a no-strike mandate the kind of irritations that erupted in sit-down strikes and picket-line violence when the basic industries were being organized three decades ago. In civil service the angers are less the product of employer arrogance or oppression than they are the acid fruit of the despair that wells out of daily grappling with the limitless woes of the cities, in the schools,

the welfare depots, and other public agencies.

For all its ineffectiveness in the New York school strike, the new law there does point the way toward an orderly adjustment of all these problems by meeting the essential test of two-way fairness. It creates opportunities as well as responsibilities on both sides; the penalties it authorizes are realistic and reasonable. Indeed, if there is a sound argument against them, it is that the maximum fine of \$10,000 a day is too low to deter a powerful union. Shanker scoffed that the penalty amounted to only 20 cents a day for each member of his union.

The ritualistic objection of labor that any law prohibiting strikes is a reinstitution of slavery squares badly with the record in the federal service. When the bill barring any employee who even asserted the right to strike from holding a federal job was before Congress, all the major unions and associations of federal workers testified in its favor. The railroad unions have twice complied with compulsory arbitration laws forbidding rail stoppages; George Meany himself served on the presidential panel that decreed the settlement terms under the law that ended the railway shopcraft tie-up last summer. Testifying in October before the Cabinet committee on revision of the union code for federal employees, Meany urged arbitration as the solution for all unresolved disputes between government and its unionized workers. He did not challenge the strike ban.

The important thing in the months and years ahead is to build up labor-management relationships in the civil service that will make the no-strike law work—not because of its sanctions, but because the workers, the unions, the administrators, and the citizens are satisfied that it operates for their mutual benefit. “No law is any good unless people accept it,” comments a high-ranking federal official. “Our aim is to keep our personnel practices and pay standards in such good shape that responsible union leaders will not be at the mercy of demagogues who try to shoot them down for upholding reasonableness and orderly procedure.”

The relations will have to be different in many ways from those that have been normal in private industry. Unionization must not become a vehicle for grafting a new bureaucracy onto the already bureaucratized structure of government. New rigidities and new inefficiencies are no need in the public sector. The hope that underlies the Kennedy executive order of 1962 and the similar codes of union rights issued by many governors and mayors is that a more alert, more productive, and better-staffed civil service will develop out of cooperative labor-management policies.

The kind of leapfrogging that has pushed up labor costs in shipping, newspapers, and other industries plagued with multiple unions, each eager to climb over the back of the one before to get something extra for its members, can be particularly damaging where the community is paying the bill. Centralized bargaining will be a necessity to guard against such whipsaw tactics. But bringing all public employees into a single union or a coordinated bargaining council is no guarantee of stability for the community. One reason the Transport Workers Union has such a stranglehold over New York's transit lifeline is that the city deliberately killed off the splinter unions that used to have separate negotiating rights for motormen, signalmen, and other skilled groups. Union responsibility and restraint must accompany arrangements that give a single negotiating team stop-or-go power over all civic services.

As if all these considerations do not pose difficulties enough, there are still others to worry about in the purely political realm. The mushrooming of the civil service makes public employees an increasingly potent force in election campaigns and the year-round financing of local political machines. Unions have traditionally steered clear of acquiring ownership interests in the businesses whose employees they represent. Even with billions of dollars in pension and welfare reserves currently available for investment, union trustees generally insist on buying the securities of companies outside their own industry to avoid any taint of conflict of interest.

But in his capacity as a citizen, every public employee is automatically a shareholder in the governmental unit for which he works. In New York City the 300,000 municipal employees and their families account for at least a million of the city's 8 million people. Envisage a political alliance between them and the 750,000 people now on the public relief rolls in New York, and you have a force of such dimensions that no aspirant for civic office could afford to discount its potential election role. In Philadelphia last November unionized civil service workers and their allies in organized labor were principally responsible for the re-election of Mayor James H. J. Tate. A national coalition of public employees, relief clients, and pensioners might revolutionize the country's political life, especially if the integrating element is a common discontent with the adequacy of payments from the public treasury.

The missing ingredient in civil service unionism thus far is any widespread recognition that collective bargaining must be a two-way street. Until it is, we, the people, will be doing most of the giving and very little of the getting.

AN INTERLUDE

by Robert Duncan

My heart beats to the feet of the first faithful,
long ago dancing in Broceliande's forest,
And my mind when it ceases to contend with the
lies and dreams of Generalissimo Franco
delights in the company of defeated but glorious men
who have taken to the highlands or,
in love with the people, striven to keep secret ways
of brotherhood and compassion alive,
spreading Truth
like seeds of a forbidden hallucinogen, marijuana, or morning glory
hidden away among the grasses of the field.

Love long conceald! Love long suffering!
Love we never knew moved us from the beginning!
Now it may be we are driven to your high
pasture. Hard presst,
my heart opens as if there were a pass in the rock,
unknown, a bypass,
close enough to be very like death.

Solitary door, road of solitudes,
the mute song at last sung in the veins among strangers!
I must go to the old inn in the canyon,
to the roller-skating rink among the pine trees.

For the dancers have come down from the mountains,
and the piano player strikes up such a sound the fiddler
sails away in the waving and waist-clasping rounds of it.
The people then are the people of a summer's night over and gone,
the people of a Polish dance hall before the last war,
in the sweat and reek of Limburger cheese and Bermuda onions,
sweltering in beer and music, Kansas country evangelists,
or summer people in the Catskills
who have taken up square dancing as the poet takes up
measures of an old intoxication that leads into poetry,
not "square" dancing, but moving figures,
the ages of man and various personae of an old drama,

coupling and released from coupling,
moving and removing themselves, bowing
and escaping into new and yet old
configurations,
the word "old" appearing and reappearing
in the minds of the youths dancing.

so that I remember I was an ancient man,
"Granpaw," nineteen and ninety,
taking the hand of little Nell, dolce-doeing,

and the dance the grand séance of romancing feet in their numbers;
forward and back, we were the medium
for folk of the Old Days in their ever returning.

In the great figure of many figures the four
directions and empires
change into four times, and opposites of
opposites meet and mate,
separating and joining, ascending a ladder of litanies
until they are "sent,"
losing themselves in each other's being
found again.

Now, because I am Fire and you are Water,
Water and Fire kiss and embrace.
Water and Fire dance together. This,
the grand mimesis,
imitates the wholeness we feel true to What Is.

We must go back to sets of simple things,
hill and stream, woods and the sea beyond —
the time of day: dawn, noon, bright or clouded,
five o'clock in November five-o'clock-of-the-year
— changing definitions of the light.

And say the dancers take the six unbroken lines of the Chinese
hexagram,
and six dance for the six broken lines, the six gates or openings
in the otherwise stable figure: there are twelve in all.
Dividing into groups of three, they dance in four groups.

What twelve things of your world will you appoint guardians,
Truth's signators?
Salt, Cordelia said. Gold and lead.
The poet, the great maker of wars and states, and
the saint, Burckhardt named as the creative
masters of history.
But now, let the twelve be unnamed.

The dancers come forward to represent unclaimed things.

A Story by NADINE GORDIMER

A Satisfactory Settlement

A SAGGING hulk of an American car, its bodywork like colored tinfoil that has been screwed into a ball and smoothed out, was beached on the axle of a missing wheel in a gutter of the neighborhood. Overnight, empty beer cartons appeared against well-oiled wooden gates; out-of-works loped the streets and held converse on corners with nannies in their pink uniforms and houseboys in aprons. In dilapidated outbuildings dating from the time when they housed horses and traps, servants kept all sorts of hangers-on. The estate agent had pointed out that it was one of the quiet old suburbs of Johannesburg where civil servants and university lecturers were the sort of neighbors one had — but of course no one said anything about the natives.

The child was allowed to ride his bicycle on the pavement, and he liked to go and look at the car. He and his mother knew none of their neighbors yet, and in the street he simply thought aloud; he said to a barefoot old man in an army greatcoat, "There's a dead rat by the tree at the corner. I found it yesterday." And the old man clapped his hands slowly, with the gum grin of ancients and infants: "*S'bona*, my *baasie*, may the Lord bless you, you are big man." Under one of the silky oaks of the pavement the child said to a man who had been lying all morning in the shade with a straw hat with a paisley band over his eyes, and a brand-new transistor radio playing beside his head, "Did you steal it?"

The man said without moving, "My friend, I got it in town." The furze of beard and mustache was drawn back suddenly in a lazy yawn that closed with a snap.

"I saw a dead rat there by the corner."

"The crock's been pushed to Tanner Road."

"There's a native boy's got a ten transistor."

His mother was not interested in any of this intelligence. Her face was fixed in vague politeness; she heard without listening to what was said, just as he did when she talked on the telephone: "... no question of signing *anything* whatever

until provision's made . . . my dear Marguerite, I've been fooled long enough, you can put your mind at rest . . . only in the presence of the lawyers . . . the door in his face, that's . . . cut out the parties he takes to the races every Saturday, and the flush dinners, then, if he can't afford to make proper provision . . . and, I said, I want a special clause in the maintenance agreement . . . medical expenses *up till the age of twenty-one* . . ."

When his mother was not talking to Marguerite on the telephone it was very quiet in the new house. It was as if she were still talking to Marguerite in her mind. She had taken the white bedside radio from her room in the old house — Daddy's house — to a swap shop, and she had brought home a gray portable typewriter. It stood on the dining table, and she slowly picked out letters, with her eyes on the typing manual beside her. The tapping became his mother's voice, stopping and starting, hesitantly and dryly, out of her silence. She was going to get a job and work in an office; he was going to a new school. Later on when everything was settled, she said, he would sometimes spend a week-end with Daddy. In the meantime it was the summer holidays and he could do what he liked.

He did not think about the friends he had played with in the old house. The move was only across the town, but for the boy seas and continents might have been between and the suburb a new country from where Rolf and Sheila were a flash of sun on bicycles on a receding horizon. He could not miss them as he had done when they had been in the house next door and prevented, by some punishment or other, from coming over to play. He wandered in the street; the rat was taken away, but the old man came back again — he was packing and unpacking his paper carrier on the pavement: knotted rags, a half loaf of brown bread, snuff, a

Miss Gordimer, a native of Johannesburg, is one of South Africa's most gifted novelists and storytellers.

pair of boots whose soles grinned away from the uppers, and a metal funnel. The boy suddenly wanted the funnel, and paid the old man fifteen cents for it. Then he hid it in the weeds in the garden so that his mother wouldn't ask where he'd got it.

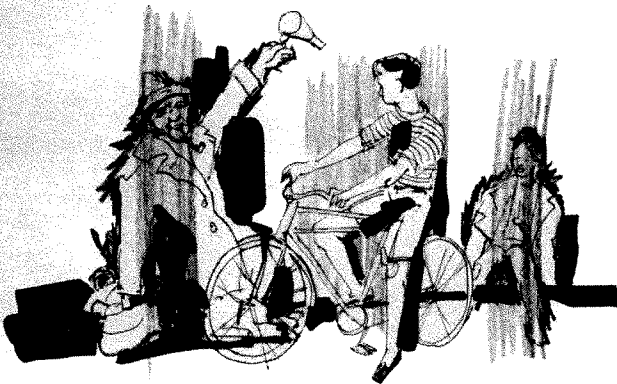
The man with the radio sometimes called out, "My friend, where you going?" "My friend, watch out for the police!"

The boy lingered a few feet off while the man went on talking and laughing, in their own language, with the group that collected outside the house with the white Alsatian.

"Why d'you say that about the policeman?"

The man noticed him again, and laughed. "My friend, my friend!"

Perhaps the old man had told about the funnel; a funnel like that might cost fifty cents. In a shop.



The boy didn't really believe about the policeman, but when the man laughed, he felt he wanted to run away, and laugh back, at the same time. He was drawn to the house with the white Alsatian and would have liked to ride past without hands on the handlebars if only he hadn't been afraid of the Alsatian rushing out to bite the tires. The Alsatian sat, head on paws, on the pavement among the night watchman and his friends, but when it was alone behind the low garden wall of the house, it screamed, snarled, and leapt at the women who went by in slippers and cotton uniforms gaping between the buttons and yelled "*Voetsak!*" and "*Suka!*" at it. There were also two women who dressed as if they were white, in tight trousers, and had straightened hair and lipstick. One afternoon they had a fight, tearing at each other, sobbing, and swearing in English. The Alsatian went hysterical, but the night watchman had him by the collar.

THE old car actually got going — even when the wheel was on, there was still the flat battery, and he put down his bike and helped push. He was offered a ride but stood shaking his head, his chest

heaving. A young man in a spotless white golf cap and a torn and filthy sweater wanted to buy his watch. They had been pushing side by side, and they sat in the gutter, smiling like panting dogs. "I pay you five pounds!" The slim, sticky black hand fingered his wrist, on which the big watch sat a bit off-center.

"But where have you got five pounds?"

"How I can say I buy from you if I can't have five pounds? I will pay five pounds!"

The impossible size of the sum, quoted in old currency, as one might talk wildly of ducats or doubloons, hung in credible bluff between them. He said of his watch, "I got it for Christmas." But what was Christmas to the other?

"Five pounds!"

A nanny pushing a white child in a cart called out something in their language. The hand dropped the skinny wrist, and a derisive tongue click made the boy feel himself dismissed as a baby.

He did not play in the garden. His toys all had been brought along, but there was no place for them yet; they stood about in his room with the furniture that had been set here or there by the movers. His mother dragged his bed under the window and asked, Is that where you want it? And he had said, "I don't know where it's supposed to be."

The bicycle was the only thing he took out with him into the street. It was a few days before the car turned up again. Then he found it, two blocks away. This time it had two flat tires, and no one did anything about them. But a house down there was one of those with grass planted on the pavement outside, and the garden boy let him go back and forth once or twice with the power mower. He went again next day and helped him. The garden boy wanted to know if his father smoked and asked him to bring cigarettes. He said, "My father's not here, but when we're settled I'll ask for some for you." He hardly ever went out now without meeting the old man somewhere; the old man seemed to expect him. He brought things out of his paper carrier and showed them to the boy, unwrapped them from rags and the advertising handouts that drift to city gutters. There was a tin finger, from a cigar, a torch without switch or glass, and a broken plastic duck — nothing like the funnel. But the old man, who had the lint of white hairs caught among the whorls on his head, spread the objects on the pavement with the confidence of giving pleasure and satisfaction. He took the boy's hand and put in it the base of some fancy box; his hand on the boy's was strong, shaky, and cold, with thick nails the color of the tortoise's shell in the old house. The box base had held a perfume bottle and was covered with stained satin; to the boy it was a little throne, but he didn't want it, it was a girl's thing.

He said with an exaggerated shrug, "No money." "Yes, my *baasie*, only shilling, shilling. The Lord bless you, *Nkosana*. Only shilling."

The old man began to wrap it all up again; the base, the duck, the torch, and the tin finger. Afterward, the boy thought that next time he might take the tin finger for, say, two and a half cents, or three. He'd have to buy something. As he rode back to the new house, there was the angle of a straw hat with a band in a little group chatting, accusing, and laughing, and he called out, "Hullo, my friend!"

"Yes, my friend!" the greeting came back, though the man didn't look around at him.

Then he thought he saw, without the white cap, the one who wanted to buy his watch, and with a hasty wobble of pleasurable panic he rode off fast down the hill, lifting his hands from the bars a moment in case somebody was looking, and taking a chance on the white Alsatian.

WHEN she was not at the typewriter she was on her knees for hours at a time, sorting out boxes and suitcases of things to be got rid of. She had gone through the stuff once when she packed up and left, setting aside hers from his and being brought up short when she came upon some of the few things that seemed indisputably theirs and therefore neither to be disposed of nor rightfully claimed by either. Now she went through all that was hers, and this time, on a different principle of selection, set aside what was useful, relevant, and necessary from what was not. All the old nest papers went into the dustbin: letters, magazines, membership cards, even photographs. Her knees hurt when she rose, but she sometimes went on again after she and the child had eaten dinner and he was in bed.

During the day she did not go out except for consultations with the lawyers, and if Marguerite phoned at night to hear the latest, she sat down at the telephone with a gin and bitter lemon—the first opportunity she'd had to think about herself even long enough to pour a drink. She had spoken to no one round about, and awareness of her surroundings was limited to annoyance latent in the repetition of one worn close-harmony record, mutedly blaring again and again from nearby—a gramophone in some native's *kiya*. But she was too busy getting straight to take much notice of anything; the boy was getting a bit too much freedom—still, he couldn't come to any harm, she supposed he wouldn't go far away, while out of the way. She hadn't seen any of the good friends since she'd left, and that was fine. There'd been altogether too much talk and everyone ready to tell her what she ought to do one day, and then running

off to discuss the "other side of the story" the next. Naturally, it all got back to her.

Marguerite was quite right. She was simply going ahead to provide a reasonable, decent life for herself and her child. She had no vision of this life beyond the statement itself, constantly in her mind like a line of doggerel, and proclaimed aloud in the telephone conversations with Marguerite, but she was seized by the preoccupations of sorting out and throwing away, as if someone had said, dig here.

She walked around the house at night before she went to bed and checked windows and doors. Of course she was used to that, but when, as had so often happened, she was left alone in the other house, there were familiar servants who could be trusted. There was no one to depend on here; she had taken the first girl who came to the back door with a reference. It was December, and the nights were beautiful, beautiful: she would notice, suddenly, while pulling in a window. Out there in the color of moonstone nothing moved but the vibration of cicadas and the lights in the valley. Both seemed to make shimmering swells through the warm and palpable radiance. Out there you would feel it on bare arms while you danced or talked, you could lie on your back on hard terrace stone and feel the strange vertigo of facing the stars.

It was a postcard of somewhere she had been, and had no power over her in the present. She went to bed and fell asleep at once, as if in a night's lodging come upon in the dark.

But after the first few days something began to happen in the middle of the night. It happened every night, or almost every night (she was not sure; sometimes she might have dreamt it, or in the morning, run the experience of two nights into one). Anyway, it happened often enough to make a pattern of the nights and establish, through unease, a sense of place that did not exist in the light of day.

It was natives, of course; simply one of the nuisances of this quiet neighborhood. A woman came home in the early hours of the morning from some shebeen. Or she had no home and was wandering the streets. First she was on the edge of a dream, among those jumbled cries and voices where the lines of conscious and subconscious cross. Then she drew closer and clearer as she approached the street, the house, the bed—to which the woman lying there was herself returning, from sleep to wakefulness. There was the point at which the woman in the bed knew herself to be there, lying awake with her body a statue still in the attitude of sleep, and the shadowy room standing back all around her. She lay and listened to the shouts, singing, laughter, and sudden cries. It was a monologue; there was no answer, no

response. No one joined in the singing, and the yells died away in the empty streets. It was impossible not to listen because, apart from the singing, the monologue was in English — always when natives were drunk or abusive they seemed to turn to English or Afrikaans; if it had been in their language she could have shut it out with a pillow over her ears, like the noise of cats. The voice lurched and rambled. Just when it seemed to be retreating, fading around a corner or down the hill, there would be a short, fearful, questioning scream, followed by a waiting silence; then there it was, coming back, very near now, so near that slithering footsteps and the loose slap of heels could be heard between the rise and fall of accusations, protests, and wheedling obscenities. "... telling LIARS. I . . . you . . . don't say me I'm . . . and telling liars . . . L-I-A-R-S . . . you know? you know? . . . I'm love for that . . . LI-ARS . . . the man he want . . . LI-A-A-RS . . . my darling I'm love . . . AHH-hahahhahahOOOoooo . . . YOU RUBBISH! YOU HEAR? YOU RUBBISH . . ."

And then slowly it was all gathered together again, it staggered away, the whole muddled, drunken burden of it, dragged off somewhere, nowhere, anywhere it could not be heard anymore. She lay awake until the streets had stifled and hidden it, and then she slept.

Until the next night.

The summons was out of the dark, as if the voice came out of her own sleep like those words spoken aloud with which one wakes oneself with a start. YOU RUBBISH . . . don't say me . . . he want . . . L-I-A-R-S . . . don't say me.

Or the horrible jabber when a tape recorder is run backward. Is that my voice? Shrill, ugly; merely back to front? L-I-A-R-S. The voice that had slipped the hold of control, good sense, self-respect, proper provision, the future to think of. My darling I'm love for that. AhhhhhhhahahhaOOOoooo. Laughing and sniveling; no answer: nobody there. No one. In the middle of the night, night after night, she forgot it was a native, a drunken black prostitute, one of those creatures with purple lips and a great backside in trousers who hung about after the men. She lay so that both ears were free to listen, and she did not move or open her eyes on the outer dark.

Then one night the voice was right under her window. The dog next door was giving deep regular barks of the kind that a dog gives at a safe distance from uncertain prey, and between bouts of fisting on some shaky wooden door the voice was so near that she could hear breath drawn for each fresh assault. "YOU HEAR? I tell you I'm come find . . . YOU HEAR-R-R . . . I'm come give you nice . . . YOU-OOO-HE-AAR."

The banging must be on the door of the servant's room of the next-door house; the dividing wall between the two properties was only ten feet from her bedroom. No one opened the door, and the voice groveled and yelled and obscenely cajoled.

This time she got up and switched on the light and put on her dressing gown, as one does when there is a situation to be dealt with. She went to the window and leaned out; half the sky was ribbed with cloud, like a beach in the moonlight, and the garden trees were thickly black — she could not see properly into the neighbor's over the creeper-covered wall, but she called ringingly, "Stop that! D'you hear? Stop it at once!"

There was a moment's silence, and then it all began again, the dog punctuating the racket in a deep, shocked bay. Now lights went on in the neighbor's house, and there was the rattle of the kitchen door being unbolted. A man in pajamas was in her line of vision for a moment as he stood on the back steps. "Anything wrong?" The chivalrous, reassuring tone between equals of different sex.

"In your yard," she called back. "Some drunk woman's come in from the street."

"Oh, my God. Her again."

He must have been barefoot. She did not hear anyone cross the yard, but suddenly his voice belated, "Go on, get out, get going . . . I don't care what you've come for, just get on your feet and *kamba* out of my yard, go on, quickly, OUT!" "No master, that boy he —" "Get up!" "Don't swear me —" There was a confusion of the two voices, with his quick, hoarse, sober one prevailing, and then a grunt with a sharp gasp, as if someone had been kicked. She could see the curve of the drive through the spaced shapes of shrubs, and she saw a native woman go down it, not one of the ladies in trousers but an ordinary servant, fat and middle-aged and drunk, in some garment still recognizably a uniform. "All right over there?" the man called.

"Thanks. Perhaps one can get some sleep now."

"You didn't send for the police?"

"No, no I hadn't done that."

All was quiet. She heard him lock his door. The dog gave a single bark now and again, like a sob. She got into the cool bed and slept.

THE child never woke during the night unless he was ill, but he was always up long before any adult in the mornings. That morning he remembered immediately that he had left his bicycle out all night and went at once into the garden to fetch it. It was gone. He stared at the sodden long grass and looked wildly around from one spot to another.

His mother had warned him not to leave anything outside because the fence at the lower end of the garden, giving on a lane, was broken in many places. He looked in the shed, although he knew he had not put the bicycle there. His pajamas were wet to the knees from the grass. He stuffed them into the laundry basket in the bathroom and put on a shirt and trousers. He went twice to the lavatory, waiting for her to get up. But she was later than usual that morning, and he was able to go into the kitchen and ask the girl for his breakfast and eat it alone. He did not go out; quietly, in his room, he began to unpack and set up the track for his electric racing cars. He put together a balsa-wood glider that somehow had never been assembled, and slipped off to throw it about, with a natural air, down the end of the garden where the bicycle had disappeared. From there he was surprised to hear his mother's voice, not on the telephone but mingled with other voices in the light, high way of grown-up people exchanging greetings. He was attracted to the driveway, drawn to the figures of his mother and a man and woman dressed for town, pausing and talking, his mother politely making a show of leading them to the house without actually inviting them in. "No, well, I was saying to Ronald, it's all right if one's an old inhabitant, you know —" the woman began, with a laugh, several times without being allowed to finish. "— a bit funny, my asking that about the police, but really, I can assure you —" "Oh, no, I appreciated —" "— assure you, they're as much use as —" "It was, five or six years ago, but it's simply become a hangout —" "And the women! Those creatures in Allenby Road! I was saying, one feels quite ashamed —" "Well, I don't think I've had an unbroken night's sleep since I moved in. That woman yelling down the street at two in the morning." "I make a point of it — don't hang about my property, I tell them. They're watching for you to go out at night, that's the thing." "Every morning I pick up beer cartons inside our wall, mind you —"

His mother had acknowledged the boy's presence, to the others, by cupping her hand lightly round the back of his head. "And my bicycle's been stolen," he said, up into their talk and their faces.

"Darling . . . where?" His mother looked from him to the neighbors, presenting the sensation of a fresh piece of evidence. "You see?" said the man. "There you are!"

"Here, in the garden," he said.

"There you are. Your own garden."

"That you must report," said the woman.

"Oh, really — on top of everything else. Do I have to go myself, or could I phone, d'you think?"

"We'll be going past the police station on the

hill, on our way to town. Ronald could just stop a minute," the woman said.

"You give me the particulars, and I'll do it for you." He was a man with thick-soled, cherry-dark shoes, soaring long legs, an air force mustache, and a funny little tooth that pressed on his lip when he smiled.

"What was the make again, d'you remember?" his mother asked him. And to the neighbors, "But please come inside — won't you have some coffee, quickly? I was just going to make myself — oh, it was a Raleigh, wasn't it? Or was that your old little one?" They went into the house, his mother explaining that she wasn't settled yet.

He told them the make, serial number, wheel-base, and identifying dents of his bicycle. It was the first time he and his mother had had visitors in this house, and there was quite a flurry to find the yellow coffee cups and something better than a plastic spoon. He ran in and out helping and taking part in the conversation. Since they had only just got to know him and his mother, these people did not interrupt him all the time as the friends who came to the other house always had. "And I bet I know who took it, too," he said. "There's an old native boy who just talks to anybody in the street. He's often seen me riding my bike down by the house where the white dog is."

LOVE-MAKING; APRIL; MIDDLE AGE

BY L. E. SISSMAN

A fresh west wind from water-colored clouds
Stirs squills and iris shoots across the grass
Now turning fiery green. This storm will pass
In dits and stipples on the windowpane
Where we lie high and dry, and the low sun
Will throw rose rays at our gray heads upon
The back-room bed's white pillows. Venus will
Descend, blue-white, in horizontal airs
Of red, orange, ocher, lemon, apple green,
Cerulean, azure, ultramarine,
Ink, navy, indigo, at last midnight.
Now, though, this clouded pewter afternoon
Blurs in our window and intensifies
The light that dusts your eyes and mine with age.
We turn our thirties over like a page.

BOOKS and MEN *"He is a fascinating throwback, one of those now solitary American moralists, perfectionists, taskmasters, and schoolmasters who are still lucid in our frantic society." So does one of America's most lucid writers and critics describe George Kennan in this singular essay on the man and mind revealed in MEMOIRS: 1925-1950. Mr. Kazin's most recent book is STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES. He teaches at State University of New York at Stony Brook and is at work on a study of the American imagination in the nineteenth century.*

SOLITARY EXPERT: The Case of George F. Kennan

by ALFRED KAZIN

THERE is probably no reason to expect more of Foreign Service Officers than of other government servants, but they "represent" us and so get watched. Many of them have incomparably direct experiences of foreign countries, an un-American facility in foreign languages, and often do acquire unusual detachment from the home culture and some wit about the human scene in general. Some American diplomats have become scholarly specialists, just as naturally as professional scholars — James Russell Lowell, Claude Bowers, William E. Dodd, John Kenneth Galbraith — have become ambassadors. Nevertheless, the system seems not to turn up as much intellectual distinction as it might, and it is noteworthy that the former professors in the State Department now most zealous in explaining the white man's burden in Vietnam were never very interesting minds to begin with. A leaning toward undertakers' manners and pompously misleading prose is always in favor. The ability to swallow one's objections, to impersonate under the anguished heckling of draft-age students the self-restraint made famous by gentlemen-in-waiting at the court of Louis XVI, who by protocol sat horribly near the fire but were not allowed to move an inch — this seems to require exactly the superficial talents and even the slightly inhuman traits that have often been attributed to diplomats.

Still, the layman rarely knows. Foreign Service people are not encouraged to write for publication; probably the most dedicated of them anonymously give their talents away to training others; all belong to the "Department," to their country, far more than they do to themselves. There are surely intellectual privileges to the diplomatic life — the extraordinary chance, for those capable of using it, to study other cultures; the peculiar freedom as well as the natural loneliness of living abroad. Despite the complacent types one meets in American embassies, who "never had it so good," the more thoughtful ones are consoled by intellectual privileges for the subtle sacrifice they make of their temperamental selves to the success of the job. But those whose minds will not always permit them to be too deliberately ponderous, to swallow every disagreement with policy and outrage at an unnecessary threat to peace, will, sooner or later, get out and do what most educated people want most in the world to do — "write."

Of all American career diplomats in our day, George F. Kennan is surely the best known and the most honored, at least by the scholarly world. Yet he has been the most disputatious of State Department advisers and twice (after he had retired from the Department in 1950) a stormy ambassador. He is now known as an impeccable scholar and his-

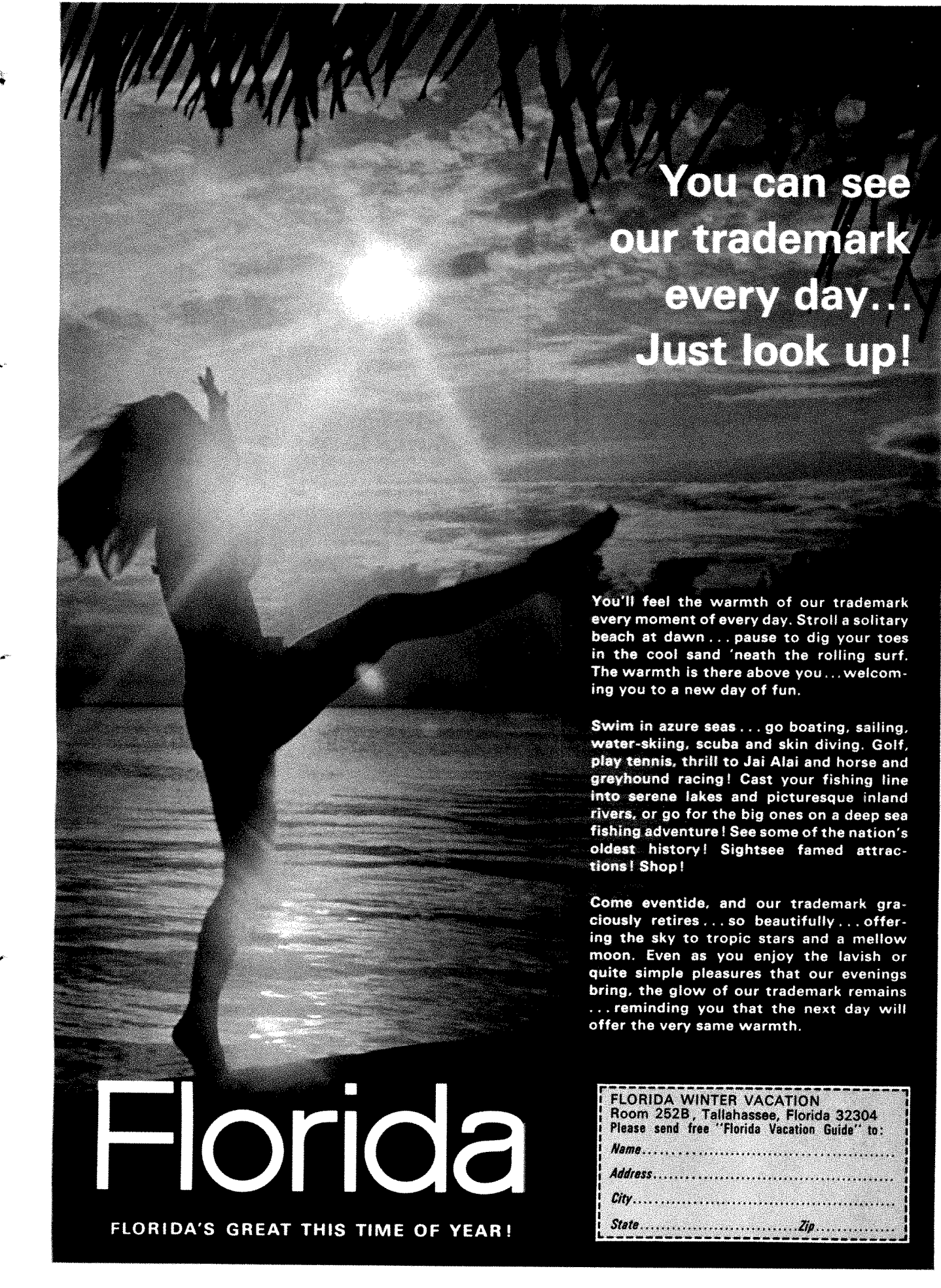
torian, but he could conceivably have become an influential leader of American opinion instead of being rudely disparaged, as he has been, by Presidents and Secretaries of State. Kennan is one of the great Western scholars of Russia. He is a particular authority on Russian-American relations since the Revolution, on which he has published two volumes — *Russia Leaves the War* and *Decision to Intervene* — of a planned three-volume history. Its mastery of all the sources, its literary irony on the disparity between the efforts of diplomats and the decisions of their government, make Kennan one of the more authoritative minds among the many professors writing history in our day. This theme of professional frustration runs through much of Kennan's writing, but never so fiercely as in his *Memoirs: 1925-1950* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

Kennan entered the Foreign Service at twenty-one, has specialized in Germany as well as Russia and the Baltic, was a principal figure in our Moscow Embassy from the day relations were resumed, was later a leading adviser on Russia, head of the State Department Policy Planning Board, counselor to the Department. Yet as ambassador to the Soviet Union near the end of the Stalin regime, he was so outraged by the more than usual bugging and snooping in the American Embassy that at a famous interview at the Berlin airport he deliberately compared Stalin's regime to Hitler's and so had himself declared *persona non grata*. As Kennedy's ambassador to Yugoslavia his mission was again cut short, this time because he was so intent on Yugoslavia's getting more aid from Congress; Kennedy felt that Kennan was too insistent on his own point of view, too impatient with the political necessity of placating and dealing with Congress. Though these missions were in a sense deliberate "failures," they are typical of Kennan's stern sense of principle in dealing with both the Russian leaders and the often gross representatives of our great democracy; in Russia he was outraged by the spying of Stalin's police, and from Yugoslavia he was protesting against Congress' lack of political imagination in admitting the break in the Communist camp. The reader of Kennan's painfully self-controlled and tragically haughty memoirs soon becomes aware that he can be like no one else in the American diplomatic service; despite many anxious compliments to his old chiefs and colleagues in the Department, one can see that he thinks this too. His exceptional but peculiarly restrictive qualities can be seen in the self-conscious authority of his other books — notably *American Diplomacy and Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin*. But because he is forced to say so much about himself here — he doesn't want to, doesn't always know how to, but is finally revealing in describing the difficult jumps between his private and

official self — his expertness seems more testy, and his contradictions as a human being who is as emotional as he is principled become more fascinating. Rarely has the intellectual anguish that can lie behind political decisions been so clearly revealed.

KENNAN is a formidable scholar in his special subject, Russia: he has a particular understanding of nineteenth-century Russia, when virtually all its great literature was produced, when its greatest spirits were striving for an ethical clarity that, as they thought, would teach the people to find some solution to their political and social frustrations. Many an American, visiting the homes of the great nineteenth-century Russian intellectuals, has recognized physical and moral resemblances to old-fashioned life in New England and the Middle West. The Lenin family home at Simbirsk — the home of an inspector of schools — reminded Edmund Wilson of the plain and bookish houses of Concord. At Tolstoy's estate, Yasnaya Polyana, among the wooden schoolhouses where Tolstoy himself taught peasant children, I found it utterly natural to see a great autographed picture of William Lloyd Garrison with the inscription "Liberty for each, for all, forever!" As Kennan points out, both Russia and the United States developed a significant literature only in the nineteenth century. Both were frontier-minded, with a strong sense of the destiny manifest in their being undeveloped continental masses; both looked to Europe for cultural tradition but were repelled by its worldliness. Addressing students at the Columbia Russian Institute, Kennan once noted with satisfaction that the dominating culture ideal inside Communist Russia was still Pushkin, Tolstoy, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, the architecture of the Kremlin, the palaces of Leningrad, the tradition of the Moscow Art Theater and the Russian ballet — "the fairy-tale world of the age of chivalry."

"You cannot tell me that in these Russian minds the lessons of the nineteenth century have been lost." (But as only a lover of Tolstoy and Chekhov can, Kennan hates the fifty years of Soviet authoritarianism, brutality, and mendacity. He celebrated the "St. Petersburg era" in Russian culture, when it was eagerly looking to the West, for "the incredible freshness and sincerity and clarity of perception which placed the Russian intellectuals of the nineteenth century among the greatest of all critics of contemporary Western civilization.") Then he added significantly of the Communist aftermath: "What fault were [the Russian] people guilty of that led to this result?" With his Scotch-Irish Presbyterian background, Kennan is much given to the question of human "fault," and obvi-



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British Overseas Airways Corporation has offices in principal cities.

ously he has often confronted his own intellectual pride and knows himself to be austere, didactic, unbending, and noticeably ungiven to the common touch. What he does not like as a fact of life, admit into his thinking, is the influence in politics of people unlike himself.

Kennan complained at Columbia of the tendency "in Russia of the crueller, more brutal and more aggressive natures to rise by some sort of natural attraction to the political surface of society and to monopolize the business of government." His memoirs are full of uncomprehending contempt for politicians and the political process. He is a fascinatingly complex case even as a professional diplomat. He often writes history with a diplomat's professional minimizing of the larger historic issues, and obviously feels that negotiation is too important to be left to mere statesmen. There is more than a touch in his memoirs of the old State Department hauteur in dealing with anything so "irregular" as refugees. Yet considering the long and hard training to which he has been put, to which he has put himself, his obvious reverence for many State Department regulars and State Department customs, it is equally clear from the long, hard struggle with authority recounted in his book that he is not an organization man, and essentially very unlike the cool types one is always meeting in American embassies abroad. He is a fascinating throwback, one of those now solitary American moralists, perfectionists, taskmasters, and schoolmasters who are still lucid in our frantic society. Out of his fierce professional involvement, living so long abroad, absorbing German and Russian as if they were his own languages, he has become disgusted with American slickness, commercial pap, the phony benignity and good fellowship, the limitless self-indulgence and angry self-centeredness. But always more alert to the power relationships between countries rather than those between groups in his own country — this has often led to the misapplication or rejection of his advice — Kennan's strenuous single-mindedness not only has made him un-influential in Washington, but also has left him an interestingly sharp antagonist of American ways.

GEORGE KENNAN is a serious man. In our time serious people know that "history" tears everything apart, starting with themselves. As a young diplomat in Germany, Kennan was once moved to tears by a Communist demonstration one Sunday in Hamburg, for he suddenly realized that the working people in that parade had no other day, and no other way, to show the burden on their lives. This is the same man who insists throughout his memoirs on the generally messy emotions and un-

informed experiences that often conflict with the hard, limited, consciously stoical work of diplomacy. The reader soon realizes that there are two kinds of writing in the book, expressive of two conscious selves — a lower and a higher, a vulnerable human being and a solemn professional. When he describes his early years in Milwaukee, his sense at Princeton of being "imperfectly visible," his embarrassment when he tried to earn some Christmas money at college by delivering the mail and made a mess of it, one is aware of someone unused to describing personal emotion to the public, but who has been doing it all his life in private memoranda. As a young consular official in the twenties, Kennan was already a specialist but was limited then to Baltic countries. His diaries of those years — it is clear from the many private documents he quotes that he is a compulsive writer and practiced in "the curious art of writing for oneself alone" — are moody landscape studies, full of loneliness and intellectual excitement and the suggestiveness that Baltic "white nights" leave on the Riga strand — "a condition of nature under the spell of which all human emotions and situations seemed to take on a heightened poignancy, mystery, and promise."

Kennan's seriousness has been largely concentrated on his intellectual passion for Russian, which as a young Foreign Service Officer he studied in Germany and perfected in the nine years he spent in Russian-speaking environments. This feeling for a foreign language, for another place and perhaps another time, of course kept Kennan outside his own country, and by concentrating its features in his memory, made him stricter about America, more censorious. Yet his stern, cold disapproval of Communist minds and Communist manners is typically ethical, American, *old-American*: "cynicism, shamelessness, contempt for humanity — all triumphantly enthroned." "I was never able to accept or to condone the stony-hearted fanaticism that was prepared to condemn to the loss of all civil rights, to ignominy, persecution, and 'liquidation as a class' entire great bodies of people . . . for no other reason than that their members had been born into certain stations in life. These savage class distinctions seemed to me only a mirror image of the feudal institutions Russia had so recently rejected."

A cousin of his grandfather's, the first George Kennan, was a self-educated telegrapher who first went to Siberia to explore the possibilities of setting up communication by cable. There he learned Russian perfectly, and eventually went back to Siberia again to write for the old *Century* magazine a series of articles that became a classic, *Siberia and the Exile System*. This was the first great account of Czarist oppression to be written by a foreigner; the book was translated into Russian and became a precious document inside the Russian revolutionary

movement. Prison officials, this first George Kennan said, "could not understand a curiosity which was strong enough to take travellers into a Siberian prison hospital"; *Siberia and the Exile System* is a wonderfully graphic book, yet as delicately written as a Howells novel; it is full of the plain-speaking idealism which was to make other nineteenth-century Americans so valued by Tolstoy. The present George Kennan's father was a farmer, born in 1851. It is hard not to see in many of the diplomat's conflicts with Washington the frustrations of a nineteenth-century man in mid-twentieth-century Washington — especially when this nineteenth-century man was a principal adviser on Russia inside the State Department.

Kennan's deepest frustrations came from his efforts after World War II to "contain" Soviet power in Europe without yielding to military solutions or to a McCarthyite crusade against Communism. Kennan's position was that the Russians could be held by a steadfast, "self-confident," "mature," wholly political American strategy. Subjective appeals to the Russians' "better side," he had said during the war, made absolutely no impression on them. Kennan pleaded against the Roosevelt-Hopkins attempt to flatter and charm Stalin and Molotov into becoming regular fellows. He had been horrified by the Soviet massacre of the Polish intelligentsia, of the Polish officer corps in the Katyn forest, by the despoliation of East Prussia — of which he says, with typical State Department obliviousness to the extermination of the Jews, that "the disaster that befell East Prussia with the entry of the Soviet forces has no parallel in modern European experience."

But he makes the important point that one reason for Stalin's treatment of Poland was his need to back up the Soviet police, who had murdered so many Poles in 1939. Kennan thought the Nuremberg trials were unnecessary and absurd; the leading Nazis should have been shot on the spot, and the sight of Soviet judges sitting on the bench revolted him. Kennan's basic position, one that he defined in the famous *Foreign Affairs* article of 1947 under the signature "X," was that Americans now had to learn patience and fortitude in dealing with "sheer power relationships." Although his article was often taken as a brief for military resistance to

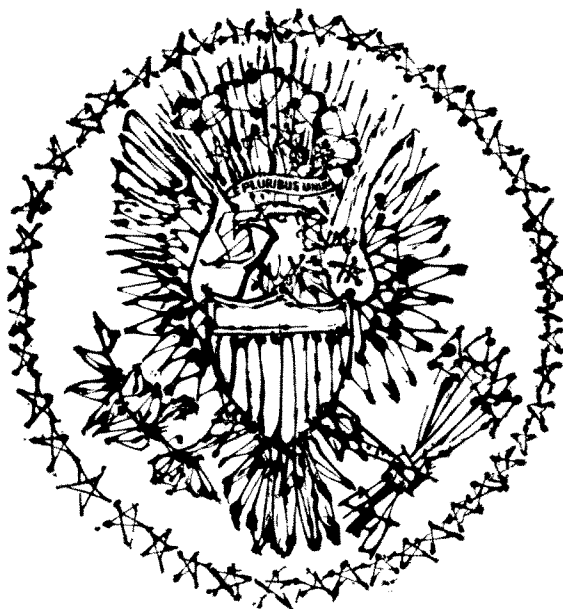
Soviet expansion, Kennan feels that this misunderstanding is inherent in the either-or thinking of Americans on foreign policy. He complains that in the old days Americans didn't like to make specific decisions on specific problems, that they had a weakness, as Wilson did, for high-sounding "universal" solutions. But now, he says, American policy is all too tough and military-minded. So, as usual, he is in the opposition, out in the cold; despite the leading service he gave as an unwitting architect of the cold war, he is opposed to present policy. But, also as usual, he has not been able to change anything. Kennan insists that Russia would never attack us, for "that is not in their

tradition," and that war is not inevitable. The makers of American policy have thought differently for some time, and George Kennan gratefully retired from the Foreign Service in 1950, when he was forty-six.

Even the most sympathetic reader of these memoirs can see why Kennan is now limited to scholarly eminence and why he does not have the kind of influence on American opinion that he might have had, only recently, when he testified so brilliantly against our ever-increasing aggressiveness in Vietnam. For the fact is that Kennan

does not see history, not even Russian history, as moving from people to the leaders; he does not respect social opinion and ferment, the prejudice and passion that make politics. It is probably difficult for a diplomat to live abroad for a long time without losing touch with the vulgar but effective commotion of common opinion. Kennan tends to overvalue diplomacy not because he believes in its effectiveness, but because it is his special thing, his *Fach*, as the Germans say. And he has a kind of German professorial zeal in stressing single points, a quite conscious condescension toward "slower colleagues," that explains why, among the relatively invisible members of the diplomatic service, Kennan has long stood out. He has had a way of irritating even the most unruffleable fellow ambassadors. Even that last word in unruffleability, Dean Acheson, said rudely in 1958: "Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them."

All this means, of course, that George Kennan



is a man of extraordinary intellectual passion, a man who loves certain principles and values so intensely, and hates what he hates so fiercely, that he has been left to more subtle minds than Dean Acheson, and they do understand him. Yet what an extraordinary break with his old training, and perhaps with modern liberalism as well, he now represents. To love Russia itself so much, and yet never to grant anything to the Bolshevik Revolution; to despise Americans in their military-government compounds abroad, lapping it up at the PX, spoiled, materialistic, faithless to their traditions, yet all the while angrily to blame them for not being politically more intelligent than they are — these are some of the views that make Kennan the extraordinary figure he is. Here are three little snapshots:

In 1937, during the purge trial of Radek, Krestinski, and Pyatakov, Kennan sat in the courtroom with our ambassador, Joseph E. Davies, "hissing into his ear the best I could produce in the way of a simultaneous translation of Vyshinski's thundering brutalities, of the cringing confessions of some of the accused, and of the delicate innuendoes in the statements of some of the others. During the intermissions I was sent, regularly, to fetch the ambassador his sandwiches, while he exchanged sententious judgments with the gentlemen of the press concerning the guilt of the victims. I cannot recall . . . that I ever discussed the matter with him. His own reports make it evident that he placed considerable credence in the fantastic charges leveled at these unfortunate men."

In the summer of 1944 Kennan had the unpleasant experience of standing at the curb on one of the great Moscow boulevards and watching the passage of some fifty thousand German prisoners in process of being marched several miles across town from one railway station to another. It was a hot day; members of the Soviet police establishment often rode their horses into the ranks, forcing the soldiers to stumble about and to run on the double quick; some soldiers fainted. As Kennan says, "It was not a very great brutality, as brutalities of war go. The Germans, God knows, had done many times worse." But he came away from the sight shaken, saddened, and unsatisfied. "Was it right, then, I asked myself, to punish them all for the acts of a government to whose power their fathers had consigned them already as children and whose policies they had never had the faintest opportunity to oppose? . . . I recognized, at that moment, that I stood temperamentally outside the passions of war — and always would. . . . I had my moments of indignation. . . . The days, in fact, were seldom without them. Wherever I lived — in Berlin, in Moscow, in Washington — the evidences in the daily prints of hypocrisy, of

deliberate falsehood, of vindictiveness and pettiness of spirit, had never failed, and never would fail in the future, to send me into elaborate physical heavings, and mutterings of outraged sentiment."

Once after the war, when he had received permission to visit western Siberia, Kennan on his way back to Moscow happily found that the usual NKVD tail had temporarily lost track of him. "The office at Novosibirsk was, I suppose, done with me, and the center at Moscow had not yet picked me up. The result was that I had, for once, the feeling of not being a stranger, of belonging to a company of ordinary Soviet people. My companions on the plane, in any case, did not seem to recognize me as anything out of the ordinary. At the airport in Omsk, sitting in the grass under the shade of the wing of the plane in the heat of the day, I read aloud to a group of them, at their request, from a volume of Aleksei Tolstoy's *Peter The Great* which I had with me."

WINTER SONG

BY LESLIE NORRIS

Over the bluff hills
At the day's end
The diffident snow
Swirls before dropping

Blow wind, blow
That we may see
Your smooth body

The humble snow
Is waiting for darkness
So its soft light
Can muffle the hills

Blow wind, blow
The copse will be silent
The black trees empty

At the day's end
The small snow is scurrying
White bees in the moon
And the flying wind

Blow wind
Over the cold hills
For the moon is voiceless

Under Another's Sky

by JEFFREY DORAN

SOMEONE was ringing impatiently from below, and Jeremy was trapped with the bell in the elevator when he slammed shut the door. Someone was calling from the warehouse dock, leaning on the button.

Jeremy had taken the elevator to the fourth floor as soon as he had punched in; he still wore his gray jacket with elastic cuffs. He wanted to start early to help the day go more easily. The rest of the morning workers, hushed with hurry throughout the five floors of the warehouse, were finishing orders half-packed and piled the day before, boxes of hardware with gummed labels slapped wetly askew when the horn had blown at five. Occasionally a finished order in a tight box rattled down a ramp of chrome rollers to the shipping room. The dark plank floors sounded with short, heavy heelsteps as men turned from aisles of wholesale hardware to load pallets for Jeremy to run to the dock with his forklift. The upper stories were still cool from the night; electric fans had cleared the indoor air of diesel fumes from the previous day of shipping and receiving. The building muttered like a bedtime house, wood floors creaking, solitary footsteps going for drinks of water; but the elevator bell still hammered beside Jeremy's right ear.

With one foot on the rattling load of shovel handles from the fourth floor, Jeremy slid the control lever to D and sank to the ground floor. He hauled on the canvas-web belt, and the front wall split in two, half sliding up, half sliding down; the bell stopped ringing. Al Bailey stood exposed, leaning on a trash barrel, grinning at Jeremy like a man on stage. Tilting the barrel, he rolled it to one side of the elevator door. As Jeremy stepped from the elevator to lead out his lift, he heard Bailey gurgles his tobacco juice. Bailey spat, and the spurt of juice, spreading like a tiny fisherman's net, flattened on the toe of Jeremy's boot.

Unspeaking, Jeremy watched the juice darken the worn leather of his ankle boot. The day had not even begun; he had not even hung his jacket in his locker. Still staring at the floor, he balanced on the tip of the forklift, above the single front wheel, and rolled out the load. The cold control lever felt strong in his palm. Bailey stood aside, the fringe of his blond mustache tipped with tobacco juice.

"Sorry about that, Gerny," Bailey said.

Jeremy steered the lift along the dock, not looking back at Bailey. He rode near the edge of the platform lined with splintering timbers that buffeted the rude rear bumpers of the trailers backing in, starting at nine (still half an hour away), to make their first deliveries and pickups. Bailey swept out the parking area each morning before the big warehouse doors opened. He had been on his way upstairs with empty trash barrels when Jeremy had met him at the elevator.

Jeremy dropped the pallet of handles at the bin for Cleveland's Express, always the first to make a pickup, leaving then for the mills in next-door Chicago. He inspected the brown stain on the toe of his boot. Bailey always said he would spit his Copenhagen juice anywhere, even on the company president's white shirt, if he felt like it. Jeremy had heard him say it regularly for three months, since he had quit his nonthinking, private-minded assembly-line job at Westinghouse and had come crosstown to work at the hardware wholesale warehouse in Concordia, Indiana, and had met Bailey, whom the other workers seemed able to ignore.

Jeremy knew Bailey would come back down in a few minutes to sweep off the asphalt. Bent over the broom, he would not be able to see over the

Mr. Doran is an undergraduate at Harvard University.

top of the dock. Jeremy mounted Big Bertha, the orange heavy-duty forklift, and waited for Bailey to enter the parking pit.

The electrical connections in Big Bertha were loose; the Forward pedal often had to be pumped to connect. The brakes were soft: often Big Bertha rolled ten feet before stopping. When Bailey came from the elevator and jumped off the dock, broom in hand, and prepared for his first swath along the edge of the dock wall, Jeremy angled Big Bertha toward the bobbing head. He had slipped the forks into a pallet of fifty-pound bags of Sakrete. It was part of his job to align the heavy skids at the dock's edge for the early pickups.

Bailey was crouched low by the wall, scuffing at a flattened cigarette pack, when Jeremy rolled Big Bertha toward the edge. The battery engine whined with the weight of the load, but Bailey did not look up. Just as Big Bertha neared the edge, when the pallet was in position to be dropped, Jeremy pretended to pump the brake, in case someone might be watching. Gracefully he stepped back off the orange machine as it toppled over the edge and crushed Bailey with a conglomerate ton of machinery and Sakrete—just as the dock workers had always said it would kill someone with its loose brakes; just as Jeremy had known it would kill Bailey when he felt the smack of tobacco juice on his boot.

He shouted and waved his arms convincingly afterward. The foreman sent him home for the day (because, Christ, he was only twenty-four, had only been working three months, and had just killed a man; no one could expect him to work through the afternoon); and the police forgot him after an hour of routine questions because Bailey had no relatives, owed no money, and, they suspected, was not even using his real name since no one seemed to care who he was. And the warehouse bought a new, heavy forklift.

Bailey was the first man Jeremy had ever killed, and lying awake on his cot in the room over Oppenheimer's Delicatessen, he decided he would be the last.

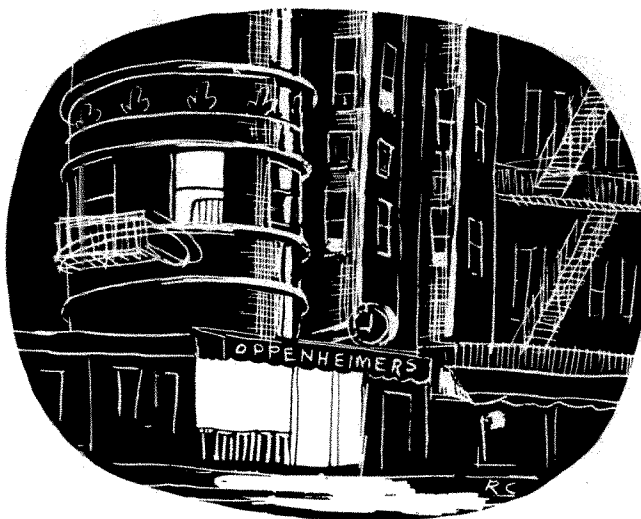
Killing him had been easy, dreamlike. Four years earlier, Jeremy had left his dead grandmother in Valparaiso and had taken a job vacuuming penthouse apartments in Chicago. Alone in a twenty-second-story living room one afternoon, the high sky pounding his brain blue through the picture window, he had held a tenant's cat out a small side window. He had wanted to show it, a cat that never felt grass, the big world below. The cat had raked Jeremy's hands and wrists with fishhook claws, and Jeremy had for a second imagined accidentally dropping the cat. He had replaced it safely inside and washed his wounds in the bathroom sink, thinking how easy it would

have been simply to let go of the fur and drop the parcel twenty-two stories and watch it fall out of sight. Killing Bailey had been as easy as that daydream.

Jeremy's fellow dock workers appointed him their spokesman after the death, and using Bailey as their martyr (saying in cold breath over stale coffee from the smoking-room vending machine that if it had to be anyone, it was good it had been Bailey), they pressed the management with an ultimatum of complete renovation of the ancient elevator and all heavy forklifts, or a ten-cent raise for all those who worked around and under the half-ton loads and behemoth tractor-trailers. The management chose the raise. Jeremy bought a silk necktie with his first extra four dollars and wore it to work one morning as a joke. The men in the smoking room said he looked as sharp as any of the buyers or salesmen in the warehouse. They started calling him "Jerry."

When Jeremy had worked four months, he earned two full days off without pay in July. Leaving the dock at five on a Wednesday, planning to walk to his room over Oppenheimer's, pull down the shade, and sleep until Monday, he was stopped by Julio Morretti on his motorcycle. While Jeremy had remained a civilian since eighteen, listed as the sole supporter of his mother, her husband noted as dead (not knowing, however, where exactly his mother was supposed to be living or where his father was supposed to have died), Julio, just twenty-three, had already served his time as a paratrooper, and had saved his jump pay and bought the biggest motorcycle sold in Concordia.

Julio drove Jeremy to his room, and they sat on the floor killing the last of Jeremy's cheap California wine. When he was smoking, Julio said, "You know, mon, what you wanta do is take my bike and go off somewhere, hey? You wanta sit around



here? Mon, that's what they *want* you to do. But look: you *go* somewhere and come back and *talk* about it . . . yeah! Then ever-body knows you had a great time. And you earnt those two days."

Julio's plan was to loan Jeremy the motorcycle for the long weekend in return for the use of his room while he was gone. Julio lived with his father, who refused to let him bring his girls home.

"I got a gori, see," Julio said, "and she come to my place and my ol' mon say, 'No beetches when I wanta sleep!' so what to do, huh, mon? I take my gori to *your* place here, see, and when she think she gotta go, but she still say, 'Hog me, Julio, hog me. Don' make me go,' I say, 'OK, baby, you stay all you want.' See? Great, huh? No ol' mon . . . great chick to fool around with . . . you got my bike . . . everything great for a couple of days. Pretty good, huh?"

They exchanged keys the next morning, and Julio provided brief lessons on a quiet street, unnecessary because Jeremy had learned to drive a cycle from a next-door boy in Valparaiso. With an extra pair of denim pants rolled in a big blanket, and fifteen dollars folded in a secret leather-belt compartment used only for trips, Jeremy drove away from the delicatessen, headed for Pennsylvania.

Twenty, he thought, maybe eighteen years ago, his father had come back from the Pacific with a few service ribbons, no medals, no wounds, no good stories, and one Japanese flag with a faded Rising Sun. Jeremy, old enough to understand that the man called Jack was also his father, had been taken to the Gettysburg battlefield at the edge of the southern Pennsylvania line, where in a creosoted cabin he had slept with his parents for the last time. The still-uniformed man, tall enough to spring to the open beams in the cabin and chin himself, had rented a convertible coupe and driven his wife and son around the battlefield, drinking from dark bottles of beer that warmed in the sun on the floorboards. Jeremy had seen him that whole day, and the next morning the man Jack had gone away because, Jeremy's mother explained, they had decided not to love each other anymore. And Jeremy had been given to his grandmother in Valparaiso. When she had died, he had been old enough to get the vacuuming job in Chicago. After a month he had realized cleaning was a woman's work and had hitchhiked with a pencil-circled want ad in a folded newspaper to Concordia for the Westinghouse job. He had smothered within himself for three years, making enough money to know he did not care about being rich, and had crossed town to begin work at the warehouse.

He kept no photographs of his parents, but he remembered the hot-wood cabin at Gettysburg;

and with Julio's big machine he decided to drive to Pennsylvania and look at the battlefield and the cabin again. Julio had said he should go somewhere. Gettysburg was as good a place as any because if the dock workers asked him why he had gone there, he could say, "I got my reasons," and make them wonder and fabricate stories. Their imagined stories would be better than the truth: that Gettysburg was the only distant name Jeremy could speak with familiarity, and that he thought when he got there no one could make him leave even if he were unshaven and broke, because he could say, "Listen, I was almost born here. I belong here, like those white statues you got of soldiers shooting through the trees."

It took two full days of slow riding without a road map for Jeremy to reach the national park. The first night he stopped near the Pennsylvania line outside Hubbard, Ohio, and slept alone under a farmer's tree and a warped paper notice on a board saying "No Trespassing — Hunting — Fishing — Violators Will Be Prosecuted." He passed the pasture by the highway at dusk, the sun slipping unnoticed behind a building cloud bank on the horizon, and rode on into town to eat a sandwich before going back to the open field to sleep.

Breaking through a front-step trio of dogs nosing each other in a circle chain, Jeremy carried his bedroll into a Hubbard diner and ate a bacon-and-egg sandwich in a back room next to a bar where nondrinking boys played the pinball machine and scuffed on the sandy wood floor to jukebox music. He had borrowed Julio's green goggles and white helmet with a colored cutout of the Virgin Mary pasted on the front, and these he set to the right of his plate. When the waitress returned with the check, Jeremy watched her eyes slide down like weighted marbles to the goggles and helmet, but she said only, "Anything else?"

"You know where I can get a motorcycle fixed?" Jeremy said. He focused on the waitress' dry red lips; she glanced at his face, but her eyes, again heavy, sank back to the helmet and goggles on the table.

"What, by a garage?" she said.

"By somebody that knows good motorcycles," Jeremy said.

"Not in Hubbard," the waitress said.

"I got a motorcycle that needs somebody to fix it," Jeremy said. "I'm riding to Pennsylvania."

"Throw out your chest and you'll *be* there," the waitress said, setting down the check. "Pay now," she added.

Jeremy paid and left the diner, the bedroll under one arm, swinging the goggles in the other hand, the helmet already on his head. Maybe, he thought, he should have told her he was going

to New Orleans, or Maine. Or maybe he should have said it was a very special kind of motorcycle that needed tuning every hundred miles. Or that he had come from San Francisco. Or Canada.

Lying awake beneath the No Trespassing sign, while the knee-high grass grew damp under the lightless sky, Jeremy made up the story he would tell the farmer who might come to prosecute him: he was an orphan monk on his way to a big monastery in Virginia especially for orphans, and the motorcycle was the cheapest transportation he could find since monks were not allowed to hitchhike. The story became a long dream as Jeremy pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders and over his chin to hide from mosquitoes. He dreamt he was head of the monastery because one night after work at the warehouse he had seen God looking in his window, and the Virginia monks had heard of this and written him to come be their leader.

God's face had been Bailey's. Jeremy laughed aloud in his sleep when he saw God with a tobacco-stained mustache. The laugh woke him just before dawn, and in the gray light, the ground mist combing through the wet grass, Jeremy rolled up his blanket. Stuck to the damp underside he found dozens of tiny slugs—soft, shell-less snails—and flicked them off with a fingernail, deciding to sleep the next night in a Gettysburg cabin on a dry bed, off the ground.

It was dark when Jeremy found his way to the battlefield town; he traveled without road maps, asking at gas stations, "Am I headed for Gettysburg?" and answered by bemused attendants, "Well, you're headed in the general direction." In the late afternoon he knew he was going east if he followed his shadow, keeping the thin front tire on the black stretching image of him hunched on the machine. Once in Pennsylvania, he got more specific directions, but lost two hours by having started out on an angle too far to the north. He had known the town was southeast from Concordia, but had been afraid of shooting too far south to the strange land of Virginia with his dream monastery, and beyond; beyond to Florida and the end of the country. He nosed cautiously east, holding the cycle between forty-five and fifty, as a thin-legged boy edges into the shallows of the ocean, scared of letting the dark water lap over his knees and hide his feet. When he found the town, Jeremy parked Julio's machine at a drive-in hamburger stand and asked the cook where he could get a cheap cabin for the night.

The man behind the order window said there were no small cabins on the edge of the battlefield,

not like the ones Jeremy described: far apart from each other with grass between, small and green-painted with one heavy shutter to cover the window. Only some modern cabins, the man said, within sight of the monument of the Eternal Flame.

Jeremy took his bag-wrapped hamburger and paper cup of coffee to a picnic table beside Julio's motorcycle. He ate silently, wondering why the counterman would lie to him about the cabins, until a pink-faced waitress came to sponge off the tabletop.

Jeremy lifted his cup, and the waitress swabbed the sponge beneath it. She was sixteen, Jeremy thought, maybe fifteen. Her face was flushed, as if it had just been scrubbed.

"Do you live here?" Jeremy said. "In Pennsylvania?"

The girl did not answer, but smiled nervously, as if she had heard a dirty joke.

"I come from Indiana," Jeremy said. "Concordia." He gestured with his coffee cup at the black machine. "I rode that."

The girl studied the sponge, and said, "That's pretty far," with a quick flicker of blue eyes that looked away when Jeremy moved his head closer.

"It's a hell of a ways," he said. "And I think I might keep on going."

"Well, then . . . good-bye," the girl said, pleased with herself.

She turned, and her cardboard-stiff uniform seemed almost not to move, as if she rotated within it. Jeremy stretched across the table like a pool player flattened over the felt, and his fingers just missed the retreating uniform.

"Hey!" he said, trying not to sound panicky. "I want something . . . I mean, I want something else."

The girl turned and posed with her order book and pencil. Jeremy relaxed back on the bench.

"I come from Indiana," he said. "I don't know so good what you got here. Name me something except what I had before." When the girl said, "Fish-Burger," Jeremy said, "That's it. That's what I want."

While the girl was gone, Jeremy smoked a stale cigarette, not inhaling. Then, as if remembering an appointment, he flattened a napkin on the table, stretched it tight with thumb and index finger, and wrote carefully on it with a ball-point pen from his shirt pocket. When the girl brought his second sandwich, Jeremy slid the napkin across the table at her. Not picking it up, she read, "How old are you? Have you ever killed anybody?"

"What is this?" she said.

"It's just a question," Jeremy said, trying not to frighten her.

"No," she said, sounding old. "Oh, no. This is

some kind of line." She looked over her shoulder at the counterman. "I don't have to take this stuff."

She swept around inside her stiff uniform, and Jeremy leaped to her side of the table so swiftly that she involuntarily stopped, to listen. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm really sorry. You're probably only sixteen. I should've known you'd never killed anyone. I'm twenty-five or so. Maybe thirty. I lose count . . ." He held a five-dollar bill to her pink face. "I don't want to eat anymore," he said. "Keep the change, and buy something for yourself with it."

The girl looked back to the counterman, who was taking orders, and took Jeremy's money. "I can really bring you change," she said, moving to go. "It's no trouble."

Jeremy lightly touched the flank of her uniform with a flat hand, then withdrew it. "I didn't want to scare you," he said. "I just wanted to see if people in Pennsylvania were the same as people in Indiana. I just wanted to hear you talk. I haven't been here in a long time."

When the girl was gone, Jeremy threw the untouched Fish-Burger in a trash barrel so the waitress would think he had eaten it. He rode the motorcycle into the battlefield, entering between two stone piles on Confederate Avenue. A carved wooden sign said the park closed at ten. Jeremy followed the narrow road, dipping into chill air in the hollows, until he found a dirt road to the right. He wheeled the thin tires around a log blocking the path, and rode until he could not see the paved avenue behind him.

Cutting the headlight and cresting a small hill at the edge of a tall woods, Jeremy surprised a family of deer couched sphinxlike in the grass. Where he found the ground warm from their bodies, he stretched out his blanket to sleep alone under the lightless sky.

The clouds had followed him since Concordia. The morning he left, he had been warned by Julio of the sun and the "peasants"; he said, "The sun burn you hot as a beetch. Keep on the goggles. And don't hit no peasants. I hit a peasant once, mon, and just about wipe-out. They start to fly across the road, and you think, 'Yeah, sure, I can miss it,' but I hit that goddamn bird right with the headlight. Scare me shitless. I know a guy got his face tore right off — hit a bat at night. Didn't have no goggles." But the sky had started to lock in with gray clouds as soon as Jeremy had entered Ohio. He had lost his shadow, his east-pointing arrow, and made two wrong turns, trying to avoid the cities with names he recognized, cities he knew would be jammed with smoking traffic and sweating pedestrians. He had seen no animals along the road, although for a hundred miles he

had watched carefully for birds and bats; the first wildlife to approach him (except for a collie dog that had chased his rear tire) had been the snails in the wet field.

Julio had been wrong: the goggles had been unnecessary. But Jeremy had hung them around his neck while riding, and swung them in his hand when he walked into gas station rest rooms and strange diners where no one knew him; because he knew they made him look alien: they announced that he was not traveling by bus or by foot or even by car. Even so, Julio had not known everything about everything.

LYING stiffly on his back, Jeremy felt the cloud-blocked sky within arm's reach; he sensed the dark tufts just beyond his face, as if he were lying in the lower berth of a bunk bed, breathing at the underside of the upper-berth mattress that bulged in square tufts between the cross springs. Like the bunk bed in a cabin.

The moon and the stars were somewhere far behind the clouds; Jeremy watched the nothing-sky to see something. Able only to sense the clouds, he imagined them descending on him like a quilted comforter to smother him to sleep.

When he imagined the clouds might be so low that he could simply puff a hole through to the light beyond, he heard a man walking cautiously through the woods behind his head. The footsteps sporadically rattled dead leaves, as if the man were unsure of the path. Jeremy did not move; had he turned, he would have seen the edge of the woods as only a darker wall; he knew he could not see the man.

As the scuffing leaf-sound grew louder, Jeremy assured himself that he too could not be seen, such a small thing was he, flattened on the ground. Even if he were discovered, he thought, he could only be told to leave. He could say he had not known the rules; he could use the traveling-monk story. It was a good tale; no one ever bothered monks.

With three quick steps the man from the woods left the trees and entered Jeremy's field. Jeremy knew he had stepped out of the noisy leaves; he thought he felt through his back the vibrations of footsteps on the ground. He lay fifteen feet from the edge of the trees, head pointed slightly uphill to the dark row. The man from the woods could not avoid finding him; he might even stumble over him, putting a big, booted foot in Jeremy's mouth.

"There's a person over here," Jeremy said aloud finally, not moving his head.

The silence that followed told him the man was

listening. Afraid the statement might have sounded like a threat, he added, "No one here's hurting anything."

When no answer followed, Jeremy chose his words carefully and spoke again, trying to sound conversational: "Good Christian here . . . good Christian monk."

Jeremy knew the man was sneaking up on him under the noise of his voice. He lay tight as an ironing board and tried to hear human sounds. His blood's pulsing seemed to swell the wrapped blanket; he could not hear through the blood in his ears. To move, he knew, would be fatal: the man was waiting for him to stand up as a target. Even in the dark a shotgun blast would find him out. He could only talk to save up time, to decide what to do next.

"This monk thought he could sleep here," Jeremy said. "He'll go if he's told plain and simple."

He heard a squirrel chatter far away, as if it were day. If his drumming ears did not still, he would never hear the man move. He had to talk him away; he spoke straight up at the unseen clouds.

"Mister?" The beating of his pulsing body seemed all the footsteps of the world aimed at his head. "This your land? Mister?" The man seemed to be waiting for the right words; perhaps deciding whether to kill Jeremy straight off, perhaps silently laughing at his stubborn voice. "Who is that?" Jeremy said. "I got a *right* . . ."

He tried to calm himself; he had no right in anything. He had to remember who he was. He held his breath, closing his eyes to listen.

"That . . . that *you*?" he said finally. "Julio?"

What the hell Julio was doing in Pennsylvania, even as a joke, Jeremy did not know. But he had driven for two days, gotten lost, to come to a place where he thought he could find the cabin with the low beam on which his Navy father had chinned himself; and a hamburger man with greasy hands had told him there were no cabins like that, making him sound like a crazy man. And maybe he was crazy. And if so, Julio could certainly be sneaking up on him in the dark. Maybe to spit tobacco juice in his eye.

"Bailey?" Jeremy said softly, questioning himself, remembering the brown stain on the toe of his boot—an old shoe already dirty with deeper stains—and the man, so far the last, who had called him "Germey."

"Bailey?" Out loud the name sounded appropriate. Bailey was dead, crushed flat as the cigarette pack he had stooped to pick up—his last gesture: bending to a piece of trash. Bailey was not standing back in the dark. But his name seemed to fit the silence.

When he spoke the name, Jeremy heard the night sounds fall back on him; his ears were cleared; he heard two squirrels and the spring peepers and, echoing far off, an auto horn. He knew the man was gone. Coming out of the woods he had brought the silence with him, and now the silence was gone, and so the man was gone.

Jeremy loosened his locked limbs; he felt the night air cool on his sweaty face. Still on his back, a roll of the blanket under his head, he saw the sky move just before he fell asleep. He saw the clouds, full and tufted as he had imagined, when a keyhole opened above his head and moonlight seeped around the edges. The hole opened like an eye, and through it, in direct line with Jeremy's face, shone a single star. Then the hole squeezed shut, and the clouds were gone again, and the sky all black. Jeremy slept, not dreaming, waking at daybreak with a crick in his neck.

He woke to the sound of leafy footsteps. In the gray dawnlight it was, of course, not a man but a gray squirrel leaping sporadically in bounds the length of a man's stride. The squirrel broke from the noisy woods and silently crossed the field.

The hell! Jeremy thought. He could never tell anyone of the incident. They would say he had been fooled by a lousy gray squirrel barely big enough to reach up and bite your ankle. Even if he told them that the pounding of his blood might have covered the human sounds that he knew he would hear, they would say he had been fooled. Even if he told how he could almost hear the man's breath, how the man had waited for him to say the right word and had gone away with his awful silence when the word had been said, they would misunderstand.

It did not matter that the gray squirrel came out at dawn to reveal the trick. What mattered was the star that had shone through the keyhole in the clouds, pinpointing in Jeremy's eye, picking him out, showing him that the perhaps-dead Navy man exercising in the nonexistent cabin, the mother who explained to the boy the man's good-bye as she might explain a movie too old for him, the grandmother in Valparaiso who ignored the boy by dying—all these had nothing to do with why he, Jeremy, had killed Bailey because of a small tobacco stain, but that that killing, that dreamlike decision to drive Big Bertha over the dock and on top of Bailey, had been the beginning, twenty-four years belated, of everything.

Jeremy rolled up the warm blanket. His body had smoothed out the tall grass, and he left it flattened to invite back the frightened deer. He had thrown them from their sleep with his rude motorcycle, and now he returned the field to them and the squirrels and the spring peepers. And the monumented park he left to the tourists and

to the buried dead. On the highway, in the 8 A.M. sun, he found his west-pointing shadow and followed it.

THE sky had unchoked in the night. Now Jeremy rode in the sun under a blue that did not, as he usually saw it, seem to arc with limit—an enclosing sphere—but that had no form at all, no flatness or roundness; and that suggested only a depth, as if something were hidden behind the blue: another color, or a star. Jeremy knew stars did not set like the sun; they were always overhead, waiting to be turned on. He crossed Pennsylvania heading west, not asking directions; as if, because he had already made the trip east, on the return trip a long geographical arm from Concordia would reach and guide him to its boundaries.

The road was little used. Jeremy passed straining foreign cars without sliding into the opposite lane, aiming Julio's motorcycle two feet to the left of the little cars' fenders, passing with his right hand on the throttle within reach of the driver-windows. No cars passed him from behind. Tractor-trailers loomed at him from the opposite lane, Atlantic-bound, knocking great earsful of slipstream wind at him, rocking slightly his dwarfed machine. He recognized few trucking names; he was still in a foreign state, even into Ohio.

He was going back a day early—maybe he would catch Julio in bed with some Maria—but he did not know if he might have a flat tire or burn out a spark plug or get very lost, more lost than on the trip east. He would not take a road map; he would rather spend a day getting lost. A map would make the trip meaningless, like the black-eyed girl with hair in a bun that could not be let down, with whom Jeremy had slept one night of his Chicago month; who had guided him officiously saying, "Now do this. Now this. Now you've got to do this," making Jeremy think, So this is all the hell kids are sweating their pants about before they have it. Hell. I'd rather go to a movie.

Just outside a town near the Indiana border where the speed limit dropped to twenty-five, Jeremy stopped at a small yellow-windowed store with a blue Pepsi shield on the door. Inside, helmet and goggles in his left hand, he found the Pepsi machine and drank one bottle quickly. He bought a package of cheese-and-peanut-butter crackers from the humpbacked storekeeper.

The hunchback came from a back room, shoving a lifted shoulder through a dark curtain in the doorway. He walked with one leg twisted so only the toe of his shoe tapped the floor. Before the hump, his head was sunken, cocked slightly to

the raised shoulder as if he were ready to fall asleep on himself. Across the counter he looked up with a delicate face at the taller Jeremy. Between his half-closed, concentrating eyes, the hunchback's thin, straight nose looked fragile; it would not have lasted one minute in a fistfight. So this, Jeremy thought, is what they mean when they call a man handsome; it would not be bad to have a face like this man's.

"Can I get to Concordia, Indiana, from here?" Jeremy asked.

"Suppose so," the man said. "You can't miss Indiana anyways."

Jeremy ate an orange cracker; he offered one to the hunchback, who shook his head, trying not to smile; as if he knew the crackers were stale, or had already tasted everything in the store and were content to watch others eat. "I come from there," Jeremy said. "I'm going back now. I been to Gettysburg."

"Hitchhike?" the storekeeper said.

Jeremy swung the helmet and goggles up on the counter. "Rode a motorcycle," he said.

The hunchback fixed on the green goggles, not touching with his hand. His eyes opened like a little boy's, and except for his weathered, fatherly face, Jeremy thought, he could have passed for a boy: just over five feet tall, harmless and weak. For a second, like the second he thought of dropping the cat from the Chicago penthouse window, Jeremy thought of robbing the man. He wondered why the tough travelers stopping for cigarettes did not just knock the little man on the head and rifle his cash register. It had apparently never happened; the hunchback was not at all guarded or nervous.

Jeremy thrust his hand into the man's gaze and held the goggles to him. "They keep the sun and wind out of your eyes," he said.

The little hunchback held them at arm's length to the light, his mouth twisting to stop a childish smile. While Jeremy watched, suddenly knowing that any made-up monk stories would be out of place in the world of the hunchback, who would probably never have a woman and who might, in the next hour, get his beautifully undeformed head broken by a thief, the man put the goggles to his face without hooking the strap. He held them to his eyes and grinned as if alone. Then, after he had finished whatever he had been seeing or doing in his mind, he set the goggles back by the helmet. He coughed into a fist to kill his grin.

"You can still tell red and green lights apart?" he said.

Jeremy said, Sure, they didn't change colors that much.

The hunchback stared at Jeremy's face, as if he had just been given something for keeps, the green

goggles perhaps. "Do you go very far on your motorbike?" he said.

"It's not mine," Jeremy said. "It's Julio's. He's a guy I work with in Concordia. That's where I'm going back to." The hunchback waited, as if Jeremy were beginning a story. "I had Thursday and Friday off. Just went to Gettysburg. I was there a hell of a long time ago, but I forgot what it looked like."

The hunchback's silent listening made Jeremy talk, as he had talked out loud the night before to fill the silence. "Julio and Al Bailey and I were dock workers . . . loading trucks. You know."

"Who are *you*?" the hunchback said eagerly.

Jeremy gathered the helmet and goggles under an arm. "I'm the guy that killed Bailey," he said easily.

The hunchback's mouth opened in a stupid smile. He waited for the punch line, the clue to the joke. Jeremy left him with a half-wave from the door. He could have given him a dollar for the hell of it, he thought, but a wave was enough.

Stopping for gas fifty miles further west, Jeremy washed his hands and face in the disinfected rest room; he watched two mechanics pump grease

into the steering column of an old car, and wasted time in a diner across the highway, spending leftover money and dozing over coffee; he passed through Indiana in the early evening. He had felt himself too far south, knowing he should soon start heading north to Concordia; but, the motorcycle's belly filled with new gas and the engine running smoothly at sixty, the quiet, west-leading road slipping like a carpet beneath his feet, he had decided not to turn. As white-lettered signs began to tell the short distance to Illinois, the sun started to set in front of Jeremy, and with one hand on the throttle, he zipped up his jacket with the other.

The road rolled ahead to the horizon, disappearing into the red, sinking sun. The sun settled into the distant asphalt. As its flattened shape like a squeezed balloon fell behind the horizon at the pinpoint end line of the highway, great widening spokes of pink rayed out from it like the outspreading beams on the Japanese flag. The sunset sky was reflected in whorls of red on the chrome of the motorcycle. Jeremy felt himself riding on one of those red rays, one that shot from the sun's center and coursed the highway and passed through him as if through glass, and went on, past and behind him.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For twenty-two years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts"—short stories by unpublished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1967:

First Prize of \$750 awarded to
JOHN DECK
for "Greased Samba"
in the September issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to
JIB FOWLES
for "Babe the Blue Ox"
in the February issue

The Revolution in Biology

In its impact on biology, the discovery of the DNA structure in 1953 by Watson and Crick is rivaled only by Darwin's and Wallace's ideas on evolution and by Mendel's discovery of the basic laws of heredity. It opened up the possibility of understanding the chemical basis of heredity, by showing that DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), the fundamental chemical substance of which genes (a chromosome is a linear collection of genes) are composed, had a simple, well-defined three-dimensional structure eminently suited to its hereditary role.

Until the dramatic announcement of the double-helical structure of DNA, there was complete ignorance of how a chemical substance could carry out the multifold activities needed for a genetic substance. Particularly mysterious was the problem of the self-duplication of the gene. Every time a cell divides to produce two new cells, its chromosomes also divide, producing two gene sets identical in structure to the pre-existing set. But until the structure of the gene became known, there was no way of even formulating the problem. And since DNA was thought to be very complicated, there was fear not only that the structure would not be solved for many decades, but also that when DNA was finally deciphered, it would be so subtle that few scientists would be able to understand it completely.

Hence the extraordinary excitement among the world's biologists when Watson and Crick showed that the basic features of DNA were straightforward and led immediately to a highly plausible model for how one DNA molecule could be duplicated to form two identical copies. The way in which genes duplicate is a concept not restricted to the very few—it is of such simplicity that now it is routinely explained to virtually all students of high school biology.

A revolution in biology was thus set in motion which in many ways parallels the explosive development of atomic physics following Bohr's 1912 analysis of the hydrogen atom and the subsequent

elaboration of quantum mechanics, upon which the development of atomic energy depended. The most striking consequence of this biological revolution has been the virtually complete working out of the genetic code. Given the structure of DNA, it became possible to ask how it can convey genetic information. This was shown to be through the sequence of the four different nucleotides in a DNA molecule. Each different gene has a different nucleotide sequence. A genetic message can thus be visualized as a very long word written in a four-letter alphabet. This message is then translated, by a cell's protein-synthesizing machinery, into the specific sequence of amino acids which characterizes a specific protein.

We know that each gene (that is, a collection of nucleotides) serves as a mold for the synthesis of a specific ribonucleic-acid molecule (RNA), which itself also serves as a mold, in this case to order the amino acids during the construction of a protein molecule. Moreover, it is further known that groups of three nucleotides within each RNA molecule specify a given amino acid and that in virtually all cases, the exact nucleotide sequences corresponding to each amino acid can be determined.

Directly leading from this work is an increasing understanding of why some genes work faster than others. In the near future, we should have a real insight into the chemical basis of embryological development and an understanding of the molecular basis of many important diseases. Already most striking is the abrupt change from the pre-war period when viruses were totally mysterious objects: today they are seen as well-defined molecular assemblages whose multiplication processes are known in great detail. It is hoped that this past decade's successful assault on the nature of viruses will soon be followed by the discovery of how viruses can transform normal cells into cancer cells, an understanding that may lead to the control of many malignant diseases.

— The Editor

Nobel Prize winner James D. Watson was a brash twenty-three-year-old when he went to Cambridge University to do research in the famed Cavendish Laboratory. "DNA was still a mystery, up for grabs," Professor Watson says, "and no one was sure who would get it and whether he would deserve it if it proved as exciting as we believed. Chiefly it was a matter of five people: Maurice Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, Linus Pauling, Francis Crick, and me." Professor Watson's version of the DNA story is important not only for its scientific information, but also for what it reveals about the way scientists work.

THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Discovery of the Structure of DNA

by James D. Watson

I have never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood. Perhaps in other company he is that way, but I have never had reason so to judge him. It has nothing to do with his present fame. Already he is much talked about, usually with reverence, and someday he may be considered in the category of Rutherford or Bohr. But this was not true when, in the fall of 1951, I came to the Cavendish Laboratory of Cambridge University to join a small group of physicists and chemists working on the three-dimensional structures of proteins. At that time he was thirty-five, yet almost totally unknown. Although some of his closest colleagues realized the value of his quick, penetrating mind and frequently sought his advice, he was often not appreciated, and most people thought he talked too much.

Leading the unit to which Francis belonged was Max Perutz, an Austrian-born chemist who came to England in 1936. He had been collecting X-ray diffraction data from hemoglobin crystals for over ten years and was just beginning to get somewhere. Helping him was Sir Lawrence Bragg, the director of the Cavendish. For almost forty years Bragg, a Nobel Prize winner and one of the founders of crystallography,

had been watching X-ray diffraction methods solve structures of ever increasing difficulty. The more complex the molecule, the happier Bragg became when a new method allowed its elucidation. Thus in the immediate post-war years he was especially keen about the possibility of solving the structures of proteins, the most complicated of all molecules. Often, when administrative duties permitted, he visited Perutz's office to discuss recently accumulated X-ray data. Then he would return home to see if he could interpret them.

Somewhere between Bragg, the theorist, and Perutz, the experimentalist, was Francis Crick, who occasionally did experiments but more often was immersed in the theories for solving protein structures. Often he came up with something novel, would become enormously excited, and immediately tell it to anyone who would listen. A day or so later he would realize that his theory did not work and return to experiments, until boredom generated a new attack on theory.

There was much drama connected with these ideas. They did a great deal to liven up the atmosphere of the lab, where experiments usually lasted several months to years. This came partly from the volume of Crick's voice: he talked louder and faster than anyone else, and when he laughed, his location within the Cavendish was obvious. Almost everyone enjoyed these manic moments, especially when we had the time to listen attentively and to tell him bluntly when we lost the train of his argument. But there was one notable exception. Conversations with Crick frequently upset Sir Lawrence Bragg, and the sound of his voice was often sufficient to make Bragg move to a safer room. Only infrequently would he come to tea in the Cavendish, since it meant enduring Crick's booming over the tearoom. Even then Bragg was not completely safe. On two occasions the corridor outside his office was flooded with water pouring out of a laboratory in which Crick was working. Francis, with his interest in theory, had neglected to fasten securely the rubber tubing around his suction pump.

At the time of my arrival, Francis' theories spread far beyond the confines of protein crystallography. Anything important would attract him, and he frequently visited other labs to see which new experiments had been done. Though he was generally polite and considerate of colleagues who did not realize the real meaning of their latest experiments, he would never hide this fact from them. Almost immediately he would suggest a rash of new experiments that should confirm his interpretation. Moreover, he could not refrain from subsequently telling all who would listen how his clever new idea might set science ahead.

As a result, there existed an unspoken yet real fear of Crick, especially among his contemporaries who had yet to establish their reputations. The quick manner in which he seized their facts and tried to reduce them to coherent patterns frequently made his friends' stomachs sink with the apprehension that, all too often in the near future, he would succeed, and expose to the world the fuzziness of minds hidden from direct view by the considerate, well-spoken manners of the Cambridge colleges.

Though he had dining rights for one meal a week at Caius College, he was not yet a fellow of any college. Partly this was his own choice. Clearly he did not want to be burdened by the unnecessary sight of undergraduate tutees. Also a factor was his laugh, against which many dons would most certainly rebel if subjected to its shattering bang more than once a week. I am sure this occasionally bothered Francis, even though he obviously knew that most High Table life is dominated by pedantic middle-aged men incapable of either amusing or educating him in anything worthwhile. There always existed King's College, opulently nonconformist and clearly capable of absorbing him without any loss of his or its character. But despite much effort on the part of his friends, who knew he was a delightful dinner companion, they were never able to hide the fact that a stray remark over sherry might bring Francis smack into your life.

Before my arrival in Cambridge, Francis only occasionally thought about deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) and its role in heredity. This was not because he thought it uninteresting. Quite the contrary. A major factor in his leaving physics and developing an interest in biology had been the reading in 1946 of *What Is Life?* by the noted theoretical physicist Erwin Schrodinger. This book very elegantly propounded the belief that genes were the key components of living cells and that to understand what life is, we must know how genes act. When Schrodinger wrote his book (1944), there was general acceptance that genes were special types of protein molecules. But almost at this same time the bacteriologist O. T. Avery was carrying out experiments at the Rockefeller Institute in New York which showed that hereditary traits could be transmitted from one bacterial cell to another by purified DNA molecules.

Given the fact that DNA was known to occur in the chromosomes of all cells, Avery's experiments strongly suggested that future experiments would show that all genes were composed of DNA. If true, this meant to Francis that proteins would not be the Rosetta stone for unraveling the true secret of life. Instead, DNA would have to provide the key to

enable us to find out how the genes determined, among other characteristics, the color of our hair, our eyes, most likely our comparative intelligence, and maybe even our potential to amuse others.

Of course there were scientists who thought the evidence favoring DNA was inconclusive and preferred to believe that genes were protein molecules. Francis, however, did not worry about these skeptics. Many were cantankerous fools who unfailingly backed the wrong horses. One could not be a successful scientist without realizing that, in contrast to the popular conception supported by newspapers and mothers of scientists, a goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull, but also just stupid.

Francis, nonetheless, was not then prepared to jump into the DNA world. Its basic importance did not seem sufficient cause by itself to lead him out of the protein field which he had worked in only two years and was just beginning to master intellectually. In addition, his colleagues at the Cavendish were only marginally interested in the nucleic acids, and even in the best of financial circumstances it would take two or three years to set up a new research group primarily devoted to using X rays to look at the DNA structure.

Moreover, such a decision would create an awkward personal situation. At this time molecular work on DNA in England was, for all practical purposes, the personal property of Maurice Wilkins, a bachelor who worked in London at King's College.* Like Francis, Maurice had been a physicist and also used X-ray diffraction as his principal tool of research. It would have looked very bad if Francis had jumped in on a problem that Maurice had worked over for several years. Furthermore, the matter was even worse because the two men, almost equal in age, knew each other, and before Francis remarried, had frequently met for lunch or dinner to talk about science.

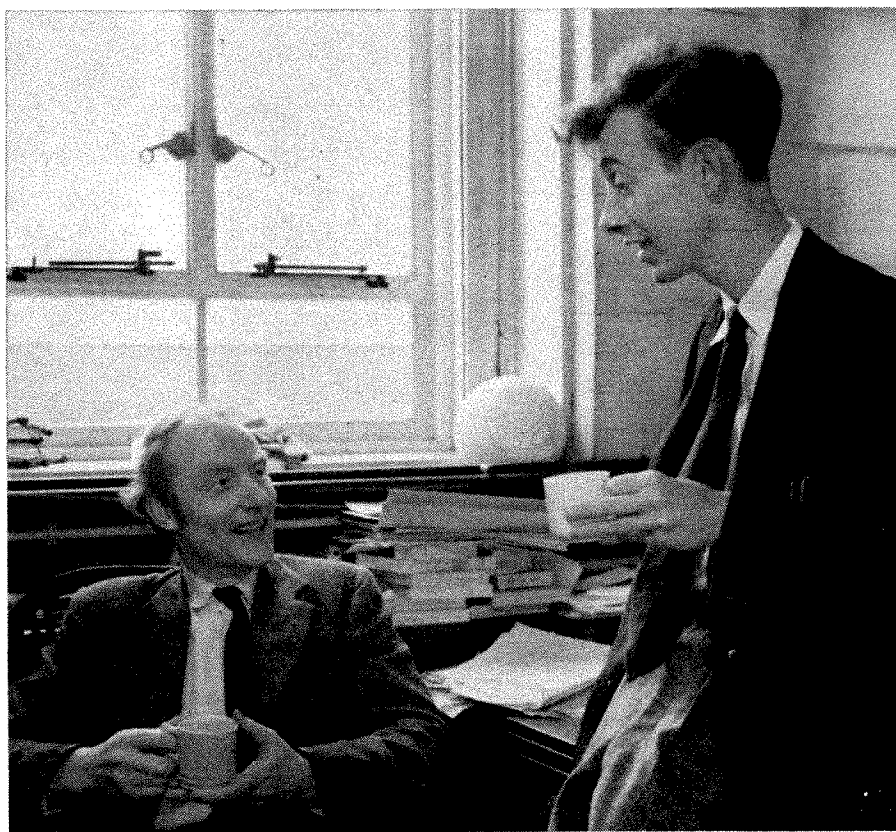
It would have been much easier if they had been living in different countries. The combination of England's coziness — all the important people, if not related by marriage, seemed to know one another —

*A division of the University of London, not to be confused with King's College, Cambridge.

and the English sense of fair play would not allow Francis to move in on Maurice's problem. In France, where fair play obviously did not exist, these problems would not have arisen. The States also would not have permitted such a situation to develop. One would not expect someone at Berkeley to ignore a first-rate problem merely because someone at Cal Tech had started first. In England, however, it simply would not look right.

Even worse, Maurice continually frustrated Francis by never seeming enthusiastic enough about DNA. He appeared to enjoy slowly understating important arguments. It was not a question of intelligence or common sense. Maurice clearly had both; witness his seizing DNA before almost everyone else. It was that Francis felt he could never get the message over to Maurice that you did not move cautiously when you were holding dynamite like DNA. Moreover, it was increasingly difficult to take Maurice's mind off his assistant, Rosalind Franklin.

Not that he was at all in love with Rosy, as we



Francis Crick and J. D. Watson at the Cavendish Laboratory

called her from a distance. Just the opposite — almost from the moment she arrived in Maurice's lab, they began to upset each other. Maurice, a beginner in X-ray diffraction work, wanted some professional help and hoped that Rosy, a trained crystallographer,

Photograph by A. C. Barrington Brown

could speed up his research. Rosy, however, did not see the situation this way. She claimed that she had been given DNA for her own problem and would not think of herself as Maurice's assistant.

I suspect that in the beginning Maurice hoped that Rosy would calm down. Yet mere inspection suggested that she would not easily bend. By choice she did not emphasize her feminine qualities. Though her features were strong, she was not unattractive and might have been quite stunning had she taken even a mild interest in clothes. This she did not. There was never lipstick to contrast with her straight black hair, while at the age of thirty-one her dresses showed all the imagination of English bluestocking adolescents. So it was quite easy to imagine her the product of an unsatisfied mother who unduly stressed the desirability of professional careers that could save bright girls from marriages to dull men. But this was not the case. Her dedicated, austere life could not be thus explained — she was the daughter of a solidly comfortable, erudite banking family.

Clearly Rosy had to go or be put in her place. The former was obviously preferable because, given her belligerent moods, it would be very difficult for Maurice to maintain a dominant position that would allow him to think unhindered about DNA. Not that at times he didn't see some reason for her complaints — King's had two combination rooms, one for men, the other for women, certainly a thing of the past. But he was not responsible, and it was no pleasure to bear the cross for the added barb that the women's combination room remained dingily poky whereas money had been spent to make life agreeable for him and his friends when they had their morning coffee.

Unfortunately, Maurice could not see any decent way to give Rosy the boot. To start with, she had been given to think that she had a position for several years. Also, there was no denying she had a good brain. If she could only keep her emotions under control, there would be a good chance that she could really help him. But merely wishing for relations to improve was taking something of a gamble, for Cal Tech's fabulous chemist Linus Pauling was not subject to the confines of British fair play. Sooner or later Linus, who had just turned fifty, was bound to try for the most important of all scientific prizes. There was no doubt that he was interested. Our first principles told us that Pauling could not be the greatest of all chemists without realizing that DNA was the most golden of all molecules. Moreover, there was definite proof. Maurice had received a letter from Linus asking for a copy of the crystalline DNA X-ray photographs. After some hesitation he wrote back saying that he wanted to look more closely at the data before releasing the pictures.

All this was most unsettling to Maurice. He had not escaped into biology only to find it personally

as objectionable as physics, with its atomic consequences. The combination of both Linus and Francis breathing down his neck often made it very difficult to sleep. But at least Pauling was six thousand miles away, and even Francis was separated by a two-hour rail journey. The real problem, then, was Rosy. The thought could not be avoided that the best home for a feminist was in another person's lab.

It was Wilkins who had first excited me about X-ray work on DNA. This happened at Naples when a small scientific meeting was held on the structures of the large molecules found in living cells. Then it was the spring of 1951, before I knew of Francis Crick's existence. Already I was much involved with DNA, since I was in Europe on a postdoctoral fellowship to learn its biochemistry. My interest in DNA had grown out of a desire, first picked up while a senior in college, to learn what the gene was. Later, in graduate school at Indiana University, it was my hope that the gene might be solved without my learning any chemistry. This wish partially arose from laziness since, as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, I was principally interested in birds and managed to avoid taking any chemistry or physics courses which looked of even medium difficulty. Briefly, the Indiana biochemists encouraged me to learn organic chemistry, but after I used a Bunsen burner to warm up some benzene, I was relieved from further true chemistry. It was safer to turn out an uneducated Ph.D. than to risk another explosion.

So I was not faced with the prospect of absorbing chemistry until I went to Copenhagen to do my postdoctoral research with the biochemist Herman Kalckar. Journeying abroad initially appeared the perfect solution to the complete lack of chemical facts in my head, a condition at times encouraged by my Ph.D. supervisor, the Italian-trained microbiologist Salvador Luria. He positively abhorred most chemists, especially the competitive variety out of the jungles of New York City. Kalckar, however, was obviously cultivated, and Luria hoped that in his civilized, Continental company I would learn the necessary tools to do chemical research, without needing to react against the profit-oriented organic chemists.

Then Luria's experiments largely dealt with the multiplication of bacterial viruses (bacteriophages, or phages for short). For some years the suspicion had existed among the more inspired geneticists that viruses were a form of naked genes. If so, the best way to find out what a gene was and how it duplicated was to study the properties of viruses. Thus, as the simplest viruses were the phages, there had sprung up between 1940 and 1950 a growing number of scientists (the phage group) who studied phages with the hope that they would eventually learn how

the genes controlled cellular heredity. Leading this group were Luria and his German-born friend, the theoretical physicist Max Delbrück, then a professor at Cal Tech. While Delbrück kept hoping that purely genetic tricks could solve the problem, Luria more often wondered whether the real answer would come only after the chemical structure of a virus (gene) had been cracked open. Deep down he knew that it is impossible to describe the behavior of something when you don't know what it is. Thus, knowing he could never bring himself to learn chemistry, Luria felt the wisest course was to send me, his first serious student, to a chemist.

He had no difficulty deciding between a protein chemist and a nucleic-acid chemist. Though only about one half the mass of a bacterial virus was DNA (the other half being protein), Avery's experiments made it smell like the essential genetic material. So working out DNA's chemical structure might be the essential step in learning how genes duplicated. Nonetheless, in contrast to the proteins, the solid chemical facts known about DNA were meager. Only a few chemists worked with it, and except for the fact that nucleic acids were very large molecules built up from smaller building blocks, the nucleotides, there was almost nothing chemical that the geneticist could grasp at. Moreover, the chemists who did work on DNA were almost always organic chemists with no interest in genetics. Kalckar was a bright exception. In the summer of 1945 he had come to the lab at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, to take Delbrück's course on bacterial viruses. Thus both Luria and Delbrück hoped the Copenhagen lab would be the place where the combined techniques of chemistry and genetics eventually yielded real biological dividends.

Their plan, however, was a complete flop. Herman did not stimulate me in the slightest. I found myself just as indifferent to nucleic-acid chemistry in his lab as I had been in the States. This was partly because I could not see how the type of problem upon which he was then working (the metabolism of nucleotides) would lead to anything of immediate interest to genetics. There was also the fact that, though Herman was obviously civilized, it was impossible to understand him.

I was able, however, to follow the English of Herman's close friend, Ole Maaløe. Ole had just returned from the States (Cal Tech), where he had become very excited about the same phages on which I had worked for my degree. Upon his return he gave up his previous research problem and was devoting full time to phage. Then he was the only Dane working with phage and so was quite pleased that I and Gunther Stent, a phage worker from Delbrück's lab, had come to do research with Herman. Soon Gunther and I found ourselves going regularly to visit Ole's lab, located several miles from

Herman's, and within several weeks we were both actively doing experiments with Ole.

At first I occasionally felt ill at ease doing conventional phage work with Ole, since my fellowship was explicitly awarded to enable me to learn biochemistry with Herman; in a strictly literal sense I was violating its terms. Moreover, less than three months after my arrival in Copenhagen I was asked to propose plans for the following year. This was no simple matter, for I had no plans. The only safe course was to ask for funds to spend another year with Herman. It would have been risky to say that I could not make myself enjoy biochemistry. Furthermore, I could see no reason why the authorities should not permit me to change my plans after the renewal was granted. I thus wrote to Washington saying that I wished to remain in the stimulating environment of Copenhagen. As expected, my fellowship was then renewed. It made sense to let Kalckar (whom several of the fellowship electors knew personally) train another biochemist.

There was also the question of Herman's feelings. Perhaps he minded the fact that I was only seldom around. True, he appeared very vague about most things and might not yet have really noticed. Fortunately, however, these fears never had time to develop seriously. Through a completely unanticipated event my moral conscience became clear. One day early in December, I cycled over to Herman's lab expecting another charming yet totally incomprehensible conversation. This time, however, I found Herman could be understood. He had something important to let out: his marriage was over, and he hoped to obtain a divorce. This fact was soon no secret — everyone else in the lab was also told. Within a few days it became apparent that Herman's mind was not going to concentrate on science for some time, perhaps for as long as I would remain in Copenhagen. So the fact that he did not have to teach me nucleic-acid biochemistry was obviously a godsend. I could cycle each day over to Ole's lab, knowing it was clearly better to deceive the fellowship electors about where I was working than to force Herman to talk about biochemistry.

At times, moreover, I was quite pleased with my current experiments on bacterial viruses. Within three months Ole and I had finished a set of experiments on the fate of a bacterial-virus particle when it multiplies inside a bacterium to form several hundred new virus particles. There were enough data for a respectable publication, and, using ordinary standards, I knew I could stop work for the rest of the year without being judged unproductive. On the other hand, it was equally obvious that I had not done anything which was going to tell us what a gene was or how it reproduced. And unless I became a chemist, I could not see how I would.

I thus welcomed Herman's suggestion that I go

that spring to the Zoological Station at Naples, where he had decided to spend the months of April and May. A trip to Naples made great sense. There was no point in doing nothing in Copenhagen, where spring does not exist. On the other hand, the sun of Naples might be conducive to learning something about the biochemistry of the embryonic development of marine animals. It might also be a place where I could quietly read genetics. And when I was tired of it, I might conceivably pick up a biochemistry text. Without any hesitation I wrote to the States requesting permission to accompany Herman to Naples. A cheerful affirmative letter wishing me a pleasant journey came by return post from Washington. Moreover, it enclosed a \$200 check for travel expenses. It made me feel slightly dishonest as I set off for the sun.

Maurice Wilkins also had not come to Naples for serious science. The trip from London was an unexpected gift from his boss, Professor J. T. Randall. Originally Randall had been scheduled to come to the meeting on macromolecules and give a paper about the work going on in his new biophysics lab. Finding himself overcommitted, he had decided to send Maurice instead. If no one went, it would look bad for his King's College lab. Lots of scarce Treasury money had to be committed to set up his biophysics show, and suspicions existed that this was money down the drain.

No one was expected to prepare an elaborate talk for Italian meetings like this one. Such gatherings routinely brought together a small number of invited guests who did not understand Italian and a large number of Italians, almost none of whom understood rapidly spoken English, the only language common to the visitors. The high point of each meeting was the day-long excursion to some scenic house or temple. Thus there was seldom chance for anything but banal remarks.

By the time Maurice arrived I was noticeably restless and impatient to return north. Herman had completely misled me. For the first six weeks in Naples I was constantly cold. The official temperature is often much less relevant than the absence of central heating. Neither the Zoological Station nor my decaying room atop a six-story nineteenth-century house had any heat. If I had had even the slightest interest in marine animals, I would have done experiments. Moving about doing experiments is much warmer than sitting in the library with one's feet on a table. At times I stood about nervously while Herman went through the motions of a biochemist, and on several days I even understood what he said. It made no difference, however, whether or not I followed the argument. Genes were never at the center, or even at the periphery, of his thoughts.

Most of my time I spent walking the streets or reading journal articles from the early days of genetics. Sometimes I daydreamed about discovering the secret of the gene, but not once did I have the faintest trace of a respectable idea. It was thus difficult to avoid the disquieting thought that I was not accomplishing anything. Knowing that I had not come to Naples for work did not make me feel better.

I retained a slight hope that I might profit from the meeting on the structures of biological macromolecules. Though I knew nothing about the X-ray diffraction techniques that dominated structural



Maurice Wilkins

analysis, I was optimistic that the spoken arguments would be more comprehensible than the journal articles, which passed over my head. I was specially interested to hear the talk on nucleic acids to be given by Randall. At that time almost nothing was published about the possible three-dimensional configurations of a nucleic-acid molecule. Conceivably this fact affected my casual pursuit of chemistry. For why should I get excited learning boring chemical facts as long as the chemists never provided anything incisive about the nucleic acids?

The odds, however, were against any real revelation then. Much of the talk about the three-dimensional structure of proteins and nucleic acids was hot air. Though this work had been going on for over fifteen years, most if not all of the facts were soft. Ideas put forward with conviction were likely to be the products of wild crystallographers who delighted in being in a field where their ideas could not be easily disproved. Thus, although virtually all bio-

Wide World Photos

chemists, including Herman, were unable to understand the arguments of the X-ray people, there was little uneasiness. It made no sense to learn complicated mathematical methods in order to follow baloney. As a result, none of my teachers had ever considered the possibility that I might do post-doctoral research with an X-ray crystallographer.

Maurice, however, did not disappoint me. The fact that he was a substitute for Randall made no difference: I had not known about either. His talk was far from vacuous and stood out sharply from the rest, several of which bore no connection to the purpose of the meeting. Fortunately these were in Italian, and so the obvious boredom of the foreign guests did not need to be construed as impoliteness. Several other speakers were Continental biologists, at that time guests at the Zoological Station, who only briefly alluded to macromolecular structure. In contrast, Maurice's X-ray diffraction picture of DNA was to the point. It was flicked on the screen near the end of his talk. Maurice's dry English form did not permit enthusiasm as he stated that the picture showed much more detail than previous pictures and could, in fact, be considered as arising from a crystalline substance. And when the structure of DNA was known, we might be in a better position to understand how genes work.

Suddenly I was excited about chemistry. Before Maurice's talk I had worried about the possibility that the gene might be fantastically irregular. Now, however, I knew that genes could crystallize; hence they must have a regular structure that could be solved in a straightforward fashion. Immediately I began to wonder whether it would be possible for me to join Wilkins in working on DNA. After the lecture I tried to seek him out. Perhaps he already knew more than his talk had indicated — often if a scientist is not absolutely sure he is correct, he is hesitant to speak in public. But there was no opportunity to talk to him; Maurice had vanished.

Not until the next day, when all the participants took an excursion to the Greek temples at Paestum, did I get an opportunity to introduce myself. While waiting for the bus, I started a conversation and explained how interested I was in DNA. But before I could pump Maurice we had to board, and I joined my sister Elizabeth, who had just come in from the States. At the temples we all scattered, and before I could corner Maurice again I realized that I might have had a tremendous stroke of good luck. Maurice had noticed that my sister was very pretty, and soon they were eating lunch together. I was immensely pleased. For years I had sullenly watched Elizabeth being pursued by a series of dull nitwits. Suddenly the possibility opened up that her way of life could be changed. No longer did I have to face the certainty that she would end up with a mental defective. Furthermore, if Maurice really liked my sister, it was

inevitable that I would become closely associated with his X-ray work on DNA. The fact that Maurice excused himself to go and sit alone did not upset me. He obviously had good manners and assumed that I wished to converse with Elizabeth.

As soon as we reached Naples, however, my daydreams of glory by association ended. Maurice moved off to his hotel with only a casual nod. Neither the beauty of my sister nor my intense interest in the DNA structure had snared him. Our futures did not seem to be in London. Thus I set off to Copenhagen and the prospect of more biochemistry to avoid.

I proceeded to forget Maurice, but not his DNA photograph. A potential key to the secret of life was impossible to push out of my mind. The fact that I was unable to interpret it did not bother me. It was certainly better to imagine myself becoming famous than maturing into a stifled academic who had never risked a thought. I was also encouraged by the very exciting rumor that Linus Pauling had partly solved the structure of proteins. The news hit me in Geneva, where I had stopped for several days to talk with the Swiss phage worker Jean Weigle, who was just back from a winter of work at Cal Tech. Before leaving, Jean had gone to the lecture where Linus had made the announcement.

Pauling's talk was made with his usual dramatic flair. The words came out as if he had been in show business all his life. A curtain kept his model hidden until near the end of his lecture, when he proudly unveiled his latest creation. Then, with his eyes twinkling, Linus explained the specific characteristics that made his model — the α -helix — uniquely beautiful. This show, like all of his dazzling performances, delighted the younger students in attendance. There was no one like Linus in all the world. The combination of his prodigious mind and his infectious grin was unbeatable. Several fellow professors, however, watched this performance with mixed feelings. Seeing Linus jumping up and down on the demonstration table and moving his arms like a magician about to pull a rabbit out of his shoe made them feel inadequate. If only he had shown a little humility, it would have been so much easier to take! Even if he were to say nonsense, his mesmerized students would never know because of his unquenchable self-confidence. A number of his colleagues quietly waited for the day when he would fall flat on his face by botching something important.

But Jean could not then tell me whether Linus' α -helix was right. He was not an X-ray crystallographer and could not judge the model professionally. Several of his younger friends, however, trained in structural chemistry thought the α -helix looked very pretty. The best guess of Jean's acquaintances, therefore, was that Linus was right. If so, he had

again accomplished a feat of extraordinary significance. He would be the first person to propose something solidly correct about the structure of a biologically important macromolecule. Conceivably, in doing so, he might have come up with a sensational new method which could be extended to the nucleic acids. Jean, however, did not remember any special tricks. The most he could tell me was that a description of the α -helix would soon be published.

By the time I was back in Copenhagen, the journal containing Linus' article had arrived from the States. I quickly read it and immediately reread it. Most of the language was above me, and so I could get only a general impression of his argument. I had no way of judging whether it made sense. The only thing I was sure of was that it was written with style. A few days later the next issue of the journal arrived, this time containing seven more Pauling articles. Again the language was dazzling and full of rhetorical tricks. One article started with the words "Collagen is a very interesting protein." It inspired me to compose opening lines of the paper I would write about DNA if I solved its structure. A sentence like "Genes are interesting to geneticists" would distinguish my way of thought from Pauling's.

So I began worrying about where I could learn how to solve X-ray diffraction pictures. Cal Tech was not the place — Linus was too great a man to waste his time teaching a mathematically deficient biologist. Neither did I wish to be further put off by Wilkins. This left Cambridge, England, where I knew that someone named Max Perutz was interested in the structure of the large biological molecules; in particular, the protein hemoglobin. I thus wrote to Luria about my newly found passion, asking whether he knew how to arrange my acceptance into the Cambridge lab. Unexpectedly, this was no problem at all. Soon after receiving my letter, Luria went to a small meeting at Ann Arbor, where he met Perutz's co-worker, John Kendrew, then on an extended trip to the States. Most fortunately, Kendrew made a favorable impression on Luria; like Kalckar, he was civilized, and in addition, supported the Labor Party. Furthermore, the Cambridge lab was understaffed, and Kendrew was looking for someone to join him in his study of the protein myoglobin. Luria assured him that I would fit the bill and immediately wrote me the good news.

It was then early August, just a month before my original fellowship would expire. This meant that I could not long delay writing to Washington about



Max Perutz

my change of plans. I decided to wait until I was admitted officially into the Cambridge lab. There was always the possibility that something would go wrong. It seemed prudent to put off the awkward letter until I could talk personally with Perutz. Then I could state in much greater detail what I might hope to accomplish in England. I did not, however, leave at once. Again I was back in the lab, and the experiments I was doing were fun, in a second-class fashion. Even more important, I did not want to be away during the forthcoming International Poliomyelitis Conference, which was to bring several phage workers to Copenhagen. Max Delbrück was in the expected group, and since he was a professor at Cal Tech, he might have further news about Pauling's latest trick.

Delbrück, however, did not enlighten me further. The α -helix, even if correct, had not provided any biological insights; he seemed bored speaking about it. Even my information that a pretty X-ray photograph of DNA existed elicited no real response. But I had no opportunity to be depressed by Delbrück's characteristic bluntness, for the poliomyelitis congress was an unparalleled success. From the moment the several hundred delegates arrived, a profusion of free champagne, partly provided by American dollars, was available to loosen international barriers. Each night for a week there were receptions, dinners, and midnight trips to waterfront bars. It was my first experience with the high life, associated in my mind with decaying European aristocracy. An important truth was slowly entering my head: a scientist's life might be interesting socially as well as intellectually. I went off to England in excellent spirits.

Max Perutz was in his office when I showed up just after lunch. John Kendrew was still in the States, but my arrival was not unexpected. A brief letter from John said that an American biologist might work with him during the following year. I explained that I was ignorant of how X-rays diffract, but Max immediately put me at ease. I was assured that no high-power mathematics would be required: both he and John had studied chemistry as undergraduates. All I need do was read a crystallographic text; this would enable me to understand enough theory to begin to take X-ray photographs. As an example, Max told me about his simple idea for testing Pauling's α -helix. Only a day had been required to get the crucial photograph confirming Pauling's prediction. I did not fool Max at all. I was even ignorant of Bragg's Law, the most basic of all crystallographic ideas.

We then went for a walk to look over possible digs for the coming year. When Max realized that I had come directly to the lab from the station and had not yet seen any of the colleges, he altered our course to take me through King's, along the backs, and

through to the Great Court of Trinity. I had never seen such beautiful buildings in all my life, and any hesitation I might have had about leaving my safe life as a biologist vanished. Thus I was only nominally depressed when I peered inside several damp houses, known to contain student rooms. I knew from the novels of Dickens that I would not suffer a fate the English denied themselves. In fact, I thought myself very lucky when I found a room in a two-story house on Jesus Green, a superb location less than ten minutes' walk from the lab.

The following morning I went back to the Cavendish, since Max wanted me to meet Sir Lawrence Bragg. When Max telephoned upstairs that I was here, Sir Lawrence came down from his office, let me say a few words, and then retired for a private conversation with Max. A few minutes later they emerged to allow Bragg to give me his formal permission to work under his direction. The performance was uncompromisingly British, and I quietly concluded that the white-mustached figure of Bragg now spent most of its days sitting in London clubs like the Athenaeum.

The thought never occurred to me then that later on I would have contact with this apparent curiosity out of the past. Despite his indisputable reputation, Bragg had worked out his Law just before World War I, so I assumed that he must be in effective retirement and would never care about genes. I politely thanked Sir Lawrence for accepting me and told Max I would be back in three weeks for the start of the Michaelmas term. I then returned to Copenhagen to collect my few clothes and to tell Herman about my good luck in being able to become a crystallographer.

Herman was splendidly cooperative. A letter was dispatched telling the Fellowship Office in Washington that he enthusiastically endorsed my change in plans. At the same time I wrote a letter to Washington, breaking the news that my current experiments on the biochemistry of virus reproduction were at best interesting in a nonprofound way. I wanted to give up conventional biochemistry, which I believed incapable of telling us how genes work. Instead I told them that I now knew that X-ray crystallography was the key to genetics. I requested the approval of my plans to transfer to Cambridge so that I might work at Perutz's lab and learn how to do crystallographic research.

I saw no point in remaining in Copenhagen until permission came. It would have been absurd to stay there wasting my time. The week before, Maaløe had departed for a year at Cal Tech, and my interest in Herman's type of biochemistry remained zero. Leaving Copenhagen was of course illegal in the formal sense. On the other hand, my request could not be refused. Everyone knew of Herman's unsettled state, and the Washington office must have been wonder-

ing how long I would care to remain in Copenhagen. Writing directly about Herman's absence from his lab would have been not only ungentlemanly but unnecessary.

Naturally I was not at all prepared to receive a letter refusing permission. Ten days after my return to Cambridge, Herman forwarded the depressing news, which had been sent to my Copenhagen address. The Fellowship Board would not approve my transfer to a lab from which I was totally unprepared to profit. I was told to reconsider my plans, since I was unqualified to do crystallographic work. The Fellowship Board would, however, look favorably on a proposal that I transfer to the cell-physiology laboratory of Caspersson in Stockholm.

The source of the trouble was all too apparent. The head of the Fellowship Board no longer was Hans Clarke, a kindly biochemist friend of Herman's, then about to retire from Columbia. My letter had gone instead to a new chairman, who took a more active interest in directing young people. He was put out that I had overstepped myself in denying that I would profit from biochemistry. I wrote to Luria to save me. He and the new man were casual acquaintances, and so when my decision was set in proper perspective, he might reverse his decision.

At first there were hints that Luria's interjection might cause a change back to reason. I was cheered up when a letter arrived from Luria that the situation might be smoothed over if we appeared to eat crow. I was to write Washington that a major inducement in my wanting to be in Cambridge was the presence of Roy Markham, an English biochemist who worked with plant viruses. Markham took the news quite casually when I walked into his office and told him that he might acquire a model student who would never bother him by cluttering up his lab with experimental apparatus. He regarded the scheme as a perfect example of the inability of Americans to know how to behave. Nonetheless, he promised to go along with this nonsense.

Armed with the assurance that Markham would not squeal, I humbly wrote a long letter to Washington, outlining how I might profit from being in the joint presence of Perutz and Markham. At the end of the letter I thought it honest to break the news officially that I was in Cambridge and would remain there until a decision was made. The new man in Washington, however, did not play ball. The clue came when the return letter was addressed to Herman's lab. The Fellowship Board was considering my case. I would be informed when a decision had been made. Thus it did not seem prudent to cash my checks, which were still sent to Copenhagen at the beginning of each month.

Fortunately, the possibility of my not being paid in the forthcoming year for working on DNA was only annoying and not fatal. The \$3000 fellowship

stipend that I had received for being in Copenhagen was three times that required to live like a well-off Danish student. Even if I had to cover my sister's recent purchase of two fashionable Paris suits, I would have \$1000 left, enough for a year's stay in Cambridge. My landlady was also helpful. She threw me out after less than a month's residence. My main crime was not removing my shoes when I entered the house after 9:00 P.M., the hour at which her husband went to sleep. Also I occasionally forgot the injunction not to flush the toilet at similar hours, and, even worse, I went out after 10:00 P.M. Nothing in Cambridge was then open, and my motives were suspect. John and Elizabeth Kendrew rescued me with the offer, at almost no rent, of a tiny room in their house on Tennis Court Road. It was unbelievably damp and heated only by an aged electric heater. Nonetheless, I eagerly accepted the offer. Though it looked like an open invitation to tuberculosis, living with friends was infinitely preferable to any other digs I might find at this late moment. So without any reluctance I decided to stay at Tennis Court Road until my financial picture improved.

From my first day in the lab I knew I would not leave Cambridge for a long time. Departing would be idiocy, for I had immediately discovered the fun of talking to Francis Crick. Finding someone in Max's lab who knew that DNA was more important than proteins was real luck. Moreover, it was a great relief for me not to spend full time learning X-ray analysis of proteins. Our lunch conversations quickly centered on how genes were put together. Within a few days after my arrival, we knew what to do: imitate Linus Pauling and beat him at his own game.

Pauling's success with the polypeptide chain had naturally suggested to Francis that the same tricks might also work for DNA. But as long as no one nearby thought DNA was at the heart of everything, the potential personal difficulties with the King's lab kept him from moving into action with DNA. Moreover, even though hemoglobin was not the center of the universe, Francis' previous two years at the Cavendish certainly had not been dull. More than enough protein problems kept popping up that required someone with a bent toward theory. But now, with me around the lab always wanting to talk about genes, Francis no longer kept his thoughts about DNA in a back recess of his brain. Even so, he had no intention of abandoning his interest in the other laboratory problems. No one should mind if, by spending only a few hours a week thinking about DNA, he helped me solve a smashingly important problem.

As a consequence, John Kendrew soon realized that I was unlikely to help him solve the myoglobin structure. Since he was unable to grow large crystals

of horse myoglobin, he initially hoped I might have a greener thumb. No effort, however, was required to see that my laboratory manipulations were less skillful than those of a Swiss chemist. About a fortnight after my arrival in Cambridge, we went out to the local slaughterhouse to get a horse heart for a new myoglobin preparation. If we were lucky, the damage to the myoglobin molecules which prevented crystallization would be averted by immediately freezing the ex-racehorse's heart. But my subsequent attempts at crystallization were no more successful than John's. In a sense I was almost relieved. If they had succeeded, John might have put me onto taking X-ray photographs.

No obstacle thus prevented me from talking at least several hours each day to Francis. Thinking all the time was too much even for Francis, and often when he was stumped by his equations, he used to pump my reservoir of phage lore. At other moments Francis would endeavor to fill my brain with crystallographic facts, ordinarily available only through the painful reading of professional journals. Particularly important were the exact arguments needed to understand how Linus Pauling had discovered the α -helix.

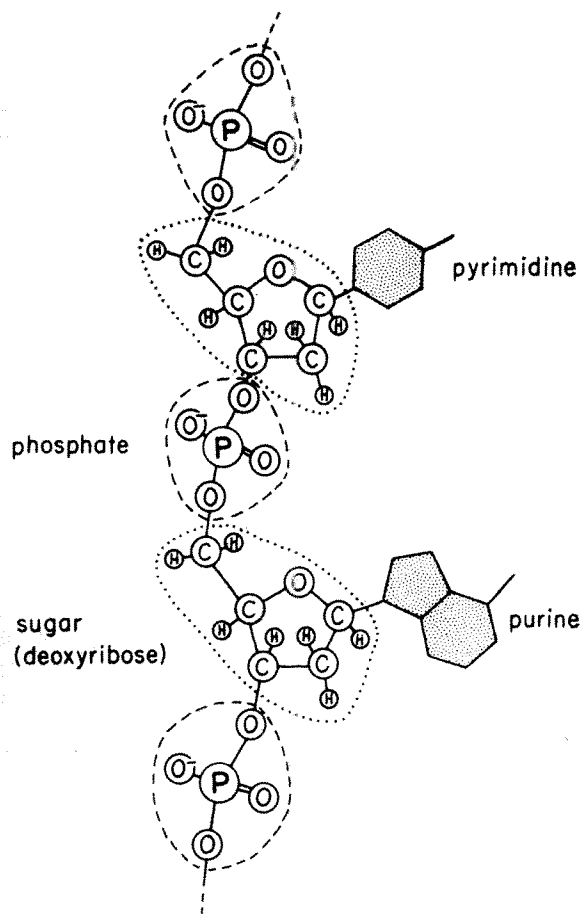
I soon was taught that Pauling's accomplishment was a product of common sense, not the result of complicated mathematical reasoning. Equations occasionally crept into his argument, but in most cases words would have sufficed. The key to Linus' success was his reliance on the simple laws of structural chemistry. The α -helix had not been found by only staring at X-ray pictures; the essential trick, instead, was to ask which atoms like to sit next to each other. In place of pencil and paper, the main working tools were a set of molecular models superficially resembling the toys of preschool children.

We could thus see no reason why we should not solve DNA in the same way. All we had to do was to construct a set of molecular models and begin to play—with luck, the structure would be a helix. Any other type of configuration would be much more complicated. Worrying about complications before ruling out the possibility that the answer was simple would have been damned foolishness. Pauling never got anywhere by seeking out messes.

From our first conversations we assumed that the DNA molecule contained a very large number of nucleotides linearly linked together in a regular way. Again our reasoning was partially based upon simplicity. Although organic chemists in Alexander Todd's nearby lab thought this the basic arrangement, they were still a long way from chemically establishing that all the internucleotide bonds were identical. If this was not the case, however, we could not see how the DNA molecules packed together to form the crystalline aggregates studied by Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin. Thus, unless we found all future progress blocked, the best course was to regard the

sugar-phosphate backbone as extremely regular and to search for a helical three-dimensional configuration in which all the backbone groups had identical chemical environments.

Immediately we could see that the solution to DNA might be more tricky than that of the α -helix. In the α -helix, a single polypeptide (a collection of amino acids) chain folds up into a helical arrangement held



A short section of DNA as envisioned by Alexander Todd's research group in 1951. They thought that all the internucleotide links were phosphodiester bonds joining sugar carbon atom #5 to sugar carbon atom #3 of the adjacent nucleotide. As organic chemists they were concerned with how the atoms were linked together, leaving to crystallographers the problem of the 3-D arrangement of the atoms.

together by hydrogen bonds between groups on the same chain. Maurice had told Francis, however, that the diameter of the DNA molecule was thicker than would be the case if only one polynucleotide (a collection of nucleotides) chain were present. This made him think that the DNA molecule was a compound helix composed of several polynucleotide chains twisted about each other. If true, then before serious model building began, a decision would have to be made whether the chains would be held together by hydrogen bonds or by salt linkages involving the negatively charged phosphate groups.

A further complication arose from the fact that four types of nucleotides were found in DNA. In this sense, DNA was not a regular molecule but a highly irregular one. The four nucleotides were not, however, completely different, for each contained the same sugar and phosphate components. Their uniqueness lay in their nitrogenous bases, which were either a purine (adenine and guanine) or a pyrimidine (cytosine and thymine). But since the linkages between the nucleotides involved only the phosphate and sugar groups, our assumption that the same type of chemical bond linked all the nucleotides together was not affected. So in building models we would postulate that the sugar-phosphate backbone was very regular, and the order of bases of necessity very irregular. If the base sequences were always the same, all DNA molecules would be identical and there would not exist the variability that must distinguish one gene from another.

Though Pauling had got the α -helix almost without the X-ray evidence, he knew of its existence and to a certain extent had taken it into account. Given the X-ray data, a large variety of possible three-dimensional configurations for the polypeptide chain were quickly discarded. The exact X-ray data should help us go ahead much faster with the more subtly constructed DNA molecule. Mere inspection of the DNA X-ray picture should prevent a number of false starts. Fortunately, there already existed one half-good photograph in the published literature. It was taken five years previously by the English crystallographer W. T. Astbury, and could be used to start us off. Yet possession of Maurice's much better crystalline photographs might save us from six months' to a year's work. The painful fact that the pictures belonged to Maurice could not be avoided.

There was nothing else to do but talk to him. To our surprise, Francis had no problem in persuading Maurice to come up to Cambridge for a weekend. And there was no need to force Maurice to the conclusion that the structure was a helix. Not only was it the obvious guess, but Maurice already had been talking in terms of helices at a summer meeting in Cambridge. About six weeks before I first arrived there, he had shown X-ray diffraction pictures of DNA which revealed a marked absence of reflections on the meridian. This was a feature that his colleague, the theoretician Alex Stokes, had told him was compatible with a helix. Given this conclusion, Maurice suspected that three polynucleotide chains were used to construct the helix.

He did not, however, share our belief that Pauling's model-building game would quickly solve the structure, at least not until further X-ray results were obtained. Most of our conversation, instead, centered on Rosy Franklin. More trouble than ever was coming from her. She was now insisting that not even Maurice himself should take any more X-ray photo-

graphs of DNA. In trying to come to terms with Rosy, Maurice made a very bad bargain. He had handed over to her all the good crystalline DNA used in his original work and had agreed to confine his studies to other DNA, which he afterward found did not crystallize.

The point had been reached where Rosy would not even tell Maurice her latest results. The soonest Maurice was likely to learn where things stood was three weeks hence, the middle of November. At that time Rosy was scheduled to give a seminar on her past six months' work. Naturally I was delighted when Maurice said I would be welcome at Rosy's talk. For the first time I had a real incentive to learn some crystallography: I did not want Rosy to speak over my head.

Most unexpectedly, Francis' interest in DNA temporarily fell to almost zero less than a week later. The cause was his decision to accuse a colleague of ignoring his ideas. The accusation was leveled at none other than his Professor. It happened less than a month after my arrival, on a Saturday morning. The previous day Max Perutz had given Francis a new manuscript by Sir Lawrence and himself, dealing with the shape of the hemoglobin molecule. As he rapidly read its contents Francis became furious, for he noticed that part of the argument depended upon a theoretical idea he had propounded some nine months earlier. What was worse, Francis remembered having enthusiastically proclaimed it to everyone in the lab. Yet his contribution had not been acknowledged. Almost at once, after dashing in to tell Max and John Kendrew about the outrage, he hurried to Bragg's office for an explanation, if not an apology. But by then Bragg was at home, and Francis had to wait until the following morning. Unfortunately, this delay did not make the confrontation any more successful.

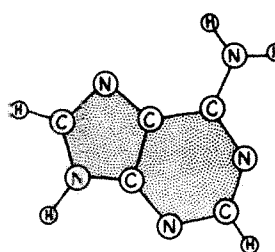
Sir Lawrence flatly denied prior knowledge of Francis' efforts and was thoroughly insulted by the implication that he had underhandedly used another scientist's ideas. On the other hand, Francis found it impossible to believe that Bragg could have been so dense as to have missed his oft-repeated idea, and he as much told Bragg this. Further conversation became impossible, and in less than ten minutes Francis was out of the Professor's office.

For Bragg this meeting seemed the final straw in his relations with Crick. Several weeks earlier Bragg had come into the lab greatly excited about an idea that came to him the previous evening, one that he and Perutz subsequently incorporated into their paper. While he was explaining it to Perutz and Kendrew, Crick happened to join the group. To Bragg's considerable annoyance, Francis did not accept the idea immediately but instead stated that

he would go away and check whether Bragg was right or wrong. At this stage Bragg had blown his top, and with his blood pressure all too high, returned home presumably to tell his wife about the latest antics of their problem child.

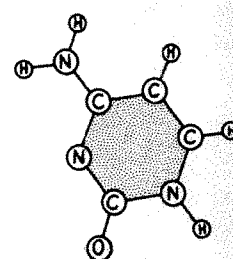
This most recent tussle was a disaster for Francis, and he showed his uneasiness when he came down to the lab. Bragg, in dismissing him from his room, had angrily told him that he would consider seriously whether he could continue to give Francis a place in the laboratory after his Ph.D. course was ended. Francis was obviously worried that he might soon

PURINES

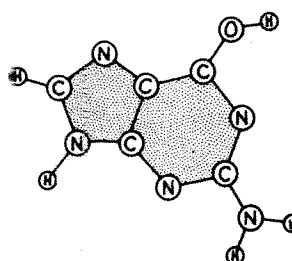


adenine

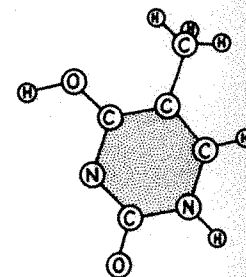
PYRIMIDINES



cytosine



guanine



thymine

The chemical structures of the four DNA bases as they were usually drawn about 1951. Because the electrons in the five- and six-membered rings are not localized, each base has a planar shape with a thickness of 3.4 Å.

have to find a new position. Our subsequent lunch at the Eagle, the pub at which he usually ate, was restrained and unpunctuated by the usual laughter.

His concern was not without reason. Although he knew he was bright and could produce novel ideas, he could claim no clear-cut intellectual achievements, and he was still without his Ph.D. He came from a solid middle-class family and was sent to school at Mill Hill. Then he read physics at University College, London, and had commenced work on an advanced degree when the war broke out. Like almost all other English scientists, he joined the war effort and became part of the Admiralty's scientific establishment. There he worked with great vigor, and although many resented his nonstop conversation, there was a war to win and he was quite helpful in producing ingenious

magnetic mines. When the war was over, however, some of his colleagues saw no sound reason to have him about forever, and for a period he was given to believe that he had no future in the scientific civil service.

Moreover, he had lost all desire to stay in physics and decided instead to try biology. With the help of the physiologist A. V. Hill, he obtained a small grant to come up to Cambridge in the fall of 1947. At first he did true biology at the Strangeways Laboratory, but this was obviously trivial, and two years later he moved over to the Cavendish, where he joined Perutz and Kendrew. Here he again became excited about science and decided that perhaps he should finally work for a Ph.D. He thus enrolled as a research student (of Caius College), with Max as his supervisor. In a sense, this pursuit of the Ph.D. was a bore to a mind that worked too fast to be satisfied with the tedium involved in thesis research. On the other hand, his decision had yielded an unforeseen dividend: in this moment of crisis, he could hardly be dismissed before he got his degree.

Max and John quickly came to Francis' rescue and interceded with the Professor. John confirmed that Francis had previously written an account of the argument in question, and Bragg acknowledged that the same idea had occurred independently to both. Bragg by that time had calmed down, and any question of Crick's going was quietly shelved. Keeping him on was not easy on Bragg. One day, in a moment of despair, he revealed that Crick made his ears buzz. Moreover, he remained unconvinced that Crick was needed. Already for thirty-five years he had not stopped talking and almost nothing of fundamental value had emerged.

A new opportunity to theorize soon brought Francis back to normal form. Several days after the fiasco with Bragg, the crystallographer V. Vand sent Max a letter containing a theory for the diffraction of X rays by helical molecules. Helices were then at the center of the lab's interest, largely because of Pauling's α -helix. Yet there was still lacking a general theory to test new models as well as to confirm the finer details of the α -helix. This is what Vand hoped his theory would do.

Francis quickly found a serious flaw in Vand's efforts, became excited about finding the right theory, and bounded upstairs to talk with Bill Cochran, a small, quiet Scot, then a lecturer in crystallography at the Cavendish. Bill was the cleverest of the younger Cambridge X-ray people, and even though he was not involved in work on the large biological macromolecules, he always provided the most astute sounding board for Francis' frequent ventures into theory. When Bill told Francis that an idea was unsound or would lead nowhere, Francis could be sure that pro-

fessional jealousy was not involved. This time, however, Bill did not voice skepticism, since independently he had found faults in Vand's paper and had begun to wonder what the right answer was. For months both Max and Bragg had been after him to work out the helical theory, but he had not moved into action. Now, with the additional pressure from Francis, he too began seriously to ponder how the equations should be set up.

The remainder of the morning Francis was silent and absorbed in mathematical equations. At lunch at the Eagle a bad headache came on, and he went home instead of returning to the lab. But sitting in front of his gas fire doing nothing bored him, and again he took up his equations. To his delight, he soon saw that he had the answer. Nonetheless, he stopped his work, for he and his wife, Odile, were invited to a wine tasting at Matthews', one of Cambridge's better wine merchants. For several days his morale had been buoyed by the request to sample the wines. It meant acceptance by a more fashionable and amusing part of Cambridge and allowed him to dismiss the fact that he was not appreciated by a variety of dull and pompous dons.

He and Odile were then living at the "Green Door," a tiny, inexpensive flat atop a several-hundred-year-old house just across Bridge Street from St. John's College. There were only two rooms of any size, a living room and a bedroom. All the others, including the kitchen, in which the bathtub was the largest and most conspicuous object, were almost nonexistent. But despite the cramp, its great charm, magnified by Odile's decorative sense, gave it a cheerful, if not playful, spirit. Here I first sensed the vitality of English intellectual life, so completely absent during my initial days in my Victorian room several hundred yards away on Jesus Green.

They had then been married for three years. Francis' first marriage did not last long, and a son, Michael, was looked after by Francis' mother and aunt. He had lived alone for several years until Odile, some five years his junior, came to Cambridge and hastened his revolt against the stodginess of the middle classes, which delight in unwicked amusements like sailing and tennis, habits particularly unsuited to the conversational life. Neither was politics or religion of any concern. The latter was clearly an error of past generations, which Francis saw no reason to perpetuate. But I am less certain about their complete lack of enthusiasm for political issues. Perhaps it was the war, whose grimness they now wished to forget. In any case, *The Times* was not present at breakfast, and more attention was given to *Vogue*, the only magazine to which they subscribed and about which Francis could converse at length.

By then I was often going to the Green Door for dinner. Francis was always eager to continue our conversations, while I joyously seized every oppor-

tunity to escape from the miserable English food that periodically led me to worry about whether I might have an ulcer. Odile's French mother had imparted to her a thorough contempt for the unimaginative way in which most Englishmen eat and house themselves. Francis thus never had reason to envy those college fellows whose High Table food was undeniably better than their wives' drab mixtures of tasteless meat, boiled potatoes, colorless greens, and typical trifles. Instead, dinner was often gay, especially after the wine turned the conversation to the currently talked about Cambridge popsies.

There was no restraint in Francis' enthusiasms about young women—that is, as long as they showed some vitality and were distinctive in any way that permitted gossip and amusement. When young, he saw little of women and was only now discovering the sparkle they added to life. Odile did not mind this predilection, seeing that it went along with, and probably helped, his emancipation from the dullness of his Northampton upbringing. They would talk at length about the somewhat artsy-craftsy world in which Odile moved and into which they were frequently invited. No choice event was kept out of our conversations, and he would show equal gusto in telling of his occasional mistakes. One occurred when there was a costume party and he went looking like a young G. B. Shaw in a full red beard. As soon as he entered he realized that it was a ghastly error, since not one of the young women enjoyed being tickled by the wet, scraggly hairs when he came within kissing distance.

But there were no young women at the wine tasting. To his and Odile's dismay, their companions were college dons contentedly talking about the burdensome administrative problems with which they were so sadly afflicted. They went home early, and Francis, unexpectedly sober, thought more about his answer.

The next morning he arrived in the lab and told Max and John about his success. A few minutes later,

GLOSSARY

α -helix — alpha-helix, a helical arrangement of amino acids within a polypeptide (protein).

Å — ångstrom unit, equivalent to one hundred millionth of a centimeter, the unit used to measure light waves.

DNA — deoxyribonucleic acid, the fundamental genetic material.

DNA bases — the organic (carbon-making) molecules adenine, cytosine, guanine, and thymine.

ion — a positively or negatively charged atom.

Mg⁺⁺ — magnesium ions with two positive charges.

phage — often called bacteriophage, a virus which multiplies in bacteria.

X-ray crystallography — the science of determining the structure of molecules by studying the way their crystals reflect X-rays.

Bill Cochran walked into his office, and Francis started to repeat the story. But before he could let loose his argument, Bill told him that he also thought he had succeeded. Hurriedly they went through their respective mathematics and discovered that Bill had used an elegant derivation compared with Francis' more laborious approach. Gleefully, however, they found that they had arrived at the same final answer. They then checked the α -helix by visual inspection with Max's X-ray diagrams. The agreement was so good that both Linus' model and their theory had to be correct.

Within a few days a polished manuscript was ready and jubilantly dispatched to *Nature*. At the same time, a copy was sent to Pauling to appreciate. This event, his first unquestionable success, was a signal triumph for Francis. For once the absence of women had gone along with luck.

By mid-November, when Rosy's talk on DNA rolled about, I had learned enough crystallographic argument to follow much of her lecture. Most important, I knew what to focus attention upon. Six weeks of listening to Francis had made me realize that the crux of the matter was whether Rosy's new X-ray pictures would lend any support for a helical DNA structure. The really relevant experimental details were those which might provide clues in constructing molecular models. It took, however, only a few minutes of listening to Rosy to realize that her determined mind had set upon a different course of action.

She spoke to an audience of about fifteen in a quick, nervous style that suited the unornamented old lecture hall in which we were seated. There was not a trace of warmth or frivolity in her words. And yet I could not regard her as totally uninteresting. Momentarily I wondered how she would look if she took off her glasses and did something novel with her hair. Then, however, my main concern was her description of the crystalline X-ray diffraction pattern.

The years of careful, unemotional crystallographic training had left their mark. She had not had the advantage of a rigid Cambridge education only to be so foolish as to misuse it. It was downright obvious to her that the only way to establish the DNA structure was by pure crystallographic approaches. As model building did not appeal to her, at no time did she mention Pauling's triumph over the α -helix. The idea of using tinker-toy-like models to solve biological structures was clearly a last resort. Of course Rosy knew of Linus' success but saw no obvious reason to ape his mannerisms. The measure of his past triumphs was sufficient reason in itself to act differently; only a genius of his stature could play like a ten-year-old boy and still get the right answer.

Rosy regarded her talk as a preliminary report which, by itself, would not test anything fundamental about DNA. Hard facts would come only when further data had been collected which could allow the crystallographic analyses to be carried to a more refined stage. Her lack of immediate optimism was shared by the small group of lab people who came to the talk. No one else brought up the desirability of using molecular models to help solve the structure. Maurice himself only asked several questions of a technical nature. The discussion then quickly stopped with the expressions on the listeners' faces indicating either that they had nothing to add or that, if they did wish to say something, it would be bad form since they had said it before. Maybe their reluctance to utter anything romantically optimistic, or even to mention models, was due to fear of a sharp retort from Rosy. Certainly a bad way to go out into the foulness of a heavy, foggy November night was to be told by a woman to refrain from venturing an opinion about a subject for which you were not trained. It was a sure way of bringing back unpleasant memories of lower school.

Following some brief, and as I was later to observe, characteristically tense small talk with Rosy, Maurice and I walked down the Strand and across to Choy's Restaurant in Soho. Maurice's mood was surprisingly jovial. Slowly and precisely he detailed how, in spite of much elaborate crystallographic analysis, little real progress had been made by Rosy since the day she arrived at King's. Though her X-ray photographs were somewhat sharper than his, she was unable to say anything more positive than he had already. True, she had done some more detailed measurements of the water content of her DNA samples, but even here Maurice had doubts about whether she was really measuring what she claimed.

To my surprise, Maurice seemed buoyed up by my presence. The aloofness that existed when we first met in Naples had vanished. The fact that I, a phage person, found what he was doing important was reassuring. It really was no help to receive encouragement from a fellow physicist. Even when he met those who thought his decision to go into biology made sense, he couldn't trust their judgment. After all, they didn't know any biology, and so it was best to take their remarks as politeness, even condescension, toward someone opposed to the competitive pace of post-war physics.

To be sure, he got active and very necessary help from some biochemists. If not, he could never have come into the game. Several of them had been absolutely vital in generously providing him with samples of highly purified DNA. It was bad enough learning crystallography without having to acquire the witchcraft-like techniques of the biochemist. On the other hand, the majority weren't like the high-powered types he had worked with on the bomb

project. Sometimes they seemed even ignorant of the way DNA was important.

But even so they knew more than the majority of biologists. In England, if not everywhere, most botanists and zoologists were a muddled lot. Not even the possession of University Chairs gave many the assurance to do clean science; some actually wasted their efforts on useless polemics about the origin of life or how we know that a scientific fact is really correct. What was worse, it was possible to get a university degree in biology without learning any genetics. That was not to say that the geneticists themselves provided any intellectual help. You would have thought that with all their talk about genes they should worry about what they were. Yet almost none of them seemed to take seriously the evidence that genes were made of DNA. This fact was unnecessarily chemical. All that most of them wanted out of life was to set their students onto uninterpretable details of chromosome behavior or to give elegantly phrased, fuzzy-minded speculations over the wireless on topics like the role of the geneticist in this transitional age of changing values.

So the knowledge that the phage group took DNA seriously made Maurice hope that times would change and he would not have painfully to explain, each time he gave a seminar, why his lab was making so much fuss and bother about DNA. By the time our dinner was finished, he was clearly in a mood to push ahead. Yet all too suddenly Rosy popped back into the conversation, and the possibility of really mobilizing his lab's efforts slowly receded as we paid the bill and went out into the night.

The following morning I joined Francis at Paddington Station. From there we were to go up to Oxford to spend the weekend. Francis wanted to talk to Dorothy Hodgkin, the best of the English crystallographers, while I welcomed the opportunity to see Oxford for the first time. At the train gate Francis was in top form. The visit would give him the opportunity to tell Dorothy about his success with Bill Cochran in working out the helical diffraction theory. The theory was much too elegant not to be told in person — individuals like Dorothy who were clever enough to understand its power immediately were much too rare.

As soon as we were in the train carriage, Francis began asking questions about Rosy's talk. My answers were frequently vague, and Francis was visibly annoyed by my habit of always trusting to memory and never writing anything on paper. If a subject interested me, I could usually recollect what I needed. This time, however, we were in trouble, because I did not know enough of the crystallographic jargon. Particularly unfortunate was my failure to be able to report exactly the water content of the DNA

samples upon which Rosy had done her measurements. The possibility existed that I might be misleading Francis by an order-of-magnitude difference.

The wrong person had been sent to hear Rosy. If Francis had gone along, no such ambiguity would have existed. It was the penalty for being oversensitive to the situation. For, admittedly, the sight of Francis mulling over the consequences of Rosy's information when it was hardly out of her mouth would have upset Maurice. In one sense it would be grossly unfair for them to learn the facts at the same time. Certainly Maurice should have the first chance to come to grips with the problem. On the other hand, there seemed no indication that he thought the answer would come from playing with molecular models. Our conversation on the previous night had hardly alluded to that approach. Of course, the possibility existed that he was keeping something back. But that was very unlikely — Maurice just wasn't that type.

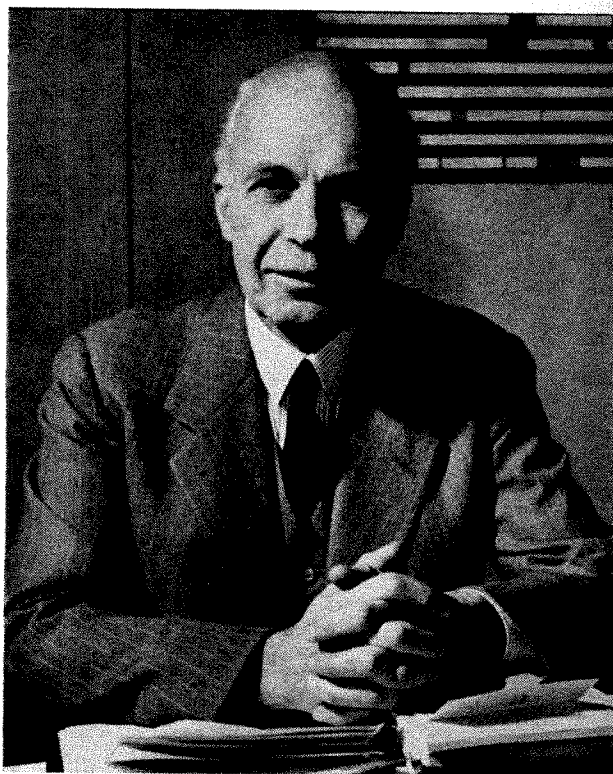
The only thing that Francis could do immediately was to seize the water value, which was easiest to think about. Soon something appeared to make sense, and he began scribbling on the vacant back sheet of a manuscript he had been reading. By then I could not understand what Francis was up to and reverted to *The Times* for amusement. Within a few minutes, however, Francis made me lose all interest in the outside world by telling me that only a small number of formal solutions were compatible both with the Cochran-Crick theory and with Rosy's experimental data. Quickly he began to draw more diagrams to show me how simple the problem was. Though the mathematics eluded me, the crux of the matter was not difficult to follow. Decisions had to be made about the number of polynucleotide chains within the DNA molecule. Superficially, the X-ray data were compatible with two, three, or four strands. It was all a question of the angle and radii at which the DNA strands twisted about the central axis.

By the time the hour-and-a-half train journey was over, Francis saw no reason why we should not know the answer soon. Perhaps a week of solid fiddling with the molecular models would be necessary to make us absolutely sure we had the right answer. Then it would be obvious to the world that Pauling was not the only one capable of true insight into how biological molecules were constructed. Linus' capture of the α -helix was most embarrassing for the Cambridge group. About a year before that triumph, Bragg, Kendrew, and Perutz had published a systematic paper on the conformation of the polypeptide chain, an attack that missed the point. Bragg in fact was still bothered by the fiasco. It hurt his pride at a tender point. There had been previous encounters with Pauling, stretching over a twenty-five-year interval. All too often Linus had got there first.

Even Francis was somewhat humiliated by the

event. He was already in the Cavendish when Bragg had become keen about how a polypeptide chain folded up. Moreover, he was privy to a discussion in which the fundamental blunder about the shape of the peptide bond was made. That had certainly been the occasion to interject his critical facility in assessing the meaning of experimental observations, but he had said nothing useful. It was not that Francis normally refrained from criticizing his friends. In other instances he had been annoyingly candid in pointing out where Perutz and Bragg had publicly overinterpreted their hemoglobin results. This open criticism was certainly behind Sir Lawrence's recent outburst against him. In Bragg's view, all that Crick did was to rock the boat.

Now, however, was not the time to concentrate on past mistakes. Instead, the speed with which we



Sir Lawrence Bragg

talked about possible types of DNA structures gathered intensity as the morning went by. No matter in whose company we found ourselves, Francis would quickly survey the progress of the past few hours, bringing our listener up to date on how we had decided upon models in which the sugar-phosphate backbone was in the center of the molecule. Only in that way would it be possible to obtain a structure regular enough to give the crystalline diffraction patterns observed by Maurice and Rosy. True, we had yet to deal with the irregular sequence of the bases that faced the outside; but this difficulty might

vanish in the wash when the correct internal arrangement was located.

There was also the problem of what neutralized the negative charges of the phosphate groups of the DNA backbone. Francis, as well as I, knew almost nothing about how inorganic ions were arranged in three dimensions. We had to face the bleak situation that the world authority on the structural chemistry of ions was Linus Pauling himself. Thus if the crux of the problem was to deduce an unusually clever arrangement of inorganic ions and phosphate groups, we were clearly at a disadvantage. By midday it became imperative to locate a copy of Pauling's classic book, *The Nature of the Chemical Bond*. Then we were having lunch near High Street. Wasting no time over coffee, we dashed into several bookstores until success came in Blackwell's. A rapid reading was made of the relevant sections. This produced the correct values for the exact sizes of the candidate inorganic ions, but nothing that could help push the problem over the top.

When we reached Dorothy's lab in the University Museum, the manic phase had almost passed. Francis ran through the helical theory itself, devoting only a few minutes to our progress with DNA. Most of the conversation centered instead on Dorothy's recent work with insulin. Since darkness was coming on, there seemed no point in wasting more of her time. We then moved on to Magdalen, where we were to have tea with Avrion Mitchison and Leslie Orgel, both then fellows of the college. Over cakes Francis was ready to talk about trivial things, while I quietly thought how splendid it would be if I could someday live in the style of a Magdalen don.

Dinner with claret, however, restored the conversation to our impending triumph with DNA. By then we had been joined by Francis' close friend, the logician George Kreisel, whose unwashed appearance and idiom did not fit into my picture of the English philosopher. Francis greeted his arrival with great gusto, and the sound of Francis' laughter and Kreisel's Austrian accent dominated the spiffy atmosphere of the restaurant along High Street at which Kreisel had directed us to meet him. For a while Kreisel held forth on a way to make a financial killing by shifting money between the politically divided parts of Europe. Avrion Mitchison then rejoined us, and the conversation for a short time reverted to the casual banter of the intellectual middle class. This sort of small talk, however, was not Kreisel's meat, and so Avrion and I excused ourselves to walk along the medieval streets toward my lodgings. By then I was pleasantly drunk and spoke at length of what we could do when we had DNA.

I gave John and Elizabeth Kendrew the scoop about DNA when I joined them for breakfast on

Monday morning. Elizabeth appeared delighted that success was almost within our grasp, while John took the news more calmly. When it came out that Francis was again in an inspired mood and I had nothing more solid to report than enthusiasm, he became lost to the sections of *The Times* which spoke about the first days of the new Tory government. Soon afterward, John went to his rooms in Peterhouse, leaving Elizabeth and me to digest the implications of my unanticipated luck. I did not remain long, since the sooner I could get back to the lab the quicker we could find out which of the several possible answers would be favored by a hard look at the molecular models themselves.

Both Francis and I, however, knew that the models in the Cavendish would not be completely satisfactory. They had been constructed by John some eighteen months before, for the work on the three-dimensional shape of the polypeptide chain. There existed no accurate representations of the groups of atoms unique to DNA. Neither phosphorus atoms nor the purine and pyrimidine bases were on hand. Rapid improvisation would be necessary since there was no time for Max to give a rush order for their construction. Making brand-new models might take all of a week, whereas an answer was possible within a day or so. Thus as soon as I got to the lab I began adding bits of copper wire to some of our carbon-atom models, thereby changing them into the larger-sized phosphorus atoms.

Much more difficulty came from the necessity to fabricate representations of the inorganic ions. Unlike the other constituents, they obeyed no simple-minded rules telling us the angles at which they would form their respective chemical bonds. Most likely we had to know the correct DNA structure before the right models could be made. I maintained the hope, however, that Francis might already be on to the vital trick and would immediately blurt it out when he got to the lab. Over eighteen hours had passed since our last conversation, and there was little chance that the Sunday papers would have distracted him upon his return to the Green Door.

His tenish entrance, however, did not bring the answer. After Sunday supper he had again run through the dilemma but saw no quick answer. The problem was then put aside for a rapid scanning of a novel on the sexual misjudgments of Cambridge dons. The book had its brief good moments, and even in its most ill-conceived pages there was the question of whether any of their friends' lives had been seriously drawn on in the construction of the plot.

Over morning coffee Francis nonetheless exuded confidence that enough experimental data might already be on hand to determine the outcome. We might be able to start the game with several completely different sets of facts and yet always hit the same final answers. Perhaps the whole problem

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would fall out just by our concentrating on the prettiest way for a polynucleotide chain to fold up. So while Francis continued thinking about the meaning of the X-ray diagram, I began to assemble the various atomic models into several chains, each several nucleotides in length. Though in nature DNA chains are very long, there was no reason to put together anything massive. As long as we could be sure it was a helix, the assignment of the positions for only a couple of nucleotides automatically generated the arrangement of all the other components.

The routine assembly task was over by one, when Francis and I walked over to the Eagle for our habitual lunch with the chemist Herbert Gutfreund. These days, John usually went to Peterhouse while Max always cycled home. Occasionally John's student Hugh Huxley would join us, but of late he was finding it difficult to enjoy Francis' inquisitive lunchtime attacks. For just prior to my arrival in Cambridge, Hugh's decision to take up the problem of how muscles contract had focused Francis' attention on the unforeseen opportunity that, for twenty years or so, muscle physiologists had been accumulating data without tying them into a self-consistent picture. Francis found it a perfect situation for action. There was no need for him to ferret out the relevant experiments since Hugh had already waded through the undigested mass. Lunch after lunch, the facts were put together to form theories which held for a day or so, until Hugh could convince Francis that a result he would like ascribed to experimental error was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Now the construction of Hugh's X-ray camera was completed, and soon he hoped to get experimental evidence to settle the debatable points. The fun would be all lost if somehow Francis could correctly predict what he was going to find.

But there was no need that day for Hugh to fear a new intellectual invasion. When we walked into the Eagle, Francis did not exchange his usual raucous greetings with the Persian economist Ephraim Eshag, but gave the undistilled impression that something serious was up. The actual model building would start right after lunch, and more concrete plans must be formulated to make the process efficient. So over our gooseberry pie we looked at the pros and cons of one, two, three, and four chains, quickly dismissing one-chain helices as incompatible with the evidence in our hands. As to the forces that held the chains together, the best guess seemed to be salt bridges in which divalent cations like Mg^{++} held together two or more phosphate groups. Admittedly there was no evidence that Rosy's samples contained any divalent ions, and so we might be sticking our necks out. On the other hand, there was absolutely no evidence against our hunch. If only the King's groups had thought about models, they would have asked which salt was present and we would not be placed in this

tiresome position. But, with luck, the addition of magnesium or possibly calcium ions to the sugar-phosphate backbone would quickly generate an elegant structure, the correctness of which would not be debatable.

Our first minutes with the models, though, were not joyous. Even though only about fifteen atoms were involved, they kept falling out of the awkward pincers set up to hold them the correct distance from one another. Even worse, the uncomfortable impression arose that there were no obvious restrictions on the bond angles between several of the most important atoms. This was not at all nice. Pauling had cracked the α -helix by ruthlessly following up his knowledge that the peptide bond was flat. To our annoyance, there seemed every reason to believe that the phosphodiester bonds which bound together the successive nucleotides in DNA might exist in a variety of shapes. At least with our level of chemical intuition, there was unlikely to be any single conformation much prettier than the rest.

After tea, however, a shape began to emerge which brought back our spirits. Three chains twisted about each other in a way that gave rise to a crystallographic repeat every 28 Å along the helical axis. This was a feature demanded by Maurice's and Rosy's pictures, so Francis was visibly reassured as he stepped back from the lab bench and surveyed the afternoon's effort. Admittedly a few of the atomic contacts were still too close for comfort, but after all, the fiddling had just begun. With a few hours' more work, a presentable model should be on display.

Ebullient spirits prevailed during the evening meal at the Green Door. Though Odile could not follow what we were saying, she was obviously cheered by the fact that Francis was about to bring off his second triumph within the month. If this course of events went on, they would soon be rich and could own a car. At no moment did Francis see any point in trying to simplify the matter for Odile's benefit. Ever since she had told him that gravity only went three miles into the sky, this aspect of their relationship was set. Not only did she not know any science, but any attempt to put some in her head would be a losing fight against the years of her convent upbringing. The most to hope for was an appreciation of the linear way in which money was measured.

Our conversation instead centered upon a young art student then about to marry Odile's friend Harmut Weil. This capture was mildly displeasing to Francis. It was about to remove the prettiest girl from their party circle. Moreover, there was more than one thing cloudy about Harmut. He had come out of a German university tradition that believed in dueling. There was also his undeniable skill in persuading numerous Cambridge women to pose for his camera.

All thought of women, however, was banished by the time Francis breezed into the lab just before

morning coffee. Soon, when several atoms had been pushed in or out, the three-chain model began to look quite reasonable. The next obvious step would be to check it with Rosy's quantitative measurements. The model would certainly fit with the general locations of the X-ray reflections, for its essential helical parameters had been chosen to fit the seminar facts I had conveyed to Francis. If it were right, however, the model would also accurately predict the relative intensities of the various X-ray reflections.

A quick phone call was made to Maurice. Francis explained how the helical diffraction theory allowed a rapid survey of possible DNA models, and that he and I had just come up with a creature which might be the answer we were all awaiting. The best thing would be for Maurice immediately to come and look it over. But Maurice gave no definite date, saying he thought he might make it sometime within the week. Soon after the phone was put down, John came in to see how Maurice had taken the news of the breakthrough. Francis found it hard to sum up his reply. It was almost as if Maurice were indifferent to what we were doing.

In the midst of further fiddling that afternoon, a call came through from King's. Maurice would come up on the 10:10 train from London the following morning. Moreover, he would not be alone. His collaborator Willy Seeds would also come. Even more to the point was that Rosy, together with her student R. G. Gosling, would be on the same train. Apparently they were still interested in the answer.

Maurice decided to take a cab from the station to the lab. Ordinarily he would have come by bus, but now there were four of them to share the cost. Moreover, there would be no satisfaction in waiting at the bus stop with Rosy. It would make the present uncomfortable situation worse than it need be. His well-intentioned remarks never came off, and even now, when the possibility of humiliation hung over them, Rosy was as indifferent as ever to his presence and directed all her attention to Gosling. There was only the slightest effort made at a united appearance when Maurice poked his head into our lab to say they had come. Especially in sticky situations like this, Maurice thought that a few minutes without science was the way to proceed. Rosy, however, had not come here to throw out foolish words but quickly wanted to know where things stood.

Neither Max nor John did anything to take the stage away from Francis. This was his day, and after they came in to greet Maurice they both pleaded pressure of their work to retire behind the closed doors of their joint office. Before the delegation's arrival, Francis and I had agreed to reveal our progress in two stages. Francis would first sum up the advantages of the helical theory. Then together we could explain

how we had arrived at the proposed model for DNA. Afterward we could go to the Eagle for lunch, leaving the afternoon free to discuss how we could all proceed with the final phases of the problem.

The first part of the show ran on schedule. Francis saw no reason to understate the power of the helical theory and within several minutes revealed the way Bessel functions gave neat answers. None of the visitors, however, gave any indication of sharing Francis' delight. Instead of wishing to do something with the pretty equations, Maurice wanted to concentrate on the fact that the theory did not go beyond some mathematics his colleague Stokes had worked out without all this fanfare. Stokes had solved the problem in the train while going home one evening and had produced the theory on a small sheet of paper the next morning.

Rosy did not give a hoot about the priority of the creation of the helical theory, and as Francis prattled on, she displayed increasing irritation. The sermon was unnecessary, since to her mind there was not a shred of evidence that DNA was helical. Whether this was the case would come out of further X-ray work. Inspection of the model itself only increased her disdain. Nothing in Francis' argument justified all this fuss. She became positively aggressive when we got on the topic of Mg^{++} ions that held together the phosphate groups of our three-chain model. This feature had no appeal at all to Rosy, who curtly pointed out that the Mg^{++} ions would be surrounded by tight shells of water molecules and so were unlikely to be the kingpins of a tight structure.

Most annoyingly, her objections were not mere perversity: at this stage the embarrassing fact came out that my recollection of the water content of Rosy's DNA samples could not be right. The awkward truth became apparent that the correct DNA model must contain at least ten times more water than found in our model. This did not mean that we were necessarily wrong — with luck the extra water might be fudged into vacant regions on the periphery of our helix. On the other hand, there was no escaping the conclusion that our argument was soft. As soon as the possibility arose that much more water was involved, the number of potential DNA models alarmingly increased.

Though Francis could not help dominating the lunchtime conversation, his mood was no longer that of a confident master lecturing hapless colonial children who until then had never experienced a first-rate intellect. The group holding the ball was clear to all. The best way to salvage something from the day was to come to an agreement about the next round of experiments. In particular, only a few weeks' work should be necessary to see whether the DNA structure was dependent upon the exact ions used to neutralize the negative phosphate groups. Then the beastly uncertainty about whether Mg^{++} ions were

important could vanish. With this accomplished, another round of model building could start, and, given luck, it might occur by Christmas.

Our subsequent after-lunch walk into King's and along the backs to Trinity did not, however, reveal any converts. Rosy and Gosling were pugnaciously assertive; their future course of action would be unaffected by their fifty-mile excursion into adolescent blather. Maurice and Willy Seeds gave more indication of being reasonable, but there was no certainty that this was anything more than a reflection of a desire not to agree with Rosy.

The situation did not improve when we got back to the lab. Francis did not want to surrender immediately, so he went through some of the actual details of how we went about the model building. Nonetheless, he quickly lost heart when it became apparent that I was the only one joining the conversation. Moreover, by this time neither of us really wanted to look at our model. All its glamour had vanished, and the crudely improvised phosphorus atoms gave no hint that they would ever neatly fit into something of value. Then when Maurice mentioned that if they moved with haste, the bus might enable them to get the 3:40 train to Liverpool Street Station, we quickly said good-bye.

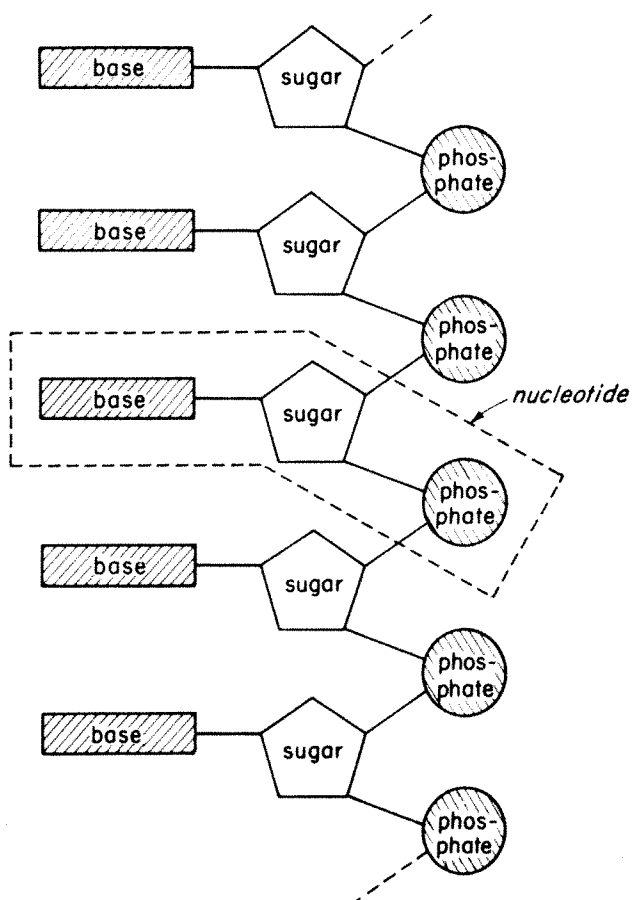
Rosy's triumph all too soon filtered up the stairs to Bragg. There was nothing to do but appear unperturbed as the news of the upset confirmed the fact that Francis might move faster if occasionally he would close his mouth. The consequences spread in a predictable fashion. Clearly this was the moment for Maurice's boss to discuss with Bragg whether it made sense for Crick and the American to duplicate King's heavy investment in DNA.

Sir Lawrence had had too much of Francis to be surprised that he had again stirred up an unnecessary tempest. There was no telling where he would let loose the next explosion. If he continued to behave this way, he could easily spend the next five years in the lab without collecting sufficient data to warrant an honest Ph.D. The chilling prospect of enduring Francis throughout the remaining years of his tenure as the Cavendish Professor was too much to ask of Bragg or anyone with a normal set of nerves. Besides, for all too long he had lived under the shadow of his famous father, with most people falsely thinking that his father, not he, was responsible for the sharp insight behind Bragg's Law. Now when he should be enjoying the rewards accorded the most prestigious chair in science, he had to be responsible for the outrageous antics of an unsuccessful genius.

The decision was thus passed on to Max that Francis and I must give up DNA. Bragg felt no qualms that this might impede science, since inquiries to Max and John had revealed nothing original in our

approach. After Pauling's success, no one could claim that faith in helices implied anything but an uncomplicated brain. Letting the King's group have the first go at helical models was the right thing in any circumstance. Crick could then buckle down to his thesis task of investigating the ways that hemoglobin crystals shrink when they are placed in salt solutions of different density. A year to eighteen months of steady work might tell something more solid about the shape of the hemoglobin molecule. With a Ph.D. in his pocket Crick could then seek employment elsewhere.

No attempt was made to appeal the verdict. To the relief of Max and John, we refrained from publicly questioning Bragg's decision. An open outcry would reveal that our Professor was completely in the dark about what the initials DNA stood for. There was no reason to believe that he gave it



A more detailed view of the covalent bonds of the sugar-phosphate backbone.

one hundredth the importance of the structure of metals, for which he took great delight in making soap-bubble models. Nothing then gave Sir Lawrence more pleasure than showing his ingenious motion-picture film of how bubbles bump each other.

Our reasonableness did not arise, however, from a desire to keep peace with Bragg. Lying low made

sense because we were up the creek with models based on sugar-phosphate cores. No matter how we looked at them, they smelled bad. On the day following the visit from King's, a hard look was given both to the ill-fated three-chain affair and to a number of possible variants. One couldn't be sure, but the impression was there that any model placing the sugar-phosphate backbone in the center of a helix forced atoms closer together than the laws of chemistry allowed. Positioning one atom the proper distance from its neighbor often caused a distant atom to become jammed impossibly close to its partners.

A fresh start would be necessary to get the problem rolling again. Sadly, however, we realized that the impetuous tangle with King's would dry up our source of new experimental results. Subsequent invitations to the research colloquia were not to be expected, and even the most casual questioning of Maurice would provoke the suspicion that we were at it again. What was worse was the virtual certainty that cessation of model building on our part would not be accompanied by a burst of corresponding activity in their lab. So far, to our knowledge, King's had not built any three-dimensional models of the necessary atoms. Nonetheless, our offer to speed that task by giving them the Cambridge molds for making the models was only halfheartedly received. Maurice did say, though, that within a few weeks someone might be found to put something together, and it was arranged that the next time one of us went down to London the jigs could be dropped off at their lab.

Thus the prospects that anyone on the British side of the Atlantic would crack DNA looked dim as the Christmas holidays drew near. Though Francis went back to proteins, obliging Bragg by working on his thesis was not to his liking. Instead, after a few days of relative silence, he began to spout about super-helical arrangements of the α -helix itself. Only during the lunch hour could I be sure that he would talk DNA. Fortunately, John Kendrew sensed that the moratorium on working on DNA did not extend to thinking about it. At no time did he try to reinterest me in myoglobin. Instead, I used the dark and chilly days to learn more theoretical chemistry or to leaf through journals, hoping that possibly there existed a forgotten clue to DNA.

The book I poked open the most was Francis' copy of *The Nature of the Chemical Bond*. Increasingly often, when Francis needed it to look up a crucial bond length, it would turn up on the quarter bench of lab space that John had given to me for experimental work. Somewhere in Pauling's masterpiece I hoped the real secret would lie. Thus Francis' gift to me of a second copy was a good omen. On the flyleaf was the inscription, "To Jim from Francis — Christmas '51." The remnants of Christianity were indeed useful.

I did not sit through the Christmas holidays in Cambridge. Avron Mitchison had invited me to Carradale, the home of his parents, on the Mull of Kintyre. This was real luck, since over holidays Av's mother, Naomi, the celebrated writer, and his Labor MP father, Dick, were known to fill their large house with odd assortments of lively minds. Moreover, Naomi was a sister of England's most clever and eccentric biologist, J. B. S. Haldane. Neither the feeling that our DNA work had hit a roadblock nor the uncertainty of getting paid for the year was of much concern when I joined Av and his sister Val at Euston Station. No seats were left on the overnight Glasgow train, giving us a ten-hour journey seated on luggage listening to Val comment on the dull, boorish habits of the Americans who each year are deposited in increasing numbers at Oxford.

At Glasgow we found my sister Elizabeth, who had flown to Prestwick from Copenhagen. Two weeks previously she had sent a letter relating that she was pursued by a Dane. Instantly I sensed impending disaster, for he was a successful actor. At once I inquired whether I could bring Elizabeth to Carradale. The affirmative reply I received with much relief, since it was inconceivable that my sister could think about settling in Denmark after two weeks of an eccentric country house.

Dick Mitchison met the Campbelltown bus at the turnoff for Carradale to drive us the final twenty hilly miles to the tiny Scottish fishing village where he and Naomi had lived for the past twenty years. Dinner was still going on as we emerged from a stone passage, which connected the gunroom with several larders, into a dining room dominated by sharp authoritative chatter. Av's zoologist brother Murdoch had already come, and he enjoyed cornering people to talk about how cells divide. More often, the theme was politics and the awkward cold war thought up by the American paranoids, who should be back in the law offices of Middle Western towns.

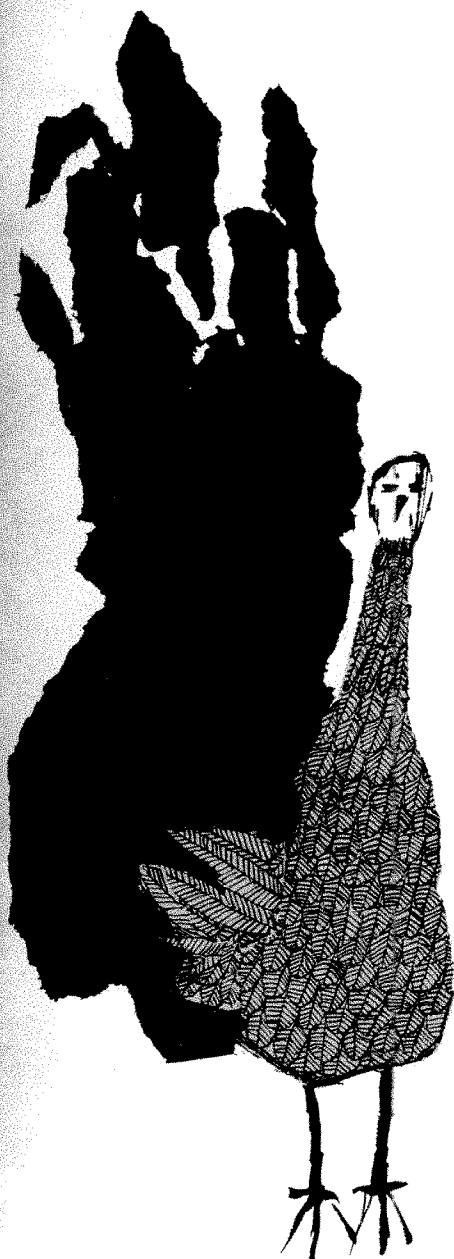
Upon my return to Cambridge I had expected to hear from the States about my fellowship, but there was no official communication to greet me. Since Luria had written me in November not to worry, the absence of firm news by now seemed ominous. Apparently no decision had been made and the worst was to be expected. The ax, however, could at most be only annoying. John and Max gave me assurance that a small English stipend could be dug up if I was completely cut off. Only in late January did my suspense end, with the arrival of a letter from Washington: I was sacked. The letter quoted the section of the fellowship award stating that the fellowship was valid only for work in the designated institution. My violation of this provision gave them no choice but to revoke the award.

(To be concluded)

accent

Tail-Wagging Warbler

by R. G. G. Price



The harish bird of East Nepal, long believed to be extinct, has turned up again, and my paper says it can produce a musical sound from its tail. This is a skill that any creature could be proud of; but what conditions can evolution have thought it was fitting the harish bird for? Perhaps it is very greedy and its mouth is always full, so that if it didn't issue its love calls from the other end, the breed would die out — as, apparently, it nearly did. Evolution has contributed a good deal to the gaiety of nations, what with the peacock's fan, the hummingbird's hum, and the chameleon's chromatic versatility, and it deserves the credit for this particular addition to the resources of entertainment.

If the bird had not been rediscovered but had survived only in legend, we would never have believed in its caudal music, which would have seemed just a part of its fabulousness. As the story moved westward along the great trade routes, it would have grown more marvelous, and modern skepticism would have rejected the lot, the true with the false, the melody with the ability to cure the quinsy by its tears or to turn itself into an aeolian harp when menaced. We would have laughed in a superior way when we opened a moldering calf-bound volume and read, "The harish bird doth approach his love humbly, scilicet retrowise, and doth pour out music of angelic sweetness from his tail. These sounds be said to resemble the Lydian mode. If a witch be fanned seven times with the feathers. . . ." Rationalism has left too many casualties.

Our zoologists are going to look pretty silly if a phoenix rises out of some ashes in Kurdistan or a unicorn is taken captive by a virgin in a London park. (The virgin would be as improbable as the beast.) One day the Abominable Snowman may be found. Perhaps he may turn out to be another entertainer, not just making fire, like Neanderthal man, but eating it at parties. Many legends are coming true already — men changing into women, monster builders who make Frankenstein seem like a primitive, chariots that cross the sky faster than sound, including sounds that take off from the harish bird's vivacious rear.

Not all the legends in the books are zoological. For example, the

Holy Roman emperor Frederick Barbarossa (1152–1190) was long believed to be living in a cavern near Salzburg. His beard continued to grow, and fairly soon after his arrival underground it had grown twice around the great table at which he and his knights sat in a trance. When it had grown around a third time, he was going to bring Germany a golden age. If some party of archaeologists, crowded out of the hunt for the Dead Sea Scrolls, ran across him and brought him around, there could be tensions. The cave is at Berchtesgaden, and Frederick might easily feel jealous of the rival local celebrity. Let us hope the team's sponsor, say the University of Pennsylvania, would be lucky and discover he had a fine bass and cover the cost of the expedition out of his recordings.

Can we be sure that Assyrian winged bulls exist only in museums, and museums with strong floors? If some live in a backwater on the Iraqi-Iranian border, I should expect them to be grounded, like the duckbill platypus. Those wings look aerodynamically unsound to me. But they are certainly picturesque, and used rather like fans, would be the making of a courtship dance. Lucky the traveler who sees winged bulls gyrating to the music of a migratory harish bird.

Do melodies produced from tail feathers count as birdsong? I suspect that neither Shelley nor Wordsworth would have been so enthusiastic about skylarks if the silver sound had come from the inferior end. Poets ought to show appreciation of originality; but there is a certain prejudice. However, the whole topic is complex and ambiguous, and very short on facts. Am I even right in assuming that the bird is dumb? Perhaps the throat produces the melody and the tail the harmony. Which end is the rhythm section? Ornithologists may know much more than leaked into the press. Lazily, I don't want to hear. No facts can possibly irradiate my imagination like this tantalizing glimpse of nature's endless riches. I am prepared to believe that East Nepal is crammed with exciting rarities.

My encyclopedia gives me the feeling that the whole country is on the odd side. Autos have to be dis-

R. G. G. Price lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH as well as the ATLANTIC.

mantled and carried in by hand, to be reassembled for use on the one good road; but the first manufacture on the list it gives is matches. Perhaps the strain of attaining a fully developed transport system with only spare parts and of supplying the flame deficiency caused by a complete absence of lighters rather distracted attention from the local wildlife, though to me, sitting comfortably in the West, it seems peculiar that a bird of such marked individuality should have escaped notice long enough to be thought extinct.

Perhaps what happened was that when white naturalists interrupted a group of elders as they chattered in the bazaar, to get rid of their irritating inquiries the elders told them that the bird had died out. Being, like most naturalists, men who believed what foreigners told them, they went off to New Zealand moa hunting, or roc hunting in Arabia. The elders would then continue their excited conversation about

their country's industrial development — now there were to be matchboxes with jokes on them, starting with one about two Sherpas meeting on Everest — and then they would fall into a fierce argument over where the steering wheel went in the new four-seater; if they could only fit the contents of the packages together in the right order, they could spend the afternoon on Katmandu.

I wonder whether there is much interest in its homeland in the bird's re-emergence. News of it will arouse more comment along the urban motorways of more industrialized lands, where the birdsong is drowned by the noise of progress and men sit in traffic jams reading wistfully about this tuneful nonconformer, this odd, lovable creature. But even "lovable" is a guess. The story contained no indication of size. I hope I haven't been sentimentalizing over something with the dimensions, and the personality, of a buzzard.

An Investigation Into the Causes of Hyperpedantism

by Charles Price Ridley

Beyond his work in pedantry, Charles Ridley is a research associate in Chinese studies at the Hoover Institution of Stanford University.

It has been known from early times that scholars are frequently afflicted by a syndrome characterized by compulsive attention to minute details, hyperbibliophilia, and insomnia. Early investigators were of the opinion that this disorder was of psychogenic origin and resulted from the arrestation of psychic development at the anal erotic stage. This conclusion has long been felt to be inadequate, and a number of workers, calling attention to such secondary symptoms as the sallow complexion, general emaciation, and muscular atrophy characteristic of the scholar, have hypothesized an endocrine origin. However, initial research along these lines proved inconclusive.

In a unique experiment designed to demonstrate the presence of the postulated "pedantic" hormone, ten research scholars were subjected to textual stimulation.¹ The stimulus objects consisted of unfootnoted papers chosen from the subjects' fields of specialization. Immediately upon presentation of the stimulus objects, the subjects experienced a rapid rise in pulse rate and blood pressure. Each subject was permitted to document his assigned text for a period of

Poets

by X. J. Kennedy

"These people are . . . quenched. I mean the natives." — D. H. Lawrence, letter of August 14, 1923, from Dover, New Jersey.

Le vierge, le vivace, et le bel aujourd'hui . . .

What were they like as schoolboys? Long on themes
And short of wind, perpetually outclassed,
Breaking their glasses, always chosen last
When everyone was sorted out in teams,

Moody, a little dull, the kind that squirmed
At hurt cats, shrank from touching cracked-up birds,
With all but plain girls at a loss for words,
Having to ask to have their fishhooks wormed,

Snuffers of candles every priest thought nice,
Quenching their own wicks nightly, eyes put down
And smoldering. In Dover, my home town,
No winter passed but we had swans in ice,

Birds of their quill: so beautiful, so dumb,
They'd let a window glaze about their feet,
Not seeing through their dreams till time to eat.
A fireman with a blowtorch had to come

Thaw the dopes loose. Sun-silvered, plumes aflap,
Weren't they grand, though? — not that you'd notice it,
Crawling along a ladder, getting bit,
Numb to the bone, enduring all their crap.

¹ The scholars participating in this study included specialists in the following disciplines: classical literature,^a educational philosophy,^b experimental psychology,^c comparative education,^d and Chinese history.^e Other scholars included experts in comparative primate proctology, metaphoristic linguistics, psychoentomology, the calculus of nonexistent functions, and tetrachoric factor analysis of Sioux courtship patterns.

^a The function of the ablative case in Roman poets of the republican period.

^b Comparative studies on the effects of classroom use of fluorescent and incandescent lighting on badminton scores in elementary school children.

^c Mastery of Ping Pong ball pushing in mature pigeons as a function of traumatic prepuberal socialization experiences.

^d The pencil sharpener as a means of cultural stimulation in disadvantaged nations.

^e Styles of dress among imperial concubines during periods of dynastic decline.

one hour, after which blood samples were taken.

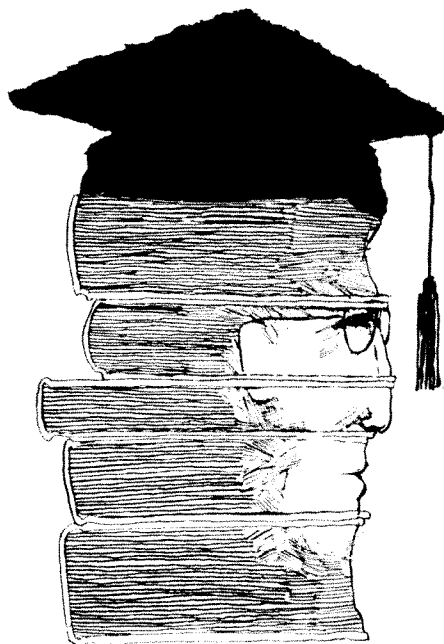
Microanalysis of the blood samples indicated the presence of a high concentration of a Pituitrin-like substance. In order to test the exogenous properties of this substance, two groups of scholars — an experimental group, and a control group treated with physiological saline — were instructed to write short papers on subjects of their choice. Scholars treated with the Pituitrin-like substance produced twice as many footnotes as did the control group and exhibited a pronounced tendency to footnote their already extensive footnotes. Further chemical analysis confirmed that the substance was closely related to Pituitrin, and it was tentatively designated as “pedantin.”

Several investigators using pedantin tagged with radioactive carbon have reported that high concentrations occur in the pituitary gland, and a recent histological study has pinpointed a small area of the pituitary, the “pars pedantica,” which is made up of glandular tissue and which elaborates pedantin. Additional radiobiological tests have demonstrated that many productive scholars suffer from frank hypertrophy of the pars pedantica, and that the severity of the affliction is in direct proportion to the eminence of the scholar in his field.²

On the basis of the experiments in textual stimulation, some workers have postulated the existence of a cortical pedantic center which, when excited, triggers the elaboration and secretion of pedantin. Extensive histological studies are now in progress, and it is hoped that the precise location of the center and its nervous connections with the pars pedantica can be ascertained in the near future.

Although opinion in the medical profession is divided, the majority of practitioners believe that hormonal therapy is the preferred mode of treatment for chronic hyperpedantism. The profession is in unanimous agreement that excision of the pars

pedantica is to be avoided if at all possible, unless the presenting hyperpedantism is accompanied by indications of prepsychotic behavior or other severe and disruptive psychological states.³ On the other hand, it has been suggested that aspiring doctoral candidates be given a regular course of pedantin therapy in order to increase the



tediousness, and consequently the scholarly worth, of their seminar papers and doctoral dissertations.⁴

Thus, present knowledge concerning hyperpedantism is still rather limited. It is our hope that future research will succeed in clarifying the remaining gaps in our understanding of this significant condition.

³ Only one case necessitating radical pedantectomy has come to our attention. The afflicted pedant was referred for medical treatment by the editor of a scholarly journal to which he had submitted a ninety-page treatise consisting of footnotes without an accompanying text. Subsequent to complete excision of the pars pedantica, the pedant ceased publication entirely, and shortly thereafter was forced to retire from university teaching. He has since made a satisfactory adjustment as an encyclopedia salesman.

⁴ Preliminary experimentation has been conducted on graduate students dismissed from doctoral programs on the grounds of insufficient elaboration of footnotes. Four such “failures” were treated with pedantin (“Pedantules” — i.e., pedantin hydrochloride time capsules, USP) over a six-month period. Upon readmission to graduate study, they succeeded in maintaining highly satisfactory records. Relapse occurred in one case when medication was discontinued.

Why Learn the Language?

by David MacNeil Doren

David MacNeil Doren is a native of Syracuse, New York, who sojourned in Sweden after living for six years in Crete.

I came across a little story recently about a retired Englishman who prefers *not* to learn the language of the country he is living in. On those few occasions when he started to learn a language, he found that his life became complicated, and he was forced to move on.

This reminded me of a college classmate I had once. He was a war veteran whose ears had been damaged in a plane crash, so that he always had to wear a hearing aid. He used to sit at the back of the room during lectures, and when the professor had droned on a bit too long, he would simply switch off the gadget and sit there musing idly in a pool of silence in his own world.

I always envied that student, but it was not until I started to live abroad most of the time that I discovered another way of duplicating his act of retirement from an intrusive world. Like the retired Englishman, I prefer to live in countries whose languages I do not know. When others' words become a mere blur of incomprehensible syllables, one's own thoughts sail on undisturbed.

When I went to live in Greece some years ago, I decided not to learn the language — or languages, rather, for in that confusing country there are at least two separate languages: the *katharevusa*, or “purified” speech of orators and other snobs, and the *demotiki*, or popular tongue of the masses. There is also the newspaper language, which is a mixture of the two; not to mention all the local dialects. I decided not to learn any of them.

For the first three years my efforts, or lack of them, met with complete success: I did not learn enough Greek to be disturbed by it. I picked up just enough to get by in shops and restaurants, and to hold simple colloquies with shepherds and fishermen whom I met in my rambles. Those were three of the most tranquil years of my life — mainly, I believe, because I had never had so much time for my own thoughts. During those years there was a succession of political crises, in Cyprus

² Scholastic eminence is determined by obtaining the “coefficient of productive scholarship.” This is the ratio of total publications produced (T_p) to duration of academic career in years (C_y):

$$\frac{T_p}{C_y} = s_p$$

and elsewhere, and some of my foreign friends who had learned fluent Greek complained bitterly about all the bombast and rhetoric they were forced to listen to from every *kafeneion* orator they met. I never heard a word of all that: confronted with my linguistic stone wall, even the gabbiest Greeks had to throw up their hands and admit defeat.

While my friends who had thoughtlessly picked up the language had to undergo this *martyrion* (to use a Greek expression that I did not learn), I would just sit there, with my hearing aid off, as it were, observing the life around me. For I had made a remarkable discovery: my powers of observation had improved when I became free to not listen. I learned to prefer the eyes to the ears. "Believe what you see, not what you hear," says a Muslim proverb. (This was especially true in Crete, where I spent most of my time. Saint Paul complained that "all Cretans are liars," and the tradition goes back even farther, to Epimenides, a sixth-century-B.C. Cretan philosopher and verbal trickster who posed the riddle: "All Cretans are liars; Epimenides is a Cretan; is Epimenides a liar?") But even the Cretans, with over 2500 years of experience behind them, could not lie without their language. It takes a very great actor to lie without using words: commonly people's movements and the expression of their eyes will give them away to a keen observer.

Sometimes friends from America, and other foreigners, would come to see me. They would say, "Of course, you speak Greek fluently by now?"

"No," I would answer matter-of-factly, "I hardly know a word."



Reckrimination on the Edge

by Stephen Dunn

Whaleback steamer on the fall of horizon,
convex, flying a flag that blurs in dusklight, west-
bound, knot speed not much, at least not from the lub
of land where you sit building sand castles

on the ocean's lip, preferring
the snail-shell roar to the real thing, meticulous
with your clothes and clock time, obeying
the orderliness of land and thinking the sea

on this calm day is wild, wild in its seeming
disregard, its jello-shouldered shrugging, its confidence,
like that of a woman with secrets, of irresistible come-
on. Gray speck The whaleback steamer, suitor

with sea guts, your diminution,
adversary, nail bed — already past the first wet kiss — turns
you to your Mustang parked on the cliff and memories
of beautiful women, stared at, and left; duck soup.

"But you have been here for
years!"

"It hasn't been easy, but then I
am a complete linguistic idiot."

And then (especially if they were
Europeans) they would start to look
down on me. Language snobbery is
endemic throughout Europe; com-
petition is keen, and many fall by the
way. One woman I knew, whose
Greek was quite good, confessed that
she became absolutely tongue-tied
in the presence of any of her coun-
trymen who happened to speak a
little better Greek than she did. I
provided them with an easy victory.

Sometimes I would tell people,
"How can I start learning Greek
when I still haven't learned Eng-
lish?"

They nearly always regarded this
remark, which I made in all sin-
cerity, as either a flippancy or a
piece of incomprehensible stupidity.
Yet it is quite true: hardly anyone
learns his own language properly,
let alone a foreign tongue as com-
plex as Greek. After all, English is
the world's leading language now —
I can read anything I want in it —
so why should I sweat and strain to
learn (imperfectly) another language
in which to be bombarded with addi-
tional trivialities?

Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learned than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

Samuel Butler knew.

I would not wish to impose my
method upon everyone — far be it

from me to deprive anyone of the
undoubted pleasure of learning lan-
guages — any more than I would
wish to prohibit the reading of
mysteries or the solving of puzzles.
To each his own. For my part, I
would rather keep my pool of silence.

However, it didn't work out quite
as I had hoped. After three years
something totally unexpected began
to happen. I found that I was speak-
ing and understanding Greek in
spite of myself. I had picked it up
by sheer osmosis — as a child learns
a language.

From that day on, my peace of
mind suffered. My life began to
change; complications entered in.
The tangled grapevine of village
gossip and intrigue wrapped itself
around my once simple life. I had
to listen to political discussions, and
to offer my own opinions on such dis-
tressing matters as Vietnam, Cyprus,
the Church versus the State.

Finally it was too much. Like the
retired Englishman, I had to move
on. I am now in Sweden. There is
little danger that I will learn enough
of this vowel-crazy speech to disturb
my inner repose — at least not for
several years, by which time the
climate will probably have driven
me out anyway. I have learned the
barest minimum necessary to get by
in this formalistic land. I can say
"Thank you" four different ways:
Tack tack, Tack so mycket, Tusen tack,
and *Manga tack*. It makes a very
good impression. They have no
word for "Please."

places

Passion on a Bicycle

by Henry S. Resnik

I am obsessed with bicycling in New York. My passion began rather innocently in January, 1965, when I bought a brand-new Raleigh, equipped with a basket and a strident chromium bell. Frankly, though, it was still just a bicycle, and as I labored home over seventy blocks of surprisingly hilly avenue, I began to wonder if the bicycle wasn't a mistake, like the accordion I bought when I was an avaricious, callow eighteen and which I sold to my avaricious, callow seventeen-year-old cousin a few months later.

I did not just wake up one day and think, Here's a fun idea: I'm going to buy a bicycle! On the contrary, my purchase was riddled with ulterior motives. Like so many people who are afflicted with contemporary megalopolis-itis, I had been falling into a sedentary life that somehow managed to be as temptingly sweet as it was sedentary. I was gaining weight. I needed girth control, and if I hadn't already made the resolution to get plenty of exercise, I probably would have returned the bicycle after that first ride.

But I didn't. I pedaled relentlessly here and there, hating every minute of it, my hands numb, my old overcoat chewed by gears, my face scarlet for hours when I managed to get inside a building, my legs constantly tired and aching. I thought viciously of all the cyclists in the world, of their (doubtless) egomaniacal boasts of forty-mile, day-long rides, of their silly little hosteling trips and their substandard living conditions and their stale bread and cheese. Since I needed the overcoat for civilized occasions, I finally bought a ski parka, the most practical winter uniform for cycling but, to my childish nonconformist mind, one of the most loathsome.

I had never been in better shape, however. I could have accomplished this by doing ten miles a day on an exercycle, I suppose, but since I have always associated physical fitness programs, even solitary ones, with shrill-whistling sadists in immaculate sweat clothes, I needed an elaborate rationale to keep me going. Thus, I consoled myself with frequent reminders about how convenient a bike was for visiting friends in the neighborhood, for minor shopping errands (in spite of bad experiences with a small filing cabinet, which I could not carry on the bike at all, and the New York Post, which

blew away in sections before I reached home), and how useful it would be for impressing dates with my athletic qualities, riding to meet them and casually parking it in their apartments. By the time March arrived, with its great swords of wind, drawn, it seemed, in Ardsley or Nyack and gathering strength as they commuted to Manhattan, I had a cruising range that included Bloomingdale's, the Plaza, homes of friends in the East Nineties, Lincoln Center, and the netherest regions of Columbia; I also had perpetually clenched teeth and an aching jaw — but no matter, I was healthy.

Spring came suddenly one day, and I shed my ski parka for a succession of expensive poor-boy turtle-necks, in which I cut a rather dashing figure as I streaked through Central Park, smiling my best Thomas P. F. Hoving smile and imagining that all the pedestrians could tell at a glance what a swinger I was. I was thin; I had strong legs, with more tendons than the average fellow; I had a completely new lease on life. At about this time I was also ready for a new lease on my apartment, and I decided to move to the Village. Every young man has to live in the Village before — or, as in my case, after — he settles down; my time had come. Filled with visions of great mounds of marijuana and blondes with straight hair down to the hems of their miniskirts, I boarded a subway bound for Sheridan Square.

My licentious fantasies might have come closer to realization if it weren't for a charming librarian whom I happened to be dating at the time and who lived on West Ninety-third Street. I liked her very much; she was not the *usual* librarian. She was a modern librarian — young, good-looking, and thoroughly trained in library science. She even had a miniskirt, though she never wore it to work. Since things were not serious enough between us to warrant my moving to the West Nineties, however, I finally took a place on Thirteenth Street, not quite in the middle of what I thought to be the capital of sin, but close enough to make eternal damnation pleasantly imminent.

To be fair, I cannot blame the librarian, who was incapable of guile, her miniskirt notwithstanding. Nor can I be sure that eighty blocks made the heart grow fonder. I sup-



pose the real cause of my disaster was the diabolical stage manager who has always lurked in the wings of my life, prompting me with the wrong cues at the most inappropriate moments. Whatever the reason (I prefer the stage-manager theory myself), I did not stop seeing my librarian; for weeks after the move, until the fatal evening, I commuted to her house by subway.

It was in June, and I clearly recall stepping on the scale that morning and shuddering to see that my weight had shot up two pounds over the ideal weight for my height and frame, according to the U.S. Health Service. Thoroughly depressed, I resigned myself to a dinner of stewed kale and an early, two-wheeled departure for Ninety-third Street.

The longest ride to date had been the seventy blocks home from the bicycle shop that first day. From my old apartment to Philharmonic Hall was approximately two miles, allowing for variations of route. But eighty blocks . . . well, eighty blocks was the big time, Marlboro country. If I was going against the wind, how many calories could I burn up riding eighty blocks? I left Thirteenth Street at 7:30, fully expecting to be a skeleton when I arrived at my destination a half hour later.

There was no wind at all that evening, however. The city was at the beginning of a two-month heat wave, and after five blocks of puffing up Eighth Avenue I was already beginning to tap my supply of emergency rationalizations. But I knew myself well enough to have made the evening's plans so rushed that I could not possibly take the time to go back and turn the bike in for a subway token. Small rivulets of sweat blew behind me like streamers as I rode, and my shirt was soaking by the time I reached what used to be the back of Penn Station.

The city has never seemed uglier to me than it was during the first half of that ride. Odors of soot, burned fuel, and Chinese-Latin cooking caromed off my nostrils, and I contemplated giving the bike away, or possibly making a quick sale at Times Square before I hopped the I.R.T. express. The clock on the Franklin Savings Bank at Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street said 7:45. I began to think that the desirability of being thin was a huge fraud perpetrated by

Madison Avenue hucksters, that I had submitted to their tricks like some ludicrous puppet. I realized, as I started up the long hill leading to a misty view of Columbus Circle, that I was *destined* to turn into a portly middle-aged man. I had been duped by subliminal Pepsi-generationism, and I had a moral obligation to grow old and fat as soon as possible; it was all I could do to advance the cause of individual rights.

By this time I was breathing the great wheezing gasps that used to overtake me when I ran for a moment in my smoking days. My vision, blurred by sweat, revealed a surrealistic cityscape, twisted and menacing. I saw green and red lights, heard the sound of angry horns, witnessed dark shapes advancing on me. My bike wobbled, but, letting out a shrill cry of "Aieeee!" or something of that kind, I forced a burst of speed and managed to cross Forty-seventh Street just in time to escape an onslaught of automobile and pedestrian traffic. I was congratulating myself on having gotten out of the whole thing alive when suddenly a bus rumbled past me, having also rushed the light, and missed me by no more than a few inches. As if to show me what it was capable of, the bus swerved toward the curb in front of me and stopped, forcing me to head for the sidewalk. Instead of crashing into the sidewalk and splitting my head open after tumbling over the handlebars, however, I steered between the monolithic intruder and the curbstone, skimmed several terrified ladies about to board, executed an incredible two-foot double turn between the front of the bus and a car parked directly in my path, and emerged . . .

Well, I certainly don't think I am overly boastful in saying that I emerged triumphant, that in those few moments I had proved myself a cyclist of such enormous cool, such dazzling technique, that I knew I would never again slow down for an advancing truck, veer to avoid a threatening limousine, or hesitate to plunge into the midst of a pedestrian phalanx. I had tasted blood, and now I knew what all those pillar-legged hostellers felt as they sat around their campfires, recalling the encounters and skirmishes of the day. Now I knew what this whole cycling business was really about. And to think that only a moment be-

fore my triumph I was actually thinking about giving it up. Dizzy with dreams of the Tour de France, I virtually flew to Ninety-third Street in a matter of minutes. When I reached the familiar brownstone, I lifted my Raleigh with one powerful hand and bore it up the four flights as if it were the beacon of the future.

Since then my cycling career has been all, so to speak, uphill. I continued to make the four-mile ride to Ninety-third Street and back throughout the summer until I met a high school teacher who lived in Boston. But by that time I was such a fanatic that I would get up at 7:00 just to have the streets more or less to myself, ride up Eighth Avenue to the park drive, make the entire circle of the park back to Seventh Avenue, and get home in time to catch part of *Don McNeil's Breakfast Club*.

Every great passion reaches a moment, of course, when it seems purer, more intense than it has ever been before or ever can be again; for me this moment came when I discovered third gear. It was Emily who introduced me to third gear. We met on the Sheep Meadow, late on a Constable sort of morning in July. I had been doing my circuit of the park when I suddenly heard music. I slowed down. It was Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, and unless someone had a superb hi-fi system or a live orchestra, I was even more insane than I had begun to think. I followed the music to the meadow, saw the temporary shell in which the New York Philharmonic was rehearsing for a performance that evening, prepared to stay for a while, and then . . . two wheels . . . a basket . . . and Emily!

Emily, wherever you are (and I assume that you are with your husband somewhere), I will not betray the rest of that rapturous morning. The ride on the mall. The secret paths you showed me near the Bethesda Fountain. The lemonade we sipped while our two bikes — a boy bike and a girl bike — shone in the sun nearby. I will not betray it except to say that as we raced up the hill near the Tavern on the Green you saw that I began to lag and called out with such kindness and tenderness and womanly feeling, "Why don't you try third gear — it's faster!" Farewell, Emily, thank you, and . . . whenever you shift gears, think of me.

music

A Tale of Two Juliuses

by Herbert Kupferberg



At the threshold of the Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center stands an institution called the New York City Opera Company. Although it has been in existence more than twenty years, presented some 121 different operas, and toured extensively, its renown has remained largely local, perhaps because of the geographical limitations suggested by its name.

This year, however, the New York City Opera not only has become the "in" company in New York musical circles, but it has made a spectacularly successful recording for RCA Victor of a baroque operatic masterpiece, Handel's *Julius Caesar* (LSC-6182, stereo; LM-6182, monaural: three records).

Actually, the New York City Opera, which is directed by the brilliant and adventuresome conductor Julius Rudel, has been generating musical excitement almost since its inception. But it has always operated in rather shabby quarters: an abandoned Shriners' temple on West Fifty-fifth Street, side by side with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet Company. Now both groups have moved up to the elegant New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, flanking the entranceway to the Met. It's no secret that Rudolf Bing, the Met's general manager, while welcoming the ballet as a neighbor, did all he could to forestall the move by the City Opera to Lincoln Center.

Although both Bing and Rudel deny for the record that their companies are in any way competitive, the fact remains that a keen and at times open rivalry exists. When the Met put on a *Magic Flute* designed by Marc Chagall in its opening Lincoln Center season, the City Opera staged one with decor by Beni Montrésor; when Bing's company gave a new production of Verdi's *La Traviata* along traditional lines, Rudel's countered with a novel interpretation, in which Violetta's normally sedate Act I party, for instance, almost turned into a drunken brawl. The critics loved it.

Previous recordings by the New York City company have been generally limited to new American operas, the species in which it specializes. It is responsible for the only available recordings of such works as Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, Robert Ward's *The Crucible*, Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*, and

Jack Beeson's *Lizzie Borden*, all of them highly prestigious, but none the kind an opera company, or a record manufacturer, gets rich on.

Presumably nobody gets rich on Handel either, except for the inevitable Christmastime recordings of *Messiah*. But *Julius Caesar* has proved a box-office smash for two seasons at the State Theater now, and RCA Victor has invested \$100,000 in recording it. In fact, it is one of the few operas in recent years to have been recorded in its entirety in the United States, where costs are far higher than in Europe.

Whether *Julius Caesar*, which to most of the world's great opera houses, including the Met, represents the early Pleistocene period of music, will prove a financially remunerative recording is a matter to be decided by time and the ledger. But that *Caesar* is a musical triumph, indeed, that it is one of the most fascinating operatic recordings ever made, there is not the slightest doubt.

True, certain adjustments have to be made by the listener. The work, which deals with Caesar's romance with Cleopatra, is in Italian (it might have been more accurate to call it, as Handel did, *Giulio Cesare*); it is lacking in dramatic action; it has few ensembles; and even its choral numbers, that great Handelian specialty, are sparse. Nevertheless, such are its boldness of line and beauty of melody that after a time one becomes dazzled by its vocal brilliance and caught up in its musical characterization.

To a considerable extent this *Julius Caesar* represents a collaboration across the centuries between George Frideric Handel and Julius Rudel. For one thing, Handel wrote the music of Caesar for a *castrato*, a kind of singer now extinct, or at least not numbered on the New York City Opera's roster. Rudel changed the role from a male alto to a bass-baritone. He also wrote out a set of embellishments to be used by each singer in embroidering his or her musical lines. These vocal ornamentations lie at the heart of baroque opera, and this is the first recording I have encountered which gives a sense of their musical vitality, and enables one to understand why they so delighted and excited the audiences of Handel's day. Although most of the arias in *Julius Caesar* have repeat sections, nothing is repeated exactly. Instead there

are roulades, trills, appoggiaturas, and other vocal variations to freshen the interest and sometimes even add dramatic point and characterization — as when, for instance, Cleopatra's seductively lovely aria "V'adoro, pupille" is overlaid with an array of vocal *fiorature* that glitter like a queen's diamonds.

Obviously it takes singers of unusual gifts, both vocal and temperamental, to master this kind of singing nowadays. Rudel's company fortunately is richly equipped with them. This is especially true of Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle, who have sung Cleopatra and Caesar in every *Julius Caesar* the company has given so far, and who shine forth brilliantly in the recording. Miss Sills, who says she worked out her ornamentations with Rudel during a summer at West Chop on Martha's Vineyard — a most un-Handelian locale — sings with tones at once pearly and pointed, and Treigle is a Caesar vocally virile and agile, a kind of coloratura basso.

But the triumph of *Julius Caesar* is more than a matter of vocal acrobatics; this is a production in which every singer creates a musical personality — Maureen Forrester as Cornelia, Beverly Wolff as Sextus, Spiro Malas as Ptolemy, and Dominic Cossa as Achilles. The chorus and orchestra are excellent and the recorded sound clear and ample. *Julius Caesar* has had to wait a long time for a complete recording, but it is hard to imagine how it could have found a finer one.

Several of the singers of the New York City company have also had to wait surprisingly long for discovery by the record companies. Most notable, perhaps, is the case of Norman Treigle, who at the age of forty has just made his first recording of operatic solos, including arias by Mozart, Verdi, Gounod, Ponchielli, and Halévy, accompanied by the Vienna Radio Orchestra under Jussi Jalas (Westminster WST-17135, stereo; XWN-19135, monaural). Not everything here is sung to perfection (it seems curious, for instance, that Treigle should have chosen to sing the *Credo* from *Otello*, which lies out of his best range), but this collection, along with his powerful Caesar, leaves the impression that this bass-baritone represents a blend of vocal richness and dramatic instinct unmatched since the days of Ezio Pinza.

Whatever the success of *Julius Caesar* may do to further the fortunes of individual singers, it is certain to advance the already substantial career of Julius Rudel. Now a square-shouldered and vigorous forty-six, Rudel has spent most of his musical years with the New York City Opera, which he joined as a rehearsal pianist in 1943, five years after emigrating from Nazified Vienna. He has directed the company for the last ten years, during which he has conducted everything in opera from Mozart to Shostakovich.

Of late Rudel has been turning his hand increasingly to symphonic activities both in the United States and abroad. He has already appeared with the Chicago and Philadelphia orchestras, and in April he will make his debut with the Boston Symphony, conducting, along with symphonies by Mozart and Sibelius, the world premiere of a new work which the Argentinian composer Alberto Ginastera is writing. Rudel can claim to be one of the world's great exponents of Ginastera; one of his New York City Opera successes was the North American premiere of the widely admired twelve-tone opera *Don Rodrigo*. Rudel also gave Ginastera's controversial opera *Bomarc* its world premiere with the Washington, D.C., Opera Society last May, and Columbia has recorded it for release shortly.

With his status as an impresario well established and his reputation as a conductor growing, Rudel's importance on the American musical scene seems assured for years to come. Late in 1967 he was offered the prestigious post of artistic director of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, the national cultural showcase which is scheduled to open in 1970.

Wherever his future takes him, Julius Rudel's *Julius Caesar* can stand as a permanent attestation of his musical art and enterprise. And with the New York City Opera playing in a beautiful theater to sold-out subscription audiences, and making major-label recordings on the side, he can reflect with some pride that he has helped build a sound, successful, and enduring opera company — which was more than George Frideric Handel could do.

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Record Reviews

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade*

Herbert von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 139022 (stereo) and 39022

And what is Herbert von Karajan, that most coolly analytical and dispassionate of conductors, doing playing *Scheherazade*, that most warmly romantic and lush-textured of tone poems? Giving it about the most compellingly beautiful recording it has ever received, that's what. The delicacy and suavity of sound Karajan draws from the Berlin Philharmonic produce an astonishing effect upon a score that is often overblown and underestimated. From the masterful playing of the solo violin parts by Michel Schwalbé to the gently rocking sea motion that underlies the whole work, *Scheherazade* is restored to its rightful place as a masterpiece of orchestration and imagination.

Giordano: *Andrea Chenier*

Oliviero de Fabritiis conducting La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, with Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Maria Caniglia, soprano; Gino Bechi, baritone; and others; Seraphim IB-6019 (monaural only): two records

This is a recording to substantiate the well-known operatic aphorism that they don't make singers like that anymore. "That" in this case signifies Beniamino Gigli and Maria Caniglia, who in 1941 made a recording of *Andrea Chenier* which to my knowledge has never been surpassed in vocal power, ardor, and sumptuousness. Once available in RCA Victor's Collector's Issue series, it had dropped out of the catalogue, to which it is now happily restored on the low-priced Seraphim label. Among its other attributes, this rerelease demonstrates that Giordano's musical drama of the French Revolution, composed in 1896, still packs a dramatic punch when performed with the kind of conviction it receives here. Considering the age of the recording, the sound is fine.

Prokofiev: *Ivan the Terrible* (oratorio)

Abram Stasevich conducting U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra and Moscow State Chorus, with Valentina Levko, mezzo-soprano, and Aleksander Estrin, narrator; Melodiya-Angel SRB-4103 (stereo): two records

Sergei Prokofiev gave new meaning to the term "movie music" in his score for Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, which has almost become a concert hall staple. These selections, drawn from music for another Eisenstein film, *Ivan the Terrible*, have somewhat less impact, but there are attractive passages nonetheless — a depiction of the Tartar Steppes, for instance, and a portrayal of the storming of the town of Kazan. The conductor, Abram Stasevich, has attempted to assemble an oratorio from these vocal solos, choruses, and instrumental passages, but the effect is impaired by the repeated intrusions of a narrator who must be the most talkative Russian since Khrushchev. The *Ivan the Terrible* score, one imagines, would really come alive when presented along with the movie — as movie music should be.

Vocal Music of Vivaldi

Renato Fasano conducting Virtuosi di Roma and Polyphonic Ensemble of Rome, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; RCA Victor LSC-2935 (stereo) and LM-2935

Early LP collectors may remember a Vox recording of 1952 which brought to light an absolutely stunning setting by Vivaldi of Psalm 112, *Beatus Vir* — "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord." From that day until this no one has rerecorded *Beatus Vir*, so it is a joy to hear this powerful, noble, and soaring work for chorus and orchestra set forth in all the splendor of modern stereo sound. For all the revival of interest in his instrumental output, Vivaldi as a vocal composer is still sadly neglected. In addition to *Beatus Vir*, this beautiful record also presents Vivaldi's *Credo* and *Stabat Mater*. Surely there are other pieces of like majesty.

R. Buckminster Fuller Thinks Aloud (Part I)

R. Buckminster Fuller, speaker; Credo 2 (Pathways of Sound, Inc.)

How Buckminster Fuller can talk! On this nearly-hour-long recording, the noted architect-engineer never once mentions his most famous recent achievement, the geodesic dome which was the United States pavilion at Expo 67, but he touches on virtually every other subject in the world in a rambling but lively discourse on the changes he has seen in his long lifetime, and those he ex-

pects to come. Fuller has faith in technology, and even more important, in man himself. Most impressive of all is his confidence in the younger generation; the student dissidents at Berkeley, he points out, were born in the year of Hiroshima — as good an explanation as any of the cause of the “generation gap.” He is just developing this idea when the record ends, but it is marked “Part I,” indicating that more on this theme is to follow.

Edward R. Murrow: I Can Hear It Now Columbia D3L-366 (monaural only): three records

This album brings together in LP form the three famous *I Can Hear It Now* recordings made by the late Edward R. Murrow, which still constitute a model of recorded history and journalism. The best remains Volume II, which covers the epochal years of 1933–1945 and which sets the actual voices of such men as Franklin Roosevelt, Churchill, LaGuardia, Hitler, and the whole generation of World War II leaders in a stirring dramatic framework. Volume I, 1919–1932 (which actually was compiled afterward), has to rely on re-enactments as well as actual voices, and Volume III, 1945–1949, deals with years somewhat less imposing. Depending on the age of the listener, these three records together constitute either a vivid historical document or an album of unforgettable memories.

Right as the Rain

Leontyne Price, soprano, with André Previn, conductor-pianist-arranger; RCA Victor LSC-2983 (stereo) and LM-2983 On the face of it, Leontyne Price might seem to have no more business singing such songs as “Melancholy Baby” and “Hello, Young Lovers” than Ella Fitzgerald would have singing the Quartet from *Rigoletto*. But a voice as vibrant as Miss Price’s can add something to almost any song, and such numbers as Richard Rodgers’s “Nobody’s Heart” and Harold Arlen’s “A Sleepin’ Bee” are quite enchanting. However, a true sympathy with the style is lacking for many of the others; “Falling in Love Again” sounds like a bad parody of Marlene Dietrich. Many of André Previn’s accompaniments are fussy and overwrought, as witness his souped-up version of that wistful little song from *Fiddler on the Roof*, “Sunrise, Sunset.”

Fly Buttons and Other Comedy Favorites

Members of the BBC’s “That Was the Week That Was” cast; Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks; and others; Capitol ST-2502 (stereo) and T-2502

Any record that includes the wonderfully funny “2000 Year Old Man” skit of Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks is always worthy of a warm welcome. This one offers in addition “Fly Buttons,” a zany British bit about a bourgeois British girl and her unbuttoned boy friend, excerpted from a *That Was the Week That Was* broadcast. The hilarity level is somewhat lowered by the rest of the record, including an Eisenhower mock interview, but on the whole this is a fine selection of civilized modern humor.

Doctor Dolittle (original motion picture sound track)

With Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar, and Anthony Newley; 20th-Century Fox DTCS-5101 (stereo)

Anthony Newley Sings the Songs From Doctor Dolittle

Anthony Newley with the Jimmy Joyce Children’s Chorus; RCA Victor LSP-3839 (stereo) and LPM-3839

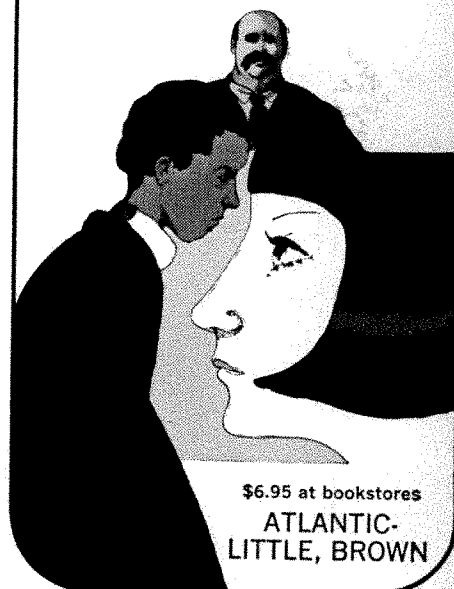
Bobby Darin Sings Doctor Dolittle

Bobby Darin with orchestra conducted by Roger Kellaway; Atlantic SD-8154 (stereo)

The list above is but a sampling of the variety of *Doctor Dolittle* records currently available, all of them related to the motion picture of the same name. Nor will a word be uttered here against the timeless figure created by Hugh Lofting in his books and played by Rex Harrison on the screen. As to the score composed by Leslie Bricusse, however, it seems a bit placid and unvaried for so distinctive a personage. Sheer repetition, if nothing else, is certain to turn some of the songs into hits, and these records offer a head start on “My Friend, the Doctor” (perhaps the catchiest number), “At the Crossroads,” “Talk to the Animals,” and the others. Only the original-cast set has the advantage of Rex Harrison’s dry, wry delivery. But Anthony Newley, who plays Matthew Mugg in the film, shows he can undertake all the songs with authority, and there is a surprising zest in the way Bobby Darin sails through the score. All the same, the vote here is for the original-cast album.

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



Like the Bronx, Brooklyn is one of the five boroughs of New York City, but from its cinders and pavements there springs a different spirit. Brooklyn Bridge, with its glorious high arch, has been a perennial temptation for those who like to jump; and the moment one puts foot on a Brooklyn street one is aware of a different vernacular, Brooklynese, of a sense of comedy that produced in the old Dodgers the daffiest team in baseball, and of a native pride that somehow has blended the bloodstreams into a hotly competitive community.

TO BROOKLYN WITH LOVE by **GERALD GREEN** (Trident Press, \$5.95) is a reminiscent novel of what went on in Longview Avenue during one roaring hot summer of the Depression when the priorities of that poverty-ridden neighborhood were divided between the Jews, the Poles, and the Negroes. It is the story of a doting father and a repressive mother and an only son, with the son speaking. The father, Solomon Abrams, M.D., is a huge barrel of a man, with a dark Mohawk head, big biceps, and an irascible temper. His practice has been slipping, and he is driven to profanity by the disloyalty and nonpayment of his patients. The boy, twelve-year-old Albert, is the apple of his father's eye and a weakling with the best brain in his class. A spindly, sickly kid, with ankles too weak for roller-skating, Albert stands far down in the pecking order of his gang, the Raiders. He lives in daily dread of the bullying he gets from Bimbo Wexler, in fear of what will happen to him if he is ever cut off from the others and beaten up by Lee Roy, the most menacing of the jeering Negroes.

Albert's salvation in the jungle of the streets, as at home, is his wits; the Raiders need him because his is the new softball and his is the best glove; but they need him also because he is a faultless scorekeeper, with the courage to confront the Hawks when they deliberately mix up their batting order. These games in the crowded street, cheered on by the loafers, are ferocious, and it disgusts Albert that he can never play the hero, but he compensates in his imagination, and the sarcasm with which he defends himself is a sharp weapon.

At home his struggle is a more sensitive one, for he is more mature

than either parent will allow. He resists his mother's mollicoddling and never confides to her his own fears, which are much more realistic than hers; his heart goes out to his father when the old man is working in the cinder garden and even more when he bursts into fury; and Albert's dreams, derived as they are from his omnivorous reading of the classics and the sports page, of how he will make the old man proud, speak for all of us who were miscast in adolescence. Mr. Green has a musician's ear for the Brooklyn vocabulary, and this is necessary, for his story is told largely in dialogue. I feel it is softened somewhat by being cast in the form of nostalgia, and I realize that the strife on the pavements in the 1930s, when all were feeling the pinch, did not have the vindictiveness which lurks so close to the surface today.

Alexis and Rasputin

The disintegration of Russia under the rule of the last Czar, Nicholas II, was a tragedy so overwhelming in its change, so pitiable in its destructiveness that it will be told and retold for succeeding generations. The most comprehensive political picture, *The Fall of the Monarchy*, was written by Sir Bernard Pares, who as the British ambassador at St. Petersburg took note of what was happening at close range. The most poignant and sympathetic account of the royal couple, the grand duchesses, and of Alexis, the pathetic little Czarevitch, is **NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA** by **ROBERT MASSIE** (Atheneum, \$10.00). What gives this book its singular pathos is that the author, Mr. Massie, is himself the father of a hemophiliac son. Hemophilia is still a severe though more manageable disease; transfusions of fresh blood plasma are applied at the first sign of bleeding, and non-habit-forming drugs are used to alleviate the waves of pain as they were not with the Czarevitch. If the patient survives childhood, he may live a relatively normal life. Mr. Massie's natural curiosity led him to wonder how Alexis' vulnerability may have affected his parents and whether it accelerated the fall of the dynasty.

I find the author's study of the royal household understanding, admirably documented, and full of short but fascinating portraits. Many

unusual details turned up in his research. It is strange to think that Queen Victoria, the famous match-maker of her century and "Granny" to most of Europe's royalty, was unknowingly a hemophiliac carrier. The youngest of her four sons, Prince Leopold, had hemophilia; two of her five daughters, Princess Alice and Princess Beatrice, were hemophiliac carriers, and two of their daughters transmitted the dread disease to the royal houses of Russia and Spain. The Queen naturally was shocked to discover the illness in her family, and Leopold, who was lively and willful, gave her a hard time with his accidental hemorrhages. But in England no effort was made to conceal his affliction, whereas in Russia Alexis' suffering, which came from the slightest bruise or sprain and was excruciating, was kept a state secret.

At Spala, the hunting lodge in Poland, in 1912 Alexis almost died from the hemorrhaging in his thigh and groin; his screams could not be stifled; the last sacrament was administered, and in her desperation the Empress had a telegram sent to Gregory Rasputin in Siberia, a mystic with a foul reputation who was believed to be a healer. His reply ended with the words: "The Little One will not die. Do not allow the doctors to bother him too much." The hemorrhaging stopped the next day, and from that moment the Czar and his wife reposed trust in the monk whose influence as he came into the inner circle eventually prompted Kerensky to say, "Without Rasputin, there could have been no Lenin."

In its very human detail this is a book of alternating sunlight and sorrow. Mr. Massie believes that Nicholas II was "at least as intelligent as any European monarch in his day or ours," and indeed the Czar's tastes were surprisingly similar to those of King George V, whom physically he so much resembled. Nicholas' visits to England were always sunny affairs; he was one of Granny's favorites; and his courtship of Alix, whom he passionately loved, was not long resisted by his parents. But in his English exposure he did not learn the benefits of constitutional monarchy. Nicky at thirteen had witnessed the horrible assassination of his father; he was never to forget that death bed, nor the lessons instilled in him by his

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reactionary and brilliant tutor Pobedonostsev that he was born to be an autocrat.

The life of the royal household at Tsarskoe Selo, in the Peterhof palace, and aboard the royal yacht is charmingly described, and stands in honest contrast to the frivolity of St. Petersburg and the marriage shambles and dissolute behavior of the Grand Dukes. The pathetic efforts of the eleven-year-old Alexis to play his part as the war approached are touching, and the determination of the Empress to accept Rasputin's prophecies and not to believe in the police reports of his drunken orgies is fateful. History is full of "ifs." Nicholas' absolutism could never have survived the First World War, but if Rasputin in 1914 had not recovered from the knife wound that so nearly finished him, the future of Russia might have been very different.

"People we visit"

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM is a novelist who has made a most successful venture into social history; in **"OUR CROWD"** (Harper & Row, \$8.95) he has brought together a composite, warmly human picture of the great Jewish families of New York. The first Jew to settle in Manhattan, Jacob Barsimson, arrived early in 1654, and later that year the bark *St. Charles*, known as "the Jewish *Mayflower*," landed twenty-three more Jewish immigrants, all of them Sephardim, who, in Mr. Birmingham's words, "consider themselves the most noble of all Jews because they claim . . . the longest unbroken history of unity and suffering." But most of the families he writes about, the pivotal names, Belmont, Loeb, Lehman, Lewisohn, Straus, Schiff, Seligman, Goldman, Warburg, Guggenheim, came to us in the early and mid nineteenth century, and it is surprising how closely they followed a single pattern of success. They came from Germany; they had the hardihood to penetrate the rough country of the Midwest and South as itinerant peddlers, those who had the capital to afford a horse being a notch higher than those who traveled on foot; they sent money back to the old country to import their younger brothers or a wife; and by working harder than gentiles, with Horatio Alger celerity they acquired prop-

erty and transformed themselves into bankers even before they had reached middle life. They gravitated to New York, the wealthiest of them living in luxurious houses between East Sixtieth and East Eightieth Streets, and they formed a closed society where the values were fixed and immutable. There were, according to Mrs. Philip J. Goodhart, two kinds of people. There were "people we visit" and "people we wouldn't visit." This book is about those Mrs. Goodhart would welcome.

Not all of them were impecunious; the Warburgs had money, and August Belmont, born August Schönberg, was sent to America as the agent for the Rothschilds and had their huge reserves behind him. Mr. Birmingham acutely appraises the big man of each clan, his capacity, his taste, his idiosyncrasies; and able citizens they were: Joseph Seligman; Jacob Schiff, who by force and finesse placed Harriman on the Burlington Board despite the stubborn opposition of J. P. Morgan; Otto Kahn in his Italian Renaissance palace on Fifth Avenue; Felix Warburg; and Adolph Lewisohn.

The comedy in the book is most often supplied by the more erratic, less responsible juniors, and there is plenty of it. What is so impressive is the generosity of the giants: the grace with which Otto Kahn sustained the Metropolitan Opera simply blew away the banality of anti-Semitism. Occasionally the author finds it difficult to check or judge the family hearsay. Thus in his account of August Belmont, who lived in great style and who was easily the most pretentious figure in the book, there is the apocryphal story of how Belmont would occasionally use his father-in-law, Commodore Perry, as his butler: "There's a good fellow," the story has it, "run down to the cellar and see if there are six more bottles of the *Rapid Madeira*." Well, the Commodore, who topped his son-in-law by six inches, was known in the Navy as "Old Bruin," and although he owed the young man money, his answer to such nonsense would probably have been "The hell I will."

In Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair* the portrait-photograph acquired the distinction of a good painting, and his best craftsman was a Hungarian, NICKOLAS MURAY, who landed in New York the summer of 1913 with twenty-five dollars

and fifty words of English. Muray had the eye of an artist and such friendly charm that he could relax his subject, pose him, and with his silent shutter take the picture while the sitter was still unaware. When he was sent abroad to make studies of the eighty-six-year-old Claude Monet, the artist, who was old and tired, asked, "*Eh bien*, my friend, and when are you going to start taking the pictures?", to which Muray replied, "But I have already taken half a dozen, *Maitre*." THE REVEALING EYE (Atheneum, \$25.00) is an assortment of a hundred and fifty photographs of the men and women who made the 1920s memorable, each picture enlivened by a thumbnail portrait by PAUL GAL-LICO. A handsome book and a revealing one.

Muray was not interested in the pores of the skin; gregarious and a good talker, he made converts of his subjects and then portrayed them as they wanted to appear. He never hesitated to touch up a rough complexion, as in the case of Sinclair Lewis, and he stressed the lines and wrinkles only when they were a determined part of a man's individuality, as they were with Humphrey Bogart and Clarence Darrow. The results can be astonishingly lovely, as in the duet of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the magical study of Greta Garbo, the lithe and lovely Martha Graham, the incredibly youthful Harold Ross, the dark loveliness of Katharine Cornell, the forthrightness of John Galsworthy, and the unforgettable eyes of Jed Harris. Or through too much smoothing out they can be as vapid as the shots of Scott Fitzgerald, Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes, and Herbert Hoover.

The single-page characterizations by Paul Gallico are deft, amusing, and in most cases, pertinent. I particularly liked his sketch of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and what he says of Jean Harlow, but I think he protests too much in his admiration of Joseph Hergesheimer and Frank Crowninshield. Mr. Gallico tells us that Mr. Crowninshield "discovered" Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, and Robert Sherwood, which I don't believe, and he does not tell us that Crowninshield fired Parker and that the other two resigned in protest when Flo Ziegfeld complained about Miss Parker's acid reviews.



Continuing their annual award which was instituted one year ago, Abingdon Press will consider manuscripts in the "general book" category for the 1969 prize of \$5,000. The 1968 award will be given for the best religious book, and the 1970 prize will go to the author of the best children's book. Plans call for continuing the awards program in the same three-year cycle.

THE CRITERIA

The 1969 award will go to the author of the manuscript which, in the opinion of the judges, contributes most significantly to man's understanding of himself and his role in relationship to the issues confronting contemporary society. All manuscripts and entry forms must be submitted between January 1 and March 1, 1969.

THE JUDGES

Judges for the 1969 award are Max Lerner and Steve Allen. Lerner is professor of American civilization and world politics at Brandeis University, a syndicated columnist for the New York Post, and author of a dozen books. Comedian, actor, composer-musician Steve Allen is also a popular lecturer and author of eleven books ranging from collections of humor to *The Ground Is Our Table*, an analysis of farm-labor poverty.

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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



THE BLAST OF WAR 1939-1945 (Harper & Row, \$12.50) is the second volume of **HAROLD MACMILLAN's** autobiography. This thoroughly honest and straightforward account by the Conservative statesman who later became Prime Minister offers an interesting view of the course of the great war against Nazi Germany. It also raises questions with serious implications for the later foreign policy decisions which arose from that conflict.

Macmillan's earlier volume carried him through the period of his political career when he was critical of his party's leadership. Now he was to see the bitter consequences of appeasement. Through much of the war Macmillan functioned as Churchill's deputy, representing his country as political minister in the Mediterranean. He thus was involved in the formulation of Allied strategy from the North African invasion to the end of the war. The policies then adopted had an immediate impact on military affairs. But they also set the outlines of the post-war settlements in France, Italy, and Greece.

Macmillan's portraits of the leading figures with whom he dealt are generally fair. De Gaulle had already displayed the single-minded sense of determination and the disregard for the sensibilities of others by which he made his presence felt. Stafford Cripps, a "rich and aristocratic revolutionary," combined so-

cialist principles with Christian puritanism in a way that left an impression of "ineffable superiority." Eisenhower radiated a sense of fairness and manliness which charmed those who disagreed with him even when he was wrong.

These memorable vignettes set off the serious discussion of basic issues. The British moved placidly through the first months of war, their lack of preparation concealed by a sublime overconfidence. No more than the French were they aware in 1939 that appeasement had rendered them far less capable of resisting Hitler than they had been in 1936. Moreover, Macmillan's countrymen shackled themselves with curious antique notions of right and wrong. It was thus argued that "there should not even be any question of bombing the munition works at Essen, for, after all, these are private property." It took a heavy toll of suffering in Britain to overcome these scruples.

Although not himself in a position to make decisions, Macmillan was involved in the great policy conflicts which divided the Allies. Churchill, thinking of the shape of post-war Europe, pressed for an assault through Italy at the heart of Axis power. Roosevelt, for whom short-run tactical considerations were more important, wished to move across the Channel into France, even if that left the east to the advancing Russians. Macmillan, in the light of hindsight, is critical of the American President, who gave "little weight to political consequences" and "took the view that the only thing that mattered was to beat the Germans," so "that almost any means were justifiable if they contributed to that end."

Macmillan's most interesting comments, and those also most relevant to the present, deal with the situation in Greece and Italy. There Communist partisans, in the field before the fighting ended, endangered the prospect of stable government for the future. In Greece the Allies labored for a long time to work out a coalition broad enough to include the Reds. The English discovered that it was not easy to negotiate a settlement with a determined revolutionary minority willing to use democratic procedures in its own interest, but ready to disregard the rules when it wished. The Communists kept raising their demands, jockeying

for ultimate control of the police and the army; discussion with them only postponed the civil war that ravaged Greece after December, 1944.

Allied vacillation in Greece left a bitter heritage that persisted for decades. Reflecting on the crisis in retrospect, Macmillan points out that "Many of my Greek friends reproached us then and later that we had not forced the issue and carried the campaign in Greece to a point at which revolutionary Communism could be totally suppressed. Many of our British friends believed that Communism was only a form of Leftism which could be softened by kindness or cajolery. In the essentials our Greek critics were right. Had we possessed the power; had we not had to face the hostility of Washington and the American government; had we not been committed to a hard and difficult spring campaign in Italy, with insufficient forces; had British public opinion been fully seized of the truth; then indeed we might have completed the task."

By contrast, the experience of Italy showed that the Allies had learned from the lesson of Greece. In Italy the Americans and English moved to get control of the resistance movement from the start. There it was possible to infiltrate the partisans with British officers and reliable Italians and to create the basis for a government that could survive and sustain itself. Italy was thus spared the trauma of revolution.

Naval diplomacy

In "**OLD BRUIN**," **COMMODORE MATHEW C. PERRY** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50), **SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON** adds a striking figure to his pantheon of American naval heroes. This is a lively biography of an officer who devoted a long and exciting career to the service of his country. Born in 1794, Perry entered the Navy as a young man, following the course his father and older brother had already taken. Called "Old Bruin" because of his commanding voice and powerful figure, Calbraith Perry was as close to a professional as the Navy boasted in the nineteenth century.

Before the Civil War, the United States was a minor force in international affairs. However grandly the rhetoric of its citizens puffed up its future destiny, it disposed of

little power and therefore scarcely counted in the calculations of European foreign offices. The main energies of Americans were, after all, focused on internal expansion in the West. Nevertheless, they were not isolationists, and their interests were worldwide. In this anomalous situation, the government of the United States, which lacked a professional diplomatic corps, often relied upon whatever instruments were available, among them its small navy.

That accounts for the breadth of Perry's experience. He took part in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War, but in addition played a significant peacetime role. He participated in the establishment of Liberia, chased pirates in the West Indies, and acted as a diplomat in Turkey and Italy. He was instrumental in pushing such reforms as the introduction of steam and the use of the shell gun, as well as the recruitment of seamen by apprenticeship. He was best known for his leadership of the naval expedition which opened Japan to the world.

Admiral Morison tells the story with his accustomed skill. He has read all the documents, unearthed some previously unpublished correspondence, and has personally visited all the sites that were important in the life of Commodore Perry. He writes with verve, and the touches of humor that enliven the narrative reflect the warmth of his own identification with the subject.

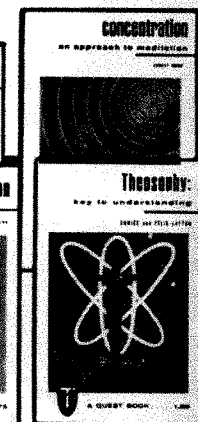
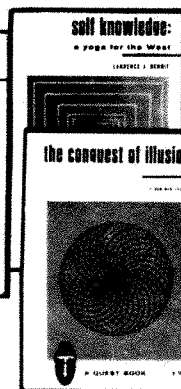
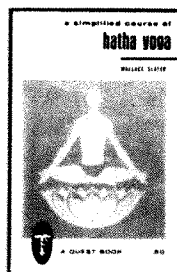
Perry's achievement in Japan contains elements of paradox. He was a tough commander and had to be, given the character of the men who shipped aboard American vessels in the nineteenth century. Flogging was still a common practice, and shipboard life was often brutal, as the vivid account of the mutiny on the *Somers* demonstrates. Yet Perry, who spent his whole life in this environment, was capable of undertaking the most delicate negotiations in Japan with a proud and sensitive people who were about to be coerced into modernity. That he was able to bring this task off successfully and without a residue of hard feelings was evidence not only of his personal skill but also of his understanding of the uses and the limits of power.

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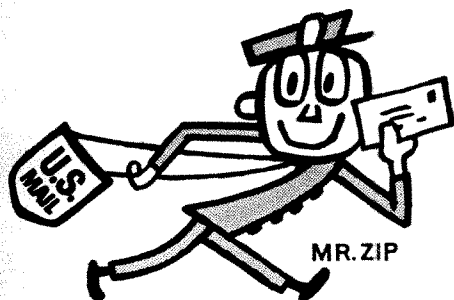
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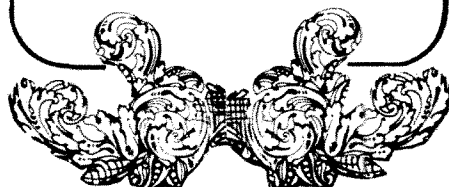
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cism. By their very nature, they address a vast audience which does not talk back. Consequently, the producers of movies and television rarely find an opportunity to take stock, to review their achievements or evaluate their techniques. The audience too suffers from the inability to reflect upon the evanescent images which flash once across the screen and are rarely seen again. The poverty of criticism is as characteristic of the movies which have a long history as it is of the more recent forms of television.

HITCHCOCK by FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95) is a welcome addition to the meager list of works which treat the cinema seriously but sensibly. The book, which reads well and is handsomely illustrated with 300 stills, records the thoughtful and illuminating conversations of two distinguished directors. Hitchcock is the veteran whose career reaches back to the silent days, but who successfully made the transition to sound and color and the wide screen, and whose latest efforts still show the play of a vigorous imagination. There is probably no other modern director more widely respected by his peers. Truffaut, creator of *Jules and Jim* and of *The 400 Blows*, is among the young men who led the French new wave in an effort to transform the modern cinema.

Truffaut's is the more analytical, more probing mind. It is he who asks the questions. Hitchcock is alert and responsive, having reached the age and status at which he can answer the challenges of the young without self-doubt about his own achievements. The interchange is therefore more than a casual exchange of views. It constitutes a coherent and reflective review of Hitchcock's career and of its import for the art of the cinema.

The problems of technique interest Truffaut most. How does the director in *Sabotage* convey to the audience by purely cinematic means the frame of mind of a woman who plans to kill her husband? Not by statements from her or by changing her facial expressions, but by allowing the camera to pan back and forth between the knife in her hand and the figure of her victim. How in *Notorious* or *The Girl Was Young* does the camera, set up high where it takes in a thronged hall, dolly down to focus on a single object or face and

thus tell a story without dialogue? Hitchcock was a remarkable innovator in devising means for purely visual narration. These discussions explain how he did so and also account for his influence upon all subsequent directors.

The analysis of technique is so engrossing that the subject matter of the films seems almost of secondary importance. Often, the story is treated as if it were no more than an excuse for the director's display of virtuosity. This is a valid point of departure for criticism. One need not, after all, identify the kings or saints in order to understand renaissance painting. But in Hitchcock's case, the subject matter has an importance of its own. This director plays upon the emotions of an audience which is drawn to the theater less by an awareness of technique than by involvement in a story which he has told and retold throughout his career. Hitchcock himself describes his theme as suspense. Truffaut is more perceptive. Hitchcock, he explains, wins the audience by rousing its fears — "by reawakening all the strong emotions of childhood. In his work the viewer might recapture the tensions and thrills of the games of hide-and-seek or blindman's buff and the terror of those nights when, by a trick of the imagination, a forgotten toy on the dresser gradually acquires a mysterious and threatening shape."

The source of these fears — Hitchcock's and the audience's — is not social but personal. Even in *The Lady Vanishes*, which comes closest of all his films to treating a subject of social significance, the nature of the totalitarian regime from which Miss Froy escapes remains obscure. There is some suggestion that Hitchcock's Catholic upbringing may explain his fears; and there is a certain parallelism between his work in the 1930s and that of Graham Greene. But the universality of the emotions upon which Hitchcock plays may derive from a somewhat different personal experience that remains fixed in his memory. "I must have been about four or five years old. My father sent me to the police station with a note. The chief of police read it and locked me in a cell for five or ten minutes, saying, 'This is what we do to naughty boys.'"

Fear also shows through the clowning of some popular comics,

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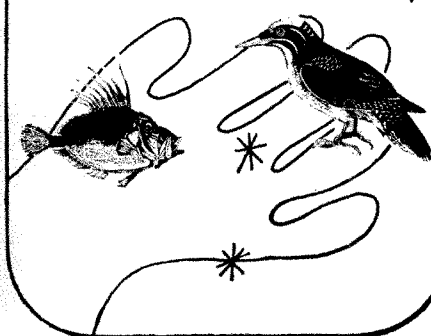
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who flail about destructively, pulling down an order which may have no place for them. **WILLIAM K. EVERSON** in **THE ART OF W. C. FIELDS** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50) argues against an excessively autobiographical interpretation of his subject; and indeed, it is not necessary to link antisocial attitudes to the incidents of childhood. Yet Everson's careful account reveals the extent to which hostility and fear permeate the comedy of W. C. Fields.

The value of this well-illustrated book lies in its patient reconstruction of Fields's career. Everson has read widely and has viewed all the surviving films. He writes judiciously and patiently corrects the errors of earlier accounts. He thus provides the material for an understanding of the development of one great American comedian.

Fields's base was in vaudeville; his films in the 1920s simply transferred to the screen the gags and the tricks the juggler had used on the stage. But his most creative years lay in the next decade, when he himself had passed beyond the age of fifty. He then deepened the role he had already created — the perpetual Eustace McGargle, the amiable charlatan ready to exploit any sucker by reversing the familiar morality of the times. An absurd hatred of babies and dogs, of mothers and bankers, of hard work and sobriety is usually the source of the Fields humor. And that hatred springs from fear; in *The Pharmacist* and *The Bank Dick*, a shrewish wife turns the family into an instrument of personal torture, and, more generally throughout the final years of his screen career, Fields is the individual whom society wishes to crush.

Men under stress

MR. THEODORE MUNDSTOCK by **LADISLAV FUKS** (Orion Press, \$4.95) is a brilliant short novel sensitively translated from the Czech by Iris Urwin. Its subject is by now distressingly familiar, the tribulations of Jews in a Europe occupied by the Nazis. But the treatment in this story is far from hackneyed. Here a simple tale, told without sentimentality, illuminates the situation of human beings under stress.

At the start Mundstock, like the other Jews of Prague, is totally disorganized. Brief staccato passages convey his utter sense of bewilder-

ment and also evoke the memories of his former life. The people about him appear in a haze, but dimly perceived by the reader, for Mundstock is himself uncertain of where he stands in relation to them. So long as he harbors messianic delusions or subsists on false hopes, he can bring no order to his life and remains a victim ready for destruction. But from the moment that he surrenders illusion and recognizes his position for what it is, he can begin to cope with it and to organize his existence. A subtle change in the author's style reflects the growing coherence of the protagonist's activities. The people and places around Mundstock come into focus. He understands and slowly, painfully, prepares for deportation, which has supplied meaning to his experience.

HAROLD COURLANDER'S THE AFRICAN (Crown, \$5.95) also deals with the reactions of a man under stress. This unusual novel is an imaginative reconstruction of slavery. It begins in Dahomey early in the nineteenth century when the boy Hwesuhunu is captured and transported to America. In Georgia, he becomes Wes Hunu, and passes through the hands of a variety of masters before he attempts to escape. In the process he discovers his identity as a man.

Courlander tells his story sympathetically yet without sentimentality. He is strikingly successful in reconstructing the character of Wes Hunu and in tracing the reactions of an African who makes the transition from one culture to another under the harsh conditions of slavery. Fate, for Wes Hunu, ceases to be an implacable and ungovernable external force and becomes an inner imperative that moves him to action.

Man without stress

THE LOST REVOLUTIONARY by **RICHARD O'CONNOR** and **DALE L. WALKER** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95) is an enlightening biography of John Reed. Based on competent research and pleasantly written, the book traces the self-discovery of a young man who wandered into a critical moment of history.

Reed was a romantic for whom the very idea of revolution was exciting and meaningful. The youth, who had everything by the time he left Harvard in 1910 — looks, brains, and family connections — yearned

for experience, for something real to do. The heady talk of Mabel Dodge's New York salon, the reading of fragments of socialist literature, and a glimpse of actual class war in the Paterson strike persuaded him to flex his muscles in remaking the world. But there was still a fundamental lack of seriousness in him when he went off to the German front lines as a correspondent and fired a few shots at the French for the fun of it.

He met reality at last in the Petrograd of 1917 and at first found it exhilarating to change the world in ten days. But reality had its revenge in the years that followed as Reed watched the revolution take a course that betrayed the men who made it.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



Good bad books, although regrettably scarce, are not unknown, but a good nonbook is something quite new in the world. It is a unique and surprising pleasure to report the appearance of a good nonbook. It is called **ANDY WARHOL'S INDEX [BOOK]** (Random House, \$12.95; \$4.95 paper), and presumably Mr. Warhol is responsible for it, but don't be misled by that word, book, into expecting to read it. The thing is a marvelously amusing construction which pops, squeaks, unfolds extra flaps, and extrudes what looks like a Cubist bomb on a string. It also reeks goatishly of glue, but this aspect may be a happening. The package contains a lot of photographs of Mr. Warhol and film-making friends, all looking scruffy with the

same stylized determination that Hollywood devotes to looking elegant. It contains some satirical and even literate printed matter, and ultimately, more or less against the principles of the proprietor, it makes a point: art is what an artist does, and discussion of it is irrelevant. This idea, generally adopted, could save us all a lot of trouble.

ONE OF OUR MILLIONAIRES IS MISSING (Grove, \$4.50), by the Danish author **LEIF PANDURO**, is a novel so light that one is tempted to anchor it with a paperweight. In this frippery tale, one Jonsson, grown frightfully rich in the United States, proposes to make a quiet visit to Denmark, his childhood home, to which he hasn't given a thought in sixty years. Since the old pirate is a valuable, and somewhat fragile, rational resource, he ends up traveling on a government mission, dogged by a doctor, a psychiatrist, a security force, a bevy of servants, and a mad old Swedish sidekick from Texas. Mr. Panduro, cheerfully disrespectful of everything, rolls official entertainment, psychiatry, medicine, and sentimental childhood memories into a muddle that recalls the inventions of P. G. Wodehouse, or, in another medium, Rube Goldberg. On the side, Mr. Panduro clobbers policemen (stupid), security officers (stupider), spies (stupid and lazy), and diplomats (stupid, lazy, and drunk). Nationality has nothing to do with the matter. The Danish police are as dumb as anybody, while the Russian and American spies are equally indolent and incompetent. Their chief amusement is a running bet on whose boss will get drunker at the next reception. The book is a positive massacre of sacred cows, executed with wit. It is a pity that this farce of harmlessness in high places cannot be called realistic.

I AM A LOVER (Angel Island, \$5.95; \$3.95 paper) is a reissue of a still fascinating picture book. The photographs, by Jerry Stoll, show people ambling about their business in the multiracial, semi-artistic, semi-slum neighborhood of Telegraph Hill. The pictures are accompanied by quotations, selected from a wild variety of sources by Evan S. Connell, Jr. This jigsaw text is sometimes ironic, sometimes sentimental, sometimes savage, and now and then superbly, deliberately irrelevant.

BRAVO STRAVINSKY (World, \$15.00)

is an unusual portrait of an artist. **ARNOLD NEWMAN**, photographer, and **ROBERT CRAFT**, Stravinsky's friend and colleague, followed the composer about through weeks of work, concerts, plane trips, parties, and more work. While Newman took pictures (Stravinsky refused to pose or to repeat an action that had been missed), Craft asked questions, argued, listened, and took notes. The method could easily have led to syrupy canonization, but has not; what emerges is valuable information from and about Stravinsky, his music, his philosophy, and his memories.

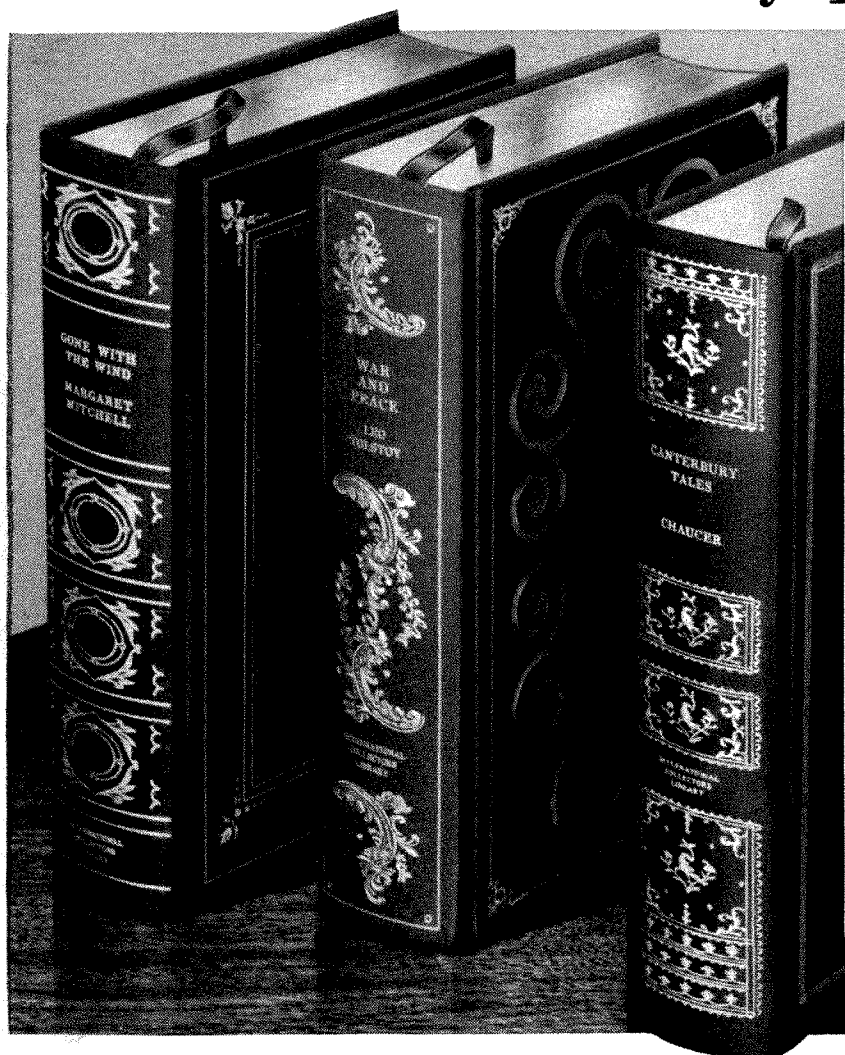
FINLAND (Praeger, \$7.50) by **ELLA KIVIKOSKI** is part of the Ancient Peoples and Places series. Professor Kivikoski, a veteran and distinguished Finnish archaeologist, describes the identifiable prehistoric cultures of the country with the precision one would expect and with occasional dryly humorous implications. She observes, of the late prevalence of offering stones in certain inland areas, that it "is not so much because they were more characteristic of those districts, as because they were further from the bishop's palace in Turku. . . ." The prehistoric cultures of Finland had a strong resemblance to those elsewhere in Scandinavia, both in what the people made and in what they chose to import. Professor Kivikoski detects a network of trading operations that ran from the west coast of Norway to the lake behind what is now Stockholm to southern Finland, and from there east into Russia or southward to the Mediterranean. She also discusses the distribution of the inhabitants of Finland, which varied considerably from one period to another for reasons that archaeology has yet to determine with any certainty. The objects that traveled, or in some cases merely roosted, through all this long-gone moving and commerce are very well pictured in **ISTVÁN RÁCZ'S EARLY FINNISH ART** (Praeger, \$15.00). They range from pieces of quartz, bashed to a handy shape some 9000 years ago, through stone axes of satiny, lethal elegance, to silver jewelry with Christian motifs.

JESSE HILL FORD's collection of short stories, **FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95), includes some that have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

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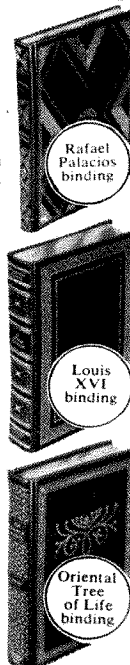
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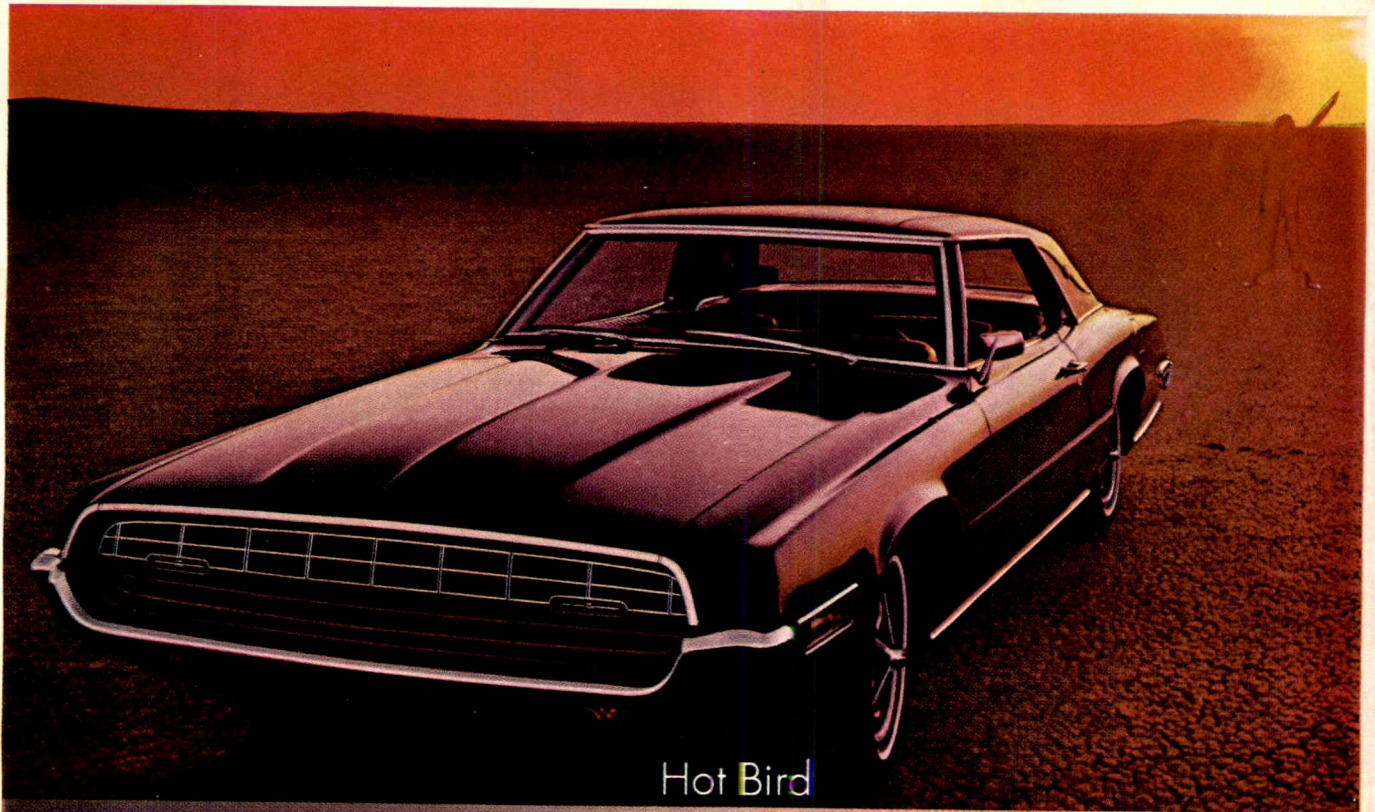
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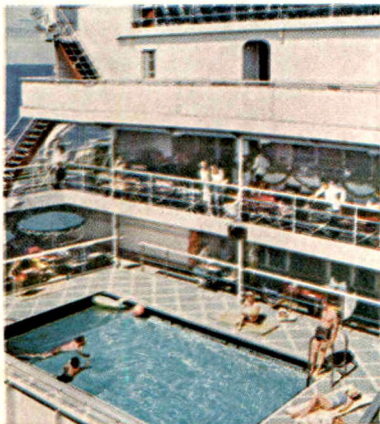
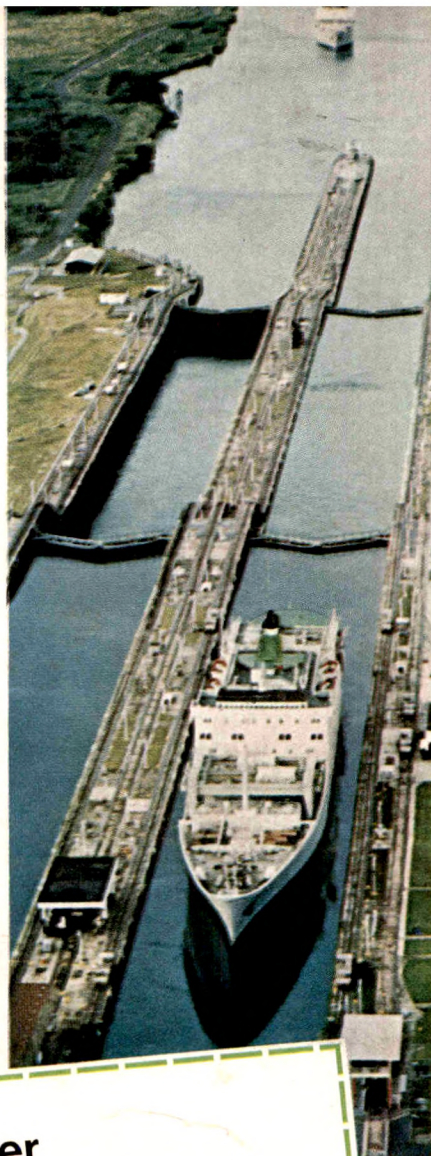
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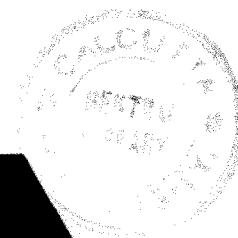


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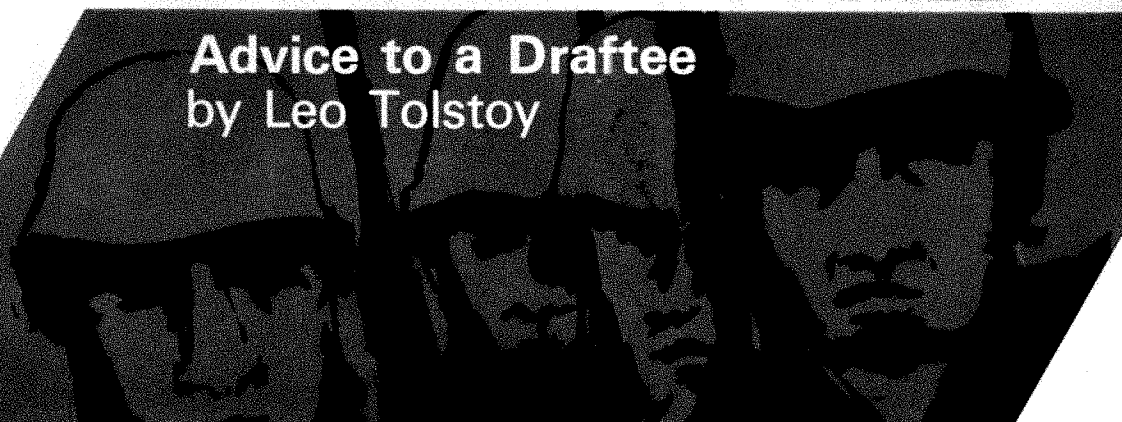
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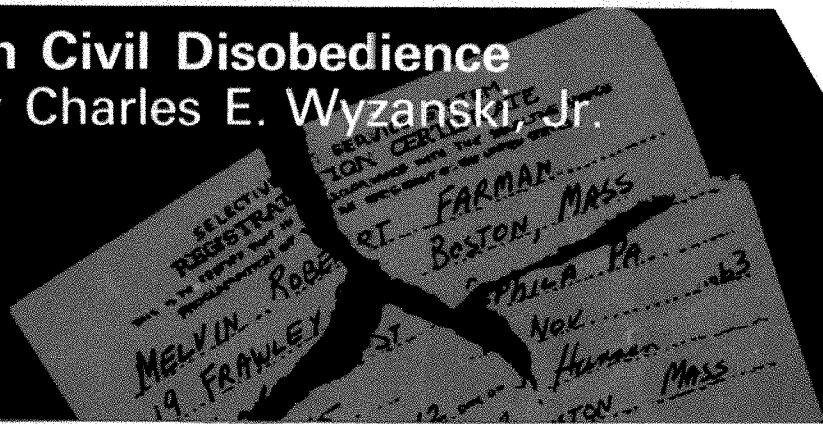


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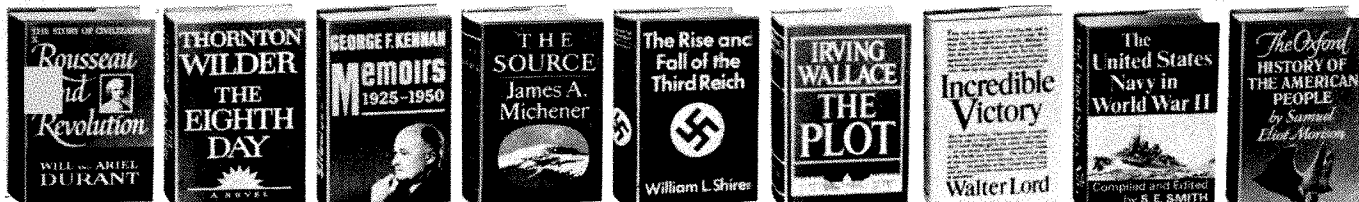
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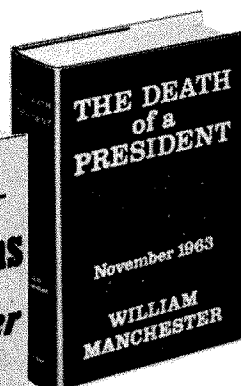
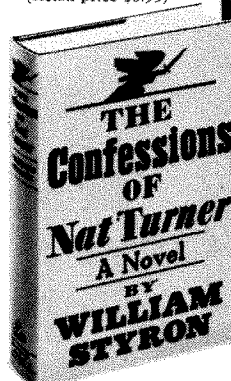
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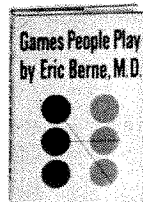
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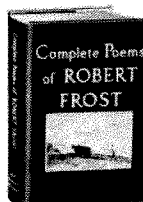
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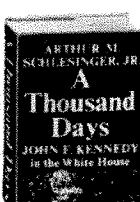
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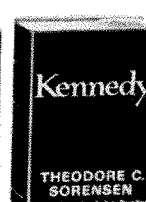
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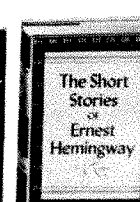
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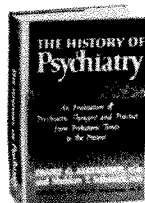
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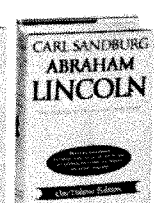
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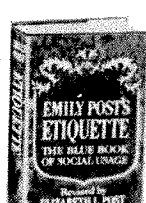
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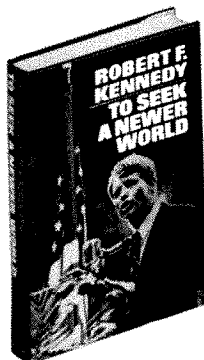
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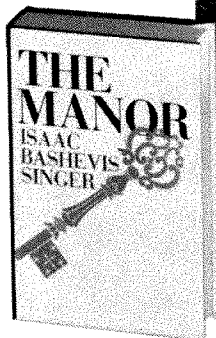
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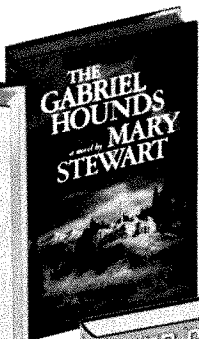
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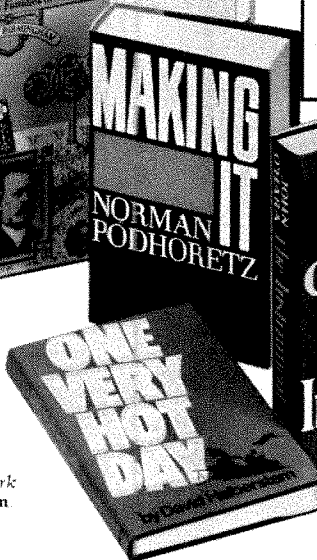
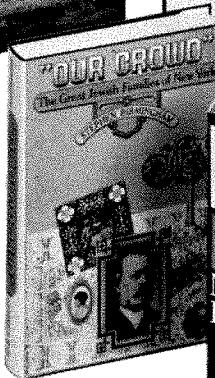
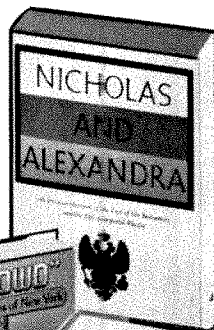
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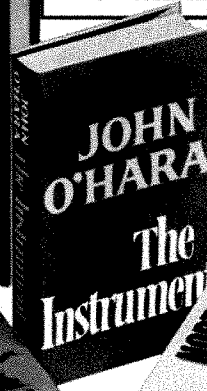
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reports

Washington



The victims of the wave of negativism engulfing Washington are many; they include the Administration's efforts to insert more reason and order into the way that the government does its business. This is no minor setback, for what is at stake is not simply the smooth flow of memoranda or the efficiency of the machinery but the capacity of the government to be relevant.

A sort of creeping nihilism has been developing that reflects the national erosion of confidence. Yet because of the hothouse nature of this town the feeling is more intense here than it is elsewhere. One of the most surprising aspects of this erosion is that it has developed so quickly. About a year ago the word was that Washington can't do it all; these days it's that Washington can't do anything. The search for alterna-

tives to government-as-usual is healthy, but sometimes it leads to chic simplicities and fashion in thought. The current rage, then, is decentralizations of decentralizations. Formerly it was just about everybody's opinion that control must be transferred from Washington to state and city governments; people who have taken a closer look at those governments are now insisting on "community control." The tendency to write Washington off is born of disenchantment, of impatience, of wishful thinking. It stems also from the political disarray that is the result of the Vietnam War, the Johnson style, and the conservative resurgence in Congress.

Fiscal ritual

Yet it can reasonably be predicted that the federal government will not be dismantled in the near future. The question, then, is, what have been some of the effects — on policies and people — of the recent political battering?

One place to focus for insights into what has been happening here is the battle over the budget which took place during the last session of Congress, and which is likely to be repeated in some form this year.

There is, to be sure, a certain ritual to the uncorking of fiscal oratory that marks the annual submission of the President's budget message to Congress. From Capitol Hill we hear about the economic ruin that is about to befall us if government spending is not curbed, and from the Administration (not just this Administration) we hear somber proclamations of fiscal virtue and faithful attention to restoring efficiency in government.

The problem now is that Congress

has declared all-out war on total government expenditures, but opposes specific reforms in government spending. This need not have been such a sticking point in the old days. Under normal circumstances there is about a \$7 billion to \$8 billion increment in the government's revenues each year through progressive income taxes on a growing economy. This "fiscal dividend" is enough to keep old programs going, start new ones, and even cut taxes from time to time. It is, in fact, where the idea of "block grants" to state governments all began; the thought was that some of these incremental revenues could be handed over to the states without interference to ongoing programs. But these are not normal times. The cost of the Vietnam War now absorbs in one year the equivalent of three years' fiscal dividend. There simply isn't any spare cash around to pacify proponents of old programs as a *quid pro quo* for starting more relevant ones.

Administration officials become understandably cynical about the budget fights. For while the public thinks that there is just one Congress, the officials know that there are two. There is the Congress which makes impassioned public utterances on the traditional canons of thrift; and there is the other one that the executive branch hears day after day after day demanding more spending for peanut research laboratories or airplanes or cotton prices or highways. The members of the Congress, on the other hand, know that the Administration for its part is not above a bit of budget flimflam. They remember how in 1963 President Johnson was saying that it would be impossible to keep the budget below \$100 billion;

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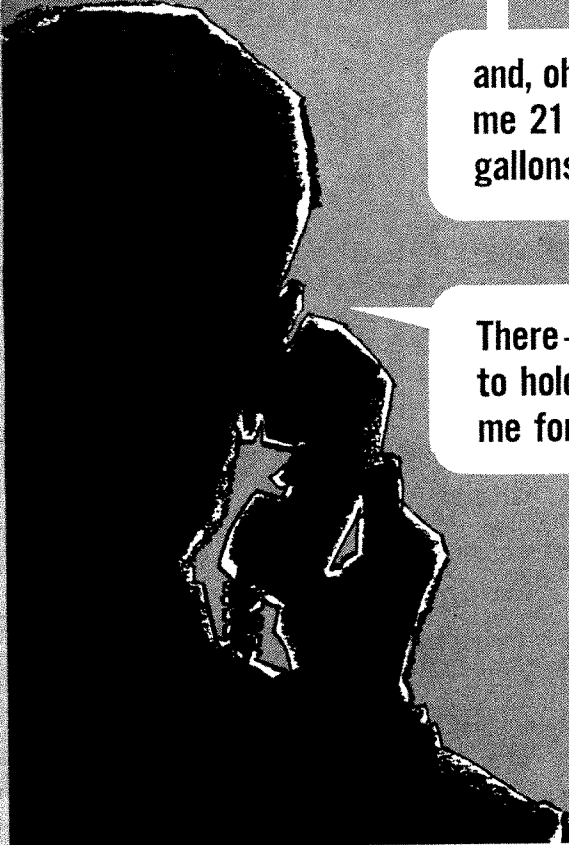
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Washington

then he huffed and he puffed and he came up with a \$97.9 billion budget—a tactic which won him his 1964 tax cut. That particular budget was, says one participant in the process, “a piece of dramatic invention that would have done credit to our greatest playwrights.” It gets around that sometimes when we have been offered yuletide scenes of our President down at the ranch, with officials flying in and out, straining for all his might to make last-minute cuts in the budget, the budget was already at the printer’s.

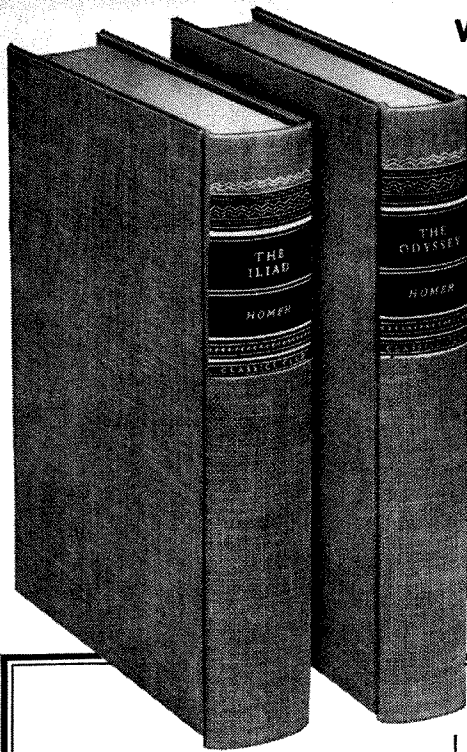
Spreading the pain

It is hard to imagine any more difficult circumstances that might have been imposed on those who had to produce this year’s budget and pretend that it represented any sort of plan. They do not know whether Congress will raise taxes; they did not know until the end of December what last year’s spending levels for a number of programs would be. Just about everything that could go wrong with the economy—prices, gold, interest rates—was going wrong. This on top of the fact that the evident damage around Washington indicates that last year’s was no routine budget fight, nor is this year’s likely to be.

When the Administration found itself in midsummer with (taking its word for it) a possible \$28 billion budget deficit, it was faced with a set of unattractive choices: a great debt, a substantial tax rise, a severe cut in federal programs. Inevitably, it decided upon a combination of all three. Everyone knows what happened to the tax increase. (It is not quite accurate, it should be noted, to make Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills the goat in the tax fight. Students of the House of Representatives, which presumably include the President, have long known that Wilbur Mills is no dogmatist. He does have a highly sensitized allergy, based on a humiliating defeat early in his House career, against bringing bills to the House floor if he does not believe that they will pass.)

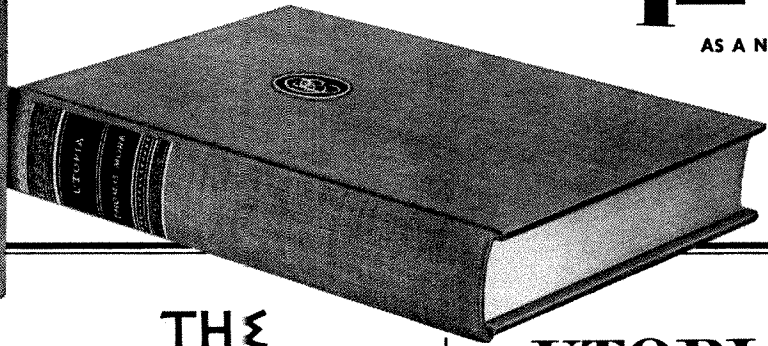
The Administration offered, as a swap for the tax bill, government-wide reduction in spending. Having once indicated that such cuts were possible, however, and faced with

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Washington

an outsize deficit, the cuts had to be made, tax bill or no. The congressmen took the opportunity to go on record for the economies the Administration had already pledged it was going to make, and as one of their last acts of the season wrote the across-the-board spending reductions into an appropriations bill. True to their Al Capp image, however, the congressmen exempted themselves from the requirement for government-wide economizing; they specifically noted that the legislative budget was not to come under the ax.

The trouble is that for both institutional and political reasons it is not easy to cut spending, and when across-the-board cuts are made, the pain is not evenly spread. Priorities get out of kilter, and rational choice-making is seriously undermined. Almost one third of the military spending this year is for Vietnam, and making a cut there isn't even mentionable. Nearly one half of government spending in the civilian sector is "uncontrollable" — either because the programs operate according to an automatic formula, or because the expenditures have been obligated in previous years. That leaves intact the spending for such institutions as farm price supports, merchant marine subsidies, welfare, veterans' benefits, and ongoing public works projects. The spending for highways, which this year will amount to nearly \$4 billion, was similarly immune to the cuts because the highway program operates outside the appropriations process, through a trust fund. Every so often the White House lets it be known that it might curb spending by delaying highway construction projects; just as often, after the full wrath of the governors and the road-building lobby has been unleashed, the Administration lets it be known that really, fellows, we were just kidding.

So across-the-board cuts put the knife deeply into such "controllable" programs as education, poverty, and housing, the tattered remnants of the Great Society. (Even the term "Great Society" mysteriously appears and disappears in White House pronouncements. Government servants, like good apparatchiks, note this in their morning

papers and follow suit.) The dispirited curators of the Great Society programs say that the damage, in terms of disruption of people, plans, and momentum, is more serious than the simple monetary decreases would indicate. When a new program is getting off to a shaky start — as just about all new programs do — it is one thing to say, as is often true, that more money will not buy a lot more progress. But it is quite another thing to say that with less money not that much is lost.

The President's aides explain that an across-the-board cut was the only option. Had they singled out for cuts those programs which buy hardware but not social change, the President's attempt would have been rebuffed and the powers on Capitol Hill would have taken revenge by inflicting still greater damage on the Great Society. In the House, the conservatives were in the saddle. Even the more liberal Senate was a problem. Western senators who could make or break the model cities and rent supplement programs, for example, have more than a glancing interest in spending for hardware, not necessarily military hardware, in connection with programs which bring federal money to their states. The space and Supersonic Transport programs are particular cases in point. (There is an anti-SST underground in the government, but it has not yet found a way to shoot the project down.) This is why there was the anomaly during the year of the President both insisting on his money for the cities and expressing the hope, so as to share the blame for both the deficit and the cuts, that Congress would reduce spending. He was trapped.

Tilting at sacred cows

Every so often some bright new officials pull into town, and set forth to straighten out the mess. Then they learn how hard it is to kill sacred cows, or to nurture what one Cabinet officer refers to as "my little ewe lambs." The tragedy of what is happening here is that there have been in this government of late some men of unusual talent and the will to rationalize government business, and their efforts had the interest and support of the President. They know that their mission is absolutely necessary. They are aware that the budget is bloated by

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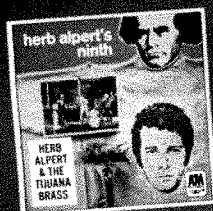
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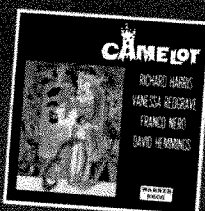
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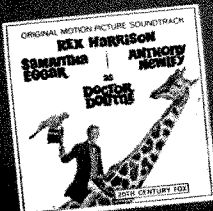
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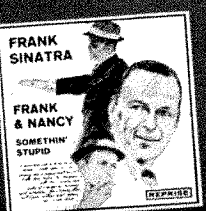
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programs that are of little use. They understand that not only is this a drain on national resources, but also on their own; their energies, as well as our money, are frittered on too many things at once. One of the ablest and most liberal men in the government once admitted privately to having to fight the propensity to blot out the morass of messy old programs and focus attention on "clean" new ones. It is more "fun," he said, to think about the artificial heart or the antiballistic missile than about urban renewal. The men who evolved urban renewal probably felt the same way.

The drive to root out, or even substantially pare, senseless old programs has just about been given up. But not for want of its having been tried. When in 1965 President Johnson tried to close eleven veterans' hospitals, the ensuing uproar, it is said, nearly rivaled Vietnam for his attention over a period of months. In the end he was permitted by Congress to close six.

Recollections of this and similar setbacks, plus the knowledge that the President has, as it were, other wars to fight, have led to new caution before suggesting program reforms. It is difficult for rational men to blink at costly federal subsidies to support middle and upper classes — subsidies for air travel, Coast Guard protection of private boating, the low fees cattlemen pay for the use of public lands. But they eventually learn that the middle class is more extensive than the articulate intellectuals who get upset over this sort of thing, and more articulate than the poor.

The Johnson Administration has had better luck at straightening out the government through structural overhaul — as in the new Housing and Transportation Departments — but lately has been running into trouble here, too. The creation, after much effort, of a new form of government for the District of Columbia was a significant achievement, all the more so because the rest of the country could not care less. But the President's proposal last year for combining the Departments of Commerce and Labor, a

sound way of releasing both from the grip of their constituencies, was sacked by the labor unions. The President has had before him a number of other proposals for overhauling the domestic agencies and the State Department, but it is clear that the time is out of joint.

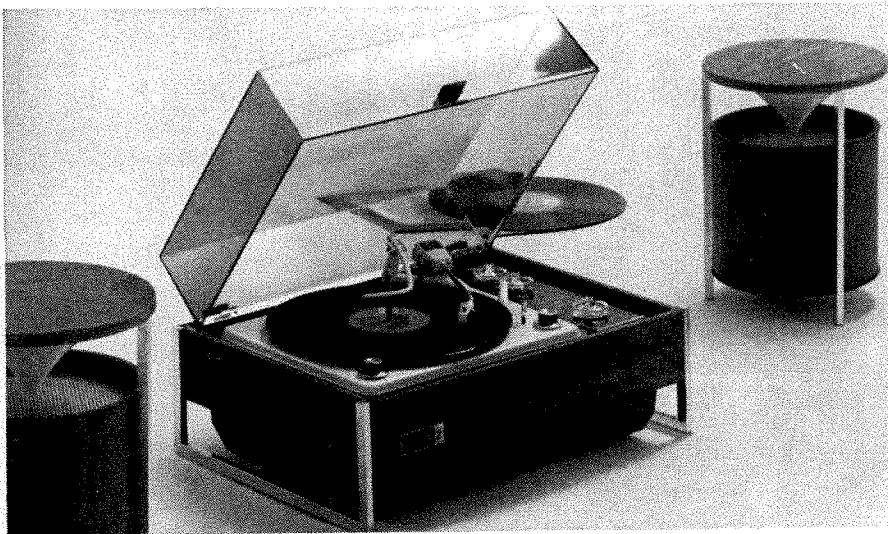


It is also clear that the government will never be neat and tidy, for no amount of rearranging the organizational boxes can keep up with the complexities and the changing nature of the problems the government has taken on. It simply is not feasible to keep setting up departments having everything to do with poverty or jobs or cities each time that conventional wisdom tells us that that is the problem. There will always be overlap and underlap. One important step for dealing with this has been taken within the White House, where Joseph Califano, the President's top assistant for domestic matters, has built a staff of bright young men whose responsibility is to deal with issues on a broad problem-oriented or program-oriented basis instead of on a bureaucratic, or agency, basis. Just across the street the Bureau of the Budget, the policy arm of the White House, has recently been reorganized under its remarkable director, Charles Schultze, to provide similar breadth of view. "Califano and Schultze," said one high Administration official, "are holding the whole rickety business together. Without them it would be a shambles." Whether this glue will outlast these two able men's government careers and become institutionalized is a question.

Sobering up

Another sufferer from what has been happening in Washington has been the system of planning-programming-budgeting (PPB) introduced throughout the government a little over two years ago to provide a

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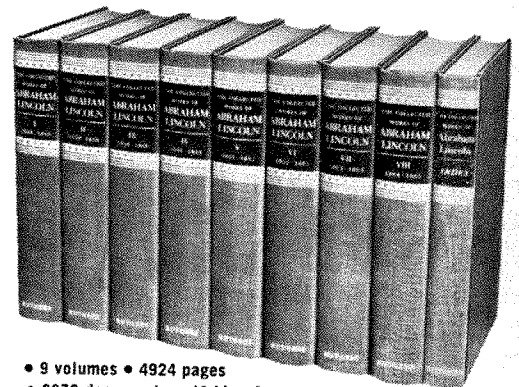
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more rational way of making decisions. PPB, out of the RAND Corporation via the Pentagon, is essentially a method of measuring programs in terms of their costs and their results, and of comparing alternatives in those terms. The idea was that since there will always be a limited number of federal dollars, it would be useful, if not conclusive, to know which dollar expenditure yielded the most results. PPB is still here, and likely to remain so, and has been of some help; but it is being embraced with diminished expectations.

The men from RAND who were dispatched about the government to install PPB now admit with engaging candor to their own naïveté. It used to be thought that PPB would offer the President information about the comparative worth of building dams or training dentists or improving Indian reservations. It can do no such thing. The RAND men underestimated the extent to which the bureaucracies would resist any measurement of their performance, and they overestimated the knowledge the bureaucracies would have about what they were doing. They were stunned to find, for example, that the Office of Education could not tell them how many people had learned to read and write under an adult education program designed to teach people to read and write. They have a heightened comprehension of the difficulties of comparing dams and dentists, and a sobered awareness, based on recent experience, that reason will never supplant politics. No matter what their calculations tell them about which programs make more or less sense, Congress will have the last word.

Tag end

All of this has caused a sharp downturn in the Capital's morale. It is difficult to sort out all of the factors in the demoralization. The war, of course, is overriding. There is also the constant presence of the uneasy feeling that things in general are out of control. There is the awareness that the good people in government are not being replaced at the rate at which they are leaving, and that the depletion will intensify significantly in the coming year.

This is true throughout the ranks. In the case of the Cabinet, in fact, the issue of personnel was turned on its head by the McNamara affair. Thereafter, it was a matter of the White House reacting defensively to reporters' questions whether so-and-so was leaving; the real question is why more members of a tired seven-year-old Cabinet had not left, or been replaced, before.

A good bit of the demoralization had to do with a facing up to reality. Things look rosier at the beginning, and governments are no exception. This town is now in the tag end of a term of a President who seems immobilized and whom the polls tell us the country does not like. Another wave of able men has tried to improve the government, and though they cannot be said to have failed, they have found out how hard it is. It is virtually un-American to suggest that with reason and willpower, even in better times, we cannot solve all of our problems, and in fairly quick order. But we cannot, and that is a lesson that Washington, like the rest of the country, is taking very hard. —Elizabeth B. Drew

India

The availability of food is the central issue of Indian life and politics. And since there will be something like 15 million tons more of food grains available this year than last, it should be possible to be optimistic. But those who cling to hope of what is possible for India in the face of the country's overwhelming probabilities are again being disabused.

For the moment the disappointment isn't in what the farmers are managing to accomplish but in what the politicians are able to make of these gains. The increases in production haven't begun to be big enough to stimulate a mood of confidence in New Delhi that is anything more than rhetorical. And that kind of confidence doesn't carry far. Indian political rhetoric is stale and ritualistic — confident only because it is supposed to be, rather than because of any new idea or development.

Thus a limited but real agricultural success isn't producing a climate of success. New Delhi remains as despondent as it has been ever

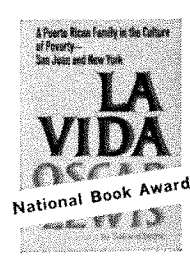
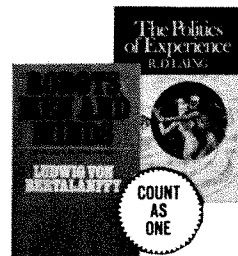
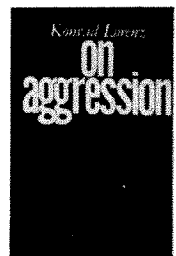
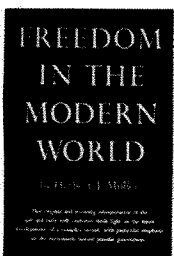
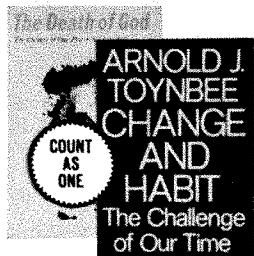
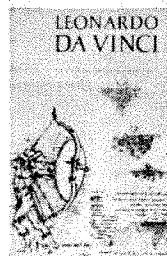
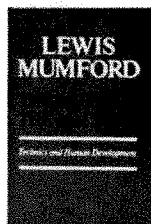
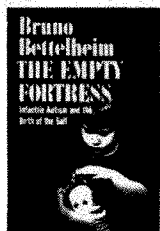
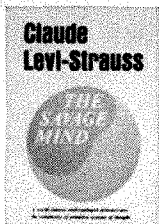
since Jawaharlal Nehru's powers began to fail visibly in the early sixties. If anything, the sense of frustration has been rising at the same time as the production figures.

Nowhere but up

To accentuate the positive some observers have resorted to terms like "agricultural revolution" and "breakthrough." That is obvious public relations; what they are really talking about is the beginning of modern agricultural entrepreneurship, signified by the vastly increased demand for new high-yielding seeds, fertilizer, pesticide, and basic farm machinery. The phenomenon is both widespread and spreading. But it has a painfully long way to go. If India's food production is to outpace its relentless production of new Indians, new "breakthroughs" will be required every season — when the monsoon rains disappoint (as they did during the disastrous drought years of 1965 and 1966) as well as when they surpass expectation, as they did, luckily enough, last summer.

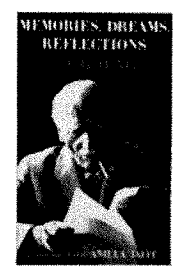
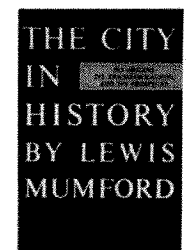
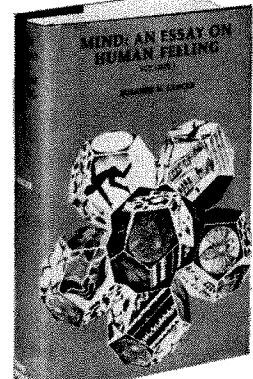
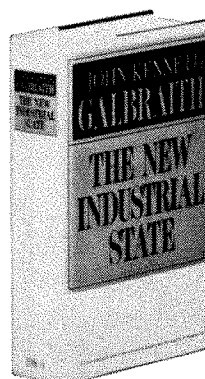
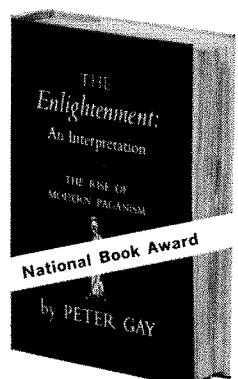
Famine in India need not be inevitable, despite the growing number of Jeremiahs in the West who warn that it cannot be evaded. Even if population growth is not arrested — the only prudent speculation based on the evidence available — there is still ample reason to believe that India will be able to feed itself in a marginal way in the years ahead. It is important to remember, though, that when it is said that India has "enough" food, that means little more than that mass starvation will be averted. It says nothing about the kind of food or the level of nutrition of those whose lives have been spared.

From a strictly nutritional point of view, there is no prospect of India's having "enough" food in the foreseeable future. In several regards, India's food situation has nowhere to go but up: its agricultural yields have been so extremely low in the past that any moderately correct application of existing technology is bound to have dramatic results. And the technology itself is also bound to get better, in the sense of being better adapted to Indian conditions. The Indian farmer has shown he is not impervious to the profit motive, that he is eager to grasp the possibility of change when the odds look favorable. Therefore,



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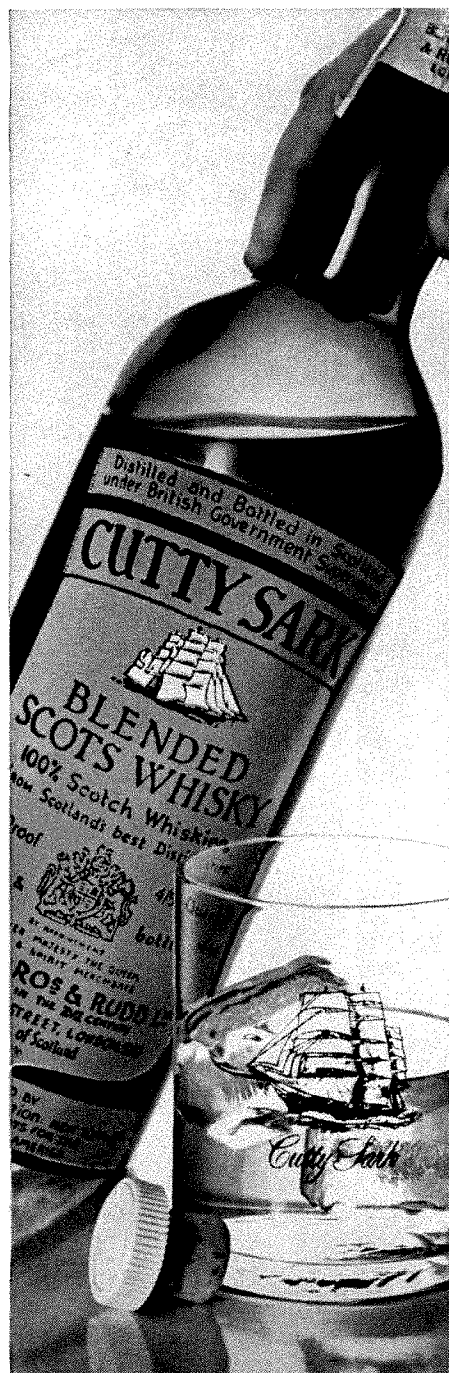
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India

the race with the country's human numbers (now more than 510 million) need not be lost.

"They've seen more of it"

But taking what is of immediate concern, overall production figures don't yet add up to any kind of "breakthrough." The indicated production for the past year of 95 million tons, which may prove to be a conservative estimate, is more than 20 percent larger than the previous year's crops. But that was a drought year. The increase over 1964, the last good year, barely keeps pace with the demands of a population growing at the rate of one million a month (roughly 36 million, then, in the three years, more than the combined populations of North and South Vietnam).

Thus the government is not being irrational when it remains cautious about its food prospects. "They believe more in scarcity than plenty," one of the less impatient American officials here commented. "They've seen more of it."

But the fact remains that even before India receives a ton of food aid this year, it will be sure of having nearly 10 million tons of food grains more than it had last year after all the food aid it received then had been counted. It is possible to imagine a political leadership that might try to make something of that fact, one that might even think of challenging the farmers or appealing to nationalistic sentiments by trying to do without further food assistance. From a statistical or a developmental standpoint, that kind of posturing would be misguided. But a country that is tired of being stigmatized as an international beggar might respond to other compulsions. Or so one would think. This is a matter, it must be emphasized, of Indian psychology, not American; even though both sides now recognize that food assistance in the past helped make India complacent about agriculture, there is still something irritating and worse about any American contending that India gets too much food. But, keeping that caveat in mind, it is striking that no Indian party — not the Communists on the left nor the chauvinistic Jan Sangh on the right — appears to have considered the theoretical possibility

that food aid this year could be suspended. The irony cuts two ways: the United States has also had a bumper crop, so there is more interest in Washington in "Food for Freedom" and food for India than there was last year when the need was really urgent.

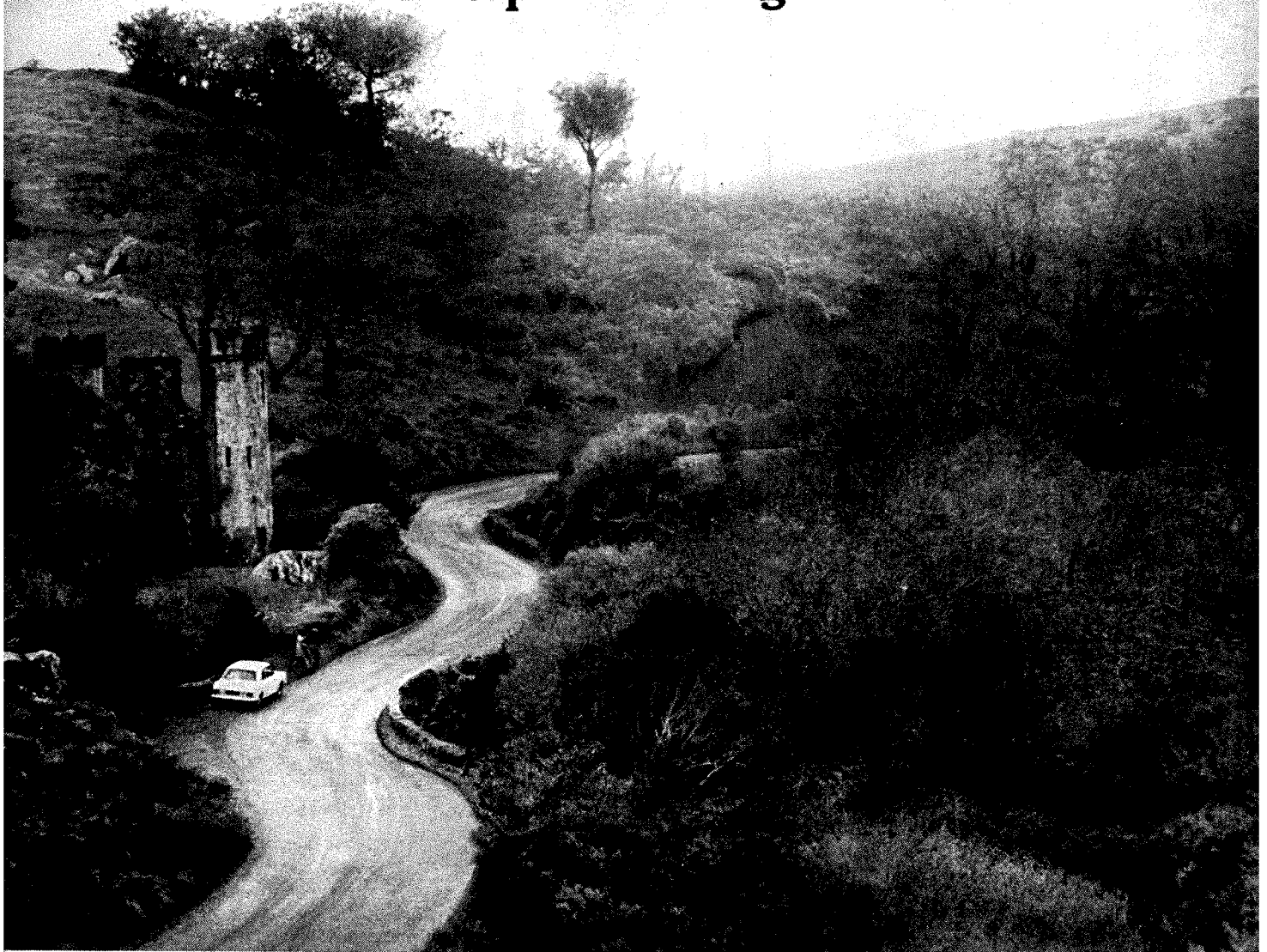
For whatever reasons, India seems content to have the United States remain very much an interested party in its agricultural planning. The American mission has a prepared position on every subtle facet of agricultural pricing and distribution in India. Often the politicians grow restive under American pressure. It is too close a relationship to be invariably a happy one. Indian leaders never go out of their way to recognize the American effort, let alone to express gratitude for it, perhaps because that would mean acknowledging the extent of their dependence. That could also be why they are so remarkably slow to anger when Washington slows up the aid, as it seems to have done on several occasions in the past year, to express dissatisfaction with Indian positions on Vietnam or the Middle East. Yet, institutions and administrators being what they are, it is doubtful that either side is in a hurry to see that dependence reduced.

States' rights

From the political point of view, the crux of the food problem is in the difficult negotiations between New Delhi and the state governments on what is called "procurement." Essentially, it is up to the states to decide how much grain they will purchase or allow to be purchased for government ration shops and stocks, and at what price. In the end the issue becomes one of compulsion. Precisely because India is democratic, it becomes impossible to demand too much of local interests — a restraint Americans should respect. But democratic leaders should have resources other than crude force. They should find it possible to make a convincing case for urgent national interests. The short wars with China and Pakistan brought that kind of patriotic fervor to India, but the threat of famine hasn't. Last year when Bihar faced starvation, it soon became more an American problem than one of concern to the other Indian states. Indian officials on the scene performed exceptionally well during the crisis. But had it not

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India

been for the emergency assistance the United States provided, mass starvation deaths would certainly have occurred.

Flabby with power

That constant pulling and tugging between New Delhi and the states over food has been aggravated by the rapid decline of the Congress Party. Before last February's election there were no opposition governments in any of the Indian states. By July, nine out of sixteen were non-Congress; that is, twenty years after independence, two thirds of all Indians were living in states the Congress had lost. The obvious question, a profoundly shocking one for an older generation that had been accustomed to thinking of the Congress as something almost synonymous with the nation, was how long the party would be able to cling to power in New Delhi.

The trouble with the Congress Party was that it had grown flabby from too many years in power. For two decades it sat ritualistically under portraits of its patron saint, Mahatma Gandhi, doing its best, or so it sometimes seemed, to ignore what Gandhi had said. Its leaders were often preoccupied with questions of patronage — jobs in the "public sector," licenses in the "private sector" — to notice that the movement was withering at its roots.

"Because they have no power against the ruling order," the Bengal iconoclast Nirad Chaudhuri has written, "the great mass of the Indian people have to remain passive haters of the new Indian regime." Even if that were only a half-truth, its implications for the Congress would be devastating.

Though none of the party's top leaders deny for a moment that the Congress is in a sad state and possibly moribund, they have shown no sign of doing anything more than acknowledging the problem verbally. It is a comment on the nature and scope of the Congress' complacency that it could still stand some scaling down in size. It is a comment also on the more general absence of élan in India today: the fatalistic acceptance of food aid and the fatalistic acceptance of the governing party's decay both spring from the same inability or reluctance to grapple with

the problems of the present in the present. V. S. Naipaul offended Indians by writing about their collective "intellectual failure." Yet Indira Gandhi was talking about the same thing when, in an inspired moment, she castigated them for "not being angry enough." So was the political commentator who wrote, "Our elite has made a habit of living in profound untruth."

False sense of motion

Indian leaders are forever promising to lead their people past great landmarks a few years from now, after various "difficulties" that are keeping them off course have blown over, but the landmarks continue to recede. At the moment they are saying that the country will be fully self-sufficient in food grains and fertilizer by 1972 and self-sustaining economically by 1976. Nobody believes them, and the chances are they don't really believe themselves. The first of those goals is still mar-



ginally within the realm of possibility; the second long ago lost whatever meaning it once had. But both remain equally sacrosanct, for it is considered unthinkable politically to set lower but realizable targets. Thus the ambitious Fourth Five-Year Plan survived in its draft form almost to the end of its second year until the government finally brought itself to admit that it could no longer be implemented because, for whatever combination of reasons — the Chinese threat, the tension with Pakistan, the droughts, or plain bad judgment by its authors — it no longer bore any useful resemblance to the Indian situation.

Similarly, the Department of Family Planning now says the birthrate will be reduced by more than one

third (from 40 to 25 births for every 1000 members of the population) within ten years, even though it has yet to be reduced by even one percent. It is against all demographic and sociological good sense to imagine that the stated goal serves any real purpose beyond generating a false sense of motion and deferring a painful moment of recognition. But a big failure, it appears, has a kind of splendor that no small achievement can match.

The moment of recognition for the Congress Party, if it indulges itself this way, probably won't come before the day it loses its majority in Parliament. Or perhaps the inevitability of that day has already been accepted in the party's top echelons. Last spring Home Minister Y. B. Chavan skillfully moved to identify himself with the airy radicalism that the party's rank and file is generating in its frustrated reaction to the organization's failure and drift. He did this by leaking the word that he favored the nationalization of banks and abolition of the privy purses of maharajas.

"The politics of gesture"

Whatever the merits of those proposals may be, neither one had any other urgency behind it than the need the Congress Party felt to prove to itself that it could still act; both were embarrassing to the government. But then, as one columnist noted, Mr. Chavan was not "playing at the politics of action seeking reform but, rather, the politics of gesture seeking recognition." "Anyone who has talked with Mrs. Gandhi on the subject in recent days," another commentator wrote in November after the bank nationalization proposals had been shelved, "can sense that she has no deep personal convictions on this issue. She has, however, a strong instinct for survival."

The trouble, or so many observers now suggest, is that this assessment would go equally well for Mrs. Gandhi's position on almost any other issue. Her virtues are said to be her flexibility and national standing — "her catholicity of outlook and her freedom from narrow loyalties of any kind," as the *Statesman* once put it. But her flexibility sometimes seems to serve no other end than the preservation of her standing. By her own standard, she does not seem angry enough. For

We could have stopped here.

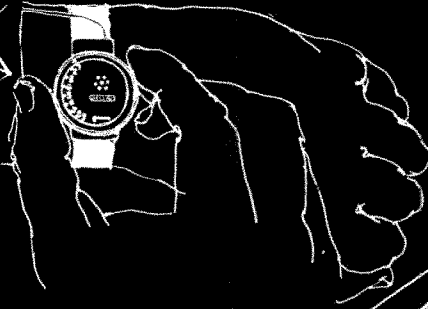


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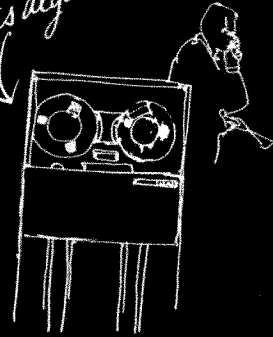


But we're getting itchy again.

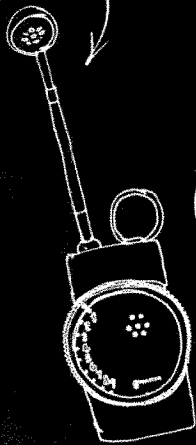
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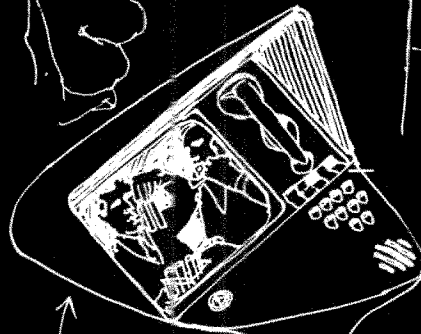
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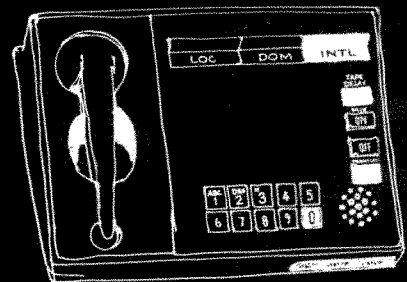
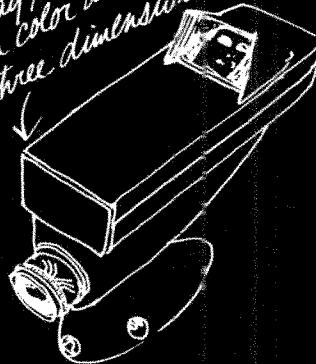
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India

a long time after the election, New Delhi's main preoccupation wasn't the food situation, or the new political alignments, or even the condition of the Congress Party, but an oversubtle tussle for power involving Mrs. Gandhi, Chavan, and Deputy Prime Minister Morarji Desai. No one of these three, it seemed, wholly trusted the other two. Possibly there were a few abortive instances of real plotting, but mostly there was only compulsive, time-consuming maneuvering for advantage. All big political decisions had to be taken in the light of what they would do to the Indira-Morarji-Chavan equations; frequently that meant they were deferred. There is such a thing also as the politics of inaction.

"The power structure"

When the scope of the Congress debacle at the polls last year became clear, there were those who saw it as a positive gain for Indian democracy, and therefore a hopeful omen for the future. The gain for democracy is hardly arguable, but the hope has dimmed. The shock of the election results has not redeemed the Congress. Nor have the opposition governments — except in Madras, Orissa, and Kerala — produced anything like viable alternatives. In the beginning the popularity of these governments was the opposite side of the coin of the unpopularity of the Congress. But now with petty politicians gravitating from party to party with every fluctuation in the political stakes, the lofty concept of democratic choice has been somewhat cheapened. A new election would probably produce new setbacks for the Congress without producing promising alternatives.

But the Congress cannot be expected to submit passively to the processes of decay, however far advanced these may seem to be. It still represents what in America would be called "the power structure." It hesitated for months but finally convinced itself that its control of the national government gave it levers it could use against opposition regimes in the states. Three of these regimes — in West Bengal, Haryana, and the Punjab — were brought down in one week in late November, though the Congress in none of these states was ready to

return to power. There were those who complained bitterly that the constitution had been stretched out of shape in the process. But the reassertion of power showed at least that the Congress would not fall because of a failure of will, even if it didn't begin to meet, and possibly only aggravated, the political problem of regaining popular confidence.

There are some observers who believe that a polarization of the standard left-right sort is under way today in Indian politics, and that eventually the pieces will fall neatly into place. But that is a hard argument to sustain. The Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal, and Kerala governments have contained right-wing and left-wing forces at the same time. For that matter, the right and the left have been co-existing within the Congress Party itself for years.

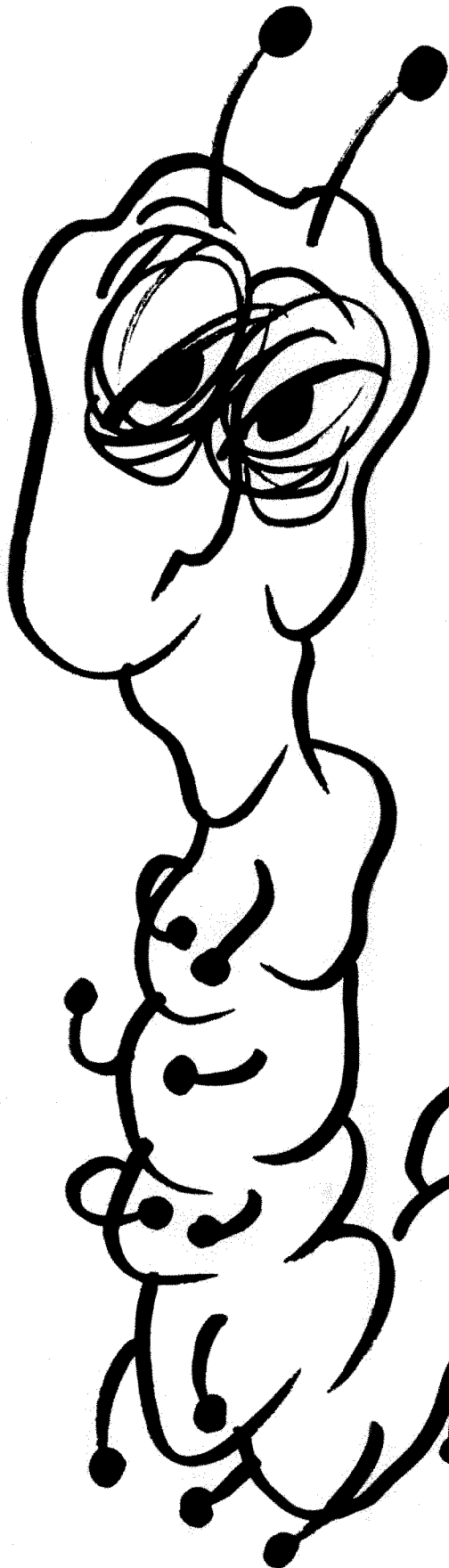
Any assumption that the Communists would gain inevitably from continuing muddle on the Indian political scene would also be much too neat. At present they are strong only in West Bengal and Kerala. They took leading roles in the governments of both states after the election, but what they gained as a result was not half as striking as the dissension that responsibility for government churned up in their ranks. "If Ho Chi Minh had been like these chaps," a high police official in Calcutta remarked contemptuously, "there would never have been a Vietnamese revolution."

Exploiting the good ones

No doubt India can survive the infirmity and meretriciousness that characterize so much of its politics these days. The strong, purposeful leaders Asia has seen in recent years — the Sukarnos, Diems, and Ne Wins — haven't offered anything nearly as good. As for Ayub Khan next door in Pakistan, the final verdict on his regime had better be withheld until it begins to cope with the problem of a succession. Nearly everyone agrees that a dictatorship in India would be a disaster from every point of view, if not an outright impossibility because of the country's size and diversity. But it is the difficulty of dictatorship enough to ensure the survival of democracy.

In the meantime, it is never too soon to start worrying about the next monsoon. If it is good, the farmers should be able to sustain

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the momentum they achieved this past year and pass it on to India's recession-bound industry. Probably there is less point in worrying about what will happen if it is bad, for India is an old hand at coping with bad years; it is the trick of exploiting the good ones that it has yet to master.

—Joseph Lelyveld

California



It is a measure of the man's success that one rarely hears mention anymore that Governor Ronald Reagan made it through the looking glass in one scant year. From Grade B make-believe in Hollywood he has leapt into a sturdy place in the rugged real world of presidential politics. Status, which dedicated politicians labor all their lives to achieve — and few do — has fallen easily, and gracefully, upon Reagan, and he wears it with style. To his stage aplomb he has added the confident touch of a professional politician, the sure footing required of a man whose base is the country's most populous (20 million people) state.

The first amateur ever to become governor of California, Reagan would have done well if he had done no more than put together a creditable and functioning state administration. He has done that. He promised to make "rigid economy" his mark, to "cut, trim, and squeeze" state spending, to "turn around" the course of government. And for better or worse, he did.

Reagan after taxes

Reagan is not so quick to mention that last year he also passed the largest budget this or any other

state ever ran (\$5,093,306,586), and imposed the largest tax increase this or any other state ever contrived, which totaled up to just about a billion dollars. Yet miraculously, he has maintained the image of the masterful economizer, and it is economy about which he talks. A large proportion of California will discover in April that their income taxes have nearly doubled. This may hurt Reagan a bit in California. Of course, raising taxes without ruining one's chances with the voters is exactly the monkey wrench in Johnson's works just now. By hollering economy, Reagan, the novice, may be able to do what the master politician has not been able to do.

Wherever Reagan's fortunes stand after taxes, Don M. Muchmore, who directs Opinion Research of California (the state poll most heavily relied on by the Brown administration and now by Reagan's), finds that his continuous acceptance as governor is thus far unmatched by anyone in the state's history except Earl Warren. Reagan went into office with a million-vote majority, and 58 percent of the total. After seven months in office a sampling by Opinion Research showed him favored by 62 percent.

California cutbacks

Yet Ronald Reagan has attacked the principle of free education, insulted government employees, evicted organized labor from posts in state government which their representatives have held for over eighty years, and installed in their places frankly employer-oriented businessmen. He has cut back everybody's pet program, and taxed heavier than anyone else the middle-income group on which he bases his support. He vetoed increased pay for the blind, postponed new centers for the mentally retarded, made a \$17.7 million cut in the state's mental hospital budget, and ordered a \$210 million slash in California's Medicaid program. In other retrenchment maneuvers, he invites business, not government, to solve racial problems, opposes open housing for minorities, and patrols the state's vast welfare program for evidence of fraud on which to base cutbacks. (He aims to shift the elderly off old-age pensions and back into the hands of their families; in general he wants to displace public welfare with private charity.)

Just now, when the greatest degree of confidence and trust is needed to offset all the retrenchment and permit visibility for some *positive* Reagan programs, internal uncertainties trouble the governor. His handling of the unfortunate episode involving homosexuality on his staff, by general agreement, damaged his claim to candor.

No sweat

Withal, Ronald Reagan enjoys the most attractive pre-primary position of any GOP possibility. He presumes to be no more than his own state's favorite-son candidate. Reagan's little coterie of advisers admonish patience. Unlikely though it may seem, they are holding fire. Reagan's name will be entered, one way or another, in all the critical primaries. What votes he wins will be worth many times their total in impact because they come unasked. It is all gain. How great a gain is still uncertain. But he cannot lose.

One element which makes these spring months easier for Reagan than for men who have driven a lifetime toward the presidential goal is his enviable relaxation about it all. From the modest Midwestern environment which fixed his scale of values Reagan absorbed a somewhat fatalistic faith in God and destiny. While functioning as governor, he manages to preserve the uninvolved style of an outsider. He is not goaded and whipped by ambition. It is rare to see a man run for the presidency of whom it can be said: no sweat.

Marshaled behind him is an unprecedentedly effective state Republican organization. True, it lacks majority registration among California voters, and it still hears rumbles of discontent from the "all or nothing" far-right wing. But its Eleventh Commandment, "Republicans shall speak ill of no other Republicans," dampens dissent. It is cohesive, experienced, and dedicated. It has 86 votes at the Republican National Convention, second only to New York's 92. It has a research arm, ample coffers, and a systematic precinct organization. It maintains two state headquarters with eighteen full-time workers. (Back in Earl Warren's era the party didn't even have a year-round office in which to hang a hat.) Its position in the legislature threatens the dominant Democrats (each party

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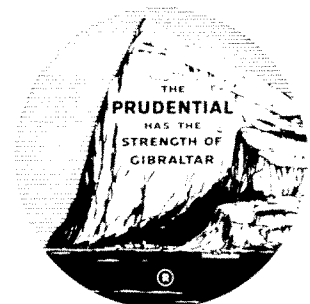
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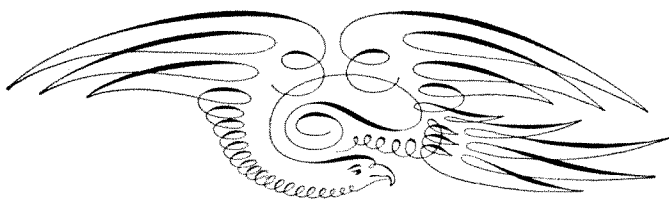
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SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR



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In this third decade of the nuclear age, we are physically the world's greatest power; psychologically we are still somewhere in transit between our abandoned innocence and what a historian might call mission and a politician would label consensus. Even more perplexing and important than the question, What really are we doing in Vietnam?, is the question, What is Vietnam, and all it symbolizes, doing to America? No day goes by without its surfeit of suggested answers to the first. It is the second which has come to preoccupy the editors of this magazine, and has caused us to feature in the March issue one superb journalist's search for the answers.

The author, born in Indiana and educated at Columbia, is Dan Wakefield, one of America's great reporters. Through most of 1967 he has traveled the United States, haunts both familiar and strange: hippies' pads and the drawing rooms of Georgetown savants, executive suites and high government offices, military bases, high school assembly halls, and the exile-places of draft-dodgers. He has observed from the back seat of a Detroit prowl car, the waiting rooms of countless airports, the inner offices of black power conspirators, the private cabin of the Vice President's jet. His notebooks contain the thoughts and words of hundreds of Americans, ranging from a middle-aged digger called Plastic Man to a beleaguered Secretary of State. From his months of reporting and his years of experience as an observer and interpreter of America, Dan Wakefield has composed a rare and valuable document, a profile of the United States in a year of turbulence and decision.

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Robert Manning

California

now has 20 Senate seats). This fall it means to net more gains.

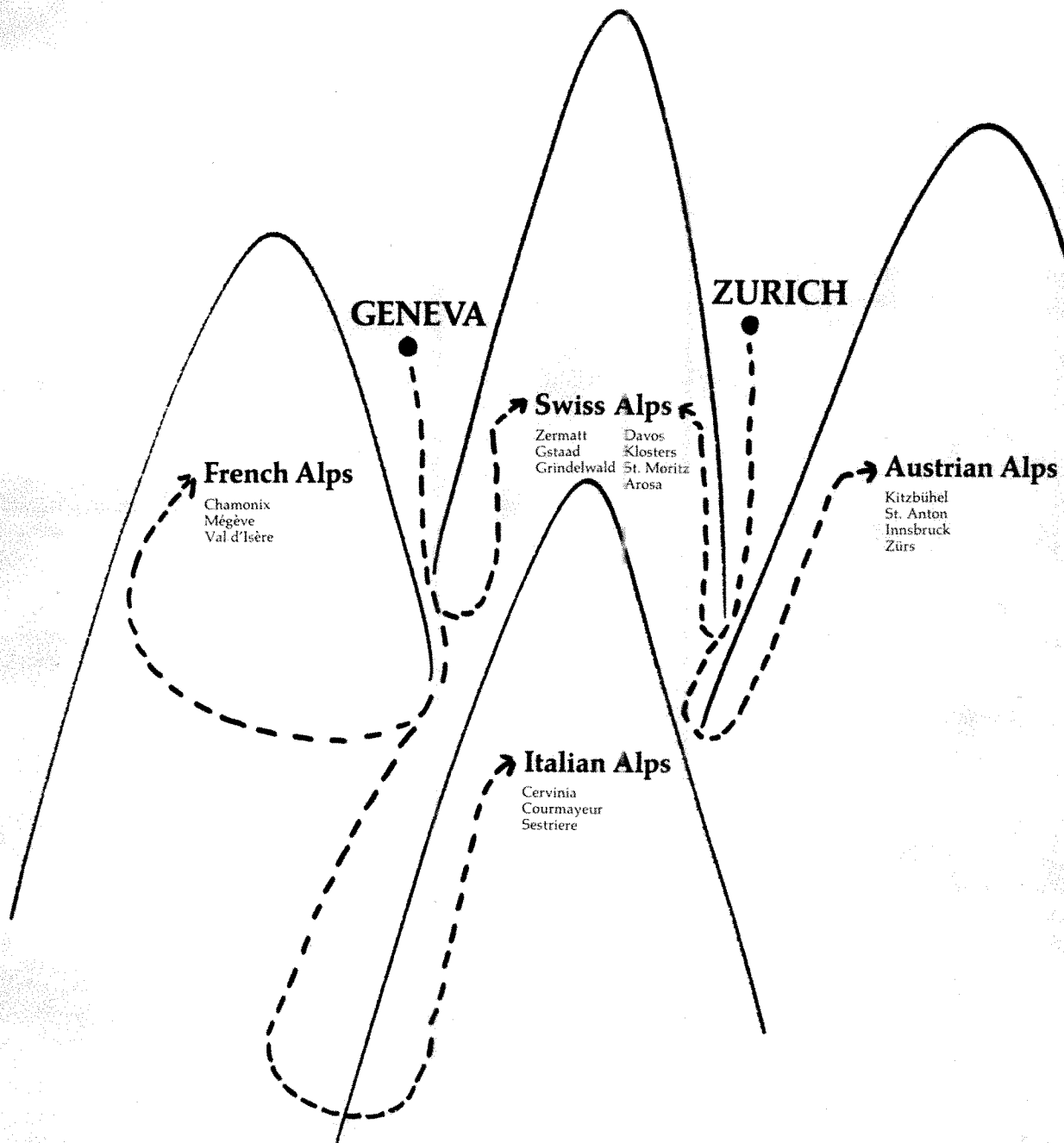
Its unity is so binding that in the name of it, the state GOP leadership appears to have manipulated financial support away from right-wing Senate hopeful Max Rafferty, pushed incumbent progressive Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel reluctantly into his most conservative stance ever, and staved off what everyone expected to be a bloody party battle. Unity also means that no other Republican candidate can get a toehold in the state, as was conclusively proved when Lieutenant Governor Robert H. Finch, one-time Nixon advocate, jumped the gun on proposing Reagan as favorite son.

Feudal rivals

In sorry contrast, the shattered state Democratic Party is heading for one of the severest presidential primary battles of the year, with a contest between Senator Eugene J. McCarthy and Johnson loyalists almost certain. Meanwhile, California Democrats have been trying to warn Eastern colleagues of their informed view that Reagan, if nominated, will be the toughest, not the easiest, Republican to defeat. To be sure, former Governor Pat Brown said complacently in Washington last June that a contest between Reagan and President Johnson would present American voters with "the clearest picture of the choices they must make"; Reagan, he said, is the "best salesman of the do-nothing school of government." The deposed Brown is, however, witness that voters can be cajoled by "do-nothing" politicians. Many Democrats who went through the humiliating defeat of 1966 in California fear that a Johnson-Reagan contest would suggest a number of parallels to Brown vs. Reagan.

It is hard to believe how far the once cheerful and spirited incumbents of Brown's eight years have fallen. The Democrats in California owe campaign deficits in excess of \$60,000. They can muster only a part-time staff to keep their headquarters open. So indifferent are Democratic voters that in Los Angeles alone 420,000 Democrats (or more than 20 percent of the party's registration there) have been erased

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California

from the rolls for failure to vote in the past two years, and there is no machinery for a concerted drive to get them back. In contrast to the power of unified thinking in the Republican camp, the California Democracy has a surplus of feudal rivals, including Brown, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, former state Controller Alan Cranston, State Senate finance wizard George Miller, and legislative Speaker Jesse M. Unruh. Unruh is the party's shrewdest leader. He has slimmed down from his "Big Daddy" proportions both in size and in temperament, rendering himself a more agreeable figure. But he is hard-pressed to maintain his seat in the legislature and his leadership there as well, and he isn't adding national problems to his agenda. Democratic National Committeeman Eugene Wyman confessed to being so distraught with the party malaise that he is thinking of asking the National Committee to send in an outsider "totally disassociated from all, so we can start fresh," an incredible concession in a pivotal state.

Whatever Johnson's name could offer toward suppressing the feuding will not be precisely determined: party regulars will be asking for votes in the June primary for delegates pledged to LBJ, but the ticket will be led by the lone statewide Democratic officeholder, Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch, a stalwart law-enforcement man [but the world's most low-keyed campaigner. Opposing him on the peace slate will be Senator McCarthy, whose name is popular in California. Even National Committeeman Wyman, who protests perhaps too much that Johnson *can* carry California, concedes the opposition is "formidable."

The para-organizational Council of Democratic Clubs, which broke with Brown two years ago because of the vehemence of its antipathy toward the Vietnam War, is the core around which anti-Johnson and peace sentiment is coalescing, and CDC appears to be better organized and financed than the state party itself. With a base of 33,000 members and generous financing from anti-war contributors, a well-managed CDC-McCarthy effort could carry the state.

The intellectuals who sparked

Brown's administration are too old to demonstrate against Vietnam and too young to accept the GOP as a permanent fixture in California government. Some have formed a "Committee for California," a sort of Ripon Society for Democrats, laying groundwork for some bright new Democratic day. They concern themselves with exploring California's major growth problems.

Too poor to plan?

It is probably fortunate they do. There is a clear need for bold and early planning to rescue California's magnificent environment from pollution in the countryside and a complex of urban diseases. And for all the poor-mouthing by the Reagan administration, California is not too poor to plan and act; with not quite 10 percent of the U.S. population, the state enjoys 11 percent of the total national income, or about \$69.1 billion in 1967. Four other states, led by New York, top California in per capita income, and New York alone pays higher per capita state and local taxes (California: \$395.27; New York: \$409.94). But it is fairer to measure tax burden in relation to earnings. In this context Californians pay \$125.71 in total taxes for every \$1000 earned, but residents in eight other states, including New York, pay more.

Many problems which beset America appear in California in aggravated form. The contrast between abundantly endowed California in its natural state and the effects of "progress" on those endowments is a firsthand experience with almost everyone. Destruction and pollution of natural resources are not problems people just read about. A receding shoreline leaves garbage in its wake. Familiar hillsides whose old oaks and tawny grasses recall the frontier West are carved overnight into bleak terraces, planted with look-alike housing. And the yellow scummy taint in the air, despite all the efforts at smog control, creeps more pervasively along the horizon. Yet one still senses in California a public concern about the quality of the environment in the cities, in the suburbs, and in the wilderness beyond. In the last four years some \$4 million in federal and state funds have been consumed in a massive state planning effort, and the results were due to have been completed and published last year. Alas, not

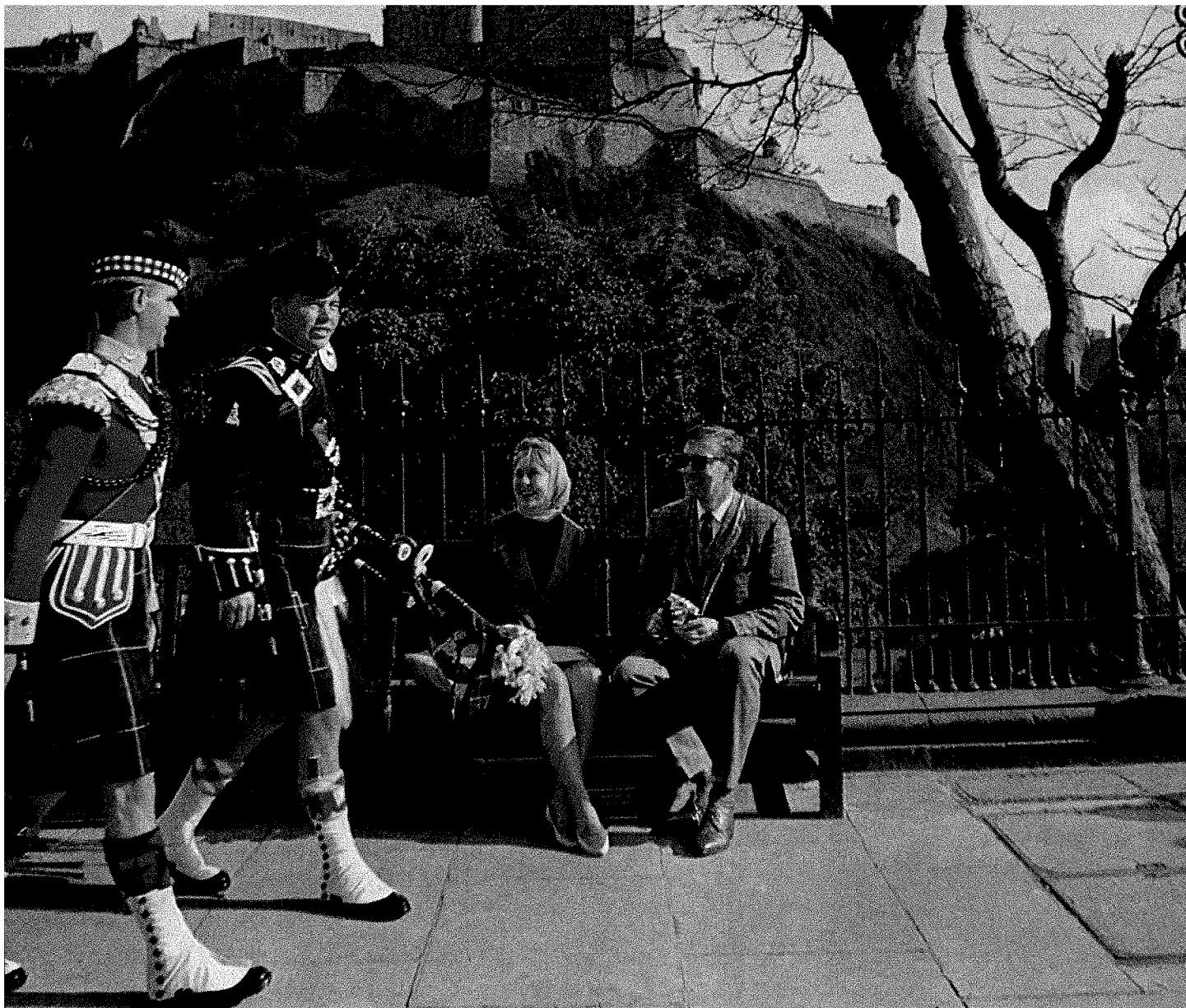
one word on the subject has come from Governor Reagan.

Reagan came into office crying that government was too big and had to be reduced; too intrusive into private lives, too presumptuous in social effort, and too expensive. He began with the expenses. His first day in office he froze all state employment, stopped orders for new equipment, new cars, new office space, and banned all trips out of state. The job freeze lowered state employment 2.5 percent in six months, and today state government jobs have shrunk by 2550, reversing a previous annual increase of about 3 percent. He ordered a 10 percent cut in all department budgets. In mitigation of his spender stance as author of the billion-dollar boost in taxes and of the biggest-ever budget, he likes to say that he cut the *pace* of state spending in half. This means that before his term the California budget was growing at a rate of 16 percent a year; he held it to 8 percent. Keeping it at that level will be his toughest task this year. You have to start somewhere: he saved \$50,000 alone in typewriter ribbons; \$2 million in the annual phone bill, \$4 million by canceling a planned building when efficiency experts found 2000 clerks could fit into space originally scheduled for 1000.

"I don't add good"

When Reagan confessed momentary confusion over some budget figures with the jocular admission "I don't add good," one critical newspaper cartoon footnoted: "But I sure can subtract." It conveyed as much about his philosophy as about his arithmetic.

Of course, some of these economies were trivial. Reagan relishes telling audiences about how he used up old stocks of official stationery rather than ordering anew, which had all his administration's secretaries x-ing out Pat Brown's name and typing in his. But his detractors also like this tale of frugality: wasting all that time and effort seems such false economy in place of a two-penny printing bill. Equally diverting was the administration's decision to stop the state justice department's consumption of the lined yellow tablets which are, by some academic alchemy, an absolute necessity for the penciling of legal thought. Some attorneys proposed instead a supply of rulers and a new civil service cate-



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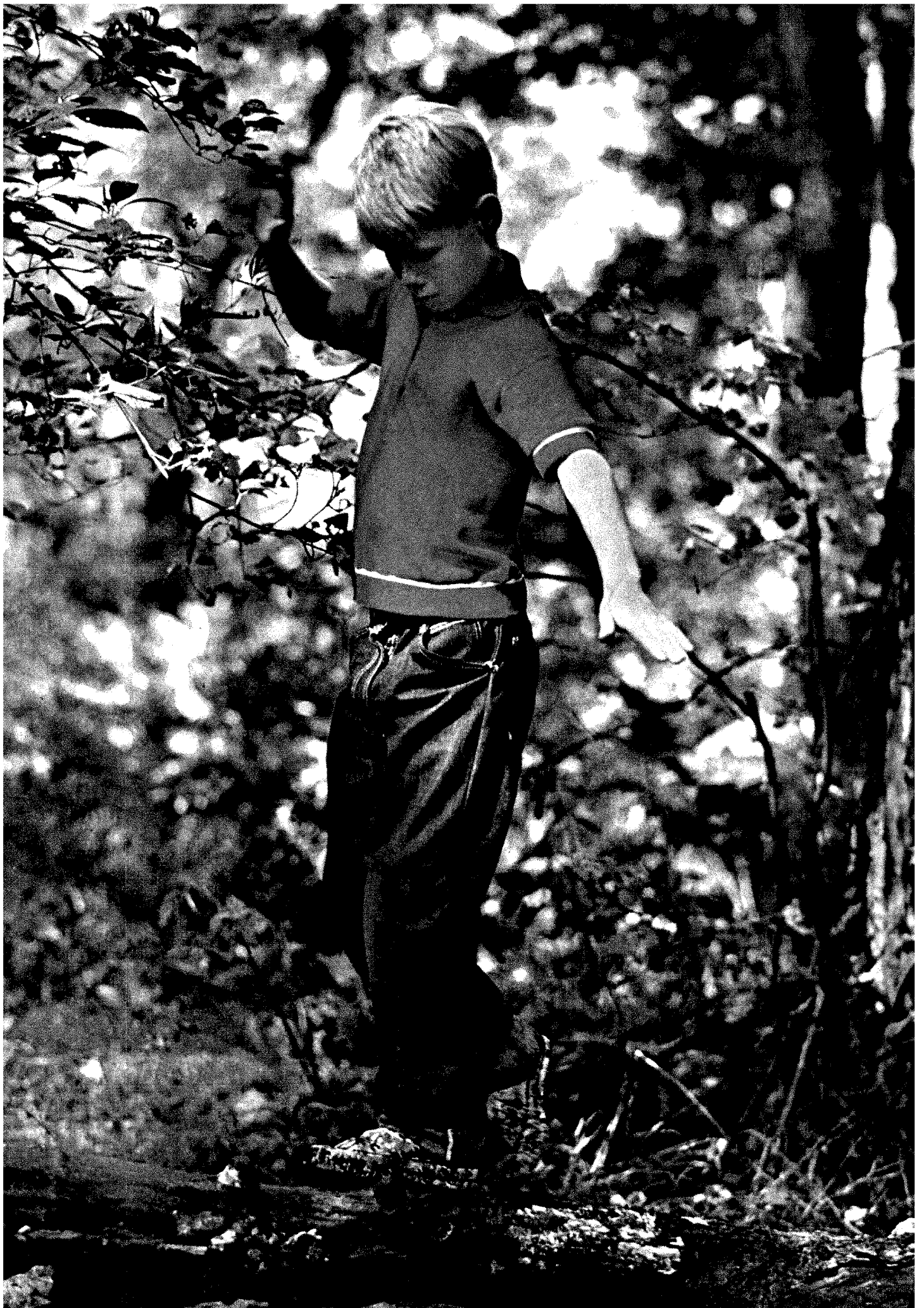
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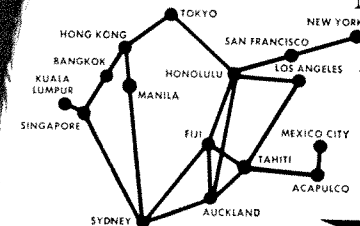
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California

gory for someone to draw lines on plain paper.

Reagan strategists Thomas Reed and William Roberts talk confidently of the day when positive programs can be announced. Lieutenant Governor Finch hints at "exciting" new ideas to come. But Governor Reagan is still talking economy. Asked recently what positive gain he most wanted to achieve in his administration, the governor could only discuss his fiscal bind, and most pressing issues in California come back to money. For example, the dismissal of University of California President Clark Kerr was the mood piece for the opening of the Reagan era; it was intended to be a sort of sacrificial cleansing, and a step toward erasing campus discord. The latter it has not done. But now under Reagan, the growing university is hurting most severely in its finances.

End to largesse

Typically, Reagan attached some conservative riders to his educational economizing. He vowed to end "free" higher education and to impose a \$250 annual tuition at U.C. and \$180 at state colleges. At first he proposed this to get additional funds. Now he would put most of the money into scholarships for the poor. It is part of the government table turning he calls for: an end to largesse; make a man pay for what he gets. To those who can't pay, give charity. By curious oversight, he ignores the benefit to taxpayers whose children attend one of the world's great universities without tuition.

Reagan has run up against two implacable forces in Sacramento: the momentum of growth in California, and of complexity of government. He has not coped with either, and tolerance of his initial hatchet approach is diminishing. The last thirty years have brought a jumble of commissions, bureaus, and departments in Sacramento, and a shake-up was due. But what now astounds legislators of both parties and career government men is Reagan's unwavering line that budget cuts alone can cure society's ills.

Reagan's aim is to remove government from as many functions as possible, ease its burden on the tax-

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California

payer, and leave problem-solving to the private sector. This is the essence of what he terms the "Creative Society." Its range of creativity is suggested by projections that state engineering and architecture, even state janitorial service, can be contracted out to private business, and state printing of textbooks discontinued, to save money. Such activities were assigned to civil service in the first place, of course, as economy measures.

The "private sector" mystique

It is hard to say how much of this is Reagan's own thought, how much he acquired from the business community, and how much he has been brain-trusted by Richard C. Cornuelle. Cornuelle, now a principal staff man with the National Association of Manufacturers, is a California conservative theorist whose book *Reclaiming the American Dream* argues that American initiative needs help from a reactivated "private sector." He means not just the business community, but the multiple efforts Americans have evolved in countless private charitable activities. This is a source book for Reagan's vague philosophy.

Cornuelle has several times briefed Reagan and his staff, and all of them now talk somewhat mystically of the "private sector." The difficulty is that the theory lacks specifics. The initiative being displayed by the private sector in no way matches the invitation Reagan has extended. When Reagan lopped off dental care for thousands of children on welfare, no "private sector" leapt forward to provide the service.

But the strength of Reagan's political appeal is the priority of concern he assigns the tax dollar. It suits the judgment of the taxpayer. Massive programs accommodating a changing economy to the poor or the minorities, upgrading education, gearing land-use plans twenty years ahead to forestall the land despoilers — such undertakings represent far too sophisticated an approach to command public enthusiasm. Reagan shares the bewilderment of the man in the street. He is a decent human being, and confronted with individual tragedy, responds with compassion. However, confronted by mass programs, he loses the

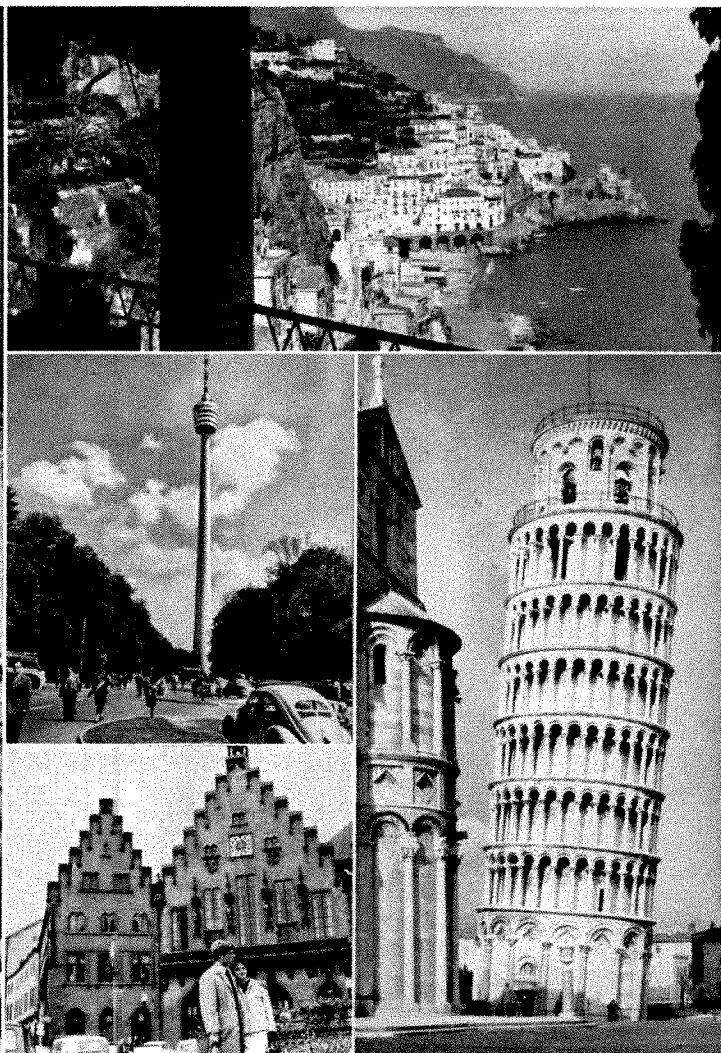
sense that humanity is involved and sees only bureaucratic machinery.

When the McCone Commission investigated causes of the Watts riots in Los Angeles, the staff stumbled upon the fact that the same kind of hostility which Negroes directed toward the white establishment was shared by white citizens, only they focused their ire on the government. The McCone Commission staff was sufficiently persuaded that Los Angeles citizens hate and distrust government to consider preparing a series of maps to illustrate how overlapping jurisdictions and hopelessly confused lines of authority work to create discontent. To this fear, resentment, and disaffection the Reagan message is in tune.

"We should reassert our right to run our own affairs," he often says. "Government is created for our convenience. You can restore the dream that gave birth to our nation. . . ." "Liberties are being taken away. . . . Agencies of government at every level are seeking to perform their services more and more with less and less attention to the right of people to know."

The creative society

Reagan cites as evidence that his Creative Society is practical the efforts of H. C. ("Chad") McClelland. The latter, a prominent Los Angeles businessman, managed to organize business leadership immediately after the Watts riots to find jobs for Watts residents. Supported by foundation grants, this campaign has reformed employment practices; some 18,000 jobs have been found in California for Negroes and Mexican-Americans through systematic business effort. But it was all formalized before Reagan took office. He did give it official backing, encouraged other communities to follow suit, and has used its organization as a clearinghouse for problems related to race. Lieutenant Governor Finch considers the employment drive a genuine success, and says that if California gets through another summer without riots, it will prove that this involvement of business in the ghetto has done the trick. Nirvana is probably not that near. The McClelland plan does indeed have some earnest men committed to opening doors for minorities. Last summer, however, Finch proposed further steps to augment job opportunities, inasmuch as the McClelland plan is deliberately



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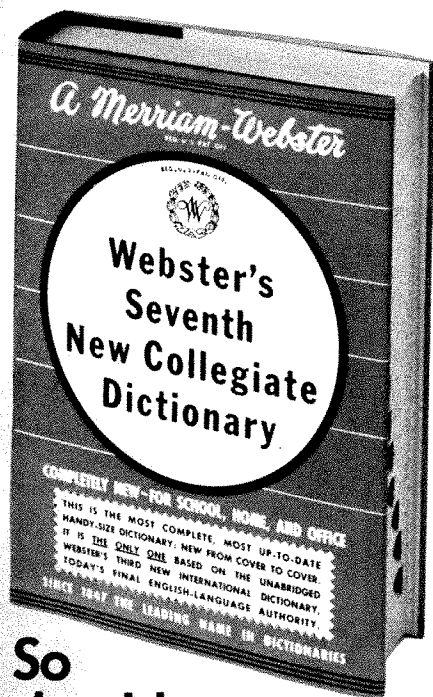
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California

slow and long-range rather than a crash program. Reagan squashed these supplementary ideas. He is leaving job finding exclusively to the businessmen.

Business to the rescue

Reagan's "task force" has been an interesting contribution. In response to a special gubernatorial appeal, business leadership supported a nine-month efficiency survey of California's entire governmental structure. Private businesses donated a nucleus fund and manpower for the probe. Following the precedents of Ohio (which saved \$40 million by similar management studies) and Washington State (which saved \$10 million), California hired the consultant firm of Warren King & Associates of Chicago and dispatched 210 young businessmen to report on how well each state agency is functioning and to recommend improvements. Reports, department by department, are now appearing, and the net effect is certain to enhance state management practices.

However, the generosity of the men involved and the novelty of business advice to Sacramento need to be put into focus. Reagan has said of this program: "No government could possibly hire the manpower now working voluntarily in our state," and he has been genuinely impressed by their sacrifice. It is true that businessmen responded like good soldiers, but little real sacrifice was involved: task-force members were paid full salaries by their firms plus needed expense money, and the total will be a corporation tax deduction. The task-force plan was not quite, as Governor Reagan suggested, one which no government can afford. The *federal* government will be asked to afford it — via the granting of tax deductions to the California task-force firms, as to the Ohio and Washington ones previously. "You wouldn't expect business to bear the whole cost, would you?" asked survey director O. Kenneth Pryor.

With some naïveté Reagan speaks of this survey as though it were the first time California government ever turned to business for an idea. Granted it is a large program, but Pryor himself has led previous analyses of California management prac-

tices in earlier administrations. Hundreds of private citizens have given time without pay to study problems and propose solutions. California has had quite a lot of help from the "private sector": tax study commissions, health study commissions, crime study commissions, and countless others. Naming a business advisory group is customarily a governor's first step. Those appointed form a fairly select society, likely to be used over again, as was shown when Reagan invited a prominent banker, who had been an eight-year Brown adviser, to be his state finance director. (He didn't take the post.) The business community was not that aloof from government in pre-Reagan days. Brown, however, usually hired specific jobs to be done under competitive bid rather than on a volunteer basis.

To the brink

Men experienced with the state's fiscal affairs fear that continued drastic economizing will put California far behind its needs. For example, when Governor Reagan targeted the state's mental hospitals for a major cut of \$17.7 million, he bumped into commitments dating back to Earl Warren's era, which were designed to end the warehousing of patients and focus on their rehabilitation. In Governor Goodwin Knight's term, the first local clinics were created through joint state and local funds to move care of the mentally disturbed nearer their homes. In Governor Brown's term a further series of local clinics, diagnostic and treatment centers was initiated, aimed ultimately at emptying state hospitals. So rapidly did patients improve under intensified care and so well did local clinics work that despite receiving about 28,000 new patients annually, the hospitals showed a far higher ratio of staff to patient. To Reagan, it looked like a justified place to economize.

But in the context of this long-range state plan, his moves were startling to legislators. Staff cuts were proposed when the mental health director was out of town and without prior consultation with him. Reagan refused to meet with any champions of mental care until after the budget was signed. Asked in April what he would do if the legislature restored money to the hospitals, the governor said he would veto it.

They did, and he did. Speaker Unruh sighed: "Not only does this administration bring us to the brink of disaster; it creates a brink expressly for the purpose."

The governor hardly bargained for the public protest, much of it emotional, some of it uninformed, but all of it indicative that Californians support their state's program for improving mental care. More than 1000 people jammed the capitol for budget hearings on this issue, and it is still the most sensitive economy issue.

With Medicaid, Reagan has an even harder time. Since federal funds are involved, and since he continues to seek reductions in the program contrary to what Washington wants, his policy may risk the state's whole share of the federal subsidy. Medicaid is the kind of program Reagan most dislikes. It is huge. It covers all welfare recipients. It has no cutoff point. It offers "mainstream" medical care to the poor which workingmen toil to provide for their own families. It is financed by taxes and is proffered as a "right," not charity. This symbolizes for him an unjust deprivation for the taxpayer. A great many Americans agree with him.

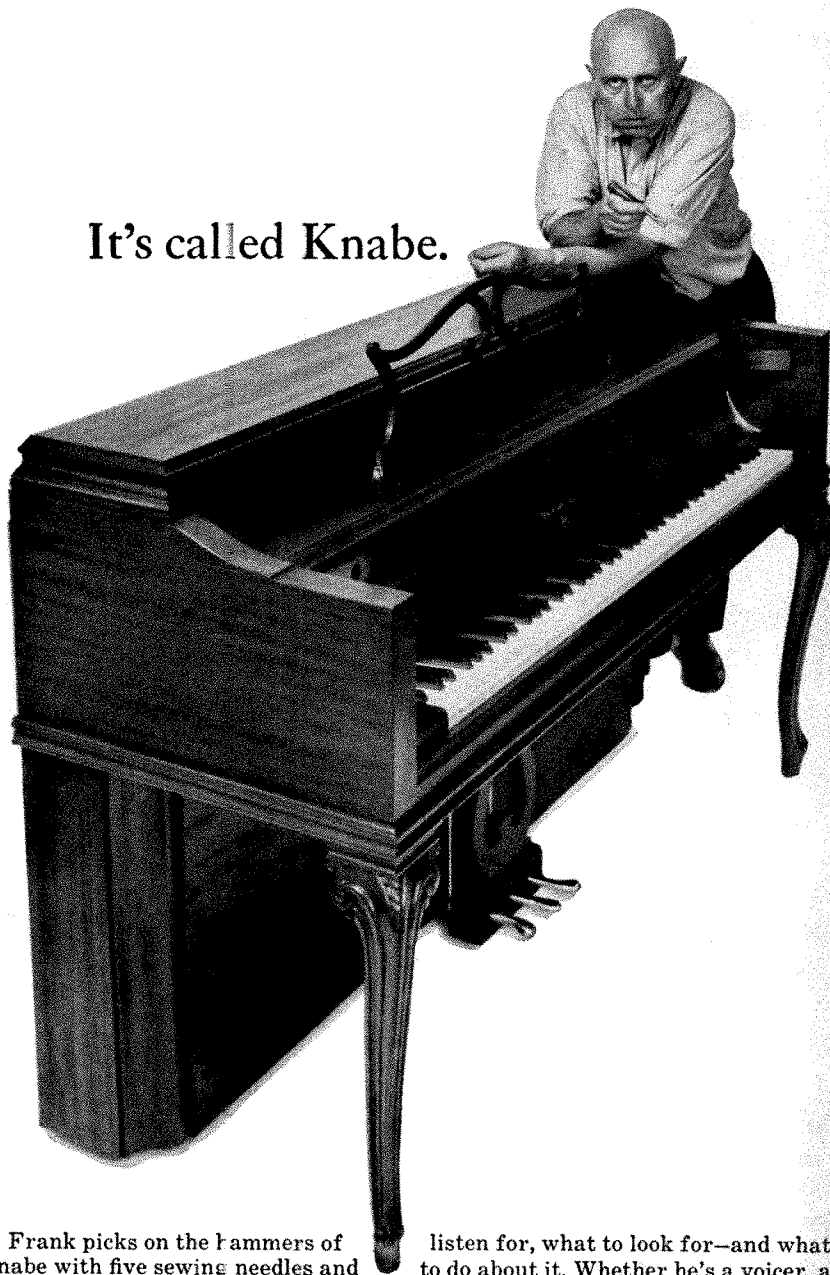
The governor first limited California's Medicaid program to \$610 million (of which half was to be in federal funds) in the face of projections indicating it would run, unless curbed, \$210 million more. Then came the cutbacks. The lawyers for a welfare client sued, charging the cuts were illegal, and the Supreme Court decided for plaintiff. What hurt Reagan most was not his reversal—it simply gave him fresh cause to inveigh against the courts (he has done it so much that one Republican officeholder printed up bumper stickers reading: "Support Your Local Judge"). What hurt him, once again, was his lack of credibility. Accountants found that the state wasn't in such desperate straits for funds after all, and the legislature pushed the problem off for several months.

Idling

Science, automation, and the pace of world events are shortening the span in which governmental decisions must be made. Many practitioners in the art of government are deeply worried that America's chief domestic problem may be getting

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local, state, and federal machinery to mesh efficiently and productively. Improvement in public service is a desperate need, but under Reagan, a genuine concern for improving public service seems to be in danger of working out as little more than a program of pinching pennies and arranging for government machinery to idle.

— Mary Ellen Leary

Austria

The setting: Kärntner Strasse (Vienna's Fifth Avenue). The time: this winter. The picture: prosperity. I am sitting in a Konditorei (a combination pastry shop-coffeehouse), and the atmosphere is as *gemütlich* as ever. (There is a satirical song which goes: "In Mitel Europa, before the war, things were perfect — *nein*, even better.") The passing girls, dressed in their gray, tan, and dark-blue conservatively cut suits, look as if they were afraid to wear minis. Some red-cheeked schoolboys and a few fat elderly burghers wearing feathers in their green felt hats are practicing their favorite leisure sport:



window-shopping for pastries and cream tarts. Around me, as out of a Molnar comedy of the thirties, are sitting caricatures of Viennese couples and small groups sipping their afternoon mocha, or espresso, or *Kleine-Braune*, or one of the other dozen different types of coffee on which Viennese pride themselves. Everybody is talking, but at a leisurely, nonaggressive pace. There is little laughter, there is little excitement, there are absolutely no raised voices.

What are these prosperous, content-looking Austrians gossiping about? Vietnam? No. Certainly not. "The venison is more succulent this year," I hear a portly gentleman pontificate behind me. To the right, three carbohydrate-filled women are expanding on the latest scandals about a certain soprano who is carrying on an affair with an actor at the Burgtheater who is also carrying on an affair with a countess in Salzburg who is also . . . This has been going on for the last half hour, and there seems to be no end to their chain letter. The only thing they have agreed upon in passing is that Damiani's sets for the opera's new performance of *Don Giovanni* are simply scandalous — and that it should never have been permitted to travel to Expo at Montreal.

"Hapsburg . . . Esterhazy . . ."

In front of me, two men are talking quietly, almost conspiratorially. I am only able to catch snatches of the conversation: "Hapsburg . . . Klaus [the chancellor] . . . Esterhazy . . . South Tyrol." They are skimming over the names which have figured in Austrian political gossip during the past few months. Hapsburg? Well, the name of "His Majesty," Otto Hapsburg, still stirs numerous monarchist souls in the Austrian capital.

Otto, now a balding, mustached, and slightly frail looking archduke in his mid-fifties, is the son of Charles, the last Hapsburg emperor. Otto's family ruled for more than 600 years until Austria became a republic at the end of World War I and he was forced into exile. Outside Austria, Otto is regarded as one of the leading players in what people like to think of as an operetta state. Inside Austria, a full 25 percent of the people consider the fate of the Hapsburgs more important than association with the Common Mar-

ket. This past summer, when Otto decided to come out of Bavarian seclusion for a whistle-stop tour of Austria, the general secretary of the ruling conservative People's Party felt obliged to comment: "The republic is not up for discussion. Austria is a republic and wants to remain a republic."

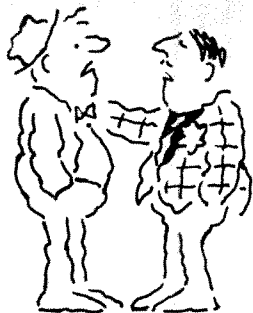
Borderline war

Not less ridiculous in appearance to the outside world, but far more worrisome to Austrians, is the tragic and complex problem of South Tyrol, known to the Italians as Alto-Adige. All summer long, the Italian-Austrian border was beset by incidents, with carabinieri shooting at Austrian customs control agents and South Tyrolean provocateurs attempting to dynamite trains and Italian border stations.

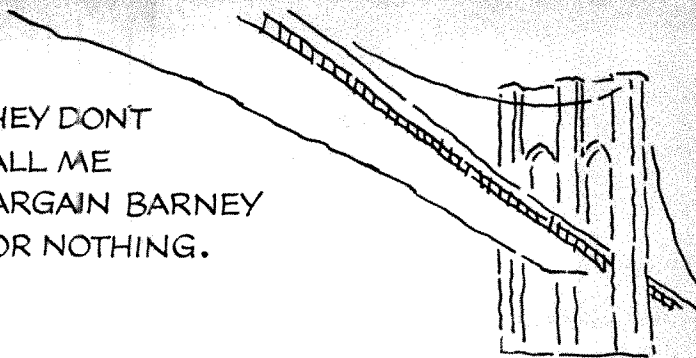
South Tyrol was transferred to Italy by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1919 as its reward for having entered the war on the Allied side. The German-speaking Austrians, who outnumbered the Italians by 250,000 to 7000, bitterly protested this absorption into Italy and the transformation of their province into the Italian province of Bolzano. Soon all the administration became Italian, German was no longer taught in schools, and the German language was played down to the point of being obliterated from tombstones. After World War II, Austria and Italy agreed to set up an autonomous area in which the Germans would have full rights and would enjoy free passage to Austrian North Tyrol. However, the Italians circumvented the agreements in 1948, and by an act of gerrymandering, were able to turn the German majority into a minority in the much enlarged province of Trento. Ever since, there have been acts of terrorism in South Tyrol.

Under the Austrian State Treaty, Austria is neutral and cannot join any bloc or military alliance, but this does not prevent it from having self-defense forces, and these were patrolling the Italian border. As SAAB-105 jet trainers were flying overhead, Austrian Jaegerbattalions were manning the Alpine outposts. Meanwhile, protests, verbal notes, and memoranda were constantly passing between Rome and Vienna. Northern Italy in July seemed like a staging area for a major military operation, and re-

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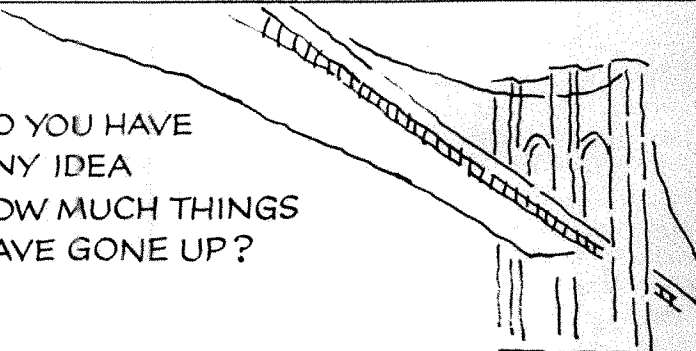
THEY DONT
CALL ME
BARGAIN BARNEY
FOR NOTHING.



THROW IN
TIMES SQUARE
AND I'LL
THINK ABOUT IT.



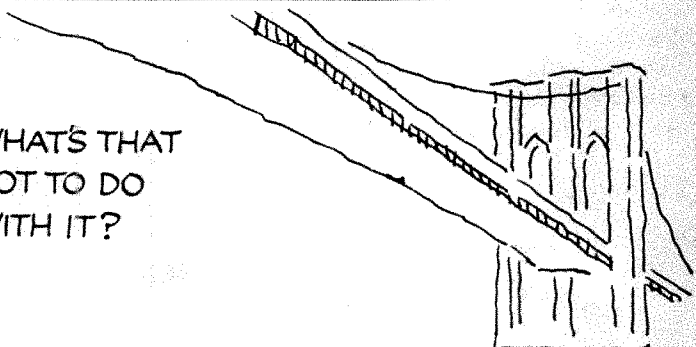
DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA
HOW MUCH THINGS
HAVE GONE UP?



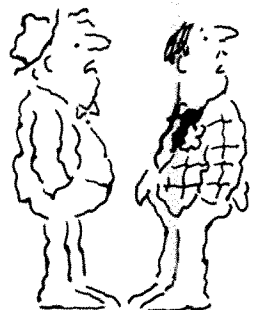
YUP. COST OF
LIVING'S GONE UP
MORE THAN 16% IN
THE LAST 9 YEARS.
BUT THAT THERE
BRIDGE IS STEEL.



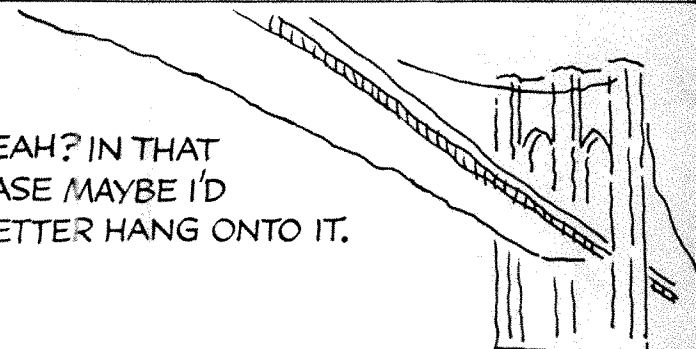
WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO
WITH IT?



STEEL'S ONLY
GONE UP 4% IN
THE SAME PERIOD.
YOU CAN'T HARDLY
FIND A BIGGER
BARGAIN.



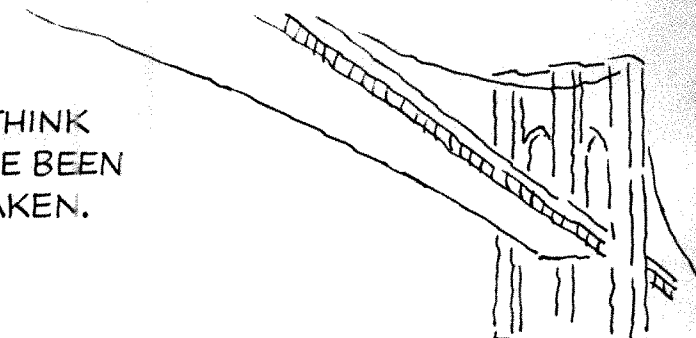
YEAH? IN THAT
CASE MAYBE I'D
BETTER HANG ONTO IT.



DO THAT.



I THINK
I'VE BEEN
TAKEN.



Austria

lations between the two countries seemed at the breaking point. Now, with the deep winter snows on the mountains, the issue has been transferred to the United Nations for another round.

"We are not with it"

To an American living in Vienna, however, these teapot tempests only develop the impression that time has altered very little: life seems bound by formalities dating back centuries; the stuffy balls, the conservative opera, the ritual of social rounds almost seem like the workings of a time machine. For Americans this atmosphere exudes charm and color, but for young Viennese with imagination or new ideas it is stifling. Every year an increasingly large number of talented young

architects, engineers, writers, doctors, moviemakers, painters, and even composers leave Austria. They go to Germany, to France, England, or the United States where there is a greater acceptance of the unconventional.

This is not really so much a matter of earning a living as it is of finding a creative environment. There are a few young rebels, like the cartoonist Erich Sokol, who have made their peace with Austria by trying to combine the best of both worlds. Sokol earns his bread through illustrations for *Playboy*, and satisfies his conscience through brilliant political cartoons for a socialist newspaper in Vienna. He likes the pleasant, easygoing way of Viennese life. "I cannot see myself living anywhere else than in this slow Balkan capital," says Sokol in a gently self-mocking tone. "The pressure of life in Chicago would kill me."

The Austrian state provides sculptor Rolan Goeschel, thirty-five, with a magnificent studio for life but restricts his international recognition. Goeschel, a serious and Germanically intense artist, creates large wood laminations which he paints in primary red, yellow, and blue stripes. A sample of his recent work is now exhibited in Vienna's Museum of the Twentieth Century. However, the conservative Austrian jury was unwilling this year to send his work to the Venice Biennale. For, while there is a lip-service feeling among Austrian cultural experts and selection committees that Austria must be in the avant-garde, there is a more dominant tendency to reject everything that does not fit the accepted mold. Figurative painter Georg Eisler, thirty-eight, one of the most talented representatives of his generation, finds that he must sell his paintings in Munich, Amsterdam, Zurich, and London. What sells in Vienna is the surrealist school, which finds acceptability in enlarging upon the dreams of Hieronymus Bosch.

Sokol, Goeschel, and Eisler all feel slightly isolated from Western "decadence," but they like it this way. LSD is almost unknown in Vienna. There are no hippies or flower children to be seen in the streets. Pocket-book pornography is unheard of. Homosexuality is banned by law. Whereas an Allen Ginsberg passing through Prague causes a riot, in Vienna he would not even

create a ripple. "It's not that we're blasé," says Sokol, "it's just that we are not with it."

"The English disease"

Despite this treadmill of arrested development in the area of culture, Austria's current economic development, while not dynamic, has not been stagnant either. The gross national product has doubled in the past decade, there has been a comparable increase in the standard of living, and in this country of just 7 million people there are close to a million cars on the streets. However, because of the mounting gap between imports and exports, there is talk of the "English disease": the deficit this year in the balance of payments may reach \$300 million. There has been a sharp drop in capital expenditure for industry, and there is no growth in industrial production.

Austria's economy needs a heavy infusion of capital to develop an industrial sector which is far too heavily concentrated in basic materials such as iron, steel, wood, and aluminum, all of which have suffered from severe price competition and declining markets in the past few years.

However, the Austrians are not eager for West German capital. German business already controls an inordinately large share of Austria's economic activity, and almost half of Austria's imports come from West Germany. Austrian memories of the thirties are still too raw to permit any extension of German influence which would endanger national sovereignty, claims the foreign editor of Vienna's daily, *Kurier*, Dr. Hugo Portisch. And Common Market capital is almost unobtainable. Even associate membership has been secretly vetoed by France, and the Italians are in no rush to help as long as the South Tyrol question remains unsolved.

One of the difficulties facing both political parties in Austria today, and in particular the ruling conservatives, is the fact that 20 percent of the gross national product is going for social insurance. Austrian employees receive a generous children's allowance, housing allowances, and a month bonus at Christmas in addition to a month of paid vacation. This paternalism is so infectious that everyone expects ever increasing bonuses. However, the real bite


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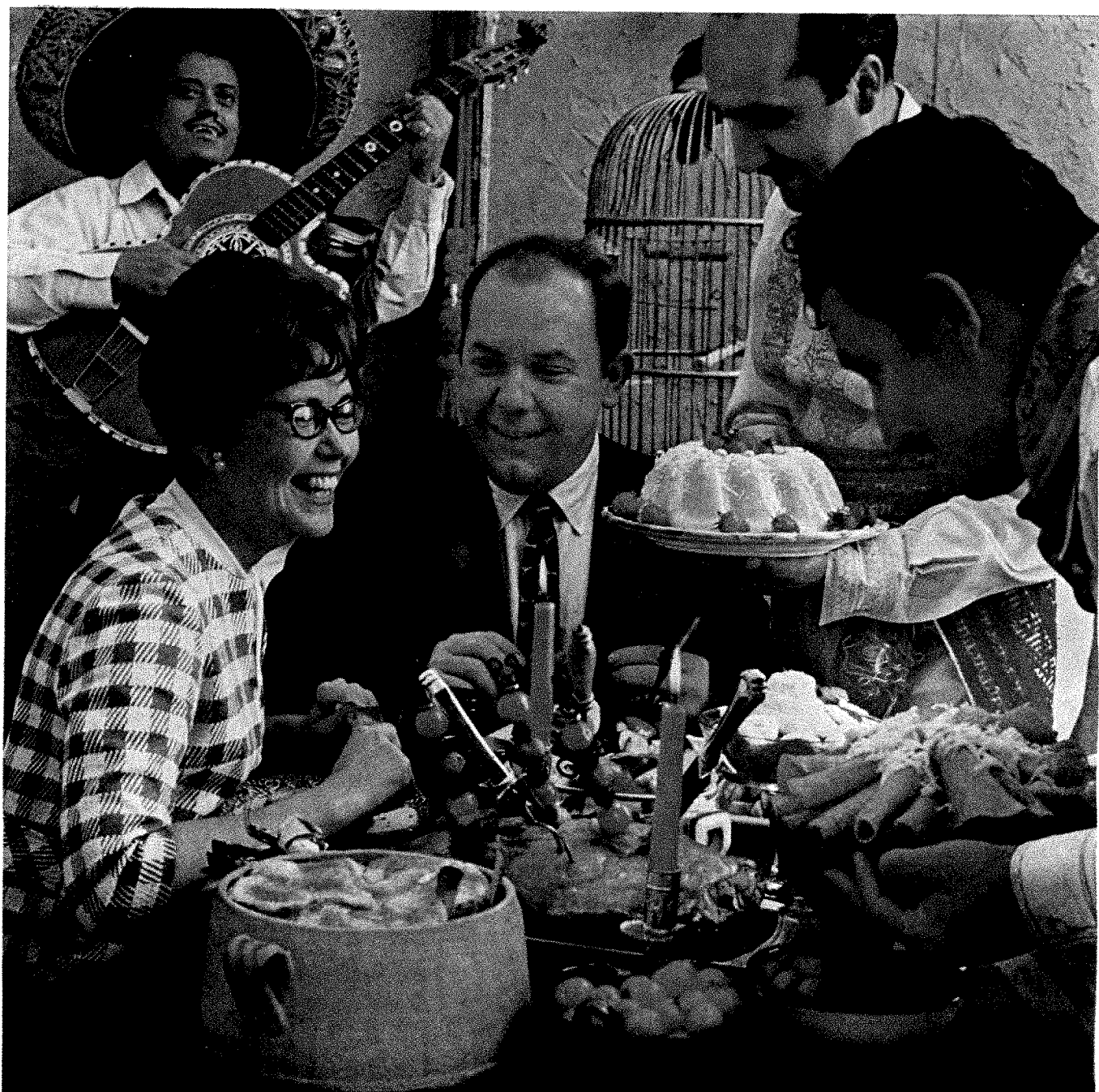
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Austria

comes from the 700,000 people who are receiving pension checks this year. Austrian workers are content to receive slightly less in salary if they can guarantee their prospects of an early retirement in a little suburban house. *Gemütlichkeit* in the Grinzing pubs, beer-drinking, long vacations on the Black Sea, and the easygoing trade-union way of life ultimately are incompatible with rising expectations — especially in a country whose total work force is only 3.4 million people.

Kaffeeklatsch

In 1966 the conservative People's Party won a clear parliamentary majority for the first time since 1945, and the twenty-year-old Red and Black coalition formed of the Socialists and the People's Party came to an end. Austrians have had the opportunity to see that one-party rule changes very little. The budget deficit is in a greater tangle than ever. Chancellor Joseph Klaus, with his big-dimpled chin, gives the comforting impression of being a capable high-school principal, and there is plenty of *Kaffeeklatsch* about his Cabinet: a peculiar mix of youthful technocracy and old parochial ward-bossism.

What is certain today is that the radicalism is going out of both parties. The ruling conservatives find that they can live quite nicely with nationalized industry; the socialist opposition under Bruno Kreisky has gradually been disassociating itself from Austro-Marxism. As for the very small Communist Party, it has been slipping in strength in every election since 1953, and because of its own internal strife and confusion, is even losing its gadfly role.

Because Austria's immediate past has not exactly been filled with glory, there is a tendency among Austrians to look nostalgically backward to the era of Johann Strauss waltzes. This refusal to examine their own consciences ("It would be too painful," says Josef Wechsberg) or to study the immediate past goes a long way to explain the limbo into which Austrians have placed Dr. Sigmund Freud today. Although an international psychoanalytic association placed a commemorative plaque on the middle-class apartment build-

ing on Bergasse in which Freud lived and worked for some three decades, there is hardly any other remembrance to be found in Vienna: there is no Freud Street, no Freud Place, no Freud statue. Austrians quite openly wonder why such a fuss is made over him. It's not only that he was a Jew, but also that the ignorant masses still regard his success as that of a dirty old man. Far more attention is given today to graphology than to psychoanalysis in Vienna. Significantly, few Viennese artists or intellectuals consider themselves sufficiently disturbed to undergo analysis — even when they can afford it. Viennese don't attempt to live with their problems; they try to suppress them in the beer gardens of Grinzing.

Nazi hangover

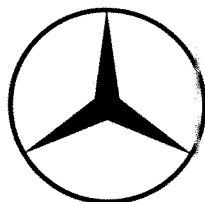
Americans have the general impression that Austria has a lot of fascists and anti-Semites. They are right: Austria may value its independence from Germany, but it too suffers from the Nazi hangover. Foreign minister Juju Toncic-Sorinj makes occasional vacuous declarations to pacify protests from abroad,

but despite the fact that there are fewer than 12,000 Jews in Austria today, everyone is aware that anti-Semitism exists here. Simon Wiesenthal, the famed Eichmann tracker, says that all too many top members of both parties have guilty consciences about the past. "Both parties are chloroformed by the Nazis," he claims from his Vienna office, and backs up his accusation with the statement that a full third of the Austrian judiciary was appointed by Nazis or has Nazi affiliations. Naturally, such judges are reluctant to sentence war criminals; they are even more reluctant to bring them to trial.

While the Nazis and the Nazi past are not subjects which one would ever hear discussed in coffee shops, neither are they basic political issues in Austria. However, the "neo-fascists are definitely on the rise," says Ernst Winter, head of Vienna's prestigious Diplomatic Academy. The reason is that at the end of World War II there were about 550,000 registered Nazis in Austria (actually, a higher percentage than existed in Germany) and far less than one percent of these were ever

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Austria

punished. For two decades, these Nazis kept quiet, but now they are beginning to flex their muscles. There are right-wing professors, for example, whose loyalty is still spiritually tied to the Third Reich and who lecture their students about the despised Jews, the Bolsheviks, and the "unproductive races."

Youth on the right

Most Austrian youth groups, led by teachers who more often than not were exemplary Hitler Jugend, are exceptionally right-wing. In other Western countries, most of the youth are inclined toward socialism; in Austria, they are fiercely conservative.

Although Viennese youths may feel that American bombing in Vietnam is barbaric, less than 10 percent would go so far as to express such disapproval by joining an anti-Vietnam parade. These students view Americans as excessively wealthy, uncultured, and violent, but they are also blindly anti-Communist. Few of them really have any understanding or knowledge of the past few decades, and they share the view of their West German cousins that the real enemy in World War II was not the West but the East.

The Ring Freiheitlicher Studenten (RFS) is the type of student organization which exercises great appeal, but together with most camping and athletic groups, veterans organizations, and hunting clubs, it is dominated by neo-Nazis. The Austrian Turnerbund, for example, is a union of gymnastic societies whose 50,000 members are less concerned with physical exercise than with spreading pan-German venom. Such groups infect a public opinion which is traditionally narrow-minded and prone to nationalist

diseases. The Anschluss may be dead, but the psychic denazification of Austria has yet to come. This can readily be seen by reading the Austrian press.

The most informative paper in Austria today, *Die Presse*, has made it a policy consistently to underplay Austrian war crimes trials. Its editorial staff, like so many Austrian bodies, is politically compromised by the past. About the only enterprising and oppositional publications in Austria today are Gunther Nenning's *Neues Forum* (the Austrian equivalent of *Encounter*, it disassociated itself from the Congress for Cultural Freedom a few years ago) and *Die WochePresse* (*This Week*), a small circulation weekly which appeals primarily to the Viennese intelligentsia. The rest of the Austrian press is far too dependent for its foreign coverage on German correspondents and German press agencies. The mediocrity is so prevalent, in fact, that even the Communists are unable to publish a truly provocative sheet.

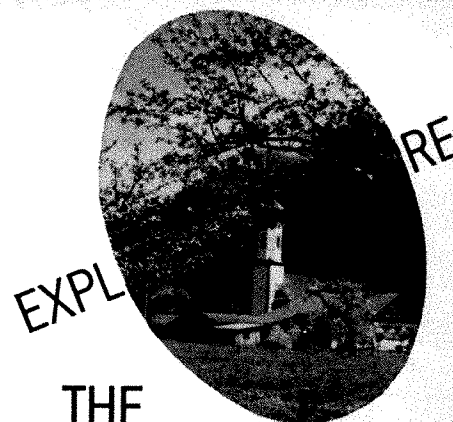
Neutral on paper

When the waltz with fascism will end, no one knows, but only foreigners seem to take it seriously. The Austrians themselves are more concerned about their role in Europe. As a former center of an empire at the crossroads of the continent, Austrians have tried their best to play a mediating role between East and West. But over the last few years they have been bypassed in their efforts, says Dr. Wolfgang Kraus, president of the Austrian Society for Literature. Kraus is disturbed that Poles, Rumanians, Bulgarians, and Hungarians are no longer coming to Vienna to meet Western European intellectuals and businessmen; they go instead to Paris, Frankfurt, and London. Partly this is because Austria is neutral on paper, but not in spirit. Foreign Minister Toncic, like his predecessor Kreisky, stresses that Austria is most definitely committed to the political ideas of the West. Indeed, until such a time as the Iron Curtain dissolves and there is some political regrouping of the socialist states along the Danube, it is hard to see how Austria can be anything but what it is right now, a pleasant, easygoing byway with a generous Schlag topping.

— F. Yorick Blumenfeld

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the ATLANTIC's Washington-based editor. F. Yorick Blumenfeld has been NEWSWEEK's Vienna correspondent; he now writes for NEWSWEEK in New York. Mary Ellen Leary is a long-time California political reporter. Joseph Lelyveld covers India for the New York TIMES.



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letters

The brain drain

SIR: Senator Walter F. Mondale's article, "The Cost of the Brain Drain" (December *Atlantic*), covered the seriousness of the brain drain very well. However, the problem in the Philippines is not a dearth of professionally qualified people, but a lack of money to provide hospitals (which are needed to employ the large number of Filipino medical professionals now overseas) and technological equipment for them.

Economically, the migration of professionals to the United States is very lucrative. Filipino doctors in the United States generally send a generous portion of their salaries to their families. Since the rate of exchange in the Philippines is four-to-one, \$100 automatically becomes 400 pesos — two times the average Filipino teacher's monthly salary. And there seems to be no shortage of doctors in the Philippines; the Philippines sends doctors not only to the United States but also to Vietnam, through organizations such as Operation Brotherhood.

MIDGE MCGUIGAN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Senator Mondale has certainly struck on a relevant and unarguable fact. However, I would like to stress that he is working with a symptom, not a cause. Therefore, the idea that the brain drain per se has most significant consequences to the countries mentioned must be questioned.

Senator Mondale assumes that every physician or nurse who leaves South Korea will lower that country's health services and health standards. This, however, is not true; Korea has more physicians than it can handle. Since there are only about 10 to 20 percent of the population who believe in or can afford a facsimile of modern Western

medical treatment, it is around this group that graduates from eight medical schools compete. Eighty-five to 90 percent of college graduates in South Korea cannot find in-country work in their field of training.

Likewise, the Korean physicians will (and have in the past) refuse to see patients for no fee or refuse to spend any significant time with people who cannot afford medical treatment. The government also cannot afford the enormous sums of money (even if it were willing) to underwrite such an effort.

MELVIN VIGMAN, M.D.
Philadelphia, Penn.

Atlantic fiction, pro and con

SIR: Your story by John Barth ("Lost in the Funhouse," November *Atlantic*) goes a long way toward persuading me to discontinue my subscription to the *Atlantic*. The English is horrible! The story is vapid. The narration is stuffed with such unnecessary nonsense as "A single straight underline is the manuscript mark for italic type." Who cares! Indeed, I would like to know on what basis it was acceptable to your editors. I cannot discover any redeeming feature.

HARRY W. ALLEN
Moorestown, N. J.

SIR: I think John Barth's story is an excellent piece of literature. It induced me to pick up *Giles Goat-Boy*, which I had previously disdained.

KATHERINE SIEG
Vancouver, Wash.

SIR: For many years I have been a subscriber to the *Atlantic* because I found it a magazine in which I could read the writings of many of the great scholars and thinkers of America.

The December issue has shocked me greatly; the *Atlantic* has sunk into moral degradation in the publication of the pornographic writing of Grace Paley in the so-called story "Distance."

CATHERINE C. PATTERSON
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR: Just a note to tell you I thought the December *Atlantic* unusually good, particularly Grace Paley's "Distance," a whole novel in a few pages.

EDITH H. SMITH
Camberland Mills, Me.

Notes from the underground

SIR: I read with much interest Robert Debs Heinl's "Haiti — Next Mess in the Caribbean?" (November *Atlantic*). I have yet to read an article more to the point.

We of the Haitian Coalition want to go on record as being opposed to unilateral or multilateral military intervention to "save Haiti" from chaos. If Haiti needs "saving" it's now and not when the oppressor falls. Cognizant of the unpopularity of intervention, the Haitian Coalition has concentrated its effort in the organization of an apparatus inside Haiti with a counterpart abroad, comprised of officers and enlisted men to keep order when Duvalier topples.

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH
Secretary General, Haitian Coalition
New York City

SIR: As an "inner-city" minister attempting — with desperation, at times — to relate the Christian faith to the struggles of a black and Spanish ghetto in Brooklyn, I found much of value in William C. Martin's sober and penetrating analysis of clergy and conflict in Rochester ("Shepherds vs. Flocks: Ministers and Negro Militancy," December *Atlantic*).

But Mr. Martin errs, I think, in his illusion that objectivity is either possible or desirable for the ministers actually involved in such complex and emotionally incendiary situations. This is not to say that the vast areas of gray in our contemporary urban culture may be mystically transubstantiated into good or evil at the hands of clergymen or social activists. But the "liberal" critics of Saul Alinsky, Minister Florence, and the clergymen of Rochester, while recoiling in righteous horror from the "vulgarity" of it all, have neglected to tell us just how *they* would attempt to solve the problems of the black urban poor.

I find it difficult to empathize with the narcissistic posturing, the "search for Christian self-identity," of many of my young, seminary-trained colleagues. Many such liberal clergymen, hungering for values that have eluded them, view the black poor with a mixture of fear, hatred, and envy. They miss completely the terrible, awesome spiritual despair and desperation of the man in the ghetto. After being

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For fire resistance, nonallergenicity, and easy cleaning and stain removal, poly(ethylene terephthalate) is probably just as good a fiber.

Be kind. Let the carpeting salesman make his pitch for KODEL II Fiber even if he knows less about it than you now know. At least he can show you colors and textures and talk price.

Fresh air in the vault

Industry keeps trying to charm science graduates out of the campus laboratories into its own laboratories. A widespread willingness to be charmed exists. (Not everybody with scientific talent and preparation feels personally cut out for teaching.) Many yield to the blandishment and soon discover how much more they know than the more influential of their new colleagues, and how much less. The discovery can bring a little distress to both sides.

Management has the problem of how to keep a high-powered young newcomer interested and useful during the critical time that her* usefulness is bounded by ignorance of what has been accomplished in the lab over the years before she came.

We see a way to play this off against another common management problem, namely, needless repetition of work already done and paid for, simply because the results are too

*"It shall be . . . unlawful . . . to refuse to hire . . . limit, segregate, or classify . . . any individual or otherwise to discriminate against any individual . . . because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin." —Public Law 88-352, Sec. 703a. This cannot alter the observation that in our society the smart female is more at ease in some work than the smart male.

hard to dig out of the vault where the old notebooks have been crammed to save on floor space. She could be tried at the responsibility for getting the notebooks organized on microfilm. That we make the Recordak microfilming and retrieval equipment with which this can be done is the reason the suggestion appears here, but even good hardware is only hardware.

To look at each piece of past work and quickly but perceptively select for it a set of, say, four descriptor terms provides plenty of challenge for any possessor of a campus-fresh, up-to-date orientation. Also a chance to learn things the faculty couldn't have taught.

If asked in an employment interview what one thinks one could do for a start, it might stimulate conversation to recall this. If the boss reads this first and wants to look into it further with or without a newcomer, he can inquire about organizing a microfilming system from Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Aerial reconnaissance for peaceful purposes

Many men in military service have had to learn a great deal about aerial reconnaissance photography and how to deduce often amazing facts from what looks to the untrained eye like scanty evidence but in fact plainly tells plenty. Then they return to civilian life and happily forget all about photo-interpretation.

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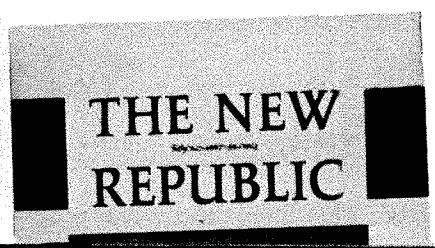
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crushed in spirit, dehumanized, used as draft animal and scapegoat, is the black man to be exploited again by guilt-ridden, insecure ministers?

DON HAYMES
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Advice and consent

SIR: Thanks are surely due Emily Vermeule ("The Promise of Thera: A Bronze Age Pompeii," December *Atlantic*) for having brought order into the fascinating but extremely complicated story of the excavations in Thera. Also, Dr. Marinatos' friends will be grateful that the record has been set straight about his pre-eminence in the operation.

During a single week in August, 1967, I confronted no less than three different *new* claims to having located the Lost Atlantis of Plato. I dare to hope that Mrs. Vermeule will agree with the sentiment I was moved to express in the following doggerel:

*Atlantis — lost, or never built,
Consumed by fire, or sunk in silt,
Appears again upon the stage
Of this renowned Atomic Age.*

*But where? Remote Aegean isle?
Or Carthage? (So says Gilbert Ryle.)
A German claims a northern strand,
And stoutly plumps for Helgoland.*

*Brave city, why do you return
By methods new again to burn?
Better enjoy your sweet repose,
Wrapped in the praise of Plato's prose.*

JEAN M. DEMOS
Kifissia, Greece

SIR: On an island that has only two industries, how could James Egan have missed one ("St. Vincent and Bequia," December *Atlantic*)?

When he walked along the beach (and there's no place else to walk) on Bequia, from the Sunny Caribbee to the jetty, Egan could barely have escaped falling into "The Crab Hole." The owner of The Crab Hole is Miss Linda Lewis, a 1959 graduate of Wells College.

Linda employs thirty island creators of "Khu Khu" hangers, spice and cabbage palm baskets, "gru gru" boxes, lobster cushions, and African-cotton shifts, skirts, and shirts. To these people she has given training and pride in craftsmanship. And a living.

VELMA VANBUSKIRK
Aurora, N. Y.

The health syndicate

SIR: In fairness to your readers, I feel obliged to point out a few of the inaccuracies in Elizabeth Brenner Drew's article "The Health Syndicate: Washington's Noble Conspirators" in the December *Atlantic*.

1. Out of the lengthy Wooldridge Committee Report, highly praise-worthy of our federal medical research endeavors, Mrs. Drew singled out a section critical of the National Cancer Institute's search for more effective drugs against various kinds of cancer. She says that those interested in the virus causation of cancer receive little support and yet "the study of viruses might produce the most important knowledge yet about cancer."

This just isn't true. Work on viruses and cancer has been going on for more than sixty years. Furthermore, the Congress has supported every cent of money for accelerated virus work requested by the National Cancer Institute. In fact, in 1964 it voted a special allocation of \$25 million over a two-year period to speed the virus-cancer work. This is certainly not neglect.

2. Mrs. Drew writes that I claim Mrs. Lasker "made" Representative John Fogarty and "taught him everything he knew." I did say that in the first several years when John Fogarty came over to the HEW subcommittee from the House Naval Affairs Committee, Mrs. Lasker taught him everything *she* knew about health on the federal scene. No one taught John Fogarty his magnificent parliamentary skills, his sense of timing, his great dedication, and so forth.

3. There are eight institutes on the Bethesda campus of the National Institutes of Health — not eleven.

4. Mrs. Albert Lasker is described as having "immobilized Secretaries of Health, Education, and Welfare." This is a ridiculous accusation, and not one scintilla of evidence is offered to substantiate it.

5. Albert Lasker's fortune was estimated in your article at \$80 million. At the time of his death in 1952, his will was probated and its contents revealed in the public press. The actual figure was about 15 percent of the estimate used in the article. Incidentally, the author could have checked any of these points with Mrs. Lasker or me. The fact that she didn't is indicative of the "thoroughness" of her research

6. Dr. Howard Rusk is credited with the genesis of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation during the Truman period. The idea for the commission originated in the minds of several key White House staffers who felt that the establishment of a non-partisan commission would keep most of the invective about the pros and cons of national health insurance out of the 1952 campaign. Dr. Rusk was instrumental in recruiting the chairman of the commission, Dr. Paul Magnuson, a distinguished surgeon and card-carrying Illinois Republican.

7. Mrs. Drew makes the strange point, in criticizing the legislation setting up regional medical centers in the fields of heart disease, cancer, and stroke, that most treatments against these diseases are ameliorative — not curative — and can only postpone death. Practically every doctor in this country would agree that the postponement of death is one of his most important tasks.

8. The article refers to a request by distinguished cardiologists for funds to test a drug, Atromid, which has shown promise in Europe and elsewhere in preventing first attacks of heart disease. Mrs. Drew puts a hundred-million-dollar figure on the Atromid field trials. The *outside* figure used by the witnesses in official testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee was \$48.6 million.

9. Mrs. Lasker and her co-workers are accused, by implication, of being indifferent to the infant mortality rate in the United States. As long ago as 1950, Mrs. Lasker was pushing the concept of a Child Health Institute. Upon the recommendation of President Kennedy, it finally came into being in 1962.

Throughout the article, Mrs. Drew implies that Mrs. Lasker and I are monomaniacs — interested only in additional monies for the support of medical research.

A. Since the mid 1940s, we have been deeply concerned with the shortage of doctors and other key medical personnel in this country. In the face of continued opposition from the American Medical Association, Mrs. Lasker set up an informal committee of medical school deans to develop legislation to expand the output of doctors in this country.

B. Over the past twenty years I have concentrated my major energies

Watch a *Schwingen* match. It's like wrestling but more polite.

Not to be confused with *Fahnen-schwingen*, where they schwing flags around instead of people. More fun to see than you think.

Go *skijoring*. First you put on skis, then you tie yourself to a horse, then you go *skijoring*. A rare spectator sport.

Experience a fondue. Dunking into this exquisite food will turn anybody you share it with into a close friend.

Pick an Edelweiss, a plain little colorless, odorless, yet glamorous flower. It only grows on top of mountains.



Then look down. Breathtaking sight. If you're lucky and in the right place at the right time you'll see the *Alpenglühén* when the mountain tops glow scarlet red from the Sun.

Go skiing in the summer so you can enjoy a winter sport and get a deep suntan down to the waist at the same time.

Take a train someplace. Like to a crossbow shooting contest or a music festival or an international horse show.

Buy a bus ticket on a *Postauto*. It's like a regular bus, except it goes 9,000 feet up a mountain on hairpin turns.

Soar high into the sky in a balloon. If you close your eyes you'll miss a lot down below.

Go for a walk. There's so much to see and do on one that walking's a national pastime.

Loll under a palm tree and watch the movie stars go by.

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What to do in Switzerland after you've bought the watch.

Switzerland. Take the time to enjoy it.

upon promoting the training of psychiatric personnel, pushing the rapid application of drugs to all mental patients who would benefit by them, and, most recently, working to establish a network of community mental health centers designed to make good psychiatric care available to all of our people.

10. After implying throughout the piece that we are oblivious to the importance of better delivery mechanisms for health services, Mrs. Drew concludes that the great gap in such delivery in America today is between the treatment received at a great medical university complex and the treatment received in small towns, rural areas, and ghettos. But this is the whole point of the regional medical program in the fields of heart disease, cancer, and stroke, which she accuses us of rushing through the Congress with unseemly speed. These centers will be located in university complexes, but they will fan out to provide the latest clinical research knowledge to practitioners in the smallest towns. We picked heart disease, cancer, and stroke because they are the three biggest killers; we hope that the regional centers will eventually move into other disease areas.

MIKE GORMAN
Executive Director

National Committee Against Mental Illness
Washington, D.C.

SIR: In her article on the health syndicate Mrs. Drew refers to Public Law 89-239 (The Regional Medical Programs Act) as "the federally sponsored system of special centers for the treatment of heart disease, cancer, and stroke which is now being established throughout the country." She does not correct this misstatement in her following several paragraphs about the history of this program, and thus damages an otherwise very interesting article.

It is true that the President's commission recommended the establishment of such centers, but the main emphasis of the final legislation was to reverse the flow of influence; that is, not from local communities to the center, but rather from the center to the local communities. Thus, the regional medical programs are deeply involved in efforts to strengthen local community efforts toward improved heart, cancer, stroke, and related disease care, rather than creating

"centers" of specialized competence in these diseases.

I feel it is important that you correct this misstatement, for in the operation of our program we are continually confronted with people who believe the purpose of the heart disease, cancer, and stroke program is as recommended in the President's commission report instead of as finally passed into law. Mrs. Drew's article thus will only tend to reinforce a misunderstanding which has tended to retard our progress in working with local community officials toward the improvement of their programs unless it is corrected.

TASKER K. ROBINETTE
Director Health Care Service
Washington/Alaska
Regional Medical Program
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: Mrs. Drew's article raises a point of vital importance to the future of medical research. She writes that "the prevention and postponement of death among the aged may not be the most important priority in medicine." This is certainly so. It is high time to realize that the most devastating disease from which everybody suffers sooner or later is not cancer or heart disease but aging.

Science, for the first time in human history, has reached the stage where the prevention of aging is no longer an impossible dream. It is a challenge to humanity a hundred times greater than the flight to the moon and the other planets on which we are going to spend a hundred billion dollars, just "because they are there to reach."

STEVEN LUNZER, M.D.
Durham, N. C.

SIR: Elizabeth Brenner Drew gives an inaccurate and misleading account of the legislation which resulted from the major recommendations of the 1964 President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke.

During the congressional hearings on the proposed legislation it soon became apparent that the original concept — a network of federal diagnostic and treatment centers — would be impracticable. The costs would have been prohibitive, the centers would have been impossible to staff, and, most important, such a concept would have imposed an

entirely new federal system on the traditional American pattern of private medicine. This last consequence would have set off an explosion among practicing physicians which would have made their reaction to Medicare seem like a whimper by comparison. Mrs. Drew does great disservice to organized medicine and to our lawmakers in stating that these and other implications of the commission's report were not considered before initiating a program of implementation.

JULIAN M. MORRIS
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Drew replies:

What Mr. Gorman appears to overlook is that the article is not a collection of my own opinions, but the result of extensive interviewing of experts of various opinions and of reading documents such as the Wooldridge Report, for which Mr. Gorman and I share a respect. Moreover, a number of the points he makes are based on what he feels are my implications rather than on what I said. I stand by the article as published.

I do wish to answer, however, some of his charges of "inaccuracies": The \$80 million estimate of Mr. Lasker's fortune was given to me by Mr. Gorman. There have been eleven major subdivisions of the NIH; technically, three of them do not have the word institute in their name, but all are commonly lumped under that title, as they were in an NIH appropriations chart with which Mr. Gorman supplied me. The cost estimate for the heart drug study offered by scientists at NIH — as opposed to the "citizen witnesses" — was over \$100 million.

The quibbles over the regional medical program in the above letters are not to the point. The overriding questions I was dealing with were these: (1) Given all of the insufficiencies in the health care of our population, especially the deficiencies in maternal and infant care, is the choice to single out for special care those who have heart disease, cancer, or strokes the one that the federal government should have made? (2) Was this choice made after a careful consideration of all of the other possibilities for improving medical care? The point is that, as I reported, the opinion of many experts is that the answer to both of these questions is no.

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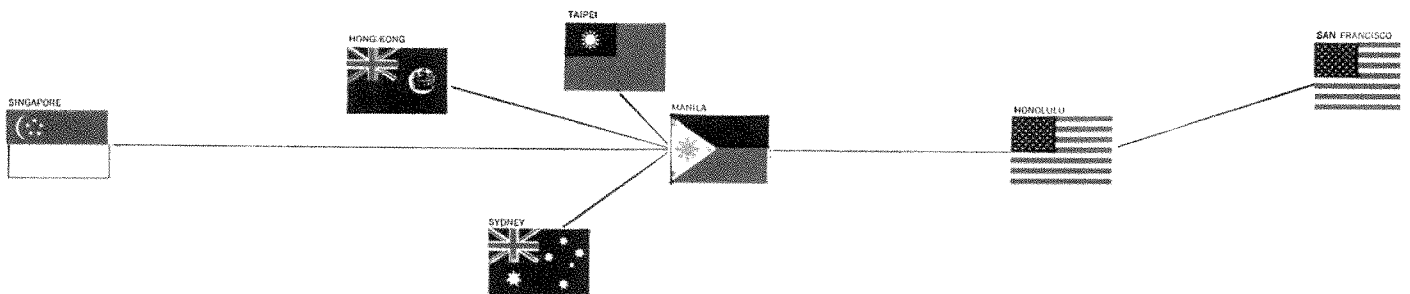
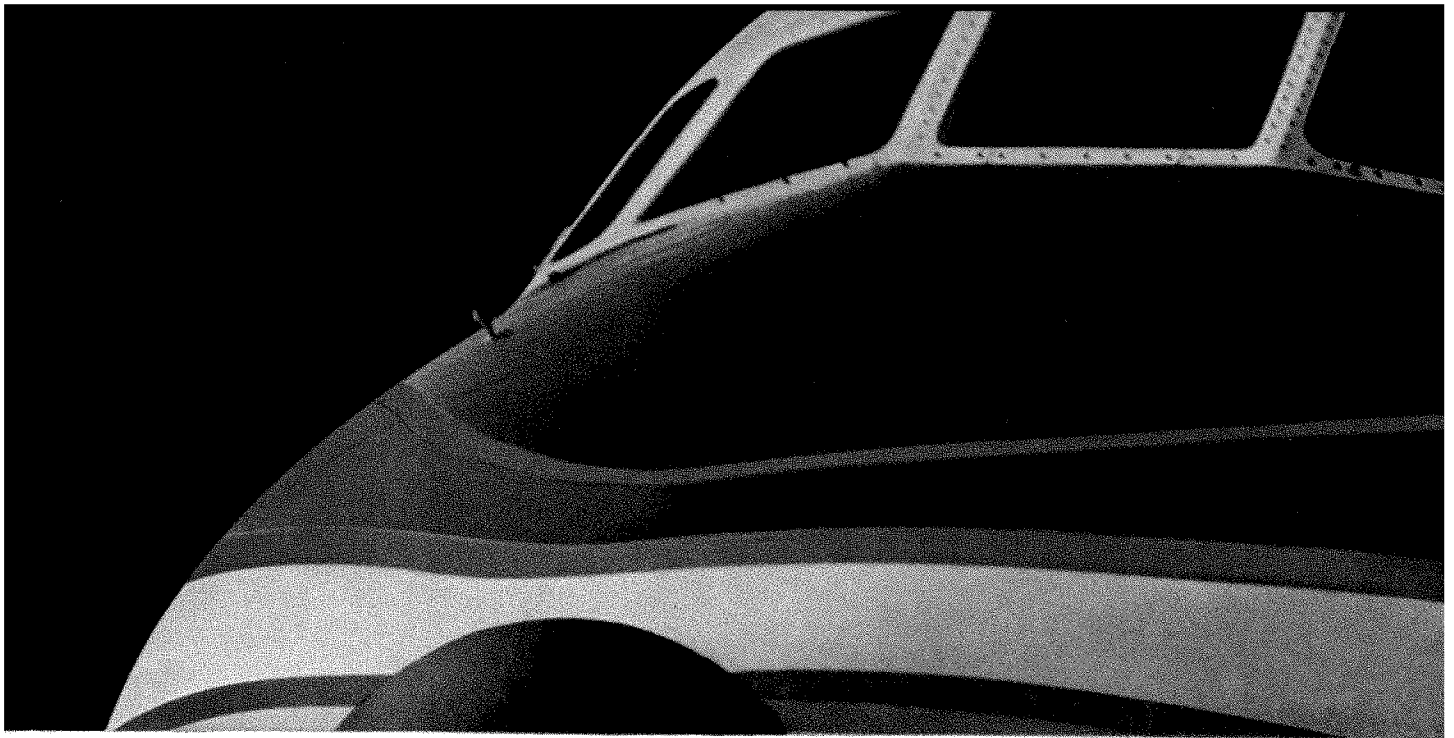
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PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

WHERE GRADUATE SCHOOLS FAIL

BY CHRISTOPHER JENCKS AND DAVID RIESMAN

Both as a center of scholarship and as a training ground for teachers, the American graduate school appalls its critics and disappoints even its strongest supporters. Its antique and inflexible Ph.D. requirements discourage many able students and warp the attitudes of those who survive them. Its narcissistic professionalism stifles creative and socially relevant scholarship it might produce. That is the disturbing thesis of two prominent educational theorists whose book THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION will be published this spring by Doubleday. Mr. Jencks, a lecturer in education at Harvard, is on leave from the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Mr. Riesman is Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard.

IT HAS become a truism to say that the university is one of the major shapers of American culture. The bulk of the American intelligentsia now depends on universities for a livelihood, and virtually every would-be member of the upper middle class thinks he needs some university's imprimatur, at least in the form of a B.A. and preferably in the form of a graduate professional degree as well. But while everyone now recognizes the central role of the university, not everyone is aware that within the American university the centers of influence are the graduate schools, especially those of arts and sciences.

The importance of the graduate schools is twofold. First, they have a virtual monopoly on permanent university appointments. Many people pass through the academic community in various roles, but almost nobody gets a permanent appointment or a voice in choosing other members of the community unless some academic department judges him competent to train graduate students. In addition, and perhaps even more important, almost nobody is allowed to become a teacher of American undergraduates, even at a nominally independent four-year college, unless he has been awarded a Ph.D. or at least an M.A. by a graduate department somewhere. Moreover, professors habitually try to remake the college where they teach in the image

of the graduate school that trained them. The typical liberal arts undergraduate major is therefore more and more a mini-Ph.D. program, whose adequacy is more or less consciously judged by the success of its alumni in the nation's leading graduate departments.

Considering how much criticism has been directed at this system of education, and considering how many of its problems can be traced to the graduate schools, one might expect them to be under continual attack. But this is not the case. Over the past decade a variety of government panels, task forces, and committees have met to discuss higher education. These meetings invariably begin from the premise that the graduate schools and the academic profession are in reasonably good shape, but that there are problems of quality control further down the academic line: in the undergraduate colleges, in the secondary schools, or wherever. The chief official concern about graduate education is quantitative, not qualitative: the supply of Ph.D.'s is less than the demand, it takes too long to get through, and so on.

There are several reasons for this complacency. First, whatever their present failings, the graduate schools are almost certainly better than they were in the past. They are also better than graduate schools in other countries; indeed, they are a mecca

and a model for people all over the world. Perhaps most important, they are infinitely better off (though not necessarily more effective) than undergraduate colleges, secondary schools, or primary schools. They spend far more money per student than any lower-level institution. They pay higher faculty salaries, they give their faculty virtually complete freedom in deciding how to do their jobs, and the result is generally higher faculty morale than in most other schools. In a profession where talent and virtue are synonymous, they recruit and hold far more talented people than other educational institutions.

The fact that the graduate schools constitute a privileged elite, for which many are called and few are chosen, means that they must be judged by higher standards than other educational enterprises. How well is this elite doing its job?

There are two vantage points from which to answer this question. Either one views the graduate school as the center of American scholarship, research, and intellectual life, and judges its effect on this life; or one takes the graduate school as the training ground for American college teachers, and judges it in terms of their pedagogic competence. From either viewpoint the present state of graduate education leaves a good deal to be desired. Judging the alumni of American graduate schools as scholars, we would argue that they are impressive in their technical competence and their ability to do impersonal, objective, and quantitative work. These same men are not always equally impressive in areas where individual sensitivity is essential or where personal values determine the quality of their work. Judging the typical Ph.D. as a teacher—which about half of them are—we would argue that his professionalism as a scholar often alienates undergraduates, and that his lack of any specific training as a teacher or as a mentor of the young leads to unnecessarily poor performance in the classroom and to insensitivity in dealing with undergraduates.

THE growth of the graduate schools has been closely and causally related to the professionalization of the life of the mind. The more professionalized men become, the more they tend to work on questions which will “advance the discipline,” and the less they care about questions which might be of interest to politicians, intellectuals, businessmen, students, readers of the *Atlantic*, or laymen generally.

The main curb on professionalization of this kind is that laymen still have ultimate control over university budgets, and are much more willing to make money (especially federal money) available for work on problems of potential practical importance.

Yet lay pressure of this kind can hardly be said to have squeezed out “pure” research, directed at questions of interest only to academicians. On the contrary, such research flourishes as never before in history. Still, it is only when one turns from the nature of the questions men ask to the methods they use to answer them that the triumph of professionalism is beyond question. The Defense Department, for example, makes money selectively available to university scientists working in areas it deems important, and in this way has a considerable long-term effect on what gets investigated and what gets neglected. But it allows investigators almost complete freedom in deciding *how* to do their work, and this means that most men choose methods devised and respected by their colleagues.

An important effect of this professionalization has been the academicians’ attempt to transcend individual subjective experience and find “objective” truths which all members of a given discipline can accept. Graduate schools train students to judge the importance of a particular piece of work by its effect on mature professionals, not by its relevance to their own intellectual, personal, or political commitments. Some disciplines have enough collective wisdom to justify this abdication of individual judgment and public responsibility, but many do not. Very few disciplines in the social sciences or the humanities can claim an agenda which is reliably constructive or cumulative. The researcher who lets his colleagues shape his research interests is therefore in serious danger of devoting himself to problems of no consequence to anyone. Almost all the really distinguished social scientists and humanists of the past century have resisted such pressure and have worked on questions which they felt had genuine significance for their own personal lives, for laymen outside the university, or for both.

In the humanities, the tension between the objective and the subjective often takes the form of conflict between scholars and practitioners. Most English professors, for example, are quite defensive *vis-à-vis* writers and poets. They try to establish themselves as a different breed with different standards and objectives. Reading poetry and writing it are said to be totally different activities. But while reading poetry is not the same thing as writing it, and the same men will not reach the top in these two fields, the two activities *are* related to each other. A graduate training program for literary scholars ought to recognize this and get the prospective scholar to try his hand at the art which he will be criticizing. Many would not perform very well, but that is not the point. Nobody should get a Ph.D. in English who has not *tried* to write a sonnet.

The problems of connecting theory to practice

and professional objectivity to personal subjectivity are as central in the social sciences as in the humanities. Today a man can become a political scientist without ever having engaged in political activity of any sort. In principle, this is entirely reasonable, for there are shy and reclusive men whose imaginations can grasp and decipher events they dare not encounter face to face. But the problem is to widen and multiply the roads toward graduate certification instead of narrowing them, and to encourage students to go beyond their well-defined limitations. Very few of today's Ph.D. programs do this. In an earlier era, when graduate training was less well financed by fellowships and research assistantships, many would-be sociologists had to support themselves by sporadic school-teaching, social work, professional interviewing, and so on. Now they can move directly from college through graduate school, doing their thesis on someone else's data, and can avoid almost all contact with nonacademic people. Similarly, we know of no psychology department that requires its Ph.D. candidates to undergo self-analysis, Freudian or otherwise; on the contrary, many nonclinical psychologists, unable to distinguish between sentimentality and sensibility, regard an interest in people as a liability in a prospective psychologist (especially a woman). In anthropology, "field work" in an alien culture is still regarded as having educational value above and beyond the data collected, but few other disciplines have comparable requirements. This has remained true despite the increasing availability of secondhand data, and is a tribute to the anthropologists' awareness that socialization of apprentices depends on what they have done as well as what they have read.

The graduate schools are full of gifted students dying of boredom, primarily because they have not been able to link up the professional skills they are supposed to acquire with any genuine personal or social commitment. Yet any attempt in this direction quickly confronts the problem of requirements. If an English department *requires* Anglo-Saxon and merely *permits* the writing of poetry, or if the political science department *requires* a course in theory but merely *permits* active involvement in politics, students quickly get the message that Anglo-Saxon or political theory is part of their professional identity, while poetry or political activism is marginal. If, on the other hand, departments were to require poetry or political involvement, this would also pose problems.

The present system of teaching assistantships, for example, does not give the student the impression that his elders care whether he teaches well or badly, but at least it gives him time and a legitimate excuse for attempting to teach if he has an inner impulse to do so. Most other "activist" impulses do

not get even this limited reinforcement. A sociology student cannot get credit for union-organizing in the South or for selling textbooks to school systems, even though either of these activities would usually teach him more than a regular course. He can, it is true, write a paper about the people he has observed. But what he has actually *done* with these "outsiders" is of no interest to his department and gets him no closer to a teaching job; he is rewarded only for what he can verbalize, not for what he has become.

Each new requirement is a sieve, eliminating a few more promising people from academic life, people who could, once in the field, contribute to the diversity of its potential aims. The problem here is seldom that the people eliminated *cannot* meet the requirements, but that they *will not*. Many requirements threaten or irritate prospective students, some of whom decide a Ph.D. is just not worth it. There are brilliant students who choose one graduate department over another, or even one field of study over another, because it requires no German, for example. This is not because they have serious language blocks — though a few do. But many students, even at twenty-two, are skittish about learning anything really new. They have to be led to this by indirection. If the requirement strikes them as irrelevant and silly, their anxiety can be turned into righteous anger, and their laziness into a virtue. The same thing can happen with other requirements, such as "field experience" of various kinds.

Under these circumstances it is tempting to urge that all requirements be abolished. Yet we fear this would encourage students to play only from strength. What is needed is a system sufficiently structured so that students must try to learn new things and master new skills, but sufficiently flexible so that those with real blocks know they can get through if they have other valuable skills.

In all of this the graduate schools ought to be trying to put their students in closer touch with themselves, to develop individual sensibility, and to help them find work relevant to their personal experience as well as to the preoccupations of their profession. But few graduate schools are even trying to move in this direction. Most still think their primary problem is to ensure professionalism and train men to do replicable research.

THE graduate schools are not only hostile to non-academic modes of learning; they are also too rigid in their grouping of academic skills and expertise. American scholarship has been noteworthy for its ability to cut across disciplinary boundaries and bring together men with different sorts of knowledge

to work on a single problem. But the graduate schools have been conspicuously slow to follow this lead and allow students to look at problems rather than disciplines. A discipline is nothing more than an administrative category. The various subdisciplines within biology or history or psychology, for example, have only the most limited intellectual relationship to one another, and the same is true in every other field. They are grouped together mainly because the men working in them went through the same sort of graduate programs and have some residual feeling of common identity. Many research projects regroup subdisciplines in ways that cut across departmental lines, and many individual researchers become expert in subjects nominally outside their discipline. New journals are founded every day to fill the interstices between disciplines and encourage cross-disciplinary contact and fertilization. But the instructional program remains almost untouched. Faculty who want to teach subjects outside their department's traditional boundaries often find this difficult, and graduate students who want to pursue a pattern of studies that does not fall under conventional departmental definitions are likely to run into trouble.

The issue here is not specialization versus generalization, but whether one way of aggregating specialized skills is better than another. Historians, for example, all know some historiography and a little philosophy, something about medieval Europe and something about pre-industrial America, a bit of French and a bit of German. This may not be a bad combination. But would it not be better if there were also men who, for instance, combined knowledge of pre-industrial American history with knowledge of demography or economic development or comparative government?

We need all sorts of combinations, and we get relatively few of them. Still, a large academic community needs some sort of formal subgroupings around which individuals can cluster. The departments fill this need; that is the source of their power. If they were abolished, something would have to be put in their place. Interdepartmental committees or groupings, such as the Committee on Human Development at Chicago, or the Department of Social Relations at Harvard, or a number of area studies programs, have the temporary advantage of starting off less hallowed by tradition and more subject to criticism and *ad hoc* modifications. But over the long haul there is no reason to think these new combinations have any significant advantage over the old ones; all are somewhat arbitrary, and all tend eventually to become houses of worship and power as well as work. Abolishing old departments and establishing new ones should, therefore, be a continuing process, like Jefferson's revolution, every twenty years.

Whatever the character of the departments, however, there is a good deal to be said for curtailing their present powers and distributing them to smaller groups. The real unit of intellectual work is the subdiscipline, which usually has only one or two representatives on a small campus and seldom more than half a dozen even on a big one. These subdisciplines are evanescent, arising and disappearing over the lifetime of a single faculty generation. They fertilize one another in unpredictable ways, and the curriculum should be sufficiently flexible to accommodate such promiscuity. The most obvious way to do this is through *ad hoc* faculty committees, which set requirements for a particular student's graduate work that are adapted to his special interests. Each student would be free to seek out faculty members with interests he judges relevant to his own, and if they approved his program, he would be free to pursue it.

Yet, just as a family can be more oppressive than a college, a relatively small *ad hoc* doctoral committee can sometimes be more oppressive than a larger and more impersonal department. In a department, every faculty member asks for limited fealty; he wants graduate students to take his course and answer his questions on the general examinations, but he cannot ask more because other faculty members are around to protect their students from "unreasonable" and "excessive" demands. Only one professor, the candidate's thesis supervisor, is likely to ask for a more basic commitment. A committee system, on the other hand, largely eliminates the protections provided by departmental traditions and formal rules, putting the student entirely at the mercy of his chosen mentors. For this reason we would not urge the complete abolition of departmental programs, but only the creation of alternative routes, worked out on an individual basis between the candidate and a committee of his choice.

In addition, whenever a certain number of faculty members — perhaps five — decide there is a need for a new kind of doctoral program based on a new combination of specialties, they should be free to establish it on their own, setting whatever requirements they think appropriate for the students who enroll. Sociologists interested in professionalization and occupational subcultures might, for instance, join with economists interested in manpower problems and psychologists interested in vocational choice to establish a new program. Or anthropologists, political scientists, and economists concerned with economic development might unite to devise a new set of requirements for those who shared their interests.

Such a system would, of course, be anarchic, and subject to some abuse. It would also lead to the proliferation of courses and degrees. But then these

same complaints could be made against the present individualistic system of research initiatives and support, which seems to be working considerably better than the graduate training system. Without some such assault on the regulatory powers of the collective faculty and of individual departments, the graduate curriculum is certain to remain as rigid as any other arrangement that must placate a multitude of competing interest groups.

Thus far we have been talking about simultaneous combinations of subdisciplines in a single doctoral program. It is also important, however, to facilitate sequential combinations, so that students can do their graduate work in a different field from the one in which they did their undergraduate work. This is less common than it should be, in part because undergraduates choose a field that appeals to them and then want to continue in it because it still interests them. But in part it is because they believe, or actually find, that they cannot get into a graduate department unless they have already done undergraduate work in the same area.

One of the most useful things universities, foundations, or the federal government could do to enliven graduate training — and also to free undergraduates from the shadow of their professional futures — would be to provide financial support and make academic arrangements for students who wanted an extra “transitional year” between completing their B.A.’s and entering a graduate department. A student can prepare himself for first-year graduate work in almost any realm, from medicine to Far Eastern studies, in a single year. At present, however, this year is extremely hard to come by, for it does not fit any established program, and nobody (including parents) is particularly interested in paying for it.

THESE suggestions are obviously not a blueprint for revolution in the graduate schools. The problems are enormously difficult, the alternatives all filled with obvious and not-so-obvious pitfalls, and the results extremely difficult to measure or even judge impressionistically. Innovation must proceed on a case-by-case, place-by-place basis, drawing strength from the particular combination of scholars that happens to assemble itself on a particular campus at a particular moment. The general direction of change should be toward a more elastic mixture of theory and practice, demanding a wider range of skills from the student and rewarding a wider range of competencies. Graduate schools must allow and even ask their students to take more initiative, exercise more responsibility, and make more moral and political choices, both within academic contexts and, more important,

outside them. Only if they are asked to do these things and judged accordingly will they come to believe that these activities are part of their set of professional roles. Judging graduate students’ moral and political responsibility is, of course, a dangerous business, and not one that graduate schools only recently freed from church control and Victorian standards will adopt readily. But that revolution *has* been largely won, and it is now time for the graduate schools to abandon the pretense of social and moral neutrality and to try to develop a responsible position in keeping with their contemporary role. Only if they see themselves and their profession in these terms will they set out to develop such skills among the next generation of undergraduates.

A more open, permissive, flexible system would carry with it many evident risks: it would usually be less satisfactory for the uncertain or listless student who really wants to be taken charge of; it could prolong the self-indulgence of those whose undergraduate training had been slipshod; and given the present relative scarcity of Ph.D.’s (in terms of institutions needing them for accreditation or pride), it could certify people with a call neither for teaching nor for scholarship or research. Still, a few major universities with restricted enrollment at the graduate level could experiment with different styles. Some could remain highly structured and encourage such traditional academic virtues as clarity of thought, skepticism, and precision. Others, however, ought to try putting more emphasis on other values: self-knowledge, compassion, and so forth.

We are convinced that those departments that put more responsibility on their individual faculty and students would attract many of the ablest students now coming out of college and many of the ablest young faculty. Most of these people now go *faute de mieux* to the big-name departments, for they cannot see significant differences between one place and another except in terms of the research reputations of their faculties.

TEACHING is not a profession in the way that research is. There is no guild within which successful teaching leads to greater prestige and influence than mediocre teaching, nor any professional training program that develops pedagogic skills in a systematic way. Very little is known about which teaching strategies work with which students. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that a great deal of teaching at both the graduate and undergraduate level is ineffective.

The reasons for this are apparent. It is easier to judge graduate students and assistant professors

on the basis of papers they turn out than to judge them on the basis of their interaction with other people. A graduate student's performance in comprehensive examinations is said to provide "hard" evidence of his competence, while visits to his classes provide only "soft" evidence. A professor's book can be evaluated in "objective" terms, whereas his course syllabi, lectures, and examination questions can be valued only "subjectively." The adjectives suggest the prejudices of the profession even though they throw little light on the actual criteria for judgment. These prejudices are not simply a matter of valuing "research" over "teaching." A tenure committee member, for example, who argues for a particular man because of his catalytic qualities in helping his colleagues do better research also finds himself opposed by an ideology which insists men be judged entirely in terms of their own paper output rather than in terms of their effect on others.

In discussing these matters many critics talk about research "versus" teaching. We have found no evidence, however, that the two are antagonistic. Teachers cannot remain stimulating unless they also continue to learn, and while this learning may not focus on small, manageable "research problems," it is "research" by any reasonable definition. When a teacher stops doing it, he begins to repeat himself and eventually loses touch with both the young and the world around him.

Research in this general sense does not, of course, necessarily lead to publication, but this is its most common result. Publication is the only way a man can communicate with a significant number of colleagues or other adults. Those who do not publish usually feel they have not learned anything worth communicating to adults. This means they have not learned much worth communicating to the young either. There are, of course, exceptions: men who keep learning but cannot bring themselves to write. Some have unrealistically high standards regarding what deserves publication. Some know no journal which is interested in the kinds of problems that interest them. Some are simply afraid of exposing themselves to their colleagues' criticism, even though their ideas could in fact withstand such scrutiny. Some of these men are constantly learning, and some of them are brilliant talkers and teachers. Still, there are not many brilliant teachers who never publish.

There are, on the other hand, many good scholars who do a conspicuously and unnecessarily bad job in the classroom. They know that bad teaching is not penalized in any formal way. They have only a limited amount of time and energy, and they know that in terms of professional standing and personal advancement it makes more sense to throw these into research than teaching. This is particularly true in the early years of an academic career, not

only because the feverish competition for talent puts an enormous premium on judging young men and giving them tenure early in order to recruit or hold them, but also because the young faculty member himself wants to establish his adequacy in a field before committing his life to it.

The real problem is to marry the two enterprises, research and teaching. Contrary to a good deal that is written by defenders of the status quo, this is precisely what the present system fails to do. Teaching is often adjusted to the exigencies of research, but research is almost never shaped by the experience of teaching. We have almost never encountered a professor, for example, who said he was working on a particular research problem because year after year his students showed an interest in it. Involved here is not only the understandable fear of one's own showmanship or of sycophancy toward the young, but actual ignorance of what even the most sensitive undergraduates are interested in. Professors do listen to the questions their already socialized graduate students and postdoctoral fellows raise, but most undergraduate courses are so constructed as to provide almost no feedback directly to the professor. Even if they did, it would seldom occur to a professor that the questions raised by bright yet only half-socialized students might be important enough so that, if the answers are not known, an effort should be made to discover them.

THE relationship between graduate and undergraduate teaching is equally unsatisfactory. Many undergraduate courses at large universities are taught by one or two senior faculty and a group of graduate assistants. The issues raised in these courses are — or should be — of fundamental importance to graduate students as well as undergraduates. Yet we know no university where the staff of such courses habitually meets to discuss the intellectual questions being raised and initiate research in areas where it would be helpful. (Chicago is the closest approximation.) A serious effort along these lines would probably require constituting the staff of large undergraduate courses as a graduate seminar, to meet weekly for discussion of the books to be read by undergraduates and for the preparation and discussion of seminar papers that would also be delivered as course lectures.

Staff-taught courses that hold regular meetings to discuss the intellectual substance of a course can also discuss and evaluate its effect on the students. If professors are sufficiently secure so that they can encourage criticism of their performance, and if graduate students are open enough and interested enough to visit one another's classes, the beginnings of a clinical training program are in hand.

Suppose a cadre of committed faculty and graduate students could be assembled and an effective clinical training program for undergraduate teachers worked out. How should such a program relate to the traditional doctoral program of lectures, seminars, reading courses, comprehensive examinations, and dissertations? Many critics of doctoral programs have argued over the years that while these programs do an adequate job of research training, a different program is needed to train college teachers, perhaps leading toward a new degree. Such proposals must grapple with two issues: who would enroll, and what would they be taught? On the first score the answer is clear: very few able students would enroll. Only about half of those now earning Ph.D.'s take academic jobs. Perhaps half of those who take academic jobs are at universities where research and graduate teaching require as much time as undergraduate work. A program aimed strictly at training teachers could thus hope for no more than a quarter of the present doctoral market, plus an indeterminate number of would-be teachers who now drop out of doctoral programs because these do not fit their needs or interests. But even this is optimistic. A teaching doctorate would have less status and attract fewer talented students than one aimed at training scholars. Its graduates would have difficulty getting good jobs, even in colleges that claim not to be concerned with whether their faculty do research. This would scare away the abler students, because they would not want to settle for a degree that kept many academic doors closed to them.

Even if prospective college teachers could be siphoned out of traditional doctoral programs into special teacher-training alternatives, this would probably be a mistake on intellectual grounds. Teachers need at least as much expertise and technical competence as researchers, and almost anything that has a defensible place in a doctoral program for scholars can also be defended in one for teachers. The whole spirit of proposals for a separate teaching degree is probably self-defeating.

No real progress will ever be made as long as teaching is seen as a soft option for those who cannot make it in research. It is actually a "hard" option for those who find a career exclusively in research insufficiently challenging or excessively routinized. A teacher needs to know as much as his research colleagues know, and more. He needs the scholarly competence Ph.D. programs claim to develop, but he also needs expertise in working with late adolescents, both in the classroom and outside it. In this context the present pattern of preparing college teachers, far from looking too extended or too rigorous, looks both too hasty and undemanding.

It is often argued that doctoral training already

takes too long. But this is because so many doctoral students drop out at some point, and so many others work only part-time for their degrees. The average Ph.D. spends less than four full-time years getting a degree, which hardly seems excessive. What is now needed to supplement this scholarly training is a program of supervised teaching internships for newly minted Ph.D.'s. Some existing fellowship programs try to achieve this by attaching novices to senior faculty members, who are expected to help induct the novice into teaching. Some universities also have counseling bureaus or the like which will help individual faculty members improve their teaching if they ask. But these are small, little-known programs, and they are clearly not comparable to internships, which should be required of every starting teacher. Such internships would have to pay competitive salaries, and they would have to be viewed basically as a modification of the present working conditions of new assistant professors. These men would be involved in at least one staff course of the kind we have already described, where both the general problems of teaching and their individual strengths and weaknesses would be subject to critical discussion.

Is there the slightest chance that any of the reforms proposed in this article will be adopted? History is not encouraging. Similar proposals have been made many times over the past two generations, and the graduate schools have remained untouched. It is tempting to argue that the academic profession cannot delay reform any longer, since it now faces an unprecedented wave of student discontent. This discontent, while not a direct threat to the graduate schools, seems to bring legislative reprisals against those campuses where graduate education is concentrated, and budget cuts hurt the graduate schools along with everyone else.

Unfortunately, however, improvement in the graduate schools is unlikely to reduce the level of student protest significantly. Today's students are not protesting the frequently impersonal, inhumane quality of their professors' research, or even the casualness and occasional incompetence of their professors' teaching. They have almost all been bored in class since they were six, and very few even entertain the idea that this is unnecessary. Their anger and resentment focus on other problems, for which remedies are more obviously available: poverty, racism, the war in Vietnam, or even restrictive dormitory hours for girls. The reforms we are discussing will not resolve these issues, and they will not buy peace in the intensifying war between the generations. If they come at all it will be because the academic profession, or at least a handful of entrepreneurs within it, decides that reform is in its own self-interest. Today that is only a hope, not a prediction.

ADVICE TO A DRAFTEE

“All just people must refuse

The letter by Leo Tolstoy here published for the first time dramatizes the frequent fact that what is past is prologue. Written in 1899 to a desperate young candidate for conscription, Tolstoy's words will seem to some to bear a relevance to America in 1968. In conjunction we publish on page 58 a carefully reasoned examination of civil disobedience from a federal judge directly confronted with the issue today.

Count Tolstoy's letter was addressed to a young Hessian named Ernst Schramm, whose earlier correspondence with the great writer has been lost; Schramm evidently wrote a second time in an effort to evade Tolstoy's argument that he refuse conscription. The letter printed here is Tolstoy's response to Schramm's second letter, and it seems to have terminated the exchange. In reading Tolstoy's words against killing, one should bear in mind that both parties understood that the Hessian army in 1899 was a peacetime army, but that the penalty for evading conscription was death. Tolstoy addressed the letter to Schramm in Darmstadt, and the Hessian post office forwarded it to Aschaffenburg in Bavaria, leaving us to infer that Schramm decided not to join up but to change countries instead.

This valuable document, written in Tolstoy's correct but occasionally clumsy German, has been translated by Rodney Dennis. It is being added to the rare manuscript collection at Harvard's Houghton Library by means of a gift from the ATLANTIC.

IN MY last letter I answered your question as well as I could. It is not only Christians but all just people who must refuse to become soldiers — that is, to be ready on another's command (for this is what a soldier's duty actually consists of) to kill all those one is ordered to kill. The question as you state it — which is more useful, to become a good teacher or to suffer for rejecting conscription? — is falsely stated. The question is falsely stated because it is wrong for us to determine our actions according to their results, to view actions merely as useful or destructive. In the choice of our actions we can be led by their advantages or disadvantages only when the actions themselves are not opposed to the demands of morality.

We can stay home, go abroad, or concern ourselves with farming or science according to what we find useful for ourselves or others; for neither in domestic life, foreign travel, farming, nor science is there anything immoral. But under no circumstance can we inflict violence on people, torture or kill them because we think such acts could be of use to us or to others. We cannot and may not do such things, especially because we can never be sure of the results of our actions. Often actions which seem the most advantageous of all turn out in fact to be destructive; and the reverse is also true.

The question should not be stated: which is more useful, to be a good teacher or to go to jail for refusing conscription? but rather: what should a man do who has been called upon for military service — that is, called upon to kill or to prepare himself to kill?

And to this question, for a person who understands the true meaning of military service and who wants to be moral, there is only one clear and incontrovertible answer: such a person must refuse to take part in military service no matter what consequences this refusal may have. It may seem to us that this refusal could be futile or even harmful, and that it would be a far more useful thing, after serving one's time, to become a good village teacher. But in the same way, Christ could have

by Leo Tolstoy

to become soldiers"



judged it more useful for himself to be a good carpenter and submit to all the principles of the Pharisees than to die in obscurity as he did, repudiated and forgotten by everyone.

Moral acts are distinguished from all other acts by the fact that they operate independently of any predictable advantage to ourselves or to others. No matter how dangerous the situation may be of a man who finds himself in the power of robbers who demand that he take part in plundering, murder, and rape, a moral person cannot take part. Is not military service the same thing? Is one not required to agree to the deaths of all those one is commanded to kill?

But how can one refuse to do what everyone does, what everyone finds unavoidable and necessary? Or, must one do what no one does and what everyone considers unnecessary or even stupid and bad? No matter how strange it sounds, this strange argument is the main one offered against those moral acts which in our times face you and every other person called up for military service. But this argument is even more incorrect than the one which would make a moral action dependent upon considerations of advantage.

If I, finding myself in a crowd of running people, run with the crowd without knowing where, it is obvious that I have given myself up to mass hysteria; but if by chance I should push my way to the front, or be gifted with sharper sight than the others, or receive information that this crowd was racing to attack human beings and toward its own corruption, would I really not stop and tell the people what might rescue them? Would I go on running and do these things which I knew to be bad and corrupt? This is the situation of every individual called up for military service, if he knows what military service means.

I can well understand that you, a young man full of life, loving and loved by your mother, friends, perhaps a young woman, think with a natural terror about what awaits you if you refuse conscription; and perhaps you will not feel strong

enough to bear the consequences of refusal, and knowing your weakness, will submit and become a soldier. I understand completely, and I do not for a moment allow myself to blame you, knowing very well that in your place I might perhaps do the same thing. Only do not say that you did it because it was useful or because everyone does it. If you did it, know that you did wrong.

In every person's life there are moments in which he can know himself, tell himself who he is, whether he is a man who values his human dignity above his life or a weak creature who does not know his dignity and is concerned merely with being useful (chiefly to himself). This is the situation of a man who goes out to defend his honor in a duel or a soldier who goes into battle (although here the concepts of life are wrong). It is the situation of a doctor or a priest called to someone sick with plague, of a man in a burning house or a sinking ship who must decide whether to let the weaker go first or shove them aside and save himself. It is the situation of a man in poverty who accepts or rejects a bribe. And in our times, it is the situation of a man called to military service. For a man who knows its significance, the call to the army is perhaps the only opportunity for him to behave as a morally free creature and fulfill the highest requirement of his life — or else merely to keep his advantage in sight like an animal and thus remain slavishly submissive and servile until humanity becomes degraded and stupid.

For these reasons I answered your question whether one has to refuse to do military service with a categorical "yes" — if you understand the meaning of military service (and if you did not understand it then, you do now) and if you want to behave as a moral person living in our times must.

Please excuse me if these words are harsh. The subject is so important that one cannot be careful enough in expressing oneself so as to avoid false interpretation.

April 7, 1899

LEO TOLSTOY

Photograph courtesy of Stephen Scolnick.

ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

by Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.

*"Violent disorder once set in motion
may spawn tyranny, not freedom"*

DISOBEDIENCE is a long step beyond dissent. In this country, at least in theory, no one denies the right of any person to differ with the government, or his right to express that difference in speech, in the press, by petition, or in an assembly.

But civil disobedience, by definition, involves a deliberate and punishable breach of a legal duty. However much they differ in other respects, both passive and violent resisters intentionally violate the law. So, in general, it is unnecessary in considering the moral qualities of disobedience to spend much time in determining what is the correct construction of the law. By hypothesis the law has been broken, and broken knowingly.

The virtual exclusion of legal topics makes it possible to discuss the morality of resistance to the Vietnam War without answering the question whether the President as Commander in Chief under the Constitution, or as the Chief Executive authorized by the Congress, or otherwise has power to send to Vietnam armed forces regularly enlisted or conscripted, or whether the Constitution gives power to draft men to serve in a conflict not covered by a formal declaration of war, or whether there is any rule of international or domestic law which inhibits the President or the Congress or the armed forces either from conducting in Vietnam any operations whatsoever or any particular operations, or from using any specific methods of

fighting or injuring other persons, military or civilian.

There cannot be an issue of civil disobedience unless there is a conscious choice to violate not merely a governmental policy but a technically valid law or order. Only such laws and orders as are ultimately held valid under our Constitution are subject to genuine civil disobedience.

Of course, until the Supreme Court has spoken, a person may not know whether a particular law or order is valid. If because he believes the law is invalid under the Constitution he refuses to obey it until the order has been upheld, he is not in the strictest sense engaged in civil disobedience. Thus many of the recent refusals of Negroes to obey segregation orders of local authorities, though they are popularly referred to as examples of civil disobedience, have been, in fact, nothing more than challenges to laws believed to be and often found to be unconstitutional.

If it turns out that the Supreme Court should hold that the government lacks power to order the induction of men into military training and service for the Vietnam War, then one who had refused to obey the induction order would not have been guilty of civil disobedience. He would merely have been vindicating his constitutional rights.

But if, as I suppose the majority of informed lawyers expect, the Supreme Court, at least during the continuation of hostilities, does not hold an induction order void on the ground of lack of legislative or executive power, then one who continues willfully to disobey is engaged in civil disobedience. The same would be true of one who, on the ground that the funds were used for war, refused to pay taxes, or who in protesting war deliberately injured another's person or property, or who went beyond argument and persuasion to advocate resistance to lawful orders.

The author of WHEREAS, A JUDGE'S PREMISES, Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., is U.S. District Judge for Massachusetts. He is a thoughtful and outspoken student of contemporary legal issues, who has been obliged to rule on several recent cases of dissension from U.S. draft laws.

There are many people who have asserted that a man always has an undeniable moral claim to disobey any law to which he is conscientiously opposed. Antigone, Thoreau, and Gandhi are cited. It is contended that resistance to the law is the proper response to the still small voice of conscience.

That extreme position seems untenable. Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical, in the sense that it is responsive to a deep moral conviction, there are unfortunate consequences. He himself becomes more prone to disobey laws for which he has no profound repugnance. He sets an example for others who may not have his pure motives. He weakens the fabric of society.

Those disadvantages are so serious that in *Principia Ethica* G. E. Moore, the English philosopher who set the tone for twentieth-century thought on ethics, concluded that in most instances civil disobedience is immoral. A dramatic precursor of Moore was Socrates. He swallowed hemlock pursuant to an arbitrary Athenian decree rather than refuse obedience to the laws of the city-state which had formed and protected him.

However, it is not here suggested that disobedience is always morally wrong, or that it is never ethically proper for a man to organize opposition to an immoral law even before the state brings its command directly to his door.

There are situations when it seems plainly moral for a man to disobey an evil law promulgated by a government which is entirely lacking in ethical character. If a man has lost confidence in the integrity of his society, or if he fears that unless he acts forthwith there will not come a later day when he can effectively protest, or if (in terms reminiscent of Burke's metaphor) he seeks to terminate the partnership of the American dead, the American living, and the as yet unborn Americans, then there is much justification for his disobedience.

The gangster state operated by the Nazis presented such a picture to many conscientious men. But no unprejudiced observer is likely to see the American government in its involvement in Vietnam as in a posture comparable with that of the Nazi regime. Nor is there reason to suppose that men must act now or forever be silenced. We are not moving either torrentially or glacially toward despotism.

It is, of course, conceivable that if men resist forthwith, they may forestall grave consequences. It is certain that many, many Americans and Asians will lose their lives if the war continues. It is possible that if fighting is not promptly stopped, the scale will increase dramatically, and at worst, might produce a holocaust of worldwide dimensions.

But what is by no means assured is that resistance would avert those consequences. Historical pre-

diction is clouded by ambiguities. Political developments move to a heterogeneity of ends. No one can tell whether, as the resisters would hope, they, by rallying widespread support, would prove that in a democracy substantial segments of public opinion have the residual power to terminate or veto a war, or, as less implicated observers fear, the resisters, by provoking the responsive passions of the belligerent, would set the stage for a revival of a virulent McCarthyism, an administrative system of impressment into the armed forces, and the establishment of a despotic tyranny bent on impairing traditional civil liberties and civic rights.

Most thoughtful men have always been aware how dangerous it is to go beyond persuasion and to defy the law by either peaceful or violent resistance. If the effort is successful, as with the Revolution of the American colonists, then history accepts the claims of the victors that they acted morally. But if the effort not merely fails but produces a horrible reaction, then history is likely to ask whether there were not other courses that could have been more wisely followed.

To illustrate how perplexing is the problem, nothing is more illuminating than the struggle in America in the 1850s and 1860s over the slavery question. Abraham Lincoln thought laws enforcing slavery were immoral. Yet he declared he would endure, and thus aid the enforcement of, slavery in the Southern states if that would preserve the Union. His position was shared by two great jurists of my state who were his contemporaries: Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, both of whom enforced the Fugitive Slave Law.

But Lincoln's position was challenged by, among others, two men whom the city of Boston has honored by statues erected after their death — Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, each of whom disobeyed the Fugitive Slave Law and wrote approvingly of the murderous violence of John Brown. What should give us even greater pause is that Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., the future Justice, in effect adhered to the Abolitionist cause when he joined the small group of Abolitionists who, during the winter of 1860-1861, made themselves responsible for securing the physical safety of Wendell Phillips against the threats of the Boston mobs, a protection which the Boston police seemed unlikely to provide. The details are set forth in Professor Mark Howe's discriminating biography of Holmes.

If it was morally right to break the laws supporting slavery even when it cost the nation its unity and helped precipitate what, despite W. H. Se-

ward, may not have been an "irrepressible conflict," one cannot be so certain that it is morally wrong to resist the war in Vietnam if one deeply believes its purposes or methods are wicked.

At any rate the Lincolnian analogy has not the final authority that it may seem to have on cursory inspection. In 1860 and 1861 our country was in immediate grave peril. Lincoln adhered to the ancient Roman maxim that the safety of the people is the highest law. But that maxim has no obvious application today. Even the most ardent supporters of our role in Vietnam would hardly aver that the threat they see in Communism or Asian nationalism is one of such immediacy as existed when the Civil War erupted. Perhaps there are long-term dangers from the Asian and other Communist powers, but one may wonder if Mr. Justice Holmes would have regarded them as either "clear" or "present." Would not President Lincoln have invoked our recollection not of 1860 or 1861 but rather of 1863 when, the battle of Gettysburg having made a change of policy practical, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation?

In support of the moral right of resistance, another, if cognate, point must be made, however uncongenial it is to me both temperamentally and officially. A man may conscientiously believe that his deepest obligation is to do his utmost to eradicate an evil, to stand athwart a wicked action, forcefully to promote reform, or to establish a new social or legal or religious order. Luther and Lenin serve as archetypes. They share to some degree the view Vanzetti on the eve of his electrocution expressed to his lawyer Thompson: "that, as he read history, every great cause for the benefit of humanity had to fight for its existence against entrenched power and wrong."

Perceptive observers may support Vanzetti's social theorem. Anguished souls may yield to its persuasiveness. Effective men may make that vision once again prove its reality.

Yet the fierce passion which moves men to rebel is often, not always, dangerously mixed with vanity, self-righteousness, and blindness to possible, nay probable, consequences far different from those sought. The voice of reason urges, in Cromwellian terms, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

Violent disorder once set in motion may spawn tyranny, not freedom. Rebellion may fail to gain its contemplated support, and as surely as in other human relations, result in "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

Or, what is far harder to bear, the rebellion may in form succeed but in substance impose a new op-

pressive yoke, a nihilistic world regime, or chaos instead of a community of nations. The wager on a finer, purer, more fraternal world order may be disastrously lost. Before one places all one's strength behind the rebel's cause, he should have not only naïve faith but that invincible insight which warrants martyrdom.

For men of conscience there remains a less risky but not less worthy moral choice. Each of us may bide his time until he personally is faced with an order requiring him as an individual to do a wrongful act. Such patience, fortitude, and resolution find illustration in the career of Sir Thomas More. He did not rush in to protest the Act of Henry VIII's Parliament requiring Englishmen to take an oath of supremacy attesting to the King's, instead of the Pope's, headship of the English Church. Only when attempt was made to force him to subscribe to the oath did he resist. In present circumstances the parallel to not resisting the Act of Supremacy before it has been personally applied is to await at the very least an induction order before resisting. Indeed, since, when inducted, one does not know if he will be sent to Vietnam, or if sent, will be called upon directly to do what he regards as an immoral act, it may well be that resistance at the moment of induction is premature.

This waiting until an issue is squarely presented to an individual and cannot further be avoided will not be a course appealing to those who have a burning desire to intervene affirmatively to save this nation's honor and the lives of its citizens and citizens of other lands. It seems at first blush a not very heroic attitude. But heroism sometimes lies in withholding action until it is compelled, and using the interval to discern competing interests, to ascertain their values, and to seek to strike a balance that marshals the claims not only of the accountant and of others in his society, but of men of distant lands and times.

Such restraint will in no way run counter to the rules applied in the judgment of the Nuremberg Tribunal. That judgment recognized that no one may properly be charged with a crime unless he personally participated in it by doing the wrong or by purposefully aiding, abetting, and furthering the wrong. As the Nuremberg verdicts show, merely to fight in an aggressive war is no crime. What is a crime is personally to fight by foul means.

Those who look upon Sir Thomas More as one of the noblest exemplars of the human spirit reflecting the impact of the love of God may find a delayed civil disobedience the response most likely to give peace of mind and to evidence moral courage.



The Perversity of Aubrey Beardsley

Beardsley was a precocious child and remained one, said Oscar Wilde, until he died at the early age of twenty-five. In this fascinating examination of a singular artist, the talented British novelist and essayist Brigid Brophy finds that "the genius of Beardsley's eroticism is precisely the quality Freud ascribed to the sexuality of children." Since the publication of her prizewinning novel, HACKENFELLER'S APE, in 1953, Miss Brophy has won honors and praise for seven more books. Her next, a collection entitled THE BURGLAR, will be published in May by Henry Holt.

TO SPEAK of a Beardsley revival, whose beginning one would have to date somewhere about 1963 or 1964, could easily be an exaggeration. Aubrey Beardsley has been and to some extent still is slighted, but he has never in fact been forgotten since the day in 1898, a fortnight after his death, that the *New York Times* declared his work "already . . . well-nigh forgotten."

In England much of Beardsley's work was reprinted after the Second World War, though it was also sometimes remaindered. What happened in the sixties is that Beardsley was wafted back to the center of fashion on the zephyrs — indeed, the Zeffirelli — of the *art nouveau* revival (this one a genuine revival of something previously obscured and despised). Beardsley's polymorphous perversity is precisely the "kinkiness" prized on the Swing- ing London scene. His designs sell today as greeting cards in the slot next to the camp thirties stills of Dietrich and Carole Lombard. Beardsley, highest of high Catholic camp (his drawings were listed by Susan Sontag in 1964 in the canons of camp), has been carried shoulder-high, on the pretty bacchanal route of current camp-followers, into his kingdom, the transvestitely dandified realm of Carnaby Street.

The respectable pundits have now underlined the Beardsley bang with their own boomings. Really, they might have mentioned Beardsley's greatness a little sooner. More to a serviceable

point, the bang has been grounded on firm, square scholarship. The 1966 Beardsley Exhibition in London was an important assembly, underscored by the bibliographical scholarship of Brian Reade's catalogue, and in 1967, his Beardsley book. The Stanley Weintraub biography of 1967 conscientiously assembles the facts.

Live (love) now: die sooner or later.

Thus the classic burden of lyrical art. Aubrey Beardsley was above all a lyrical artist, but one who was pounded and buckled into an ironist by the pressure of knowing — which he did virtually from the outset — that for him death would be not later but sooner.

In his terrible haste, he was first an infant prodigy and then a prodigious worker — though in a delicate social gesture that would suit one of his masked pierrots, he disguised his hard work in evening dress and sophistication. He died of consumption in 1898, when he was twenty-five. He must be — as well as, simply, a very great artist — the most intensely and electrically erotic artist in the world. But he is an erotic artist for whom Cupid himself can prefigure death. In one of the decorations Beardsley drew to his own sinister *Ballad of a Barber*, a sonsy, callipygian, wing-flirting amoretto comes flouncing along in profile silhouette, like a boy tart on the beat. This beat, however, is also a march to the scaffold and a road to Calvary.

Beardsley's Cupid is shouldering not quiver and arrows but gallows and noose.

Beardsley is lyrical by virtue of his gift of line, which resembles the gift of melodic invention. Sheerly, Beardsley's lines, like great tunes, go up



AB

and down in beautiful places. True, they often, by the same stroke, represent objects, but never for purposes of reportage or narrative. Not a dot is put in for description's sake. Beardsley inserts nothing on the grounds that it was or would be there. He attends only to what, by compulsion of the design, should be there.

Illustrator though he was by choice, and sometimes of his own literary fictions, and though he was also (which not all writers are) a consuming reader, he isn't, as draftsman, in the least "literary." The tension that dominates all his compositions is entirely in the design and the medium, not borrowed from the incidents, and still less the characters, of any story he may adopt. This makes it less strange than it superficially looks, in a personality so passionately literate, that Beardsley *didn't*, after the Hamlet picture of his teens, very much draw on or from Shakespeare. (Dickens, whom Beardsley as a schoolboy accurately diagnosed as a cockney Shakespeare, he stopped quarrying, after he, at the age of eleven, decorated a set of place mats with Dickensian characters.) Shakespeare was *too* literary for Beardsley's requirements, the images too perfectly fused into their literary vehicles of character and action. Beardsley could make more of the — so to speak — literature in the music of Wagner.

What Beardsley plunders from literature are matters common to all the arts: pure style, pure image. Pope figures to him as the epitome of the rococo, Ben Jonson of the baroque. (In this sense, Shakespeare *has* no style.) Out of the given style, he sets

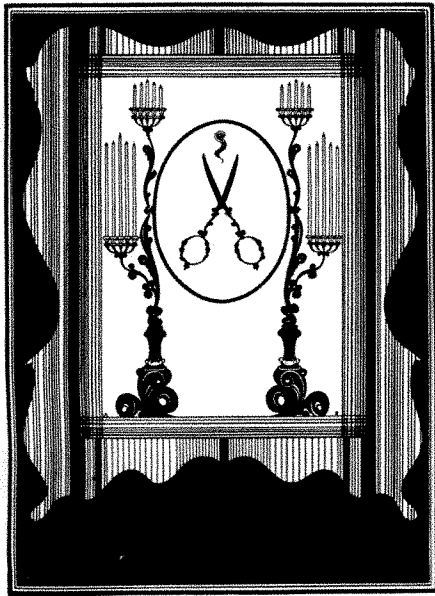
his virtuoso line to pluck a pure lyrical image. He is after the geometric essence of relationships, without reference to the personalities between whom they subsist. He is after pure tension: tension summed up by and contained within his always ambivalent images.

Sometimes the image is presented, in its complete irony and ambiguity, through a single piercing contrast — a solo black outline that severs a white area into two spaces; the rich imaginative material is all condensed into a single outline. By the converse process, Beardsley could tease material out from the image and spin it into a decorative setting which, because its metaphors repeat those of the image itself, intensifies the image it enshrines. Beardsley's conversion to Catholicism, which his recent commentators rightly do not take very seriously as a religious act, was a logical continuation of his work. The contemplation — the cult, the image — is the essence of Beardsley's art. His elaborate decorative schemes are jeweled monstrosities for the display of highly ambivalent hosts or altars enshrining relics of dangerously numinous monstrous saints: never more so than in the two great pictures *The Baron's Prayer*, from his Pope sequence, and *Volpone Adoring His Treasure*, which actually and expressly depict metaphors of their own essence by ironically depicting acts of warped worship at satirized altars.

It is again an altar — flattened, diagrammatized, seen in plan — that Beardsley creates, in one of the most lethally ambivalent of all his images, for his front cover to *The Rape of the Lock*. In an oval that suggests a miniature painting hung on a drawing-room wall and thereby betokens Pope's miniature and domesticated epic, Beardsley places "the fatal engine," the scissors, reaching murderously up toward that lock of curly hair which, as Pope quite consciously intended ("Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize/Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"), stands symbolic substitute for pubic hair. At the same time, the oval is the mirror on Belinda's dressing table. The glass stares directly at the artist, at Beardsley; and what he shows reflected in it is his own castration complex. At this altar, he is the sacrificed victim, doomed to sexual frustration and death. The lock of hair makes allusion to the cutting of a few symbolic hairs from the head of the animal victim in classical sacrifices; and by the disposition of the lock and the scissors Beardsley sketches a distant memory of the skull mask of classical altars and funerary sculpture.

Simultaneously, this stunningly elegant design makes a metaphor of the ambiguity of elegance itself, through the tension it sets up between, on the one hand, the budding, swirling rococo candlesticks, plus their silhouetted echo in the sides of the frame (which consists at once of a pair of further

candlesticks and of bulbously buttocked female torsos), and on the other, those inexorable straight, ruled, reduplicated black lines, which visibly act out the shearing and severing deed of the scissors. Beardsley's elegance is budding, rotund, fruitful — but also disdainful and severe; he is an artist who will soon be compelled to the ultimate act of good taste, that of leaving living to be done by the servants. Inevitably Beardsley's own regular method of work was by the artificial light from two candlesticks. His worktable was a sacrificial altar. All his designs were images whose very working was an act of desperate invocation.



Destined to cult, he was destined pre-eminently to the Catholic cult of the Madonna. In Beardsley's life, his mother is as regularly there, and his father as regularly absent or unnoticeable, as the Madonna and Saint Joseph in Christian iconography. His elder sister, Mabel (I wonder if Wilde named Mabel Chiltern for her?), figured to Beardsley as the mother writ one size smaller. Mabel takes several, seldom unerotic, roles in his oeuvre: the Madonna writ, so to speak, as Mary Magdalen. Socially, Beardsley was dependent on his mother and sister to hostess for him. As a child, he probably felt an unusual material dependence on his mother, since, unusual for the period, she worked. And as a dying man, Beardsley returned to the child's state of bodily dependence on his mother. In Beardsley's novel, after Venus and Tannhäuser have made love, Venus is literally carried — "in a nice, motherly way" — to bed in the arms of her "manicurist," Mrs. Marsuple.

In 1896, two years before he died, Beardsley carried the image of the mother-and-child group to its utmost sardonic and high-comedic pitch. In *The*

Ascension of Saint Rose of Lima, the child, though grown-up, is still enfolded within the outline of the protector's mantle, and is, as in the *Barber* drawing, female. So, it should be supererogatory to say, is the Madonna. It is by a singular infelicity, of the kind ironic artists seem fated to in their interpreters, that a recent study of Beardsley's eroticism mistakes the erotic point of the drawing by supposing the saint to be ascending "in the embrace of the heavenly bridegroom." Not she. As a matter of fact, the Madonna is saving her from an earthly bridegroom. The very pretty, camp, and Firbankian passage in Beardsley's novel *Under the Hill* which this drawing illustrates recounts how, on the morning of her wedding day, Saint Rose "perfumed herself and painted her lips, and put on her wedding frock, and decked her hair with roses," and then, from a hill outside Lima, spent some moments calling tenderly upon "Our Lady's name." In answer the Madonna descends, kisses her, and carries her up to heaven.

Even when she is not present and personified, the mother dictates Beardsley's very point of view. Beardsley was a latter-day Mannerist. The common complaint of his contemporaries against his figures, especially his women, was the complaint made at all periods against all mannered figures, that they are too tall and have necks like giraffes. His lovely, gentle, and unsentimental drawing (once owned by Oscar Wilde) of Mrs. Patrick Campbell was said to make her "nine feet high." Mannerism: mamaism. The elegance of these elongated persons, who are so *au fait* in the world, is a memory of adults, and quintessentially the mother, seen in child's-eye view; the slight melancholy they so exquisitely wear is draped on them by the child's sense of their high inaccessibility.

Mannerism is in itself a style that murmurs of perversity, its elongations a visual drawl that mimics sexual languor. It shows a child's-eye view, but the child is precocious. Beardsley, who *was* a precocious child, remained one — as Oscar Wilde pointed out. It is the characteristic of precocious children that in childhood they are astonishing because they resemble adults. In adulthood, they are often — like Mozart and Beardsley — astonishing because they resemble children. The genius of Beardsley's eroticism is precisely the quality Freud ascribed to the sexuality of children: polymorphous perversity.

It is only the most obvious manifestation of this quality that Beardsley's subject matter, by his own choice, encompasses virtually the whole sexual spectrum, from delicate bestiality (Venus in his novel masturbates her pet unicorn, Adolphe, every morning before breakfast) to flagellation, which he depicts in the beautiful *Earl Lavender* illustration that seems to capture even the slight social embarrass-

ment that must accompany actually getting down to an evening's whipping.

Beardsley's perversity goes well beyond his signing his work with an emblem said to be (in, presumably, the anthropological sense) a fetish symbolizing sexual intercourse; and his polymorphism goes well beyond his alertness to the fetishist value (in the psychosexual sense) of hair (Beardsley can make intricate coiffures of even pubic hair), of tiny pointed shoes, and of hats. Rather, his imagination seems to be in at the actual infantile origin of fetishism. His vision is permanently that of a child lying in bed watching his mother dress for a dinner party. His fantasy hangs this here, tries the effect of that there: everything is a jewel, and everything is a sexual organ. He is allured, yet afraid to touch: driven back on a cold minuteness of detailed attention, and yet passionately curious, with the emotional and involved curiosity children give to sex. The very fastidiousness of his line demonstrates the importance of touching and the fear that has to be overcome in order to do it.

Beardsley's imagination is forever lying in bed dressing and redressing his mother, and doing it inappropriately. The child's protest against his inexperience, against the ban on touching, is to glory in his ignorance: he does not know which sexual organs are appropriate to which sex, and he makes deliberate howlers to howl against his exclusion from adult knowledge. They are all breasts and penises, these decorative motifs of Beardsley's, these drooping swags of fruit and swinging tassels, and he hangs them in places so inappropriate, blatant, or bizarre as to create an effect of perversity — or terror, as he does by that stroke of nightmare genius that makes him a *fin de siècle* Goya when, illustrating *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, he dangles a disdainfully decorative chandelier earring from the lobe of the slaughterous orangutan.

It is his own polymorphism that animates the metamorphism of Beardsley's images. His decorative forms are ambiguous, caught in the act of changing from one substance into another, his human figures sexually ambiguous. He will depict a hermaphrodite body direct. Or he will clothe the figure, and in doing so, transvest it — investing it, by the same token, with foppish charm. Or he will translate the male-female mixture into a human-animal mixture, as in his favorite motif of the satyr. Even so, the animal portion may be further metamorphosed — into a thing: the cloven-hoof feet of one of the "Fruit Bearers" Beardsley drew for his novel are almost the goat feet of rococo and Regency furniture; the creature is a walking console table. For Beardsley, it is not only fountains, chair backs, candle flames that are phallic, it is human figures themselves. One could say of Beardsley's landscapes what Freud said of "many of the

landscapes seen in dreams, especially those that contain bridges or wooded mountains," namely that they "may be readily recognized as descriptions of the genitals." The mountain where Beardsley's Venus keeps state, the hill of *Under the Hill*, is a pun on the *mons Veneris*. Effortlessly Beardsley composes in the symbolic idiom of the unconscious.

The polymorphism Beardsley preserved from infancy is not only mirrored directly in what he depicted. It is metaphored in the very eclecticism of his style — an eclecticism so fundamental to his personality that it extends even to an eclecticism among the arts: Beardsley was a musical prodigy, not only performing in semi-public but performing his own compositions, even before he was a precocious draftsman or a writer.

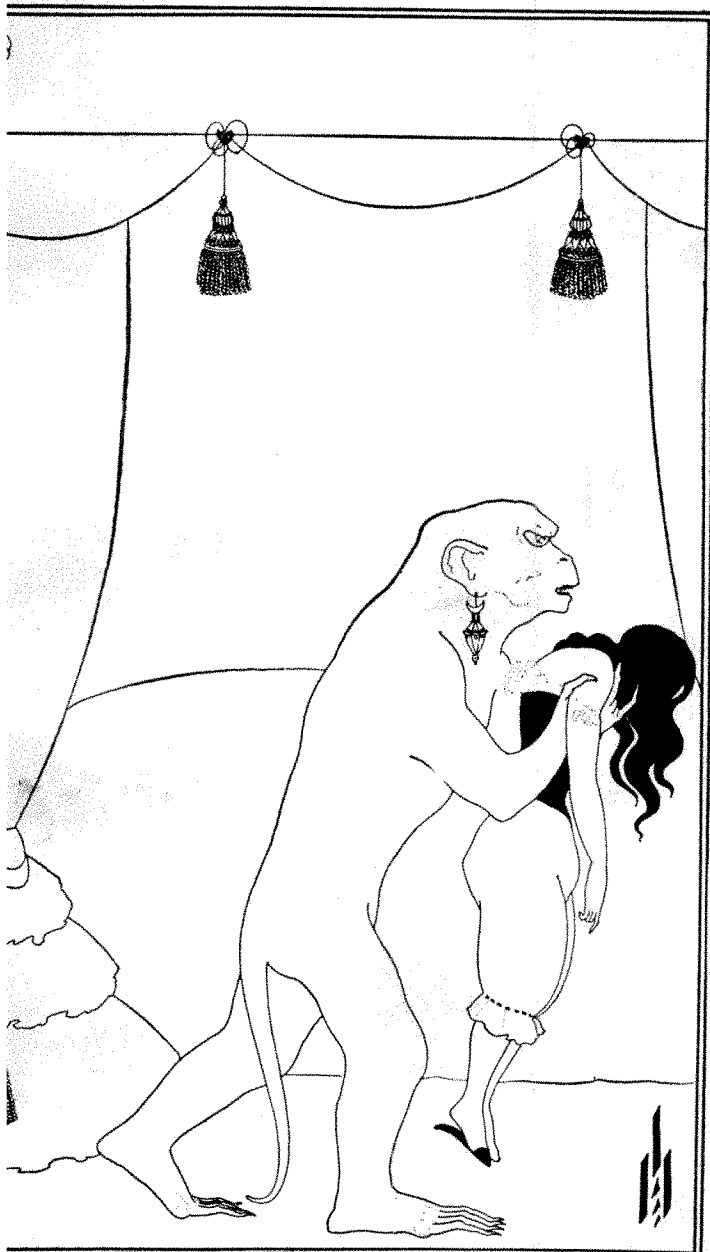
The elasticity which Beardsley needed in order to exploit his temperamental eclecticism he acquired, I suspect, thanks to what looks like a childish method of work. The fastidiousness of his final drawings evidently represents a naïve perfectionism; for as a rule it seems to have been built up by an unfastidious process of pencil doodling and pencil sketching, over which, all on the same piece of paper, he imposed his final line by brush or nib.

Only perhaps on such palimpsests, such scratch pads, as he made of his drawings could Beardsley have so briefly accomplished his huge and daring revolution in his own (and presently the world's) taste. In the six years of his adult life, he evolved from self-imposed Burne-Jonesism and the medieval subject matter imposed by his first major commission (to illustrate *Le Morte Darthur*) into high rococo and high baroque, virtually inventing a branch of *art nouveau* as he went.

Beardsley made the revolution deliberately and consciously. At the end of his life he was proposing, as the program for a new magazine, "that it should attack *untiringly and unflinchingly* the Burne Jones and Morrisian medaeval [*sic*] business, and set up a wholesome 17th and 18th century standard of what picture making should be." His own eclecticism and elasticity had not been wanton: he had worked a standard out of them. Perhaps Beardsley was able to pioneer the eighteenth-century revival by virtue of the happy chance of his being brought up in Brighton, that late and fine architectural monument of the eighteenth-century manner. Perhaps the rococo mode Beardsley's eclecticism finally fixed on was the exotic late-rococo eclecticism of Brighton Pavilion itself, that ultimate Regency extravaganza which is also the first flicker of *art nouveau*.

Toward the end of his life, Beardsley could barely get through social intercourse without a hemorrhage. Whether or not he had ever been otherwise, the common speculation is surely correct that he was by then exiled from sexual intercourse. The giant erect phalluses of his *Lysistrata* series ache with

Design for the prospectus and the front
cover of *The Yellow Book*, Vol. V

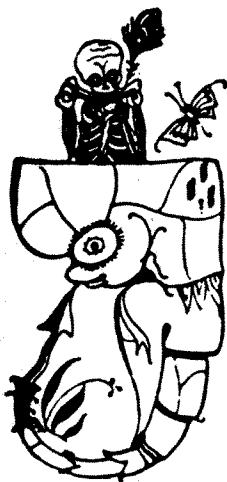


The Murders in the Rue Morgue



Chapter heading
from *Le Morte Darthur*

sexual frustration. Beardsley, who once alluded to himself as a eunuch and could not have a tooth extracted without self-satirically remarking on the phallic shape of what had been removed from him, illustrates Freud's dictum that the unconscious apprehends death as castration.



The castration-orgasm-death image of Salome kissing the Baptist's severed head, which is so merely silly in Wilde's text (*Salome* is the final proof that Wilde was a great comic writer, since it's comic unintentionally), is truly horrifying in Beardsley's drawing. And it is significant that Beardsley chose to illustrate that tableau; it was the publication of that drawing which provoked the commission for the rest of the *Salome* pictures.

As his disease advanced, Beardsley increasingly transformed his ruling image of the Madonna into Venus, the heroine of his novel. It required the goddess of explicitly sexual love to cast a protective robe around a child increasingly terrified by castration fears. The Madonna's breasts were too chaste, too limited to the dispensing of spiritual Christian charity, to nourish a child increasingly greedy of life as he was progressively starved of it. At the end of his life, Beardsley solidified his rococo into baroque: first the Second Empire baroque of his *Mademoiselle de Maupin* illustrations, and then the final, heavy-breasted baroque of his *Volpone*. Just as he made his rococo pictures emblematic of rococo elegance itself, he builds his great mounds of fruitful baroque ornamentation into a baroque metaphor of greed — at once *Volpone's* greed and Beardsley's greed for life. The drawings are bitter with Beardsley's sense of the futility of piling up baroque treasure on earth. Treasure, of which Beardsley, who died dunned, had so little, will avail neither him nor *Volpone* against death. Beardsley could not even be sure, and his contemporaries did not assure him, that by depicting these piles of objects he was building his own monumental tomb and immortality.

BEARDSLEY'S child's-eye view is sometimes an embryo's-eye view. Many of Beardsley's monsters represent himself. It was his own preconsciousness Beardsley drew in embryonic form, together with his physical unviability. The essence of embryo is the vast head on the feeble, unfit-to-live body of a crustacean snatched from its shell; Beardsley is

expressing the consumptive poet's dread that his body's unfitness will make him cease to be before his pen has gleaned the teeming brain inside that huge fetal skull. One of Beardsley's fetal vignettes, as revealing as a doodle, is macabrely explicit. Out of the top of the embryo rises a skeleton. It is Beardsley's autobiography in shorthand: from the womb to tomb without having truly lived.

Beardsley is still, I sniff out, treated with a *grudged* admiration, and the cause, I surmise, is still-persisting snobbery about his medium. I have several times called his drawings "pictures," because that is what they are; and his own reference to "picture making," in the project for a magazine from which, if only he could stay alive, he obviously didn't mean to exclude his own work, shows that he knew they were, too. But there is a half-formed idiom (almost as unjust as the colloquialism whereby "artist" means exclusively "visual artist") which restricts the meaning of "picture" to one done in oils, or at the least, colors of some sort. The tyranny of the easel painting is less stringent now than it was in Beardsley's lifetime, when it was nimbused in the mystique of the painting smock, top lighting, and the *vie de Bohème*. But it still exists, and it imposes a snobbery against the medium of print.

It is often forgotten that there were in fact *two* printing revolutions: one when print was invented, and a second when, in the nineteenth century, it became cheap. Beardsley's almost exclusive medium was, in one sense, black and white, and in a further sense, print — and cheapish print. His work was intended, was literally designed, to be reproduced, in as many copies as the public would take, in magazines the size and price of not very posh books.

No one could call Beardsley cheap. He is perhaps the only artist of any kind practicing in the nineties who was never sentimental. But the snobbery against his medium wrinkles its nose and dismisses him as superficial or "minor." I imagine that during the period when Beardsley was signing his A. B. initials in a monogram borrowed from Dürer's A. D. he was putting himself under the patronage of one of the few Old Masters to have broken through the snobbery barrier and be acknowledged on the strength more of his black-and-white than of his easel pictures.

Beardsley's adoption of — or at least his virtual limitation to — black and white was an accident of his circumstances, but an accident whose content is cardinal to his artistic development and personality. He did not *mean* to cut short his observance of the ritual apprenticeship at an art school. He did, occasionally, paint in oils. (And of course, he designed posters as color lithographs.) What cut him off from conventional courses was the sheer lack of time, and presently lack of physical strength,

imposed by his disease. And precisely *because* he lacked time, Beardsley was driven to be modern.

Beardsley, who was admired by Toulouse-Lautrec, and, incidentally, Yvette Guilbert, expressly upheld the poster—that is, large-scale printed work—as a modern form, arguing against the notion that a picture must be “something told in oil or writ in water to be hung on a room’s wall” and protesting against the “general feeling that the artist who puts his art into the poster is *déclassé*—on the streets—and consequently of light character.” But he was perhaps not even wholly aware of his own modernity in the matter of print at book-size. Unconsciously he solved the aesthetic crux on which picture making was impaled, in the nineteenth century, by the invention of photography: without having to debate the point, he took pictures away from naturalism and toward decorative composition and image making. By the same effortless stroke he solved the sociological problem. His work acknowledged that for modern people pictures are not things you hang on the walls of your country house and absorb by leisured connoisseurship. They were things you look at reproduced in books. (Despite the pretensions of connoisseurship, the easel painting of the twentieth century, from Fauvism on, takes care to use its non-naturalistic flat colors in ways that will reproduce well.) Having worked all day, you look at the pictures in books by artificial light. The most modern thing of all about Beardsley was that he drew by the same type of light as his drawings would be seen by.

It was his exploitation of the graphic medium that made Beardsley such a far-reaching pioneer. To the influences Beardsley is usually said to have exerted I would add one in, typically, a “modern” medium developed out of the comic cartoon: it was Beardsley’s disposition of white space which inspired the telling placing of Felix the Cat on a mainly white screen. And again: Beardsley, who drew John Bull with a tiny erection under his enormous breeches and redesigned the coinage of the realm by rendering Queen Victoria as a ballet dancer à la Degas, had gone a long way toward inventing the pop art use of jingoistic emblems. In his bitterness, he even invented, on a page of his sketchbook that Mr. Weintraub quotes, the modern typographical joke. Beardsley wrote:

I
AM
TIRE
D.

But black and white gave Beardsley far more than modernity. The violent, unmodified, and unmodulated contrast of the two colors turned his medium itself into a metaphor of the ambivalence in his images and the tension in his designs. *Art*

nouveau is the last, wintry, faintly deviant flowering of rococo, displaying the ultimate tendency of rococo design to fly apart from the center, like a firework or a rose at the very moment of disintegration. And even so, Beardsley’s incredibly tensile design contrives to wire together the sparks or the petals even in the act of flying and falling. Even at the very end of his life, in the front cover for *Volpone*, he has exerted control over his Hammerklavier, whirligig, almost maddened-by-terror snowstorm of his fears of disintegration. And it is a black snowstorm: the last extension of the rococo stucco-work ceiling, turned funerary.

For black and white was in itself an image, for Beardsley, of the erosion of his life. His medium was, strictly, black on white. (His habit was to leave the white spaces in reserve. Only occasionally did he scratch through his black to the white again or apply Chinese white on top.) Black was encroaching on, eating into, the white space. Did he actually think of his lungs, in cockney or the language of offal dealers, as his lights?

And likewise with the culmination of his baroque metaphors of greed. In the initial “M” for the *Volpone* series, the hungry child is surrounded by breasts and cannot feed. In an initial “S,” Beardsley confesses that he is destined not to consume but to be consumed. He has drawn the bird of death itself swooping on him, hungry to peck out not his liver but his lights. And in a last drag gesture of defiant inappropriateness, Beardsley draped the creature in one of his flying phallic chandelier tassels and set a dowager’s tiara of orient pearls on its terrifying brow.



FOUR DREAM SONGS

BY JOHN BERRYMAN

Them lady poets must not marry, pal.
Miss Dickinson — fancy in Amherst bedding hér.
Fancy a lark with Sappho,
a tumble in the bushes with Miss Moore,
a spoon with Emily, while Charlotte glare.
Miss Bishop's too noble-O.

That was the lot. And two of them are here
as yet, and — and: Sylvia Plath is not.
She — she her credentials
has handed in, leaving alone two tots
and widower to what he makes of it —
surviving guy, &

when Tolstoy's pathetic widow doing her whung
(after them decades of marriage) & kids, she decided he was *queer*
& loving his agent.
Wherefore he rush off, leaving two journals, & die.
It is a true error to marry with poets
or to be by them.

I don't know one damned butterfly from another
my ignorance of the stars is formidable,
also of dogs & ferns
except that around my house one destroys the other
When I reckon up my real ignorance, pal,
I mumble "many returns" —

next time it will be nature & Thoreau
this time is Baudelaire if one had the skill
and even those problems O
At the mysterious urging of the body or Poe
reeled I with chance, insubordinate & a killer
O formal & elaborate I choose you

but I love too the spare, the hit-or-miss,
the mad, I sometimes can't always tell them apart
As we fall apart, will you let me hear?
That would be good, that would be halfway to bliss
You said will you answer back? I cross my heart
& hope to die but not this year.

Scarlatti spurts his wit across my brain,
so too does *Figaro*: so much for art
after the centuries yes
who had for all their pains above all pain
& who brought to their work a broken heart
but not as bad as Schubert's:

that went beyond the possible: that was like a man
dragged by his balls, singing aloud "Oh, yes"
while to his anguished glance
the architecture differs: he's getting on,
the tops of buildings change, like a mad dance,
the Piazza Navona

recovers its calm after he went through,
the fountain went on splashing, all was the same
after his agony,
abandoned cats had what to say to you,
lovers performed their glory & its shame:
Henry put his foot down: free.

Draw on your resources. Draw on your resources.
It's not clear if I can. In a French town
Autun
where the grand cathedral stands, Henry's mental gown
amazed the residents, and his mental forces
exceeded Verdun.

But he was not up to that ancient sculpture;
cold & uneasy witnessed he them scenes:
the figures put him down.
The figures figure what the lost soul means,
so long ago, in an acre of sepulture
insisting on the verb, not the noun.

I wanted so to go to the Windward Islands,
and I will never make it, stuck in this French
vaulting cathedral thought.
We've been here long, long, lowlands & highlands
but not as they have. Draw on your mere *mensh*
for the benefits we sought.

AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT BRITISH TELEVISION

by Diana Trilling

It remains to be seen whether the combination of Ford Foundation money and Public Broadcasting Laboratory efforts is going to elevate the bad reputation of American TV. Meanwhile, most Americans who reside in Britain, as did Mrs. Trilling recently, continue to be impressed by the contrasts. The medium which in America is "dedicated to evading reality" she found in England to be "a celebration of its endless range and possibility." Mrs. Trilling writes for several magazines, including PARTISAN REVIEW and COMMENTARY, has edited two volumes of stories of D. H. Lawrence, and is author of the Claremont Essays.

IT is difficult to persuade the English that their television is superior to ours in America. Conscious as they now are of their nation's decline in power and of the dominance of the United States not only in world affairs but industrially and technologically, they automatically credit us with a cultural accomplishment appropriate to our national energies. Especially in a field like television, which is big industry in our country, they assume that we put out the better product. Should an American visitor undertake to tell them that this is not the case and that British TV is well in advance of that of the United States, they respond as they would to an obviously undeserved compliment.

But at least for one viewer British television has much to teach us even in purely technical terms. American TV is no doubt more mobile than that of Britain — this was the single score on which, for example, the screening of the Churchill funeral failed to match the filming of Kennedy's funeral. Certainly they have fewer channels, if that is to be counted against them — three are the most in any city, even London. And I can suppose that our cov-

erage of world news is wider, if not more instructive, than theirs. Too, one can't deny that British TV breaks down with a frequency we in America wouldn't happily tolerate; one gets used to being told that the fault on the screen or in the sound is not a defect of one's set but of the system and will be adjusted in a moment or two. Still, the actual picture the British receive is incalculably better than ours, which makes for a superiority of no small importance.

The reason for the difference between the two kinds of picture, the British and ours, has been explained to me several times, but I lack the technical knowledge to understand it; it has to do with the different number of lines per inch in the British process of reproduction from that which we employ in this country. The gain in viewing ease and pleasure is enormous; the British cannot themselves be aware of the visual comfort they enjoy simply because of the brightness on their screens. To watch British TV is to enter a world of light as compared with the shadowy, murky world of our own television screens. Every image is clear and sharp. There

is none of the merging of grays which makes extended viewing of television in America so wearing on the eye and spirit.

But in addition to the physical quality of the British picture, there is its distinction as photography, also immeasurably better than ours. Whereas in America, TV photography alternates between dreary conventionality and equally dreary artiness, British television would seem to have available to it an endless inventiveness, but with none of the self-consciousness that characterizes attempts at variety in our own photography. For instance, one watches the British telecast of a symphony concert, the way in which the camera can at one moment particularize with exquisite precision the hands of this instrumentalist, the face of another, and at the next moment capture all the tension and impact of the orchestra as a whole and of the public occasion, and one can only be confounded that a nation which still seems incapable of mastering the intricacies of central heating should be this expert in the management of such a complex mechanics.

The whole television industry is of course differently set up in Britain than it is here. In fact, in England it isn't an industry at all, certainly not in the sense of being designed for private profit. The British Broadcasting Company is a government-established but not altogether government-run corporation. Until recently it earned no revenue except from a tax on privately owned sets. In addition to BBC's two main channels, BBC 1 and BBC 2, the government licenses a system of commercial stations run for profit, on which an advertiser can buy time, but under much more stringent control by government strictures than is the case of American broadcasters under the pallid purview of the FCC.

To buy time on British commercial television does not imply that the advertiser has bought a program. Not only are all commercials multiple — there can be as many as seven or eight advertisers supporting a single half-hour show, each of them permitted his very brief promotion of his product, thirty seconds or less — but no sponsor can in any way dictate or even influence the nature of the program he helps pay for. As in the case of noncommercial British TV, the programs are entirely within the jurisdiction of the government-employed producers, who in turn answer to various government-appointed supervisory commissions.

Also, at least as compared with American television, there is virtually no intrusion of advertising into the programs themselves. The quality of British commercials may have no more to recommend it than ours in America — TV advertising in Britain is almost as noisy, and surely it is as inane as ours — but British commercial TV is protected against the kind of steady punctuation of advertising we endure

in this country. Although a program on any of the British channels may be interrupted for a variety of reasons which seem illegitimate to an American viewer — an hour-and-a-half film, for instance, will be presented in two installments on the same night, with an entirely different program sandwiched between the two halves — the incessant interruption of a program for two-minute assaults on behalf of a new floor wax or laundry detergent is unheard of. And this of course means that even on their commercial TV a play need not be devised to provide a series of minor climaxes, many of them false, as ours are in America.

Yet, finally it is neither the physical superiority of the British picture nor the absence of our kind of bombardment of advertising but the nature of the programs themselves that gives British TV its distinction. In New York I have nine channels from which to choose a program I may want to watch, and most times I can find nothing. In London, with a choice among three, there was often an embarrassment of riches. Two years ago, when I lived for a year in Oxford, only BBC 1 was available on my set unless I undertook to install a special aerial. I never found this necessary. Although in prospect the idea of being limited to a single station had suggested a substantial curtailment of possibility, it turned out to be only a relief not to twirl the dials from station to station, as I do at home, in the hope of finding something I could bear to look at. The one station provided all the entertainment I required.

It is a fundamental British assumption that television is a leisure-time occupation, not a way of life. Apart from an occasional hour or two of daytime programs designed for children who are for some reason out of school, or perhaps a program on nutrition or some other aspect of health, British television doesn't actually begin until late afternoon. There is no British TV aimed at the bored housewife: no soap operas, no shopping quizzes, no sentimental diversions such as are supposed in America to get a woman through the tedium of her domestic routine.

Not only does British television begin late, it stops early — between eleven and midnight — and is no respecter of the hour, the half, and the quarter hour. If a program runs thirteen minutes or seventeen minutes, then very well: it runs thirteen or seventeen minutes; it is not tailored to the demands of the advertiser who insists on the exactly appropriate moment for his blast. Indeed, it is a regular happening on BBC that a program runs later than scheduled in the papers. Far from this constituting a national emergency, it is taken to be part of the day's business, and BBC 1 or 2, whichever

has finished first, will simply announce that the current program on the other station is taking a bit longer than was expected so they will play some music until they come abreast of each other, in case the viewer had it in mind to switch channels.

Second, and more significant, is the preponderance in any day's schedule of documentary or educational features over other kinds of programs. Apart from soap operas, there is no category of American TV entertainment which is not covered by the BBC: drama, domestic comedy, adventure, news commentary, variety shows, sports reporting, classical and popular music, special features for children. It is the proportioning of the day's programs between those that are meant to enlighten as well as entertain and those intended merely as diversion that is markedly different. There is no special educational TV in Britain as we know it in the United States. The same stations that have the amusement of the public in their keeping have the responsibility for television as a medium of instruction. It is the way in which this duty is interpreted and discharged that makes British television a model we in this country might study.

The idea that something which is instructive can also be pleasurable would seem to be alien to the American national character. We have only to address ourselves to "culture," by which we mean anything superior to the occupations of the ordinary citizen, to become pious and portentous. In fact, the basic assumption of our popular media, among which television is of course the most widely distributed, is that education is a force not for unifying but for dividing the population. Although in America the people who run television have themselves had "superior" educations, the very advantage which earns them their jobs becomes a disqualification in terms of meeting the needs of a wide audience. Contempt for the general public is built into employment in the American media of mass communication and soon translates itself into self-contempt — to work for television, in particular, implies that one has turned one's back on the values most prized by education. One has become, if not a huckster oneself, then his henchman. This is the price which the profession of television in America pays for having been born in the service of advertising.

In Britain, too, television is manned with men and women who have had first-rate educations. But if — which I doubt — they suffer from self-contempt because of their choice of profession, certainly it doesn't show in their public stance. In part, the difference is perhaps explained by the fact that in working for the BBC they work for an important government organization, but I think there is another, deeper source of their self-respect. Not only is there a constant and powerful current of

sympathy between the best-educated classes of Britain as demonstrated by the regular appearance on British television of the country's most gifted and serious artists and scholars — philosophers, theologians, historians, poets, critics, scientists. But television also inherits some of the responsibility of the older privileged class in English society, and along with the responsibility, a commensurate dignity. Curiously enough, in class-structured Britain as opposed to democratic America, television is a force for minimizing the alienation of class from class. It binds together the citizenry instead of separating it into those that give (or sell) and those that receive (or buy). In that most democratic of media, television, the greatest force for aesthetic as well as social good is the BBC's decent regard for the public it addresses. Because it respects its audience it can respect itself.

PARTICULARLY in its political reporting British television accomplishes something of which American television scarcely has any imagination: the BBC can manage to make events that are taking place on the other side of the globe seem of immediate personal concern to someone seated in front of his set in some small English village. This is not a matter of better coverage than we offer in America; our American reporters probably canvass the territory more thoroughly than their British colleagues do. The difference is a matter of approach and tone.

Perhaps because Britain was once such a far-flung empire and is still the center of a far-flung commonwealth, countries which seem remote to an American seem somehow to be directly connected with the life of England. Information about Gibraltar or Aden, the Congo or Malaya is presented not so much in the tone of bringing distant news as in the spirit of "reporting home." On the surface, this sense of familiarity with the world which is communicated in British foreign newscasts is contradicted by the evidence on English TV of Britain's persisting insularity. Certainly British television, concerned as it is on a national level with local events which in the United States would be reported only on local stations, is a constant reminder of how tiny a country England actually is. But this seeming contradiction is resolved by the intimacy that runs through all of British TV, the sense it conveys of direct personal connection between station and viewer. Whether a program is dealing with a political problem in Nigeria or with the latest decision in Parliament, it is reported on the air as if it were an immediate family matter.

For the American viewer, in fact, this quality of intimacy is among the chief charms of British TV;

the English themselves are not conscious of it. It seems never to occur to them that in American broadcasting, intimacy is an aspect only of vulgarity, its style borrowed from the forced rapport between performer and patron in a nightclub. For instance, on the political front, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between our presidential news conference, useless and sterile as it is formal, and BBC's stand on the steps of 10 Downing Street, waiting for the Prime Minister to appear so that a microphone can be thrust in his face and he can be plied with awkward questions. Measured by American standards the British procedure may seem undignified, even rude, but actually it is neither. It simply describes the close tie that the English electorate still feels with its government even while it bitterly complains of the chasm which increasingly divides the ordinary citizen from Whitehall.

But then, the English and the Americans have very different ideas of what constitutes rudeness, especially in public life. A dramatic demonstration is the different way in which the two countries debate public issues. In England an official concerned in some matter of national interest will be put on the screen and publicly grilled by a BBC interviewer in a manner and degree that would be unthinkable in our country. I still recall, for example, from the early days of my first stay in England, a program about housing conditions in which a local official — I think it was in Birmingham — was being questioned about rot in the foundations or framework of houses sold in his district. (Who in American television takes a domestic matter of this kind seriously?) Two interviewers, not one, were (as I felt it) badgering this man. The information they had accumulated with which to indict him in the public eye and the relentlessness with which they pressed him would have done credit to Perry Mason. But at the end of the session, when an American in similar circumstances would have been steaming with anger, the person at whom this attack had been directed smiled happily at his interrogators and they all thanked each other with the greatest courtesy for the pleasure of the interview.

More recently, in airing a case that has been agitating the British public — it involved what appeared to be the brutal caning of boys in a state corrective school — the BBC gathered together on the screen not merely the headmaster of the school and the teacher who had brought his disciplinary fervor to public notice but also the chairman of the school's board of governors and the head of the association of headmasters of schools in the same category. Here, that is, the interviewer had to pick his way among a whole group of people whose careers might hang on the public assessment of their probity.

In this program what was most striking to the American viewer was the interviewer's obvious

partisanship, his refusal to take that much-honored American role of "objectivity." The BBC interviewer, far from thinking of himself as the moderator in a well-mannered debate, made it entirely plain that he believed the headmaster guilty of inflicting severe corporal punishment. While he saw it as his job to give the defendants their full say, he was determined to spare them no iota of the public censure he thought they deserved. I know no one on American television who could have conducted himself with such severe justness, nor can I conceive of an American station undertaking this kind of investigation as part of its public duty.

OBVIOUSLY the principle of giving the public as much information as possible in controversial areas, and even opinions which they can take or refuse, is not always easy to apply. On the vexing contemporary problem of drugs, for example, the BBC appears to be having considerable trouble deciding how it should proceed and whether, in fact, it will diminish or only increase the attraction of drug-taking among the young by airing the subject. Certainly a program on the American LSD situation that was recently shown by the BBC was an ambiguous affair; borrowing our stance of "scientific objectivity" it managed in the long run to communicate what looked like a substantial tolerance of the LSD phenomenon. For the most part, however, British television reveals a combination of boldness and sound judgment in its approach to charged subjects such as we in America have not yet begun to approximate. With no advertiser to worry about the proprieties and to act as public censor, British TV has managed to bring homosexuality, abortion, adultery, not to mention atheism, full into the domain of public discussion, and this despite government ownership, and, paradoxically enough, the continuation of government censorship in the theater.

The standard of propriety in British television would seem to be that of taste as defined by people who are no less responsible than enlightened. The processes of life — and this includes deviations from a proposed norm of sexual conduct — are thus not taboo. Compared with the simple unsensational frankness with which sexual subjects are treated on British television, the American public approach to sex is worse than puritanical, it is prurient. We may pepper our novels with language and scenes that would still be impermissible in British publishing. But we have yet to treat even the matter of human reproduction, let alone sexual aberrancy, with the grave straightforwardness that is taken for granted by British TV.

And in dealing with sexual subjects, too, we find

the same *human* directness that characterizes the approach of the BBC to politics and other public events. If the theme of homosexuality is being discussed on British television, it is not assigned to white-coated gentlemen who obscure the subject in mystifying technical language. A few months ago, for example, there was a program called *Consenting Adults* about male homosexuality; it consisted of interviews with a hairdresser, a doctor, a clerk in a small town, and a pair of aging male lovers, and its purpose was to investigate how the social and emotional lives of these individuals — and it is worth noting that all of them presented their faces to the public — had been affected by their sexual preference.

If such a series of interviews could have been offered on American TV, which of course it could not, it is impossible to suppose that it would not have been made to point a clear moral, or moralistic, lesson. On BBC there was no lesson to be drawn other than that homosexuals are human beings like everyone else, some happy in their sexual situation, others, notably those whose residence or occupation makes for less tolerance in the community, not. The hairdresser could say, simply, that he had no desire to be cured of his deviance. The doctor was aware of no professional hindrance because of his sexual choice and even enumerated its advantages as he saw them. The two men who had lived together for twenty-eight years were wistful in their homosexual marriage, wished they had been born later than they were, when the world had become kinder to sexual deviants. That public opinion was nevertheless being influenced by the program was unmistakable. There could not have been more valuable ammunition on the side of reform of the old retrograde laws governing homosexual offenses.

Again, in other words, the American visitor is returned to the respect for the public that characterizes British TV, its assumption that it addresses itself to an adult population worthy of the best it can put on the screen and capable of making its own grave discriminations between right and wrong. That there is yellow journalism in Britain goes without saying; one has only to remember the flagrantly publicized Profumo case. But British television has nothing in common with the sensational newspapers of Britain, though it makes its appeal to an even larger audience. If the sensational press of England represents the seamy side of English life, its television represents its civilized humanity continuing into an era of mass communications.

But this sounds abstract, whereas in fact the genius of British TV is its concreteness. Whoever comes to England from America is bound to be struck by the actuality of one's most transitory encounters in shops, buses, on the street. The same quality pervades British TV; one is not aware of

how abstract *American* television is until one contrasts it with that of Britain. The difference was first impressed upon me when I watched a sort of English counterpart to our American "man in the street" programs, in which some dozen men and women in all walks of life, ranging from a shop clerk to a high church dignitary, were speaking on their relations with their fathers. In this telecast, the interviewer never himself appeared in the program, not even as a voice: the camera simply moved from person to person in his or her own home, doubling back on itself from time to time for a second or third opportunity to record a previous speaker. (It is a technique regularly employed in English TV interviewing, and enormously satisfactory.)

The persons who were talking could not have been more relaxed, dignified, or straightforward. Disparate as they were in class and education, they were joined in a common seriousness before a serious subject. No one giggled or clowning; no one put on a public front or shirked the job of probing his actual feelings about his father: had he loved or disliked him, and why. This was early in my London stay, and I had almost forgotten my earlier high regard for British TV: I didn't know whether to be more incredulous of the beauty of the filming of these absorbed faces or of the fineness of spirit revealed in this public act of introspection. But soon I came once more to take performances like this for granted, much as the English themselves do — until I recalled what such a program would be like in America. Americans are not allowed to have actual faces, actual lives, actual problems on American television. Their poses have been contrived for them in the imagination of a culture which has lost its pride in its own diverse humanity.

EVERYWHERE one goes in England one hears, of course, of its escalating Americanization. Does this mean that British television, too, will soon follow our dehumanizing example and exchange its honesty and actuality for our sensational contrivances? Unfortunately there are signs of this possibility, especially on commercial television, which imports a great many American films and screen series. Permissive as British TV is in point of sexual truth — recently, when there was a program on newborn babies, the health of the genitals of infants was not only openly discussed, these forbidden organs were fully exposed to the camera — there is one thing it still (happily) frowns upon: exposures of violence. Thus, American gangster films cede place to relatively moderate crime stories like *Perry Mason*. And imports like *Bewitched* or the *Van Dyke Show* take precedence in popular favor over noisier, uglier series that have high ratings in the United States.

Still, stories of violent action and crime are percolating into British TV, and if they come to substitute in the public taste for long-popular English police programs like *Z Cars*, it is bound to indicate more than a passing preference; it will be evidence of a significant change in the character of English society. For between *Z Cars* or even *Softly, Softly*, the program which developed out of it, and the usual American gangster story the distinction is of a most fundamental cultural kind: these British "crime stories" are stories in which crime is something to be thought about in human and social terms, not acted out in passion.

I do not mean to imply that all of British story-writing for the TV screen has the sweet appeal of *Z Cars* or of *Dr. Findlay's Case Book*, the story of a pair of doctors in a small Scottish town, another of my favorites. *Lucky Jim*, for instance, although based on Kingsley Amis' very amusing novel, is nothing like so sharp and witty as the book. And an unfortunate amount of the humor in other light British programs tends to center around the bathroom or in other ways yield to underdeveloped notions of what constitutes good clean fun. Too, when British television goes in for patently serious drama, it unhappily seems to patronize the same psychiatric clinic that supplies American television with the grim materials of its fashionable "high art." But vulgarity or pretentiousness is still the exception rather than the rule of writing for British television: the straws in the wind of Americanization are still reassuringly few.

PROBABLY the most fascinating achievement of British TV drama so far in its history was last year's serialization of John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, than which it may at first seem hard to imagine a less likely item for general consumption in present-day England. But no doubt it is precisely as a document of social change that this series made its stupendous hit with the British public of all classes. Its popular appeal was so great, indeed, that each installment was shown on two different nights of the week so that no one would miss it. And simultaneous with its showing, the libraries were besieged with readers demanding the works of Galsworthy. Everywhere I went in England the latest Forsyte episode was the topic of talk, as how could it not be — the series manifestly represented a new high in the adaptation of fiction to film. Not only was it beautifully acted and spoken, and mounted with the most affectionate attention to social detail; it re-created the recent social past with no slightest taint of the sly condescension with which we in America approach any period which has failed to achieve the benefits of modernity.

I have watched other examples of the skill of the BBC in filming well-known literary works: Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, Scott's *Kenilworth*, Henry James's *Washington Square*, the stories of Kipling, Conan Doyle, Wodehouse. (Currently, they are doing a series of D. H. Lawrence dramatizations.) These productions have all of them ranged from estimable to excellent — I have seen no failures, and no instance of pretentiousness in the face of Literature. If *The Forsyte Saga* was a singular achievement in bringing new life to an almost forgotten book, there is no reason to think of it as an isolated success in the translation of fiction to the screen. It is in splendid company.

Yet finally, remarkable as these BBC films are, it is not on them that one forms one's estimate of British television. They are not the staple of English TV, and one must base one's judgment of the medium on the hour-to-hour quality of British television production rather than on these special offerings. If I were asked, then, what I most enjoy in British TV or what I most enjoy about British TV, I would be inevitably returned to its *reality*, to its close connection with actual life — whether by life we mean life as it is conveyed in literature, or life as it presents itself to the inquisitive eye of the professional reporter, or life as it is revealed in its big or little, public or private occupations and problems. A medium which in America is dedicated to evading reality is in England a celebration of its endless range and possibility.

And also — which is perhaps most important — of its immediacy. We in America are in the habit of thinking that we have more social, cultural, and human immediacy, because we have more activity, than the other countries of the West. Actually, just the opposite is so. The more we spin, the more of reality we cast off by our excessive motion — witness the way we use the mechanics of television as a means of increasing our distance from the actual material that is supposedly being brought us. When, for example, the new Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center was opened a few years ago, the occasion was reported on television. The report consisted in showing us the building itself as dramatically as possible, in giving us glimpses of the celebrities as they arrived for the big event, in broadcasting part (as I recall) of the musical performance. Between times, since nothing in American TV is as forbidden as an empty or silent screen, there were a series of ridiculous interviews with "personalities" — with Jacqueline Kennedy, with the conductor Leonard Bernstein, even with Aline Saarinen, the widow of the building's architect. The net result of all this scurrying and contrivance was that far from feeling that he was participating in the occasion, the observer at home in front of his TV set felt that life — big, thrilling life with a capital L — was hap-

pening somewhere where he was not and perhaps never could be. The experience of an opening concert in New York's handsome new hall was not one in which he had shared, so much as one from which he now knew how fully he had been excluded.

While I was in London the BBC tried its first live opera telecast from Covent Garden, *Traviata*. Here, too, one was shown the handsome house, the audience filing in for the performance, the orchestra members taking their place in the pit. But no individual in the audience was isolated for notice, and no one was interviewed. More important, the announcer was repeatedly shown sitting in his box with his notes and microphone before him; there was no attempt to deceive the viewer that he was himself present in the theater when in fact he knew he was not. And this honesty had the salutary, and expectable, effect of making the home viewer feel quite as worthy as those in the theater; for, after all,

all this trouble of putting a reporter and wires and microphones and cameras in Covent Garden had been gone to just for *him*. This, however, was not the only way in which the BBC stayed with the truth of the medium and thus increased the directness of the experience for the viewer: at the first intermission the announcer said that now most of the audience was going to the Crush Bar for a drink; perhaps the viewer was thirsty too, and so there would be a two-minute break while he got a drink for himself in his own home. "But you don't have to queue for it. I imagine you can just reach for your drink."

Condescension? Anything but: I found myself delighted by this confirmation of my own actual domestic existence. Once again the BBC was demonstrating its respect for reality and its wonderfully simple and direct communication with the real people who make up its vast nameless public.

THE TRASH DRAGON OF SHENSI

BY ANDREW GLAZE

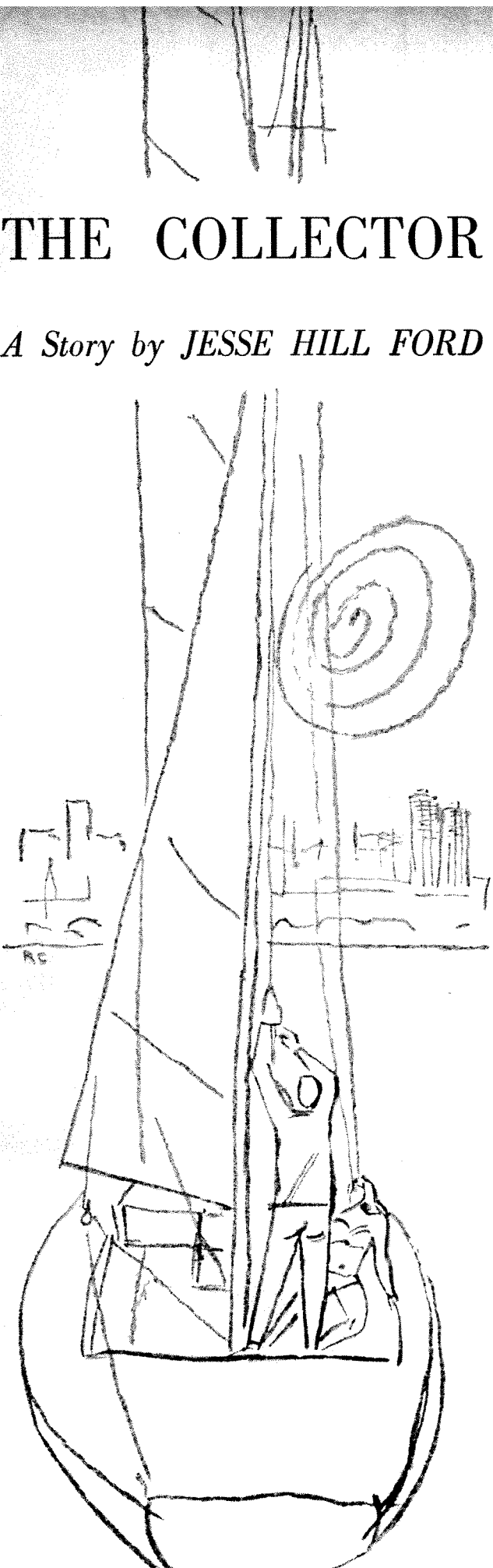
There was an ancient worm
on the hills of Shensi
which had six spines upon its back
that flowed red when it flew
at the Spring moon,
ballooning and unballooning its awful wings
in the brick-hearted sun.

Now it has been caught.
They climbed the rootless cliffs
beyond Sian
(they were very brave and very determined)
and someone flung the silken ropes
while he was sleeping,
(dreaming of water and cloud spouts)
over the spiny angles of his rough heads
steaming like fire hydrants.

They damped him with fog,
and a promise of the disklike moon
for his own on Mondays.
They led him with milk.
And now he toils.
He is the eater of garbage for a whole prefecture.
He is known to every corner
as the Trash Dragon of Shensi.
And he is too full of old watermelon rinds
and millet straw to pay any attention
to his wings.

Only in his sleep,
vibrating those spiny reptilian pinions,
does a little steam nicker about his nozzle,
does he buzz a little, throb a little like a train.
He is thinking of red searchlights
in a fishlike moony sky,
and the mountains looking like
great flopped-over turtles below
weaving their legs and heads.

But he no longer believes in flight.
He has accepted his silken attachments,
he has even come — almost —
to believe in the ultimate dignity
of the transmutation
of fish bones and broken squash pods.



THE COLLECTOR

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD

EASE the mainsheet," I say. Almost a whisper. My girl says something. Somebody laughs. My friend Murray comes from belowdecks with a beer.

Or my boat everything is clean, everything shining and white, and I am thinking as usual that we could sail on and on forever. Never grow old. Never grow tired — if only the world were made so you could put two happinesses back to back and hold them there forever. I mean Chicago and the summers.

Behind us Lady Chicago at rest and her towers rising like beautiful arms against a bowl-blue sky. Anytime it pleases me I can look over my shoulder and love her with my gaze. At this distance a few miles out beyond the breakwater of Chicago Harbor, the wind has started gusting. The great silence even at so short a distance from the city has begun to be buckled by slapping waves and the hushed sound of shearing water.

"Forty-three feet," says Murray, who is not very familiar with sailboats. "You could go anywhere in the world."

As usual we come about just before nightfall. On the return tack the wind is up and we run close-hauled; the whitecaps are running and the boat starts to drive and roll, drive and roll — she's like an antelope. Nightfall then. And Chicago ahead of us in mounds and soft strings of precious gems. The boat herself nothing jealous goes on driving and driving home eagerly until, as always happens just inside the breakwater, inside again, we get the sudden flat-water calm, like sudden, beautiful death.

"Once I knew of a poem that called Chicago a hog butcher," says Murray. "Either this poet never knew the lake or else he was trying to be cruddy at Chicago's expense. But I tell you *she* couldn't care less."

I have begun thinking of my niece Alabam who wasn't really my niece but was some kind of cousin to my first wife. This girl — this very nice girl who came straight out of Alabama to Chicago.

Alabam. Probably she was beauty queen of Jasper, where my first wife was from, and Alabama girls can be beautiful as I am already aware because I married one. Presently I'm telling Murray about it again. I see the glow of his cigarette in the darkness. He listens and again I'm telling him about this girl Alabam.

She of course knew of me, and whereas my first wife didn't really feel she had room for the girl, wasn't positive, so to speak, that an apartment hotel on the Near North would be the right brand of environment for a tender chicken just lately out of Walker County High School, it was arranged as follows. After I met Alabam she came to live with me and my third wife.

Listening, Murray has reason to know already

that my present wife comes from near Chattanooga and that she was first married to an Italian sadist. Garlic boy made her marry him. Then he tortured her all the time — a beautiful girl scared witless of this bum. He was two bits worth of highly seasoned grease, that familiar kind who swaggers around beating up women — girls.

About two weeks after we finally get my third wife's divorce from the Italian, I was having to keep my bride in a downtown hotel. The wop was making threats. We got the obscene phone calls. Everything nasty he could dream up and everything getting very, very unreasonable. I'm also keeping both former wives and all the wonderful children in downtown hotels. Had to take the children out of school. You name it. The gentleman was trying to drive me crazy.

Ten cheap miserable days of this and they found garlic boy in the trunk of his automobile in a nice leakproof plastic bag; but as to who did it or why — you tell me. I always say that, and I have to assume that somebody who knew me and was aware of the whole ridiculous situation — somebody who liked me decided that somewhere along the bus line *this* kind of ridiculous garbage had to be disposed of.

A month after that here comes sweet little Alabam to Chicago. My first wife, with whom I've remained friends, introduces me to the girl, and I take Alabam out on the boat a couple of weekends. She wears a nice bathing suit. She's beginning to learn the language — getting rid of the *you alls* and the *ah-moes*, *ah-moe bah mah seff a new dress*; *ah-moe come long sailin' with you Be-yul dahlin' sho, co'se ahm comin' sweet hot*.

I don't have it in for the South. Don't misunderstand. I married three of them after all. That should prove something — but the point is Alabam was learning that the letter "r" actually appears in the alphabet, whereas when they first get here it's as though they learned to talk on a twenty-five-letter alphabet. Yet the smart ones, the good little broads like Alabam, pick up the American language pretty quick.

She was making progress, and I said to my first wife, I asked her why Alabam shouldn't come up north with me — meaning me and my third wife because we have a house in Wilmette and whatthe-hell rooms to spare, so what's another mouth to feed, I say; or another way to say it would be why not be generous if you can help somebody? Besides, Alabam wasn't at all bad-looking. Beauty never hurts.

ALABAM moves in. My third wife Margaret Ann who wasn't pregnant yet for the first time, she likes Alabam. They seem to hit on most of the same

cylinders, so I tell myself Chattanooga must be close to Alabama because pretty soon the girls have their knees together all the time drinking margaritas, and Alabam catches on to the fact that we're pretty civilized here in Chicago after all.

So Margaret Ann says, why shouldn't Alabam go to school? How about some college for her? They've already talked it over with my first wife. The three girls have it already decided before they come to me with the idea. I hesitate, but it gets to be like a tack driven into the roof of all three of their mouths. Alabam should go to college. *They* don't have the money, and God knows nothing green is ever in any of the envelopes coming out of Alabama, where, I suppose, all the beautiful broads like Alabam are raised for export. Down there they have pride; they have this great long family tradition about the *waugh* (the *waugh* is the Civil War, which has been over so long that most of the rest of us don't remember it). But get south where I have never been, if you want to discount Miami, go below the Mason-Dixon, where I never intend to go, and the atmosphere is so heavy with shades of that *waugh* — well I tell them they seem like they have grits and banjo strings running out of their ears. I ask them: "Do you really think that waugh ended last Thursday at one p.m.?" That can serve to jar them out of it sometimes. As a general policy, though, I avoid mentioning *war* in their presence.

What the hell. Finally I put her in school. Here's a girl with brains. She can wear clothes. She wants an education.

We buy her some decent clothes. I give her a car. Alabam goes to school and time passes thus, with Alabam driving down to Evanston every day. She lets her hair grow out long like Margaret Ann's until I can hardly tell the difference between them. Alabam has the lead on my wife by a few years — that of course. With Alabam's hair long they could be sisters. It's a happy time.

Nights when I have a date, Alabam is home to keep Margaret Ann company. Nights when I don't have anything on, the three of us go to some decent place. We have a few drinks, some food, some laughs. I like to dance. It's almost two broads for the price of one.

Another beautiful summer. By now Alabam's a sophomore making her grades. She and Margaret Ann work to get all-over suntans. They talk me into building the sauna. We have the sauna going. Here I'm in the house with two golden beautiful women but straight — all on the up and up; maybe I'm kidding Alabam a little, but no bouncing around. The girls have become such friends. Then — ? Boom!

Downtown at my office one morning, down in the Loop, the phone rings.

Margaret Ann: "Come home right now."
"What?"

"Because it's Alabam, she's sick. I made her two margaritas. She drank both of them. She's *still* sick! I think she must be running a terrible fever. I don't know if she might be very serious or something!"

All the way from the Loop to Wilmette, standing on the accelerator. My heart beats so it gives me a headache. I get there. Margaret Ann has put the girl in the sauna and given her another margarita — still no help. So when I phone the doctor and tell him the outline of the symptoms, he says get her in the car. Come straight to the hospital.

It cracked down on us — thunder out of a clean sky. They put her in a room. Margaret Ann starts crying. The doctors have to tell us that Alabam may not make it. Then they tell the rest. The whole trouble is that the poor girl has had a cheap abortion.

"Alabam," I'm saying, "Alabam, why didn't you come to me?" I take her hand, feel the illness in her, burning her up, killing her. "You think I'm going to blame you if you got slightly knocked up?"

"Ahm sorry. Awful sorry, Bill," she says. Sweat floods her face. Lying helpless, she's almost dying, and here she goes apologizing to me and the doctor comes in and wants me out of the room. The nurses move strangely. The nurses too are worried.

"Who is he?" I ask.

"Just a guy. It's mah fault much as his, Bill. Ah didn't wanna be any trouble." Sick as she is she tells me the whole lousy story. It's so cheap, so tawdry and sickening. She's half dead in that hospital room, dying in the biggest best room on the best floor. But we haven't been there ten minutes it seems until they start moving the flowers in out of the hallway from every friend I have in all the Chicagoland area. Finally it takes one nurse her full time just to water the flowers and arrange them while Margaret Ann takes off the greeting tags to make a list so we can send everybody a telegram of thanks. Which is the meaning of friends. They come to your aid at such a time, when you are receiving a blow like that.

Just when we think she's all right Alabam has a reaction to the drugs. She takes a nose dive. She's like a beautiful craft about to be splintered unnecessarily against a piling, already taking water, and I get such a feeling. I don't know what to do. I can't drink; can't eat; sleep is out of the

question. I spend so much time at the hospital my belt runs out of notches. My clothes hang on me. My eyes get so big it scares me if I happen accidentally to look in the mirror. I haven't shaved. I've been crying. It's like my nerves have begun to eat up my guts.

So I asked Alabam one day, I said: "Who was it?"

By now she's so far gone she's gotten very quiet. When she talks, it's from the strange midst of her waking and sleeping. She knows. She's very close to the big one, and she's having such a lousy time she really doesn't care. She gives me the bum's name. Between sleeping and waking bouts she tells how he stood her to a cheap hundred-and-fifty-buck nigger abortion. I keep asking myself, can this be me this is happening to? Can practically a member of my own family be dying because some stupid jack-off college bum dug down for a lousy hundred and fifty bucks after he had knocked little Alabam up? Now he's *killed* her on top of that?

Next day I pulled myself together. I went down to the office and called him. I told him the good news, that thanks to his cheap ideas and his morals, which must have been manufactured out of dog manure, thanks to his preference for nigger abortions, that a beautiful girl named Alabam is dying a very slow death.

"What can I do?" he asks. "Let's say I'm sorry about that," says he. He hangs up in my face. That dial tone runs through me like a hot spear.

I dictate a letter *dear mister Calton in view of the circumstances the very least you can do is pay for the medical expense — blah, blah, blah — but very nice. Very nice.*

No answer. My secretary calls him. He shafts her with a couple *dozen* dial tones. Mister Calton is a pretty character as I discover when I go to the school personally. I go through the whole routine. Having him looked up, making an appointment — all just to talk to him.

He's the beard and blue jeans brand. The new type of old tennis shoes college bastard. We have quite a talk. I've got good news for him by now. Alabam is out of the hospital and she's getting well. In fact that very day she had had her first margarita. Which is how I remember it so vividly.

"Well, nice," says Mister Calton. "I'm very glad she didn't die."

I'm wondering who the Christ he thinks I am; what the hell he thinks I'm made of — cheese or something?

"The hospital and the doctor came to fifteen hundred in all," I tell him, and I show him the entire bill itemized and marked paid. I show him my canceled check for the entire amount.

"Let me talk to my father," he says. "We'll send you your money."

Mr. Ford is a Southern novelist and short-story writer whose most recent collection, FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN, was published last fall by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

As will happen sometimes, my heart begins to lift a little, to be filled again like a sail that's been hanging slack. I can eat; I can sleep; I watch the girls drink their margaritas and play cribbage. The sauna is a special help now for Alabam. I witness the return of the old happiness in our household. I get them a couple of pooches, some poodles, and get each of them a kitty cat, the very best of both beasts. Alabam is ready to decide if she will try the same school again or go to another one when it suddenly dawns on me. Three months have slipped through my fingers. No fifteen hundred dollars. No word, not even a murmur from Mister Calton.

So now I take the time and the trouble to locate his father. I write them both, father and son, a very nice letter enclosing copies of the bill, copies of my canceled checks, the letter politely explaining the situation in full. All I want is my money — no interest on it, no baloney. Just a nice letter to the both of them on the right kind of correct light-blue stationery.

Papa Calton's address? Way the hell out west somewhere in the boondocks. That should have served perhaps to warn me — well, it didn't.

Margaret Ann is pregnant now. She's taking mother-baby vitamins with her margaritas. It's a very nice time for me because starting a new family is like starting a new business or going on a vacation when your plane lifts from the runway at O'Hare. In your mind's vision you see Acapulco and L.A., you see Vegas or maybe the Islands — beautiful, exotic. So what if you have busted forty? It's like starting a new series of exercises down at the health club or taking flying lessons. I look at Margaret Ann's little belly, round and gold and just starting to show, and a voice comes out of my guts and speaks to me and tells me: "*You did that. Inside there that life — you did it. You procreated.*"

The utter fulfillment for a man. As long as he can keep procreating, life will sing for him.

Alabam's practically built back up to normal and looking better than ever when I get a phone call. It's Papa Calton. Right away when he starts talking, I know the type. Chicago is loaded with Papa Caltons. The world is all too full of them. You can't mistake them because each has a mouth that weighs two hundred pounds, give or take two ounces either way.

"What is this and who the hell you think you are writing me letters telling us we have to pay that little whore's hospital and doctor? You think Jimmy was the only one?"

"If he wasn't, then why did he try to kill her with a cheap, lousy, hundred-fifty-buck abortion then?" I says.

"Look, bastard," says this heavyweight mouth

champion. "I don't know who you are. I never heard of you — understand me? Your name means nothing to me! And right now as of now I'm telling you, whoever you are, whatever you are, that my son and I don't intend to make a career of paying the hospital bills for all the whores on the Evanston campus, including that little hooker you're living with —"

I let him talk. Then, very quietly: "I think you better pay it." Almost a whisper.

He unloads another collection of garbage. Me: "I think you better pay it." He calls me a couple of names. That's the end of the conversation.

Next day I write Papa Calton a polite note again: *dear mister calton in spite of your conversation last evening I think you have a moral obligation to pay, et cetera.*

By now we're getting to the end of the sailing season. Soon the boat comes out of the water to go into storage. Alabam is on my side for talking Margaret Ann into a winter vacation for the three of us. Alabam can get her health back before she tries school again. If she decides on school, I'm telling Alabam I just want one promise that she will keep her legs crossed, or barring that that she will either reproduce or do something besides let a nigger operate on her with a rusty coat hanger, but of course this is put to her as a joke, in a very polite way.

MURRAY came on the boat that next Saturday with his girl. I left the girls at home in Wilmette, happy, drinking margaritas, and plotting out the vacation for November. I had my new girl, Lois, a nice honey blond from Cincinnati. It was the weekend with Murray and his girl at the time — a very nice high-bred young Italian girl named Maura — Maura and Murray — that's perhaps what first appealed to him when he met her. Although Murray's well into his fifties and Maura's just twenty-five and just about two months out of her first divorce, it's had the makings of a very nice arrangement. Maura's living in the same apartment building with Murray.

We left the mooring at noon sharp. The girls were below fixing lunch. We passed the breakwater. It was one of the very fine days that come always near the end of the season, cool without being cold and the wind fresh as ice and the sky so blue it's like the almighty God is plotting to break your heart like a plate, on the pure hard beauty of the occasion. All sailing is good; but late-season sailing is always best. In October the boat has an urgency about her. It's as if she knows it, as if she realizes the yard is there waiting for her and she must submit soon to that long winter sleep and she wants you in her and with her, wants to contain and cuddle you these last few days before

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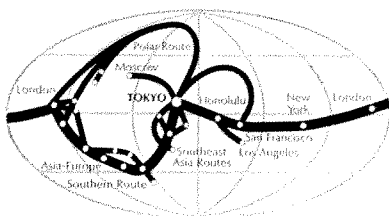
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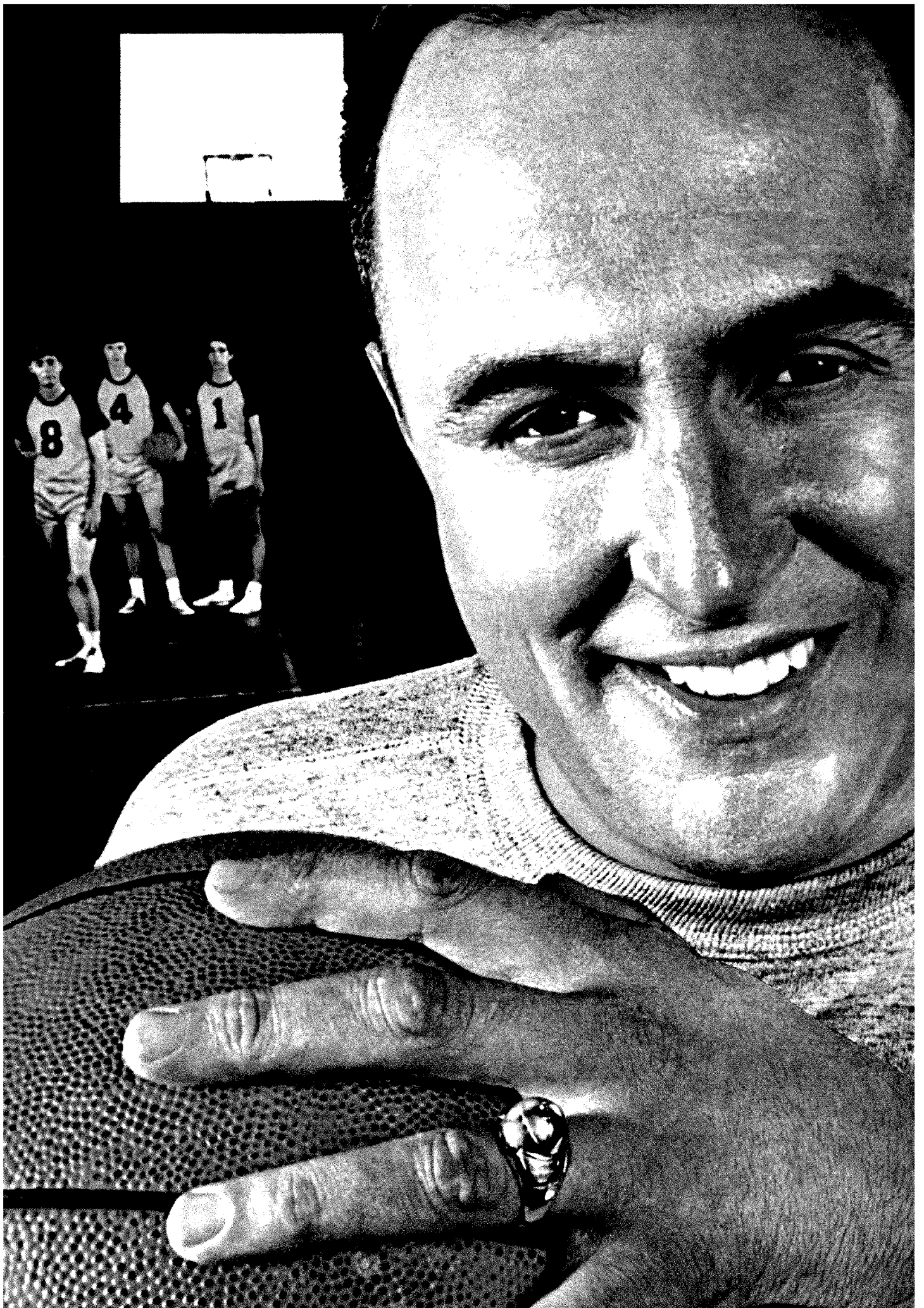
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This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

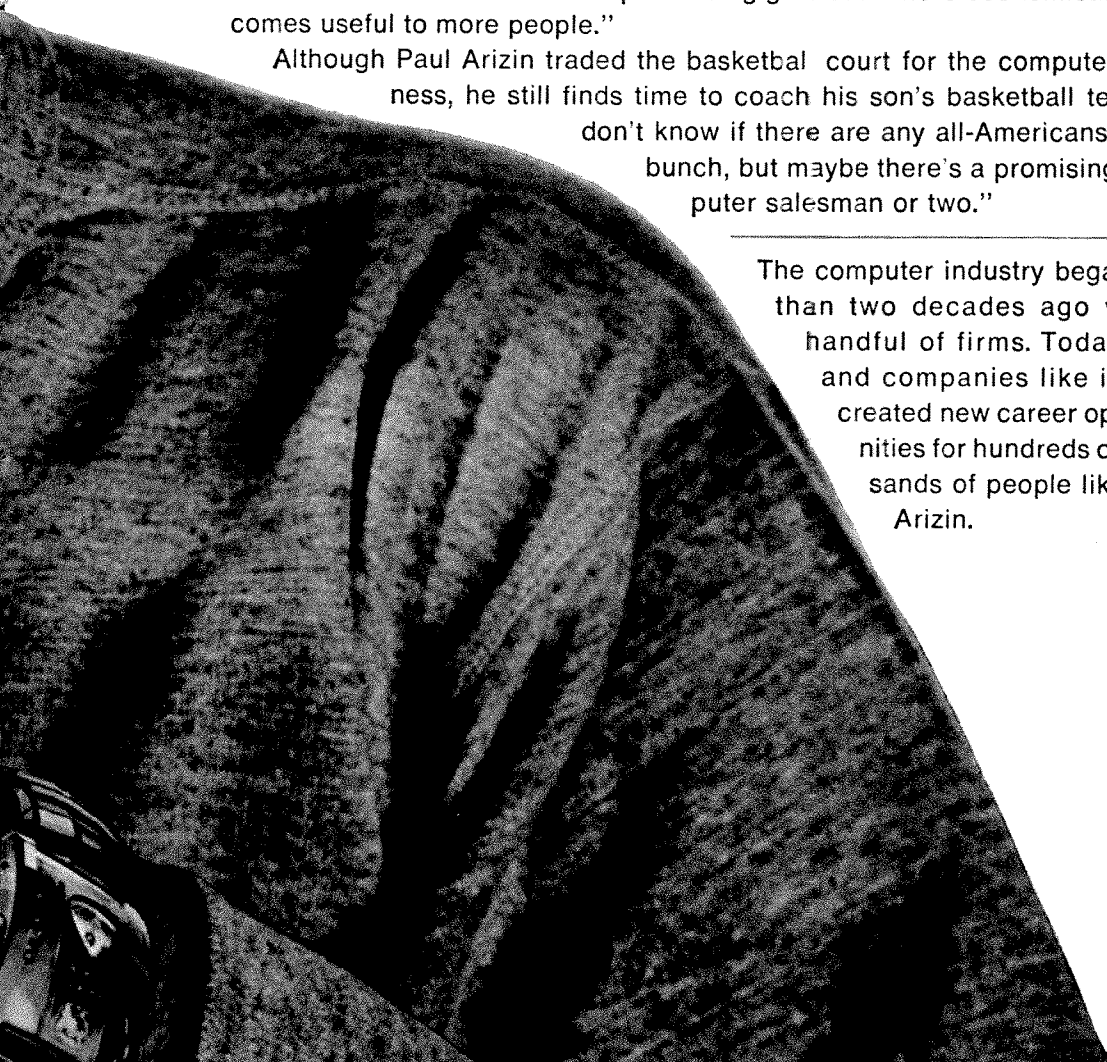
At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

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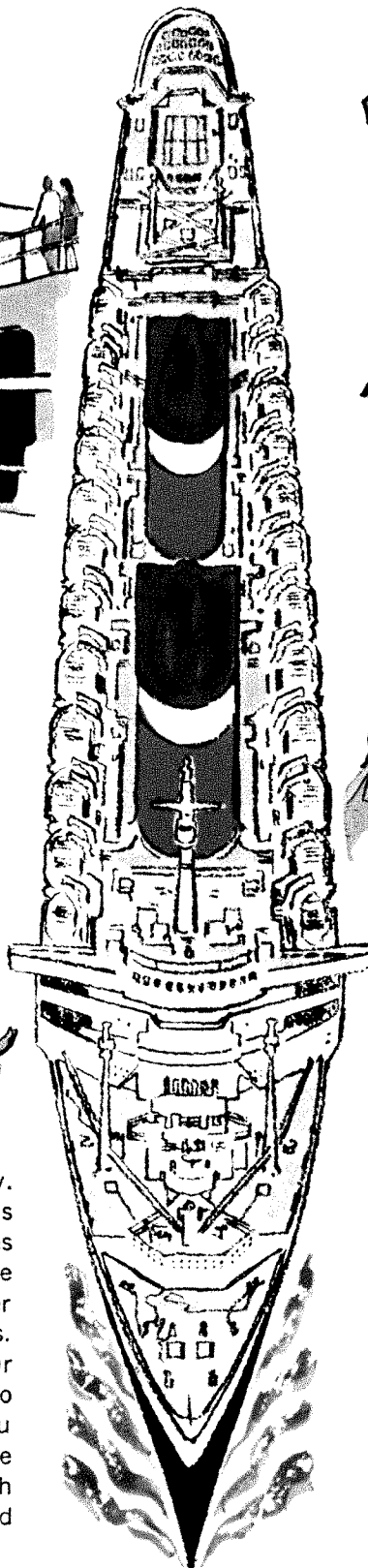
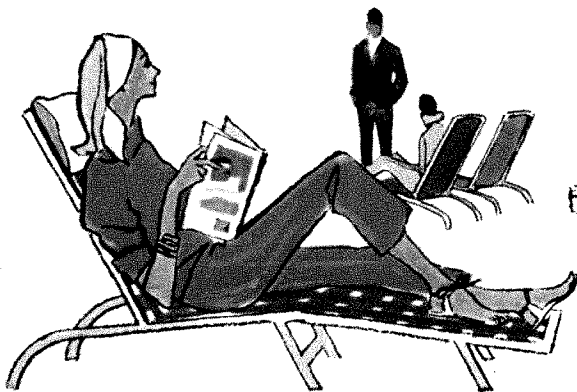
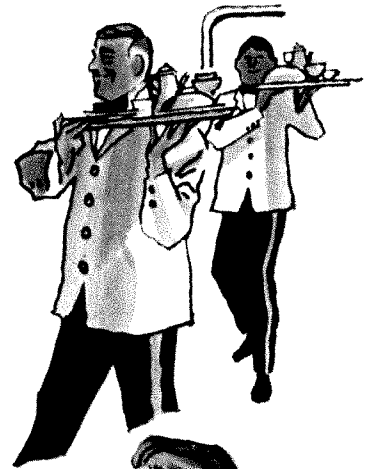
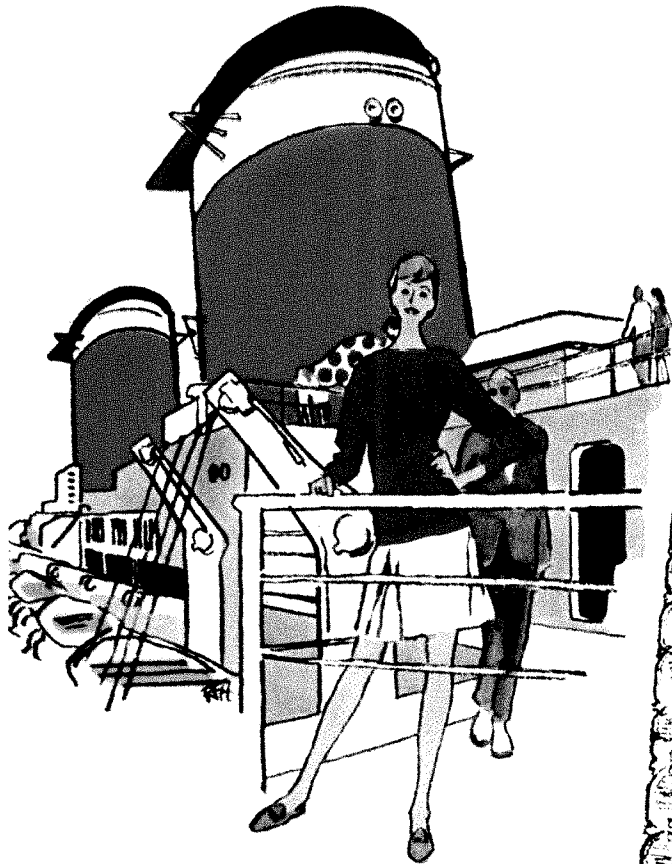
"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."

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the two of you undergo the terrifying little separation that will make you both seem like strangers when you meet her again next spring. And always, underneath it, wearing at both of you — yourself and your boat — is that nagging possibility that something else will grab you meanwhile. She might get traded in on something bigger, something more boss, and the next time you see her after this October she might be at a strange mooring. The new one will be under you, and something passing for sadness will slide through your chest for a while every time you pass her riding there, awaiting her new owner.

Thus October sailing is exciting and it's frantic, and I'm thinking that as soon as the girls get the chow served and I can find a safe steady course that Murray can manage without too much trouble — maybe Murray and Maura together — then I can go below with my new girl because the urge is there like a pressure. Looking down now and then through the hatch I can see my new girl, Lois — a glimpse of her hair and the nice shape of her face and her smile when she throws her head back a certain way — she's very classy. She has the lines of an aristocrat, nothing cheap about her.

"What you thinking?" says Murray. "You looking sad."

"No. I'm fine," I say.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he murmurs. The boat and the weather, everything has begun combining to get at Murray. He gazes back at Chicago. "God," he says. And then: "Business is OK?"

"Fine with me. You?"

"Business is fine," says Murray. "And nothing's troubling you? How is Margaret Ann?"

"Pregnant and beautiful," I say.

"That Alabam — she's some beauty," Murray says. "I don't see how you stand it all together like that in the same house. She's getting OK from her trouble? That you told me about last time?"

"Oh, fine," I say, thinking about Lois. Just then I hear her laugh. I let out the mainsheet a little and trim the jib. Then I come to port a couple of points and set the boat on a broad reach. I explain a little to Murray about the wind indicator and the compass. Then I let him have the tiller. I can tell he's slightly nervous, but of course for my sake he's willing to sail the boat at least long enough for me to go below with Lois. I tell him Maura will help him.

Murray nods. "Did he pay you?" Murray says. "Who?"

"The son of a bitch," Murray says. "And his father. Alabam's medical expenses — the fifteen hundred?"

It came back to me. Rushed at me a little. I shook my head. "Not yet," I told him.

"Let me try a thing or two," Murray said.

"Haven't you been nice and patient long enough?"

"I don't know," I say.

"Why not leave it to me for a while until I call you? You've done me favors. Maybe I can do you a favor. OK?"

NOTHING more was said. The girls came up to the cockpit about then. We drank a beer and ate the shrimp salad and the skinless Portuguese sardines and the corned beef sandwiches. Lois sat so her hip rested against mine while she looked at Murray and Maura the whole time. She talked to them without looking at me, but her hip of course was telling me without words everything a man wants to hear from a beautiful girl. It had already been agreed. Lois and I would go below to the cabin when we finished eating, so of course Lois talked a lot and ate very slowly, and the motion of the boat kept rubbing her against me; the round curve of her against my hip where she sat half turned, never looking at me, and creating the luxury (which is the best part of any illusion) that you've got all the time there is in the world when just the opposite is the truth . . .

Finally the plates went overboard. Murray opened my marlinespike and punched holes in the bottom of the beer cans the way he had watched me do it. The cans went over and were washed under, making their way down and down slowly to the lake bottom through the clear, clean water.

Murray took the tiller.

Lois paused a moment with her hand on the hatch. She looked back at me and her head went back and she smiled and the wind moved her hair, making shadows on her face. Then she went below.

"We've got it, Bill!" Maura said. She had taken the tiller. Maura was enjoying the moment too. Our happiness must have entered Maura the way happiness sometimes can. "Go on — I've sailed — more than Murray!"

I went below.

We took a very long time. I held back and delayed her, holding off, holding back and putting off the final moment just as she had dawdled over lunch, delaying and delaying the same way until her legs finally caught me. I felt all her strength begging me. Then and only then. I let her draw me down. The waves slapped and rushed against the bulkhead beside us. Toward the end she moaned, finally she cried out; her fingernails were like sharp teeth just below my shoulder blades. Her slender arms moved. She put them about my neck and pulled me down.

We lay for a long time, kissing and listening to the water. Then we sat up, she on a towel. She drew up her knees and sat with her back against the

bulkhead. She smoked a cigarette and talked about her childhood, looking straight into my eyes now and then and smiling. She had fine brown eyes and a small dimple at the edge of her mouth. "I love you," she said, now and then. I began wondering if I ought to marry her. I wanted to marry her. She was so beautiful, and the way she talked kept me smiling inside at myself. It was a very happy interlude.

Presently, after we had made love again, she tidied up. She slipped back into her tight white slacks. She didn't wear her bra. She put on a loose-fitting blue jersey pullover with a hood and one pocket in front over her tummy, one hand-warming pocket; the kind of jersey fishermen and sailors wear.

I followed her back out, through the galley and up the ladder to the cockpit. Maura had the tiller. Murray had gotten some music on the radio. The wind had died a little, and Chicago was still there like a smile on the distant shore.

Murray looked up. "About that other thing," he said. "Leave that to me and I'll phone you sometime, say like Tuesday."

I only nodded. I didn't say anything. The rest of the weekend went like a picture of paradise. We got a slip in the harbor of a club high on the north shore. Late that night when Lois and I had had a few drinks we went swimming, and it was Sunday night before we saw Chicago again.

Because I couldn't bear to leave Lois I phoned Margaret Ann Sunday night from Chicago Harbor dock and told her not to expect me before Tuesday. "How is Alabam?" I asked.

"Alabam's lovely," Margaret Ann said.

We crossed the outer drive, the four of us walking together, to the parking lot. Lois and I told Murray and Maura good-night — Murray wanted everybody to go somewhere for drinks. He seemed restless, and I felt sorry for him because it was rather obvious that perhaps he was getting a little tired of Maura. Perhaps he didn't want to be alone with her. He couldn't help but notice, besides, that it was just the opposite with me and Lois. It may be he was a little jealous. Anyhow we said good-bye. Lois and I had the whole night then. We had that Sunday night at her place. Monday night I took her out — drinks, dancing, dinner. Back at her place afterward, in the very midst of everything going between us, she cried. That's when it came to me that I was probably going to marry her. It was like a seed dropping, falling into a bed of soft earth. After she had cried a while we came together again. It was very strange and very strangely marvelous because she knew without my telling her that now it was forever.

Which is not to say that anything, really, is

forever; but it is to say that the finest moments of all are the ones when it seems that way and you both believe it; and who knows maybe it was, because how many families can one man support no matter who he is or how hard he works at it?

ANYHOW, it was Tuesday when Murray phoned me at the office. "I broke out the picture window in the front and the picture window in the back," Murray said. "No trouble at all."

"Thanks," I said. "What now?"

"Drop him a very polite letter and ask for the payment," Murray said. "That ought to be all there is to it."

I thanked him and wrote the letter, on blue paper again.

Thursday the mouth called me at the office. I knew who it was when I saw the button on my phone flashing. I answered. My secretary: "It's Mister Calton? Will you speak to him?"

"All right," I said. "Hello?"

"Get this — I don't know who you are and I don't care. But I've got friends in this town . . ."

I let him shoot his wad. Then I called Margaret Ann and told her to take Alabam and move downtown to the hotel. They didn't want to go to all the trouble.

"Look," I said. "You just don't take chances. You know that from your first husband!"

Alabam came on the phone saying she was sorry about all the trouble she was causing. She started crying.

"It's no trouble. The only trouble is if the two of you don't do *exactly* what I tell you. Now move. Pack your things. *Now!* Take the dogs and the cats to the vet. Board them. Then go straight downtown to the hotel. Call me when you get checked in —"

They finally agreed. Maybe it had dawned on them to be slightly scared. I phoned the hotel manager, a friend of mine, and got a nice suite big enough for all of us. Then I phoned Murray.

"OK," Murray said. "When you leave the office this evening go to the hotel. Stay there until I phone you."

I told him I would. Then Lois called, and we talked a long time and I told her about the whole mess. I decided to leave early and go by her place for a drink first, before going to the hotel. "Why not meet me downstairs in the bar?" I said.

"No," she said. "Come up to my place. I don't like to share you."

Of course I was still there, with Lois at her place, when Murray phoned much later and asked me what the hell? I told him I was sorry. I told him the time slipped by me.

"You're sweet on Lois," he said.

"Yes," I said. I had my hand resting on her belly. I could feel her breathing. Her cheek was against my arm.

"Margaret Ann and Alabam are getting slightly worried," Murray said.

"I'll phone and explain that I've been slightly delayed," I said.

"Good idea," Murray said. "You could tell them it's safer that you stay another place instead of coming down there where they are. Tell Margaret Ann you might be followed. Say I said so because that's what I already told them you were probably going to do. I already told them it probably wasn't safe. Alabam is hysterical though. So maybe you should phone her and Margaret Ann, Bill," Murray said.

"I will," I told him. "I'll call them right away."

"Well," Murray said, "I went and called on the Caltons again. This time I opened the garage first and squirted lighter fluid all over the inside of the car —"

"God," I said. "That's wonderful."

"No — let me tell you. Then I cut the back screen and went through the kitchen and right into the hallway by the telephone. I can see Calton sitting in there with his wife watching teevee. I squirted the phone and the walls, a couple of chairs. The carpet. All the time I can see him in there watching the teevee. He was in his undershirt."

"Christ," I said. "This is wonderful."

"No — wait. Then I went back to the kitchen door and dropped a match as I went out. Then I dropped a match in the car and walked right down the driveway to the sidewalk. My car was two blocks away. I didn't get to my car before I heard the engines coming, the sirens."

I feel the blood in my cheeks. "Pal," I tell him. "You got balls."

"I enjoyed it," Murray said. "So you don't get the fifteen hundred anyhow you got fifteen hundred worth of revenge? Somewhere in that neighborhood."

"I appreciate the favor very much, Murray," I said.

"My pleasure," he says. "I'd write Mister Calton another letter now. Nice polite one like the ones before."

"I will," I said.

"But maybe wait a day or two. Another letter may not be needed. You never know."

"Thanks again," I said.

Next I phoned Margaret Ann. I got Alabam calmed down a little. "Maybe sometime this week you can move back up to Wilmette," I told Alabam.

She moaned some more about all the trouble. I told her to forget it, to look out for Margaret Ann for me. "Forget it, pretty girl." Then I put the phone down. Lois took my hand in both of hers and started kissing the tips of my fingers while we talked.

When I tell her about the car and the lighter fluid and the son of a bitch, old Calton, in there watching teevee all this time while Murray squirts the lighter fluid like he's peeing on the walls or something, she gets very amused and laughs. Then she is sad again. I know she's wondering about us, wondering how it will work out if ever it works out at all. I don't say much. But late that night when we neither of us can sleep because it's just too much, just too powerful, I think she begins realizing it is going to last.

As usual I got to the office by eight the next morning. As will sometimes happen, I promised God on high that if Calton paid me the fifteen hundred today then I would marry Lois and tell her the decision before midnight. Maybe I already knew how it would turn out because just before nine o'clock the light on my phone blinks, I answer. The secretary puts on Mister Calton.

"I'll pay! I'll pay! You'll have the goddamn money before noon!" The great mouth is shouting, pleading. "Please! How did I, how could I *know* who you are? Why didn't you *tell* me something!"

"Noon will be fine. Or anytime tomorrow," I said. He was ten more minutes apologizing for any inconvenience he or his son might have caused me and my family.

A messenger brought the money — cash — before noon.

I called Murray and told him. We had a laugh or two. Then Murray got serious. "You going to marry the girl — Lois?" he says, rather sadly.

I told him yes.

"When?" he says.

"Well," I told him. "It can't be right away. I'm taking Margaret Ann and Alabam to Mexico first, in November. Before that the boat has to come out of the water. Then Margaret Ann has to have the baby, my kid. So . . ."

"Yeah," said Murray. "It is going to take a little time, isn't it? But it's definitely Lois?"

"Definitely," I told him. Then I ask him if he wants to sail tomorrow — Saturday. He says yes, but probably he won't be bringing Maura, if I don't mind. Probably he'll bring some other girl, he says.

"Sure," I said. "Anything you want to do will be quite all right."

MANNERS, BEARDS, and the BILL OF RIGHTS

by Louis Kronenberger

FORMALITY is a word that has never had much immediacy or much aura in the history of American living, and seems not just rather alien but a touch absurd against the headlines of today. Yet the at all international-minded reader has only to come upon such a phrase as "the formal French" — in this case, the title of a book — to envisage not only particular objects or occasions, but entire eras and a national culture. French chateaus and gardens, long-ago Versailles, and a much more recent Faubourg Saint Germain at once leap to mind. But along with such French emblems of formality come almost all the marks of prescribed or elegant living that we ourselves have borrowed, whether *comme il faut* or *r.s.v.p.*, *haut monde* or *grand seigneur*, *bal masqué* or *fête champêtre*, *maitre d'hôtel* or *sommelier*, *foie gras* or *champagne*, *doyen* or *débütante*, *première* or *vernissage*. How much that is festive, fashionable, ceremonial speaks French the world over. W. L. Wiley in *The Formal French* (Harvard University Press, \$6.75) does not quite satisfy our expectations of his title, being only a little concerned with the amenities of today, and only a little more with those of times past. His chosen scene is France in the great ages of ceremony, his subject matter is predominantly their arts, their courts, their ritualistic culture. Much of such formality is what we — and Professor Wiley — would call formalism: something that in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France wasn't even a stone's throw from pedantry. Even this, however, as Mr. Wiley presents it, can have its mildly amus-

ing side — such as whether, in the theater, the unity of time restricting the action to one day should rule out hours for sleep. Much more familiar to us are the roles and rules of the French Academy, which got its start as "something like a men's luncheon club," what with men of letters becoming bored with the pretentious female chatter of the salons. ("I like the melon" was not good enough for such *précieuses*; one said, "I esteem the melon.") Roughly half a century after the French Academy was founded came the Comédie Française: where the Academy split hairs over words, the Comédie split hairs over how to pronounce and declaim them.

Formality, in life as opposed to art, has largely to do with rank as opposed to rules. There is a sense about it of special or habitual homage, special or habitual privilege, special or habitual festivity. Mr. Wiley most reasonably ascribes to Louis XIV "the ultimate in formalism," and indeed we associate him with not just great ceremonial occasions, but with such set rituals as his *lever* and *coucher*; with just who might hold the candlestick, or be seen to the foot of the stairs, or see the King getting ready for bed, or talk to him after he got there. In the century before Louis XIV there was actually more extensive ceremonial: Mr. Wiley describes how, after the death of Francis I, an effigy of him fashioned by François Clouet and his assistants was put on a nine-foot-square bed and for eleven days served dinner and supper, course after course along with wine, by a large

staff of functionaries, the napkin being formally presented to him by a grandee, and the blessing pronounced by a cardinal. Only after this did the *pompes funèbres* begin. Even insult used the language of amenity, as when a lady repulsed a Prince of the Blood with "Your Highness has the kindness to be too insolent."

Mr. Wiley offers the French love of elaborate ritual and ceremonial as one reason why the Reformation, with its Calvinist severity, failed in France; as he attributes to the French feeling for order and classical form their rejection of the baroque, which flowered all around them. As against this, Mr. Wiley cites the paradox of the formalistic French welcoming again and again new and avant-garde movements in art and letters, from the *libertins* and *philosophes*, to the Symbolists and Cubists, the surrealists and existentialists. Mr. Wiley might have added that the nation which desires a week's notice for a cup of tea spends much of its life in the voluble informality of the sidewalk café.

AND indeed, though Mr. Wiley's text is almost entirely concerned with the past, his title is still apposite in the present. For the French are still formal: Mr. Wiley himself tells of a very young Boy Scout who, before getting off a bus, bowed formally to his grandmother and then shook her hand. Mr. Wiley reminds us of all those ceremoniously polite warnings in public places not to do this, that, or the other thing, and of all those prosaic processes with polysyllabic names — a permanent wave, for example, being an "*ondulation indéfrisable*." Somehow no fires of revolution or flares of republicanism have quite done away in France with monarchical flourishes and seignorial traditions. The French seem to have a great public sense of occasion, a European sense of position; of rank and caste, of ribbons and orders. Formality is in their awed-peasant or their awesome-patrician bones. It is very much less in ours; as a tenet of American life it has, despite a Philadelphia or a Baltimore or a Charleston, never really prospered. For ours was for a long time, of course, a moving-frontier culture, with the middle-class front parlor so formal it played host largely to coffins. Nor have we ever contrived a truly indigenous formal style. Our splendid eighteenth-century architecture and furniture — even a Bulfinch's or McIntire's or Duncan Phyfe's — were derived from England's. In the nineteenth century we went classically public in an orgy of Greek Revival, and expensively parvenu with Renaissance chateaus and palazzos. Whether or not, in modern architecture, form follows function, formality usually walks the other way. Grand-style formal living in America today,

where not despaired of from a shortage of servants, is disliked for all the time and fuss involved. In any case, the private car has given way to the company plane; the private ballroom to the public hotel; and though women may load up on jewels and spend fortunes on clothes, tiaras are optional and trains are defunct. Moreover, our luxury-class life resists formality if only because formality resists change — which is something America can *never* resist. Change is a fixed star of our way of life. Ours may be the only anchored society in which the brand-new enjoys the highest rank and the right "contact" the widest sway, for if push is the American gospel for getting there, pull is the American proof of having arrived.

Thus, however much given to lavishness, American culture has small taste for established forms. Informality, indeed, might very well be called an American invention. To begin with, it partly springs from our actual inventions, from the telephone replacing the letter, and the typewriter the letter written by hand; from hot dogs banishing forks, and ice cream cones spoons; from electrical gadgets creating a hospitality that does without servants, without dining rooms, and as often as not without chairs. As who does not know, today's formal "black tie" was under its maiden name of tuxedo a triumph for informality. Informality, moreover, has killed off many tiresome genteel customs and proprieties — paying calls, leaving cards, straight-backed chairs, over-long dinners, cumbersome clothes — and has done this so decisively that today even stuffed shirts seldom wear stiff collars.

A fair amount of the informality that has stuck is due to the young. In the twenties and thirties, Ivy League college boys relaxed their dress with the button-down-collar soft shirt and the decline or deace of garters, underwear tops, and hats. A fair amount, too, of benign informality is due to that mingling of people in the arts, of people in the professions, and of the unstuffy well-to-do known as Upper Bohemia. Where genuine, this eclectic, unsnowy, unstandoffish world is unmarred by the claims of status. Practiced by the status-minded, it travesties the real thing, with the hostess in her \$1000 peasant smock and the food flown in from places halfway around the world. The status circuit must face endless dilemmas: Cleveland Amory tells of a Hollywood hostess who, ruling out black tie, asked the men to wear "sincere suits."

In general, definitions of formal and informal can only, by now, prove relative and "regional" — informal, excusing you from wearing gloves; for-

Mr. Kronenberger, drama critic, essayist, and novelist, writes regularly for the ATLANTIC. He teaches at Brandeis University and during this winter quarter is Regents Professor at Berkeley.

mal, permitting you to wear shoes. And in today's age of sociological upheaval, it can perhaps seem both trivial and pointless to make such distinctions at all. Yet this can be an age in which extremes meet. For in essence hippiedom and "high society" are equally abiding by rules and subscribing to protocol, whether with butlers or bedbugs, Brooks Brothers or the Collier brothers. If the hippies carry us into a problem world, they return us to a world of formulations, to a reversal that can yet be a ritual, a credo that pervades a society. But the significant distinction between the formal and the informal in American life has much less to do today with social habits than with social relations and the motives behind them. From having been a kind of invention in America, informality is becoming a kind of investment. The American taunt of "snooty" on the one hand and of "stuffy" on the other has opened the door wider and wider on "informality" — on something with glib overtones of the good mixer and the regular guy, of the democratic tradition and the American way.

And, fortified by these connotations, informality is an investment that can pay off handsomely. And furthermore, fast. Someone half your age, meeting you for the first time, calls you by your first name. Half an hour later he wonders whether you'd do him a big favor — he hears you're a great friend of, and so on. Next morning his wife may invite you to dinner; if you go, it may turn out not quite a social one. Of such is the informality known as presumption in social circles and as aggression in sociological ones. Permeating a whole bright-young-man, Greater Madison Avenue kind of culture, it has turned business and pleasure into identical twins.

FOR the genuine article no praise is too high. But the genuine article is never sold separately; with informality must go sensibility, tact, a feeling for occasion; dispensing with "rules," one must bring instincts to bear, and antennae. Formality, by its very nature, snubs familiarity and aggression; informality must prohibit them. To be sure, there is always the element in all this of When in Rome. . . . Habitats vary, and so do generations. To their elders, the informality of the young can seem a blend of strict ritual and total anarchy. But with the young, dissent is the oldest of traditions; that much of it today involves higher stakes and grimmer penalties carries us beyond *mores* into a world whose own headlines have created young people's. At a far less dire level, the young today don't just classically say to hell with this or that: they can convert even a crotchet into a cause, they can make badly needing a shave no mere bohe-

mianism but an adjunct of the Bill of Rights. Yet why not? The young, along with generous sympathies, have always turned their backs on heirloom beliefs, or cut off their noses to spite their fathers.

Yet whatever the undergraduate chaos on the campus, a strong sense of formalism can still operate among the faculty. Here rank can still advertise itself, titles still be waved like flags. Perhaps the most public formalism appears in the prefatory acknowledgments of academic books, not least where the book is some poor wretch's Ph.D. thesis or chief bid for tenure, with the faculty members he is indebted to marching down the page in squads and platoons, each and every name carefully preceded by "Professor." Himself no offender, Mr. Wiley does pay his respects to a colleague who happens to be "Alumni Distinguished Professor of French." Imagine an institution of learning contriving such a botch and bathos of words. Imagine the precedent it creates — Trustees Extremely Popular Professor of Botany; 1966 Drop-outs Unparalleled Adviser of Students.

In life as in art, formality calls for talent. Japanese friends in New York once took my wife and me to the Kabuki, and beyond the stylized art on the stage, we met other Japanese members of the audience whose costume and postures, whose bows and gestures, whose greetings and farewells were marvels of highbred style. Such things are virtually extinct, if they ever existed, in our society. Certainly formality, or a Yeatsian feeling for ceremony, can have great resonance and distinction; to go no further, the marriage or funeral service of the Book of Common Prayer achieves through sentiment something beyond all the powers of showmanship. And, particularly in a homogeneous society, formality can prove very convenient and useful, whether as a time-saver, a thought-saver, or a licensed form of insincerity. "How do you do?" can be a dismissal as well as a greeting; "Thank you very much," a refusal and not an assent.

Informality, too, works best in a homogeneous society, with an agreed-upon sense of freedom and a frowned-upon taking of liberties. It is a kindness, so to speak, for one man to tell another that his fly is open, but not that his wife's dress is cut too low. But what informality, today, is too often being made to stand for is the right to ask indiscreet questions, exploit social situations, put people on the spot, be intrusive from having an "outgoing nature." If today's nearest approach to formality is a worship of chic, of status, of in-ness, of a this-morning's knowledge of What's Done, the great sin of informality is a total indifference to what's not done, or at any rate shouldn't be. Rather be stared at in one's grandfather's green-from-age frock coat than in Hollywood sit above the salt in a sincere suit.

THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Discovery of the Structure of DNA

by James D. Watson

In its impact on biology, the discovery of the DNA structure in 1953 by Watson and Crick is rivaled only by Darwin's and Wallace's ideas on evolution and by Mendel's discovery of the basic laws of heredity. It opened up the possibility of understanding the chemical basis of heredity. Until the dramatic announcement of the double-helical structure of DNA, there was complete ignorance of how a chemical substance could carry out the multifold activities needed for a genetic substance. Particularly mysterious was the problem of the self-duplication of the gene.

Watson and Crick showed that the basic features of DNA were straightforward and led immediately to a highly plausible model for how one DNA molecule could be duplicated to form two identical copies. A revolution in biology was thus set in motion which in many ways parallels the explosive development of atomic physics following Bohr's 1912 analysis of the hydrogen atom and the subsequent elaboration of quantum mechanics, upon which the development of atomic energy depended. The most striking consequence of this biological revolution has been the virtually complete working out of the genetic code.

Directly leading from this work is an increasing understanding of why some genes work

faster than others. In the near future, we should have a real insight into the chemical basis of embryological development and an understanding of the molecular basis of many important diseases. Already most striking is the abrupt change from the pre-war period when viruses were totally mysterious objects. The dramatic news in December that Stanford scientists have used enzymes to duplicate the DNA of a virus is one of the many advances sprouting from the achievement recounted in these pages. It is hoped that this past decade's successful assault on the nature of viruses will soon be followed by the discovery of how viruses can transform normal cells into cancer cells.

In 1951 James D. Watson, now a professor of biochemistry and molecular biology at Harvard, was twenty-three when he went to Cambridge University to do research in the famed Cavendish Laboratory. "DNA was still a mystery, up for grabs," Professor Watson says, "and no one was sure who would get it and whether he would deserve it if it proved as exciting as we believed. Chiefly it was a matter of five people: Maurice Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, Linus Pauling, Francis Crick, and me."

In the January issue, the Atlantic carried the first half of The Double Helix, which Atheneum is publishing in book form this month. In the

first installment, Watson described his collaboration with Crick, their speculations, experimentations, false triumphs, and absolute conviction that they were on the right track. When the installment ended, the two scientists were still far from their goal, and the prospect loomed that Linus Pauling would, after all, beat them to it.

— *The Editor*

Late in January of 1952 I received the letter from Washington saying that my fellowship had been revoked. The second paragraph, unexpectedly, gave the news that I had been awarded a completely new one. It was, though, not for the customary twelve-month period but explicitly terminated after eight months, in the middle of May. So my real punishment in not following the board's advice and going to Stockholm was a thousand dollars. By this time it was virtually impossible to obtain any support which could begin before the September start of a new school year. I naturally accepted the fellowship. Two thousand dollars was not to be thrown away.

Less than a week later, a new letter came from Washington. It was signed by the same man, but not as head of the fellowship board. The hat he now displayed was that of the chairman of a committee of the National Research Council. A meeting was being arranged for which I was asked to give a lecture on the growth of viruses. The time of the meeting, to be held in Williamstown, was the middle of June, only a month after my fellowship would expire. I, of course, had not the slightest intention of leaving either in June or in September. The only problem was how to frame an answer. My first impulse was to write that I could not come because of an unforeseen financial disaster. But on second thought, I was against giving him the satisfaction of thinking he had affected my affairs. A letter went off saying that I found Cambridge intellectually very exciting and so did not plan to be in the States by June.

By now I had decided to mark time by working on tobacco mosaic virus (TMV). A vital component of TMV was nucleic acid, and so it was the perfect front to mask my continued interest in DNA. Admittedly, the nucleic-acid component was not DNA, but a second form of nucleic acid known as ribonucleic acid (RNA). The difference was an advantage, however, since Maurice Wilkins could lay no claim to RNA. If we solved RNA we might also provide the vital clue to DNA. On the other hand, TMV was thought to have a molecular weight of 40 million and at first glance should be frightfully more difficult to understand than the much smaller myoglobin and hemoglobin molecules that John Kendrew and Max

Perutz had been working on for years without obtaining any biologically interesting answers.

Moreover, TMV had previously been looked at with X rays by J. D. Bernal and I. Fankucken. This in itself was scary, since the scope of Bernal's brain was legendary and I could never hope to have his grasp of crystallographic theory. I was unable to understand large sections of their classic paper published just after the start of the war in the *Journal of General Physiology*. This was an odd place to publish, but Bernal had become absorbed in the war effort, and Fankucken, by then returned to the States, decided to place their data in a journal looked at by people interested in viruses. After the war Fankucken lost interest in viruses, and though Bernal dabbled at protein crystallography, he was more concerned about furthering good relations with the Communist countries.

Though the theoretical basis for many of their conclusions was shaky, the take-home lesson was obvious. TMV was constructed from a large number of identical subunits. How the subunits were arranged they did not know. Moreover, 1939 was too early to come to grips with the fact that the protein and RNA components were likely to be constructed along radically different lines. By now, however, protein subunits were easy to imagine in large numbers. Just the opposite was true of RNA. Division of the RNA component into a large number of subunits would produce polynucleotide chains too small to carry the genetic information that Francis Crick and I believed must reside in the viral RNA. The most plausible hypothesis for the TMV structure was a central RNA core surrounded by a large number of identical small protein subunits.

In fact, there already existed biochemical evidence for protein building blocks. Experiments of the German Gerhard Schramm, first published in 1944, reported that TMV particles in mild alkali fell apart into free RNA and a large number of similar, if not identical, protein molecules. Virtually no one outside Germany, however, thought that Schramm's story was right. This was because of the war. It was inconceivable to most people that the German beasts would have permitted the extensive experiments underlying his claims to be routinely carried out during the last years of a war they were so badly losing. It was all too easy to imagine that the work had direct Nazi support and that his experiments were incorrectly analyzed. Wasting time to disprove Schramm was not to most biochemists' liking. As I read Bernal's paper, however, I suddenly became enthusiastic about Schramm, for if he had misinterpreted his data, by accident he had hit upon the right answer.

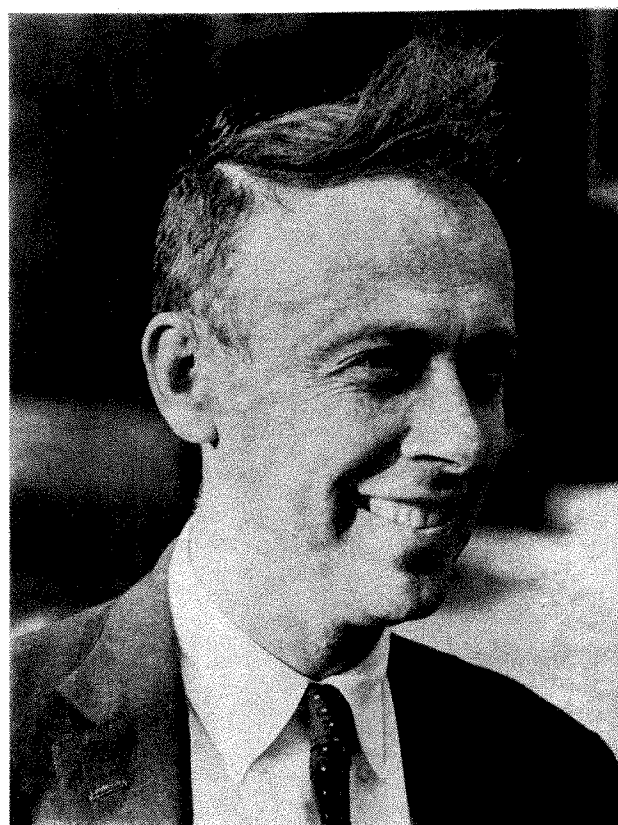
Conceivably a few additional X-ray pictures would tell how the protein subunits were arranged. This was particularly true if they were helically stacked. Ex-

citedly I pilfered Bernal's and Fankuchen's paper from the Philosophical Library and brought it up to the lab so that Francis could inspect the TMV X-ray picture. When he saw the blank regions that characterize helical patterns he jumped into action, quickly spilling out several possible helical TMV structures. From this moment on, I knew I could no longer avoid actually understanding the helical theory. Waiting until Francis had free time to help me would save me from having to master the mathematics, but only at the penalty of my standing still if Francis was out of the room. Luckily, merely a superficial grasp was needed to see why the TMV X-ray picture suggested a helix with a turn every 23 Å along the helical axis. The rules were, in fact, so simple that Francis considered writing them up under the title "Fourier Transforms for the Birdwatcher."

This time, however, Francis did not carry the ball and on subsequent days maintained that the evidence for a TMV helix was only so-so. My morale automatically went down, until I hit upon a foolproof reason why subunits should be helically arranged. In a moment of aftersupper boredom I had read a Faraday Society Discussion on "The Structure of Metals." It contained an ingenious theory by the theoretician F. C. Frank on how crystals grow. Every time the calculations were properly done, the paradoxical answer emerged that the crystals could not grow at anywhere near the observed rates. Frank saw that the paradox vanished if crystals were not as regular as suspected, but contained dislocations resulting in the perpetual presence of cozy corners into which new molecules could fit.

Several days later when I was on the bus to Oxford, it occurred to me that each TMV particle should be thought of as a tiny crystal growing like other crystals through the possession of cozy corners. Most important, the simplest way to generate cozy corners was to have the subunits helically arranged. The idea was so simple that it had to be right. Every helical staircase I saw that weekend in Oxford made me more confident that other biological structures would also have helical symmetry. For over a week I pored over electron micrographs of muscle and collagen fibers, looking for hints of helices. Francis, however, remained lukewarm, and in the absence of any hard facts, I knew it was futile to try to bring him around.

Hugh Huxley came to my rescue by offering to teach me how to set up the X-ray camera for photographing TMV. The way to reveal a helix was to tilt the oriented TMV sample at several angles to the X-ray beam. Fankuchen had not done this, since before the war no one took helices seriously. I thus went to Roy Markham to see if any spare TMV was on hand. Markham then worked in the Molteno



J. D. Watson today

Institute, which, unlike all other Cambridge labs, was well heated. This unusual state came from the asthma of David Keilin, then the "Quick Professor" and director of Molteno. I always welcomed an excuse to exist momentarily at 70°F, even though I was never sure when Markham would start the conversation by saying how bad I looked, implying that if I had been brought up on English beer I would not be in my sorry state. This time he was unexpectedly sympathetic and without hesitation volunteered some virus. The idea of Francis and me dirtying our hands with experiments brought unconcealed amusement.

My first X-ray pictures revealed, not unexpectedly, much less detail than found in the published pictures. Over a month was required before I could get even halfway presentable pictures. They were still a long way, though, from being good enough to spot a helix. The only real fun during February came from a costume party given by Geoffrey Roughton at his parents' home on Adams Road. Surprisingly, Francis did not wish to go, even though Geoffrey knew many pretty girls and was said to write poetry wearing one earring. Odile, however, did not want to miss it, so I went with her after hiring a Restoration soldier's garb. The moment we edged through the door into the crush of half-drunken dancers we knew the evening would be a smashing success, since seem-

ingly half the attractive Cambridge *au pair* girls (foreign girls living with English families) were there.

A week later there was a Tropical Night Ball that Odile was keen to attend, both since she had done the decorations and because it was sponsored by black people. Francis again demurred, this time wisely. The dance floor was half vacant, and even after several long drinks I did not enjoy dancing badly in open view. More to the point was that Linus Pauling was coming to London in May for a meeting organized by the Royal Society on the structure of proteins. One could never be sure where he would strike next. Particularly chilling was the prospect that he would ask to visit King's.

Linus, however, was blocked from descending on London. His trip abruptly terminated at Idlewild through the removal of his passport. The State Department did not want troublemakers like Pauling wandering about the globe saying nasty things about the politics of its onetime investment bankers who held back the hordes of godless Reds. Failure to contain Pauling might result in a London press conference, with Linus expounding peaceful coexistence. Secretary of State Acheson's position was harassed enough without giving Senator McCarthy the opportunity to announce that our government let radicals protected by U.S. passports set back the American way of life.

Francis and I were already in London when the scandal reached the Royal Society. The reaction was one of almost complete disbelief. It was far more reassuring to go on imagining that Linus had taken ill on the plane to New York. The failure to let one of the world's leading scientists attend a completely nonpolitical meeting would have been expected from the Russians. A first-rate Russian might easily abscond to the more affluent West. No danger existed, however, that Linus might want to flee. Complete satisfaction with their Cal Tech existence came from him and his family.

Several members of Cal Tech's governing board, however, would have been delighted with his voluntary departure. Every time they picked up a newspaper and saw Pauling's name among the sponsors of a World Peace Conference they seethed with rage, wishing there were a way to rid Southern California of his pernicious charm. But Linus knew better than to expect more than confused anger from the self-made California millionaires whose knowledge of foreign policy was formed largely by the Los Angeles *Times*.

The debacle was no surprise to several of us who had just been in Oxford for a Society of General Microbiology meeting on "The Nature of Viral Multiplication." One of the main speakers was to have been Salvador Luria. Two weeks prior to his sched-

uled flight to London, he was notified that he would not get a passport. As usual, the State Department would not come clean about what it considered dirt.

Luria's absence thrust upon me the job of describing the recent experiments of the American phage workers. There was no need to put together a speech. Several days before the meeting, Al Hershey had sent me a long letter from Cold Spring Harbor summarizing the recently completed experiments by which he and Martha Chase established that a key feature of the infection of a bacterium by a phage was the injection of the viral DNA into the host bacterium. Most important, very little protein entered the bacterium. Their experiment was thus a powerful new proof that DNA is the primary genetic material.

Nonetheless, almost no one in the audience of over four hundred microbiologists seemed interested as I read long sections of Hershey's letter. Obvious exceptions were André Lwoff, Seymour Benzer, and Gunther Stent, all briefly over from Paris. They knew that Hershey's experiments were not trivial and that from then on everyone was going to place more emphasis on DNA. To most of the spectators, however, Hershey's name carried no weight. Moreover, when it came out that I was an American, my uncut hair provided no assurance that my scientific judgment was not equally bizarre.

If it had not been for the presence of Lwoff, the meeting would have totally flopped. André was very keen about the role of divalent metals in phage multiplication and so was receptive to my belief that ions were decisively important for nucleic-acid structure. Especially intriguing was his hunch that specific ions might be the trick for the exact copying of macromolecules or the attraction between similar chromosomes. There was no way to test our dreams, however, unless Rosy did an about-face from her determination to rely completely on classical X-ray diffraction techniques.

At the Royal Society meeting there was no hint that anyone at King's had mentioned ions since the confrontation with Francis and me in early December. Upon pressing Maurice, I learned that the jigs for the molecular models had not been touched after arriving at his lab. The time had not yet come to press Rosy and Gosling about building models. If anything, the squabbling between Maurice and Rosy was more bitter than before their visit to Cambridge. Now she was insisting her data told her that DNA was *not* a helix. Rather than build helical models at Maurice's command, she might twist the copper-wire models about his neck.

When Maurice asked whether we needed the molds back in Cambridge, we said yes, half implying that more carbon atoms were needed to make models showing how polypeptide chains turned corners. To my relief, Maurice was very open about what was not happening at King's. The fact that I was doing

serious X-ray work with TMV gave him assurance that I should not soon again become preoccupied with the DNA pattern.

Maurice had no suspicion that almost immediately I would get the X-ray pattern needed to prove that TMV was helical. My unexpected success came from using a powerful rotating anode X-ray tube, which had just been assembled in the Cavendish. This supertube permitted me to take pictures twenty times faster than with conventional equipment. Within a week I more than doubled the number of my TMV photographs.

Custom then locked the doors of the Cavendish at 10:00 P.M. Though the porter had a flat next to the gate, no one disturbed him after the closing hour. Rutherford had believed in discouraging students from night work, since the summer evenings were more suitable for tennis. Even fifteen years after his death there was only one key available for late workers. This was now pre-empted by Hugh Huxley, who argued that muscle fibers were living and hence not subject to rules for physicists. When necessary, he lent me the key or walked down the stair to unlock the heavy doors that led out onto Free School Lane.

Hugh was not in the lab when late on a midsummer June night I went back to shut down the X-ray tube and to develop the photograph of a new TMV sample. It was tilted at about 25 degrees, so that if I were lucky I'd find the helical reflections. The moment I held the still-wet negative against the light box, I knew we had it. The telltale helical markings were unmistakable. Now there should be no problem in persuading Luria and Delbrück that my staying in Cambridge made sense. Despite the midnight hour, I had no desire to go back to my room on Tennis Court Road, and happily I walked along the backs for over an hour.

The following morning I anxiously awaited Francis' arrival to confirm the helical diagnosis. When he needed less than ten seconds to spot the crucial reflection, all my lingering doubts vanished. In fun I went on to trap Francis into believing that I did not think my X-ray picture was in fact very critical. Instead, I argued that the really important step was the cozy-corner insight. These flippant words were hardly out of my mouth before Francis was off on the dangers of uncritical teleology. Francis always said what he meant and assumed that I acted the same way. Though success in Cambridge conversation frequently came from saying something preposterous, hoping that someone would take you seriously, there was no need for Francis to adopt this gambit. A discourse of only one or two minutes on the emotional problems of foreign girls was always sufficient tonic for even the most staid Cambridge evening.

It was, of course, clear what we should next conquer. No more dividends could come quickly from TMV. Further unraveling of its detailed structure needed a more professional attack than I could muster. Moreover, it was not obvious that even the most backbreaking effort would give within several years the structure of the RNA component. The way to DNA was not through TMV.

The moment was thus appropriate to think seriously about some curious regularities in DNA chemistry first observed at Columbia by the Austrian-born biochemist Erwin Chargaff. Since the war, Chargaff and his students had been painstakingly analyzing various DNA samples for the relative proportions of their purine and pyrimidine bases. In all their DNA preparations the number of adenine (A) molecules was very similar to the number of thymine (T) molecules, while the number of guanine (G) molecules was very close to the number of cytosine (C) molecules. Moreover, the proportion of adenine and thymine groups varied with their biological origin. The DNA of some organisms had an excess of A and T, while in other forms of life there was an excess of G and C. No explanation for his striking results was offered by Chargaff, though he obviously thought they were significant. When I first reported them to Francis they did not ring a bell, and he went on thinking about other matters.

Soon afterward, however, the suspicion that the regularities were important clicked inside his head as the result of several conversations with the young theoretical chemist John Griffith. One occurred while they were drinking beer after an evening talk by the astronomer Tommy Gold on "the perfect cosmological principle." Tommy's facility for making a far-out idea seem plausible set Francis to wondering whether an argument could be made for a "perfect biological principle." Knowing that Griffith was interested in theoretical schemes for gene replication, he popped out with the idea that the perfect biological principle was the self-replication of the gene—that is, the ability of a gene to be exactly copied when the chromosome number doubles during cell division. Griffith, however, did not go along, since for some months he had preferred a scheme where gene copying was based upon the alternative formation of complementary surfaces.

This was not an original hypothesis. It had been floating about for almost thirty years in the circle of theoretically inclined geneticists intrigued by gene duplication. The argument went that gene duplication required the formation of a complementary (negative) image where shape was related to the original (positive) surface like a lock to a key. The complementary negative image would then function as the mold (template) for the synthesis of a new positive image. A smaller number of geneticists, however, balked at complementary replication.

Prominent among them was H. J. Muller, who was impressed that several well-known theoretical physicists, especially Pascual Jordan, thought forces existed by which like attracted like. But Linus Pauling abhorred this direct mechanism and was especially irritated by the suggestion that it was supported by quantum mechanics. Just before the war he asked Delbrück (who had drawn his attention to Jordan's papers) to co-author a note to *Science* firmly stating that quantum mechanics favored a gene-duplicating mechanism involving the synthesis of complementary replicas.

Neither Francis nor Griffith was long satisfied that evening by restatements of well-worn hypotheses. Both knew that the important task was now to pinpoint the attractive forces. Here Francis forcefully argued that specific hydrogen bonds were not the answer. They could not provide the necessary exact specificity, since our chemist friends repeatedly told us that the hydrogen atoms in the purine and pyrimidine bases did not have fixed locations but randomly moved from one spot to another. Instead, Francis had the feeling that DNA replication involved specific attractive forces between the flat surfaces of the bases.



Francis Crick

Luckily, this was the sort of force that Griffith might just be able to calculate. If the complementary scheme was right, he might find attractive forces between bases with different structures. On the other hand, if direct copying existed, his calculations might reveal attraction between identical bases. Thus, at the closing hour they parted with the understanding that Griffith would see if the calculations were feasible. Several days later, when they bumped into each other in the Cavendish tea queue, Francis learned that a semirigorous argument hinted that adenine and thymine should stick to each other by their flat surfaces. A similar argument could be put forward for attractive forces between guanine and cytosine.

Francis immediately jumped at the answer. If his memory served him right, these were the pairs of bases that Chargaff had shown to occur in equal amounts. Excitedly he told Griffith that I had recently muttered to him some odd results of Chargaff's. At the moment, though, he wasn't sure that the same base pairs were involved. But as soon as the data were checked he would drop by Griffith's rooms to set him straight.

At lunch I confirmed that Francis had got Chargaff's results right. But by then he was only routinely enthusiastic as he went over Griffith's quantum-

mechanical arguments. For one thing, Griffith, when pressed, did not want to defend his exact reasoning too strongly. Too many variables had been ignored to make the calculations possible in a reasonable time. Moreover, though each base has two flat sides, no explanation existed for why only one side would be chosen. And there was no reason for ruling out the idea that Chargaff's regularities had their origin in the genetic code. In some way specific groups of nucleotides must code for specific amino acids. Conceivably, adenine equaled thymine because of a yet undiscovered role in the ordering of the bases. There was in addition Roy Markham's assurance that, if Chargaff said that guanine equaled cytosine, he was equally certain it did not. In Markham's eyes, Chargaff's experimental methods inevitably underestimated the true amount of cytosine.

Nonetheless, Francis was not yet ready to dump Griffith's scheme when, early in July, John Kendrew walked into our newly acquired office to tell us that Chargaff himself would soon be in Cambridge for an evening. John had arranged for him to have dinner at Peterhouse, and Francis and I were invited to join them later for drinks in John's room. At High Table John kept the conversation away from serious matters, letting loose only the possibility that Francis and I were going to solve the DNA structure by model building. Chargaff, as one of the world's experts on DNA, was at first not amused by dark horses trying to win the race. Only when John reassured him by mentioning that I was not a typical American did he realize that he was about to listen to a nut. Seeing me quickly reinforced his intuition. Immediately he derided my hair and accent, for since I came from Chicago I had no right to act otherwise. Blandly telling him that I kept my hair long to avoid confusion with American Air Force personnel proved my mental instability.

The high point in Chargaff's scorn came when he led Francis into admitting that he did not remember the chemical differences among the four bases. The faux pas slipped out when Francis mentioned Griffith's calculations. Not remembering which of the bases had amino groups, he could not qualitatively describe the quantum-mechanical argument until he asked Chargaff to write out their formulas. Francis' subsequent retort that he could always look them up got nowhere in persuading Chargaff that we knew where we were going or how to get there.

But regardless of what went through Chargaff's sarcastic mind, someone had to explain his results. Thus the next afternoon Francis buzzed over to Griffith's rooms in Trinity to set himself straight about the base-pair data. Hearing "Come in," he opened the door to see Griffith and a girl. Realizing that this was not the moment for science he slowly retreated, asking Griffith to tell him again the pairs

produced by his calculations. After scribbling them down on the back of an envelope, he left. Since I had departed that morning for the Continent, Crick's next stop was the Philosophical Library, where he could remove his lingering doubts about Chargaff's data. Then with both sets of information firmly in hand, he considered returning the next day to Griffith's rooms. But on second thought he realized that Griffith's interests were elsewhere. It was all too clear that the presence of poppies does not inevitably lead to a scientific future.

Two weeks later Chargaff and I glanced at each other in Paris. Both of us were there for the International Biochemical Congress. A trace of a sardonic smile was all the recognition I got when we passed in the courtyard outside the massive Salle Richelieu of the Sorbonne. That day I was tracking down Max Delbrück. Before I had left Copenhagen for Cambridge, he had offered me a research position in the biology division of Cal Tech and arranged a Polio Foundation fellowship to start in September, 1952. This March, however, I had written Delbrück that I wanted another Cambridge year. Without any hesitation he saw to it that my forthcoming fellowship was transferred to the Cavendish. Delbrück's speedy approval pleased me, for he had ambivalent feelings about the ultimate value to biology of Pauling-like structural studies.

With the helical TMV picture now in my pocket, I felt more confident that Delbrück would at last wholeheartedly approve my liking for Cambridge. A few minutes' conversation, nonetheless, revealed no basic change in his outlook. Almost no comments emerged from Delbrück as I outlined how TMV was put together. The same indifferent response accompanied my hurriedly delivered summary of our attempts to get DNA by model building. Delbrück was drawn out only by my remark that Francis was exceedingly bright. Unfortunately, I went on to liken Francis' way of thinking to Pauling's. But in Delbrück's world no chemical thought matched the power of a genetic cross.

The sensation of the meeting was the unexpected appearance of Linus. Possibly because there had been considerable newspaper play on the withdrawal of his passport, the State Department reversed itself and allowed Linus to show off the α -helix. Despite the short notice for the lecture, an overflow crowd was on hand, hoping that they would be the first to learn of a new inspiration. Pauling's talk, however, was only a humorous rehash of published ideas. It nonetheless satisfied everybody, except the few of us who knew his recent papers backwards and forwards. No new fireworks went off, nor was there any indication given about what now occupied his mind. After his lecture, swarms of admirers sur-

rounded him, and I didn't have the courage to break in before he and his wife, Ava Helen, went back to the nearby Trianon Hotel.

Maurice Wilkins was about, looking somewhat sour. He had stopped over on his way to Brazil, where he was to lecture for a month on biophysics. His presence surprised me, since it was against his character to seek the trauma of watching two thousand bread-and-butter biochemists pile in and out of badly lighted baroque lecture halls. Speaking down to the cobblestones, he asked me whether I found the talks as tedious as he did. A few academics like Jacques Monod and Sol Spiegelman were enthusiastic speakers, but generally there was so much droning that he found it hard to stay alert.

I tried to rescue Maurice's morale by bringing him out to the Abbaye at Royaumont for the week-long meeting on phage following the biochemical congress. Though his departure for Rio would limit him to only a night's stay, he liked the idea of meeting the people who did clever biological experiments about DNA. In the train going to Royaumont, however, he looked off-color, giving no indication of either wanting to read *The Times* or listening to me gossip about the phage group. After we were fixed with beds in the high-ceilinged rooms of the partially restored Cistercian monastery, I began talking with some friends I had not seen since leaving the States. Later I kept expecting Maurice to search me out, and when he missed dinner I went up to his room. There I found him lying flat on his stomach, hiding his face from the dim light I had turned on. Something eaten in Paris had not gone down properly, but he told me not to be bothered. The following morning I was given a note saying that he had recovered, but had to catch the early train to Paris, and apologizing for the trouble he had given me.

Later that morning Lwoff mentioned that Pauling was coming out for a few hours the next day. Immediately I began to think of ways that would allow me to sit next to him at lunch. His visit, however, bore no relation to science. Jeffries Wyman, our scientific attaché in Paris and an acquaintance of Pauling's, thought that Linus and Ava Helen would enjoy the austere charm of the thirteenth-century buildings. During a break in the morning session I caught sight of Wyman's bony, aristocratic face in search of André Lwoff. The Paulings were here and soon began talking to the Delbrücks. Briefly I had Linus to myself after Delbrück mentioned that twelve months hence I was coming to Cal Tech. Our conversation centered on the possibility that at Pasadena I might continue X-ray work with viruses. Virtually no words went to DNA. When I brought up the X-ray pictures at King's, Linus gave the opinion that very accurate X-ray work of the type done by his associates on amino acids was vital to our eventual understanding of the nucleic acids.

I got much further with Ava Helen. Learning that I would be in Cambridge next year, she talked about her son Peter. Already I knew that Peter had been accepted by Bragg to work toward a Ph.D. with John Kendrew. This was despite the fact that his Cal Tech grades left much to be desired, even considering his long bout with mononucleosis. John, however, did not want to challenge Linus' desire to place Peter with him, especially knowing that he and his beautiful blond sister gave smashing parties. Peter and Linda, if she were to visit him, would undoubtedly liven up the Cambridge scene. Then the dream of virtually every Cal Tech chemistry student was that Linda would make his reputation by marrying him. The scuttlebutt about Peter centered on girls and was confused. But now Ava Helen gave me the dope that Peter was an exceptionally fine boy, whom everybody would enjoy having around as much as she did. When Linus beckoned that they must go, I told Ava Helen that I would help her son adjust to the restricted life of the Cambridge research student.

A garden party at Sans Souci, the country home of the Baroness Edmond de Rothschild, effectively brought the meeting to its end. Dressing was no easy matter for me. Just before the biochemical congress my belongings were snatched from my train compartment as I was sleeping. Except for a few items picked up at an army PX, the clothes I still possessed had been chosen for a subsequent visit to the Italian Alps. While I felt at ease giving my talk on TMV in shorts, the French contingent feared that I would go one step further by arriving at Sans Souci in the same outfit. A borrowed jacket and tie, however, made me superficially presentable as our bus driver let us out in front of the huge country house.

Sol Spiegelman and I went straight for a butler carrying smoked salmon and champagne, and after a few minutes sensed the value of a cultivated aristocracy. Just before we were to reboard the bus, I wandered into the large drawing room dominated by a Hals and a Rubens. The baroness was telling several visitors how pleased she was to have such distinguished guests. She did regret, however, that the mad Englishman from Cambridge had decided not to come and enliven the mood. For an instant I was puzzled, until I realized that Lwoff had thought it prudent to warn the baroness about an unclothed guest who might prove eccentric. The message of my first meeting with the aristocracy was clear. I would not be invited back if I acted like everyone else.

To Francis' dismay, I showed little tendency to concentrate on DNA when my summer holiday ended. I was preoccupied with sex, but not of a type that needed encouragement. The mating habits of

bacteria were admittedly a unique conversation piece—absolutely no one in his and Odile's social circle would guess bacteria had sex lives. On the other hand, working out how they did it was best left to minor minds. Rumors of male and female bacteria were floating about at Royaumont, but not until early in September, when I attended a small meeting on microbial genetics at Pallanza, did I get the facts from the horse's mouth. There, Cavalli-Sforza and Bill Hayes talked about the experiments by which they and Joshua Lederberg had just established the existence of two discrete bacterial sexes.

Bill's appearance was the sleeper of the three-day gathering: before his talk no one except Cavalli-Sforza knew he existed. As soon as he had finished his unassuming report, however, everyone in the audience knew that a bombshell had exploded in the world of Joshua Lederberg. In 1946 Joshua, then only twenty, burst upon the biological world by announcing that bacteria mated and showed genetic recombination. Since then he had carried out such a prodigious number of pretty experiments that virtually no one except Cavalli dared to work in the same field. Hearing Joshua give Rabelaisian nonstop talks of three to five hours made it all too clear that he was an *enfant terrible*. Moreover, there was his godlike quality of each year expanding in size, perhaps eventually to fill the universe.

Despite Joshua's fabulous cranium, the genetics of bacteria became messier each year. Only Joshua took any enjoyment from the rabbinical complexity shrouding his recent papers. Occasionally I would try to plow through one, but inevitably I'd get stuck and put it aside for another day. No high-power thoughts, however, were required to understand that the discovery of the two sexes might soon make the genetic analysis of bacteria straightforward. Conversations with Cavalli, nonetheless, hinted that Joshua was not yet prepared to think simply. He liked the classical genetic assumption that male and female cells contribute equal amounts of genetic material, even though the resulting analysis was perversely complex. In contrast, Bill's reasoning started from the seemingly arbitrary hypothesis that only a fraction of the male chromosomal material enters the female cell. Given this assumption, further reasoning was infinitely simpler.

As soon as I returned to Cambridge, I beelined out to the library containing the journals to which Joshua had sent his recent work. To my delight I made sense of almost all the previously bewildering genetic crosses. A few matings still were inexplicable, but even so, the vast masses of data now falling into place made me certain that we were on the right track. Particularly pleasing was the possibility that Joshua might be so stuck on his classical way of thinking that I would accomplish the unbelievable

feat of beating him to the correct interpretation of his own experiments.

My desire to clean up skeletons in Joshua's closet left Francis almost cold. The discovery that bacteria were divided into male and female sexes amused but did not arouse him. Almost all his summer had been spent collecting pedantic data for his thesis, and now he was in a mood to think about important facts. Frivolously worrying whether bacteria had one, two, or three chromosomes would not help us win the DNA structure. As long as I kept watch on the DNA literature, there was a chance that something might pop out of lunch- or tea-time conversations. But if I went back to pure biology, the advantage of our small head start over Linus might suddenly vanish.

At this time there was still a nagging feeling in Francis' mind that Chargaff's rules were a real key. In fact, when I was away in the Alps he had spent a week trying to prove experimentally that in water solutions there were attractive forces between adenine and thymine, and between guanine and cytosine. But his efforts had yielded nothing. In addition, he was really never at ease talking with Griffith. Somehow their brains didn't jibe well, and there would be long awkward pauses after Francis had thrashed through the merits of a given hypothesis. This was no reason, however, not to tell Maurice that conceivably adenine was attracted to thymine and guanine to cytosine. Since he had to be in London late in October for another reason, he dropped a line to Maurice saying he could come by King's. The reply, inviting him to lunch, was unexpectedly cheerful, and so Francis looked forward to a realistic discussion of DNA.

However, he made the mistake of tactfully appearing not too interested in DNA by starting to talk about proteins. Over half the lunch was thus wasted when Maurice changed the topic to Rosy and droned on and on about her lack of cooperation. Meantime, Francis' mind fastened on a more amusing topic until, the meal over, he remembered that he had to rush to a two-thirty appointment. Hurriedly he left the building and was out on the street before realizing that he had not brought up the agreement between Griffith's calculations and Chargaff's data. Since it would look too silly to rush back in, he went on, returning that evening to Cambridge. The following morning, after I was told about the futility of the lunch, Francis tried to generate enthusiasm for our having a second go at the structure.

Another zeroing in on DNA, however, did not make sense to me. No fresh facts had come in to chase away the stale taste of last winter's debacle. The only new result we were likely to pick up before Christmas was the divalent metal content of the DNA-containing phage T4. A high value, if found, would strongly suggest binding of Mg^{++} to DNA. With such evidence I might at last force the King's

groups to analyze their DNA samples. But the prospects for immediate hard results were not good. First Maaløe's colleague, Nils Jerne, must send the phage from Copenhagen. Then I would need to arrange for accurate measurement of both the divalent metals and the DNA content. Finally, Rosy would have to budge.

Fortunately, Linus did not look like an immediate threat on the DNA front. Peter Pauling arrived with the inside news that his father was preoccupied with schemes for the supercoiling of α -helices in the hair protein, keratin. This was not especially good news to Francis. For almost a year he had been in and out of euphoric moods about how α -helices packed together in coiled coils. The trouble was that his mathematics never gelled tightly. When pressed he admitted that his argument had a woolly component. Now he faced the possibility that Linus' solution would be no better and yet he would get all the credit for the coiled coils.

Experimental work for his thesis was broken off so that the coiled-coil equations could be taken up with redoubled effort. This time the correct equations fell out, thanks partly to the help of Kreisel, who had come over to Cambridge to spend a weekend with Francis. A letter to *Nature* was quickly drafted and given to Bragg to send on to the editors, with a note asking for speedy publication. If the editors were told that a British article was of above-average interest, they would publish the manuscript almost immediately. With luck, Francis' coiled coils would get into print as soon as, if not before, Pauling's.

Thus there was growing acceptance both in and outside Cambridge that Francis Crick's brain was a genuine asset. Though a few dissidents still thought he was a laughing talking-machine, he nonetheless saw problems through to the finish line. A reflection of his increasing stature was an offer received early in the fall to join David Harker in Brooklyn for a year. Harker, having collected a million dollars to solve the structure of the enzyme ribonuclease, was in search of talent, and the offer of six thousand for one year seemed to Odile wonderfully generous. As expected, Francis had mixed feelings. There must be reasons why there were so many jokes about Brooklyn. On the other hand, he had never been in the States, and even Brooklyn would provide a base from which he could visit more agreeable regions. Also, if Bragg knew that Crick would be away for a year, he might view more favorably a request from Max and John that Francis be reappointed for another three years after his thesis was submitted. The best course seemed tentatively to accept the offer, and in mid-October he wrote Harker that he would come to Brooklyn in the fall of the following year.

As the fall progressed, I remained ensnared by bacterial matings, often going up to London to talk with Bill Hayes at his Hammersmith Hospital lab.

My mind snapped back to DNA on the evenings when I managed to catch Maurice for dinner on my way home to Cambridge. Some afternoons, however, he would quietly slip away, and his lab group had it that a special girlfriend existed. Finally it came out that everything was aboveboard. His afternoons were spent at a gymnasium learning how to fence.

The situation with Rosy remained as sticky as ever. Upon his return from Brazil, the unmistakable impression was given that she considered collaboration even more impossible than before. Thus, for relief, Maurice had taken up interference microscopy to find a trick for weighing chromosomes. The question of finding Rosy a job elsewhere had been brought to his boss, Randall, but the best to be hoped for would be a new position starting a year hence. Sacking her immediately on the basis of her acid smile just couldn't be done. Moreover, her X-ray pictures were getting prettier and prettier. She gave no sign, however, of liking helices any better. In addition, she thought there was evidence that the sugar-phosphate backbone was on the outside of the molecule. There was no easy way to judge whether this assertion had any scientific basis. As long as Francis and I remained closed out from the experimental data, the best course was to maintain an open mind. So I returned to my thoughts about sex.

I was by now living in Clare College. Soon after my arrival at the Cavendish, Max had slipped me into Clare as a research student. Working for another Ph.D. was nonsense, but only by using this dodge would I have the possibility of college rooms. Clare was an unexpectedly happy choice. Not only was it on the Cam, with a perfect garden, but as I was to learn later, it was especially considerate toward Americans.

During my first Cambridge year, when I lived on Tennis Court Road with the Kendrews, I saw virtually nothing of college life. After matriculation I went into hall for several meals until I discovered that I was unlikely to meet anyone during the ten-to-twelve-minute interval needed to slop down the brown soup, stringy meat, and heavy pudding provided on most evenings. Even during my second Cambridge year, when I moved into rooms on the R staircase of Clare's Memorial Court, my boycott of college food continued. Breakfast at the Whim could occur much later than if I went to hall. For 3/6 the Whim gave a half-warm site to read *The Times*, while flatcapped Trinity types turned the pages of the *Telegraph* or *News Chronicle*. Finding suitable evening food on the town was trickier. Eating at the Arts or the Bath Hotel was reserved for special occasions, so when Odile Crick or Elizabeth Kendrew did not invite me to supper I took in the poison put out by the local Indian and Cypriote establishments.

My stomach lasted only until early November before violent pains hit me almost every evening. Alternative treatments with baking soda and milk did not help, and so despite Elizabeth's assurance that nothing was wrong I showed up at the ice-cold Trinity Street surgery of a local doctor. After I was allowed to appreciate the oars on his walls, I was expelled with a prescription for a large bottle of white fluid to be taken after meals. This kept me going for almost two weeks when, with the bottle empty, I returned to the surgery with the fear that I had an ulcer. The news that an alien's dyspeptic pains were persisting did not, however, evoke any sympathetic words, and again I retreated into Trinity Street with a prescription for more white stuff.

That evening I stopped by at the Cricks' newly bought house, hoping that gossip with Odile would make me forget my stomach. The Green Door recently had been abandoned for larger quarters on nearby Portugal Place. Already the dreary wallpaper on the lower floors was gone, and Odile was busy making curtains appropriate for a house large enough to have a bathroom. After I was given a glass of warm milk we began discussing Peter Pauling's discovery of Nina, Max's young Danish *au pair* girl. Then the problem was taken up of how I might establish a connection with the high-class boarding-house run by Camille ("Pop") Prior at 8 Scroope Terrace. The food at Pop's would offer no improvement over hall, but the French girls who came to Cambridge to improve their English were another matter. A seat at Pop's dinner table, however, could not be asked for directly. Instead, both Odile and Francis thought the best tactic for getting a foot in the door was to commence French lessons with Pop, whose deceased husband had been the Professor of French before the war. If I suited Pop's fancy I might be invited to one of her sherry parties and meet her current crop of foreign girls. Odile promised to ring Pop to see if lessons could be arranged, and I cycled back to college with the hope that soon my stomach pains would have reason to vanish.

Back in my rooms I lit the coal fire, knowing there was no chance that the sight of my breath would disappear before I was ready for bed. With my fingers too cold to write legibly, I huddled next to the fireplace, daydreaming about how several DNA chains could fold together in a pretty and hopefully scientific way. Soon, however, I abandoned thinking at the molecular level and turned to the much easier job of reading biochemical papers on the interrelations of DNA, RNA, and protein synthesis.

Virtually all the evidence then available made me believe that DNA was the template upon which RNA chains were made. In turn, RNA chains were the likely candidates for the templates for protein synthesis. There were some fuzzy data using sea urchins, interpreted as a transformation of DNA into RNA,

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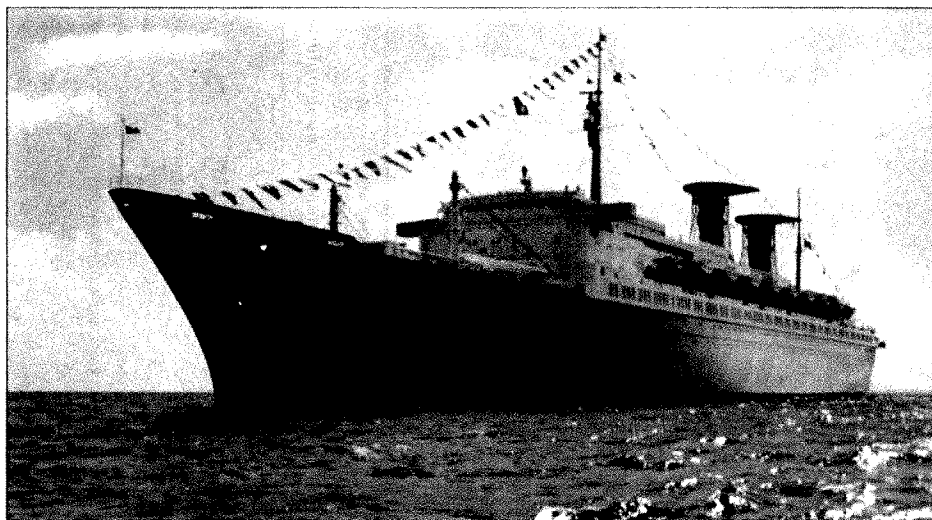
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but I preferred to trust other experiments showing that DNA molecules, once synthesized, are very, very stable. The idea of the genes being immortal smelled right, and so on the wall above my desk I taped up a paper sheet saying DNA $\rightarrow$ RNA $\rightarrow$ protein. The arrows did not signify chemical transformations, but instead expressed the transfer of genetic information from the sequences of nucleotides in DNA molecules to the sequences of amino acids in proteins.

Though I fell asleep contented with the thought that I understood the relationship between nucleic acids and protein synthesis, the chill of dressing in an ice-cold bedroom brought me back to the knowing truth that a slogan was no substitute for the DNA structure. Without it, the only impact that Francis and I were likely to have was to convince the biochemists we met in a nearby pub that we would never appreciate the fundamental significance of complexity in biology. What was worse, even when Francis stopped thinking about coiled coils or I about bacterial genetics, we still remained stuck at the same place we were twelve months before. Lunches at the Eagle frequently went by without a mention of DNA, though usually somewhere on our after-lunch walk along the banks genes would creep in for a moment.

On a few walks our enthusiasm would build up to the point that we fiddled with the models when we got back to our office. But almost immediately Francis saw that the reasoning which had momentarily given us hope led nowhere. Then he would go back to the examination of the hemoglobin X-ray photographs out of which his thesis must emerge. Several times I carried on alone for a half hour or so, but without Francis' reassuring chatter, my inability to think in three dimensions became all too apparent.

I was thus not at all displeased that we were sharing our office with Peter Pauling, then living in the Peterhouse hostel as a research student of John Kendrew's. Peter's presence meant that whenever more science was pointless, the conversation could dwell on the comparative virtues of girls from England, the Continent, and California. A fetching face, however, had nothing to do with the broad grin on Peter's face when he sauntered into the office one afternoon in the middle of December and put his feet up on his desk. In his hand was a letter from the States that he had picked up on his return to Peterhouse for lunch.

It was from his father. In addition to routine family gossip was the long-feared news that Linus now had a structure for DNA. No details were given of what he was up to, and so each time the letter passed between Francis and me the greater was our frustration. Francis then began pacing up and down the room thinking aloud, hoping that in a great intellectual fervor he could reconstruct what Linus might have

done. As long as Linus had not told us the answer, we should get equal credit if we announced it at the same time.

Nothing worthwhile had emerged, though, by the time we walked upstairs to tea and told Max and John of the letter. Bragg was in for a moment, but neither of us wanted the perverse joy of informing him that the English labs were again about to be humiliated by the Americans. As we munched chocolate biscuits, John tried to cheer us up with the possibility of Linus' being wrong. After all, he had never seen Maurice's and Rosy's pictures. Our hearts, however, told us otherwise.

No further news emerged from Pasadena before Christmas. Our spirits slowly went up, for if Pauling had found a really exciting answer the secret could not be kept long. One of his graduate students must certainly know what his model looked like, and if there were obvious biological implications, the rumor would have quickly reached us. Even if Linus were somewhere near the right structure, the odds seemed against his getting near the secret of gene replication. Also, the more we thought about DNA chemistry, the more unlikely seemed the possibility that even Linus could pick off the structure in total ignorance of the work at King's.

Maurice was told that Pauling was in his pasture when I passed through London on my way to Switzerland for a Christmas skiing holiday. I was hoping that the urgency created by Linus' assault on DNA might make him ask Francis and me for help. However, if Maurice thought that Linus had a chance to steal the prize, he didn't let on. Much more important was the news that Rosy's days at King's were numbered. She had told Maurice that she wanted soon to transfer to Bernal's lab at Birkbeck



Woodcut by John F. Greenwood

College. Moreover, to Maurice's surprise and relief, she would not take the DNA problem with her. In the next several months she was to conclude her stay by writing up her work for publication. Then, with Rosy at last out of his life, he would commence an all-out search for the structure.

Upon my return to Cambridge in mid-January, I sought out Peter to learn what was in his recent letters from home. Except for one brief reference to DNA, all the news was family gossip. The one pertinent item, however, was not reassuring. A manuscript on DNA had been written, a copy of which would soon be sent to Peter. Again there was not a hint of what the model looked like. While waiting for the manuscript to arrive, I kept my nerves in check by writing up my ideas on bacterial sexuality. A quick visit to Cavalli in Milan, which occurred just after my skiing holiday in Zermatt, had convinced me that my speculations about how bacteria mated were likely to be right. Since I was afraid that Lederberg might soon see the same light, I was anxious to publish quickly a joint article with Bill Hayes. But this manuscript was not in final form when, in the first week of February, the Pauling paper crossed the Atlantic.

Two copies, in fact, were dispatched to Cambridge—one to Sir Lawrence Bragg, the other to Peter. Bragg's response upon receiving it was to put it aside. Not knowing that Peter would also get a copy, he hesitated to take the manuscript down to Max's office. There Francis would see it and set off on another wild-goose chase. Under the present timetable there were only eight months more of Francis' laugh to bear. That is, if his thesis was finished on schedule. Then for a year, if not more, with Crick in exile in Brooklyn, peace and serenity would prevail.

While Sir Lawrence was pondering whether to chance taking Crick's mind off his thesis, Francis and I were poring over the copy that Peter brought in after lunch. Peter's face betrayed something important as he entered the door, and my stomach sank in apprehension at learning that all was lost. Seeing that neither Francis nor I could bear any further suspense, he quickly told us that the model was a three-chain helix with the sugar-phosphate backbone in the center. This sounded so suspiciously like our aborted effort of last year that immediately I wondered whether we already might have had the credit and glory of a great discovery if Bragg had not held us back. Giving Francis no chance to ask for the manuscript I pulled it out of Peter's outside coat pocket and began reading. By spending less than a minute with the summary and the introduction, I was soon at the figures showing the locations of the essential atoms.

At once I felt something was not right. I could not pinpoint the mistake, however, until I looked at the

illustrations for several minutes. Then I realized that the phosphate groups in Linus' model were not ionized, but that each group contained a bound hydrogen atom and so had no net charge. Pauling's nucleic acid in a sense was not an acid at all. Moreover, the uncharged phosphate groups were not incidental features. The hydrogens were part of the hydrogen bonds that held together the three intertwined chains. Without the hydrogen atoms, the chains would immediately fly apart and the structure vanish.

Everything I knew about nucleic-acid chemistry indicated that phosphate groups never contained bound hydrogen atoms. No one had ever questioned that DNA was a moderately strong acid. Thus, under physiological conditions, there would always be positively charged ions like sodium or magnesium lying nearby to neutralize the negatively charged phosphate groups. All our speculations about whether divalent ions held the chains together would have made no sense if there were hydrogen atoms firmly bound to the phosphates. Yet somehow Linus, unquestionably the world's most astute chemist, had come to the opposite conclusion.

When Francis was amazed equally by Pauling's unorthodox chemistry, I began to breathe slower. By then I knew we were still in the game. Neither of us, however, had the slightest clue to the steps that had led Linus to his blunder. If a student had made a similar mistake, he would be thought unfit to benefit from Cal Tech's chemistry faculty. Thus we could not but initially worry whether Linus' model followed from a revolutionary re-evaluation of the acid-base properties of very large molecules. The tone of the manuscript, however, argued against any such advance in chemical theory. No reason existed to keep secret a first-rate theoretical breakthrough. Rather, if that had occurred Linus would have written two papers, the first describing his new theory, the second showing how it was used to solve the DNA structure.

The blooper was too unbelievable to keep secret for more than a few minutes. I dashed over to Roy Markham's lab to spurt out the news and to receive further reassurance that Linus' chemistry was screwy. Markham predictably expressed pleasure that a giant had forgotten elementary college chemistry. He then could not refrain from revealing how one of Cambridge's great men had on occasion also forgotten his chemistry. Next I hopped over to the organic chemists', where again I heard the soothing words that DNA was an acid.

By teatime I was back in the Cavendish, where Francis was explaining to John and Max that no further time must be lost on this side of the Atlantic. When his mistake became known, Linus would not stop until he had captured the right structure. Now our immediate hope was that his chemical colleagues

would be more than ever awed by his intellect and not probe the details of his model. But since the manuscript had already been dispatched to the *Proceedings of the National Academy*, by mid-March at the latest Linus' paper would be spread around the world. Then it would be only a matter of days before the error would be discovered. We had anywhere up to six weeks before Linus again was in full-time pursuit of DNA.

Though Maurice had to be warned, we did not immediately ring him. The pace of Francis' words might cause Maurice to find a reason for terminating the conversation before all the implications of Pauling's folly could be hammered home. Since in several days I was to go up to London to see Bill Hayes, the sensible course was to bring the manuscript with me for Maurice's and Rosy's inspection.

Then, as the stimulation of the last several hours had made further work that day impossible, Francis and I went over to the Eagle. The moment its doors opened for the evening we were there to drink a toast to the Pauling failure. Instead of sherry, I let Francis buy me a whiskey. Though the odds still appeared against us, Linus had not yet won his Nobel.

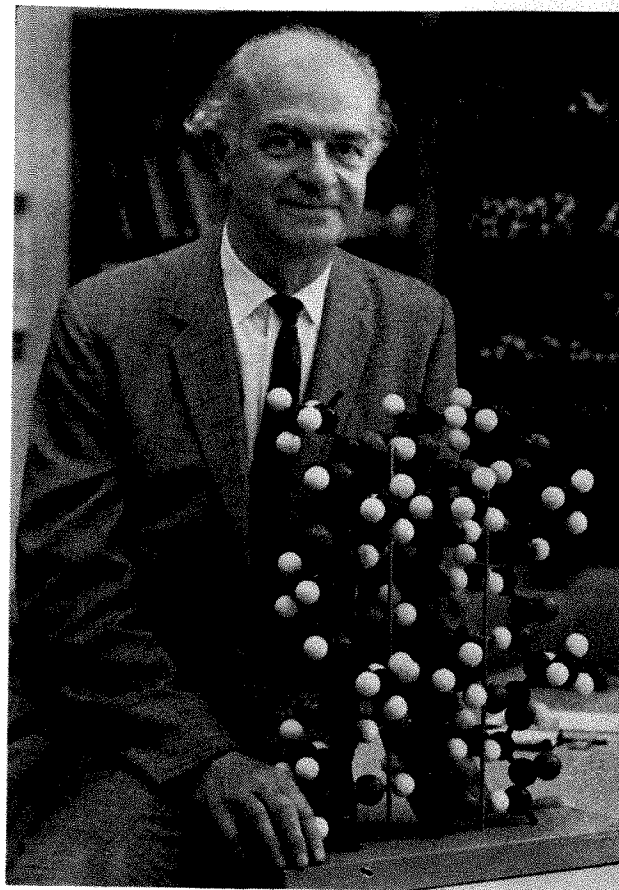
Maurice was busy when, just before four, I walked in with the news that the Pauling model was far off base. So I went down the corridor to Rosy's lab hoping she would be about. Since the door was already ajar, I pushed it open to see her bending over a lighted box upon which lay an X-ray photograph she was measuring. Momentarily startled by my entry, she quickly regained her composure and, looking straight at my face, let her eyes tell me that uninvited guests should have the courtesy to knock.

I started to say that Maurice was busy, but before the insult was out I asked her whether she wanted to look at Peter's copy of his father's manuscript. Though I was curious how long she would take to spot the error, Rosy was not about to play games with me. I immediately explained where Linus had gone astray. In doing so, I could not refrain from pointing out the superficial resemblance between Pauling's three-chain helix and the model that Francis and I had shown her fifteen months earlier. The fact that Pauling's deductions about symmetry were no more inspired than our awkward efforts of the year before would, I thought, amuse her. The result was just the opposite. Instead, she became increasingly annoyed with my recurring references to helical structures. Coolly she pointed out that not a shred of evidence permitted Linus, or anyone else, to postulate a helical structure for DNA. Most of my words to her were superfluous, for she knew that Pauling was wrong the moment I mentioned a helix.

Interrupting her harangue, I asserted that the simplest form for any regular polymeric molecule was a

helix. Knowing that she might counter with the fact that the sequence of bases was unlikely to be regular, I went on with the argument that since DNA molecules form crystals, the nucleotide order must not affect the general structure. Rosy by then was hardly able to control her temper, and her voice rose as she told me that the stupidity of my remarks would be obvious if I would stop blubbering and look at her X-ray evidence.

I was more aware of her data than she realized. Several months earlier Maurice had told me the



Linus Pauling

nature of her so-called antihelical results. Since Francis had assured me that they were a red herring, I decided to risk a full explosion. Without further hesitation I implied that she was incompetent in interpreting X-ray pictures. If only she would learn some theory, she would understand how her supposed antihelical features arose from the minor distortions needed to pack regular helices into a crystalline lattice.

Suddenly Rosy came from behind the lab bench that separated us and began moving toward me. Fearing that in her hot anger she might strike me, I grabbed up the Pauling manuscript and hastily retreated to the open door. My escape was blocked

Photograph by M. Opalenik, California Institute of Technology

by Maurice, who, searching for me, had just then stuck his head through. While Maurice and Rosy looked at each other over my slouching figure, I lamely told Maurice that the conversation between Rosy and me was over and that I had been about to look for him in the tea room. Simultaneously I was inching my body from between them, leaving Maurice face to face with Rosy. Then, when Maurice failed to disengage himself immediately, I feared that out of politeness he would ask Rosy to join us for tea. Rosy, however, removed Maurice from his uncertainty by turning around and firmly shutting the door.

Walking down the passage, I told Maurice how his unexpected appearance may have prevented Rosy from assaulting me. Slowly he assured me that this very well might have happened. Some months earlier she had made a similar lunge toward him. They had almost come to blows following an argument in his room. When he wanted to escape, Rosy blocked the door and had only moved out of the way at the last moment. But, then, no third person was on hand.

My encounter with Rosy opened up Maurice to a degree that I had not seen before. Now that I need no longer merely imagine the emotional hell he had faced during the past two years, he could treat me almost as a fellow collaborator rather than as a distant acquaintance with whom close confidences inevitably led to painful misunderstandings. To my surprise he revealed that with the help of his assistant, Wilson, he had quietly been duplicating some of Rosy's and Gosling's X-ray work. Thus there need not be a large time gap before Maurice's research efforts were in full swing. Then the even more important cat was let out of the bag: since the middle of the summer Rosy had had evidence for a new three-dimensional form of DNA. It occurred when the DNA molecules were surrounded by a large amount of water. When I asked what the pattern was like, Maurice went into the adjacent room to pick up a print of the new form they called the "B" structure.

The instant I saw the picture my mouth fell open and my pulse began to race. The pattern was unbelievably simpler than those obtained previously ("A" form). Moreover, the black cross of reflections which dominated the picture could only arise from a helical structure. With the A form, the argument for a helix was never straightforward, and considerable ambiguity existed as to exactly which type of helical symmetry was present. With the B form, however, mere inspection of its X-ray picture gave several of the vital helical parameters. Conceivably, after only a few minutes' calculations, the number of chains in the molecule could be fixed. Pressing Maurice for what they had done using the B photo, I learned that his colleague R. D. B. Fraser earlier had been doing some serious playing with three-chain models but that so far nothing exciting had come up. Though

Maurice conceded that the evidence for a helix was now overwhelming — the Stokes-Cochran-Crick theory clearly indicated that a helix must exist — this was not to him of major significance. After all, he had previously thought a helix would emerge. The real problem was the absence of any structural hypothesis which would allow them to pack the bases regularly in the inside of the helix. Of course this presumed that Rosy had hit it right in wanting the bases in the center and the backbone outside. Though Maurice told me he was now quite convinced she was correct, I remained skeptical, for her evidence was still out of the reach of Francis and me.

On our way to Soho for supper I returned to the problem of Linus, emphasizing that smiling too long over his mistake might be fatal. The position would be far safer if Pauling had been merely wrong instead of looking like a fool. Soon, if not already, he would be at it day and night. There was the further danger that if he put one of his assistants to taking DNA photographs, the B structure would also be discovered in Pasadena. Then, in a week at most, Linus would have the structure.

Maurice refused to get excited. My repeated refrain that DNA could fall at any moment sounded too suspiciously like Francis in one of his overwrought periods. For years Francis had been trying to tell him what was important, but the more dispassionately he considered his life, the more he knew he had been wise to follow up his own hunches. As the waiter peered over his shoulder hoping we would finally order, Maurice made sure I understood that if we could all agree where science was going, everything would be solved and we would have no recourse but to be engineers or doctors.

With the food on the table I tried to fix our thoughts on the chain number, arguing that measuring the location of the innermost reflection on the first and second layer lines might immediately set us on the right track. But since Maurice's long-drawn-out reply never came to the point, I could not decide whether he was saying that no one at King's had measured the pertinent reflections or whether he wanted to eat his meal before it got cold. Reluctantly I ate, hoping that after coffee I might get more details if I walked him back to his flat. Our bottle of Chablis, however, diminished my desire for hard facts, and as we walked out of Soho and across Oxford Street, Maurice spoke only of his plans to get a less gloomy apartment in a quieter area.

Afterward, in the cold, almost unheated, train compartment, I sketched on the blank edge of my newspaper what I remembered of the B pattern. Then as the train jerked toward Cambridge, I tried to decide between two- and three-chain models. As far as I could tell, the reason the King's group did not like two chains was not foolproof. It depended upon the water content of the DNA samples, a value

they admitted might be in great error. Thus by the time I had cycled back to college and climbed over the back gate, I had decided to build two-chain models. Francis would have to agree. Even though he was a physicist, he knew that important biological objects come in pairs.

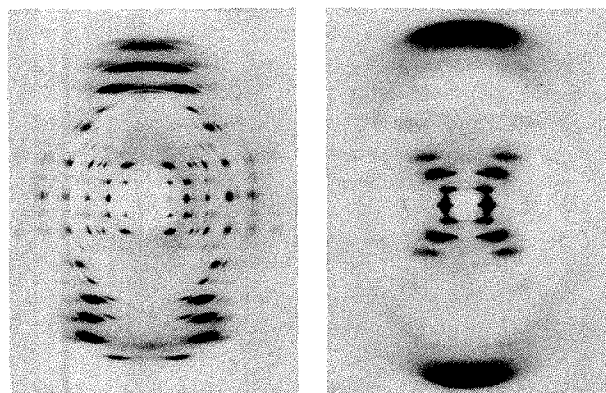
Bragg was in Max's office when I rushed in the next day to blurt out what I had learned. Francis was not yet in, for it was a Saturday morning and he was still home in bed glancing at the *Nature* that came in the morning mail. Quickly I started to run through the details of the B form, making a rough sketch to show the evidence that DNA was a helix which repeated its pattern every 34 Å along the helical axis. Bragg soon interrupted me with a question, and I knew my argument had got across. I thus wasted no time in bringing up the problem of Linus, giving the opinion that he was far too dangerous to be allowed a second crack at DNA while the people on this side of the Atlantic sat on their hands. After saying that I was going to ask a Cavendish machinist to make models of the purines and pyrimidines, I was silent, waiting for Bragg's thoughts to congeal.

To my relief, Sir Lawrence not only made no objection but encouraged me to get on with the job of building models. He clearly was not in sympathy with the internal squabbling at King's, especially when it might allow Linus, of all people, to get the thrill of discovering the structure of still another important molecule. Also aiding our cause was my work on tobacco mosaic virus. It had given Bragg the impression that I was on my own. Thus he could fall asleep that night untroubled by the nightmare that he had given Crick carte blanche for another foray into frenzied inconsiderateness. I then dashed down the stairs to the machine shop to warn them that I was about to draw up plans for models wanted within a week.

Shortly after I was back in our office, Francis strolled in to report that their last night's dinner party was a smashing success. Odile was positively enchanted with the French boy that my sister had brought along. A month previously Elizabeth had arrived for an indefinite stay on her way back to the States. Luckily I could both install her in Camille Prior's boardinghouse and arrange to take my evening meals there with Pop and her foreign girls. Thus in one blow Elizabeth had been saved from typical English digs, while I looked forward to a lessening of my stomach pains.

Also living at Pop's was Bertrand Fourcade, the most beautiful male, if not person, in Cambridge. Bertrand, then visiting for a few months to perfect his English, was not unconscious of his unusual beauty and so welcomed the companionship of a girl whose dress was not in shocking contrast with his

well-cut clothes. As soon as I had mentioned that we knew the handsome foreigner, Odile expressed delight. She, like many Cambridge women, could not take her eyes off Bertrand whenever she spotted him walking down King's Parade or standing about looking very well favored during the intermissions of plays at the Amateur Dramatic Club. Elizabeth was thus given the task of seeing whether Bertrand would be free to join us for a meal with the Cricks at Portugal



X-ray photographs of DNA. On the left is the "A" form, the pattern first studied by Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin. Their much more easily interpretable "B" pattern is shown on the right.

Place. The time finally arranged, however, had overlapped my visit to London. When I was watching Maurice meticulously finish all the food on his plate Odile was admiring Bertrand's perfectly proportioned face as he spoke of his problems choosing among potential social engagements during his forthcoming summer on the Riviera.

This morning Francis saw that I did not have my usual interest in the French moneyed gentry. Instead, for a moment he feared that I was going to be unusually tiresome. Reporting that even a former bird watcher could now solve DNA was not the way to greet a friend bearing a slight hangover. However, as soon as I revealed the B-pattern details, he knew I was not pulling his leg. Especially important was my insistence that the meridional reflection at 3.4 Å was much stronger than any other reflection. This could only mean that the 3.4 Å-thick purine and pyrimidine bases were stacked on top of each other in a direction perpendicular to the helical axis. In addition we could feel sure from both electron-microscope and X-ray evidence that the helix diameter was about 20 Å.

Francis, however, drew the line against accepting my assertion that the repeated finding of twoness in biological systems told us to build two-chain models. The way to get on, in his opinion, was to reject any argument which did not arise from the chemistry of nucleic-acid chains. Since the experimental evidence known to us could not yet dis-

tinguish between two- and three-chain models, he wanted to pay equal attention to both alternatives. Though I remained totally skeptical, I saw no reason to contest his words. I would of course start playing with two-chain models.

No serious models were built, however, for several days. Not only did we lack the purine and pyrimidine components, but we had never had the shop put together any phosphorus atoms. Since our machinist needed at least three days merely to turn out the more simple phosphorus atoms, I went back to Clare after lunch to hammer out the final draft of my genetics manuscript. Later, when I cycled over to Pop's for dinner, I found Bertrand and my sister talking to Peter Pauling, who the week before had charmed Pop into giving him dining rights. In contrast to Peter, who was complaining that the Perutzes had no right to keep Nina home on a Saturday night, Bertrand and Elizabeth looked pleased with themselves. They had just returned from motoring over in a friend's Rolls to a celebrated country house near Bedford. Their host, an antiquarian architect, had never truckled under to modern civilization and kept his house free of gas and electricity. In all ways possible he maintained the life of an eighteenth-century squire, even to providing special walking sticks for his guests as they accompanied him around his grounds.

Dinner was hardly over before Bertrand whisked Elizabeth on to another party, leaving Peter and me at a loss for something to do. After first deciding to work on his hi-fi set, Peter came along with me to a film. This kept us in check until, as midnight approached, Peter held forth on how Lord Rothschild was avoiding his responsibility as a father by not inviting him to dinner with his daughter Sarah. I could not disagree, for if Peter moved into the fashionable world I might have a chance to escape acquiring a faculty-type wife.

Three days later the phosphorus atoms were ready, and I quickly strung together several short sections of the sugar-phosphate backbone. Then for a day and a half I tried to find a suitable two-chain model with the backbone in the center. All the possible models compatible with the B-form X-ray data, however, looked stereochemically even more unsatisfactory than our three-chained models of fifteen months before. So, seeing Francis absorbed by his thesis, I took off the afternoon to play tennis with Bertrand. After tea I returned to point out that it was lucky I found tennis more pleasing than model building. Francis, totally indifferent to the perfect spring day, immediately put down his pencil to point out that not only was DNA very important, but he could assure me that someday I would discover the unsatisfactory nature of outdoor games.

During dinner at Portugal Place I was back in a mood to worry about what was wrong. Though

I kept insisting that we should keep the backbone in the center, I knew none of my reasons held water. Finally over coffee I admitted that my reluctance to place the bases inside partially arose from the suspicion that it would be possible to build an almost infinite number of models of this type. Then we would have the impossible task of deciding whether one was right. But the real stumbling block was the bases. As long as they were outside, we did not have to consider them. If they were pushed inside, the frightful problem existed of how to pack together two or more chains with irregular sequences of bases. Here Francis had to admit that he saw not the slightest ray of light. So when I walked up out of their basement dining room into the street, I left Francis with the impression that he would have to provide at least a semiplausible argument before I would seriously play about with base-centered models.

The next morning, however, as I took apart a particularly repulsive backbone-centered molecule, I decided that no harm could come from spending a few days building backbone-out models. This meant temporarily ignoring the bases, but in any case this had to happen since now another week was required before the shop could hand over the flat tin plates cut in the shapes of purines and pyrimidines.

There was no difficulty in twisting an externally situated backbone into a shape compatible with the X-ray evidence. In fact, both Francis and I had the impression that the most satisfactory angle of rotation between two adjacent bases was between 30 and 40 degrees. In contrast, an angle either twice as large or twice as small looked incompatible with the relevant bond angles. So if the backbone was on the outside, the crystallographic repeat of 34 Å had to represent the distance along the helical axis required for a complete rotation. At this stage Francis' interest began to perk up, and at increasing frequencies he would look up from his calculations to glance at the model. Nonetheless, neither of us had any hesitation in breaking off work for the weekend. There was a party at Trinity on Saturday night, and on Sunday Maurice was coming up to the Cricks' for a social visit arranged weeks before the arrival of the Pauling manuscript.

Maurice, however, was not allowed to forget DNA. Almost as soon as he arrived from the station, Francis started to probe him for fuller details of the B pattern. But by the end of lunch Francis knew no more than I had picked up the week before. Even the presence of Peter, saying that he felt sure his father would soon spring into action, failed to ruffle Maurice's plans. Again he emphasized that he wanted to put off more model building until Rosy was gone, six weeks from then. Francis seized the occasion to ask Maurice whether he would mind if we started to play about with DNA models. When Maurice's slow answer emerged as no, he wouldn't mind, my pulse rate

returned to normal. For even if the answer had been yes, our model building would have gone ahead.

The next few days saw Francis becoming increasingly agitated by my failure to stick close to the molecular models. It did not matter that before his tenish entrance I was usually in the lab. Almost every afternoon, knowing that I was on the tennis court, he would fretfully twist his head away from his work to see the polynucleotide backbone unattended. Moreover, after tea I would show up for only a few minutes of minor fiddling before dashing away to have sherry with the girls at Pop's. Francis' grumbles did not disturb me, however, because further refining of our latest backbone without a solution to the bases would not represent a real step forward.

I went ahead spending most evenings at the films, vaguely dreaming that any moment the answer would suddenly hit me. Occasionally my wild pursuit of the celluloid backfired, the worst occasion being an evening set aside for *Ecstasy*. Peter and I had both been too young to observe original showings of Hedy Lamarr's romps in the nude, and so on the long-awaited night we collected Elizabeth and went up to the Rex. However, the only swimming scene left intact by the English censor was an inverted reflection from a pool of water. Before the film was half over we joined the violent booing of the disgusted undergraduates, as the dubbed voices uttered words of uncontrolled passion.

The fact that we had at last produced a stereochemically reasonable configuration for the backbone was always in the back of my head. Moreover, there was no longer any fear that it would be incompatible with the experimental data. By then it had been checked out with Rosy's precise measurements. Rosy, of course, did not directly give us her data. For that matter, no one at King's realized they were in our hands. We came upon them because of Max's membership on a committee appointed by the Medical Research Council to look into the research activities of Randall's lab. Since Randall wished to convince the outside committee that he had a productive research group, he had instructed his people to draw up a comprehensive summary of their accomplishments. In due time this was prepared in mimeograph form and sent routinely to all the committee members. As soon as Max saw the sections by Rosy and Maurice, he took the report in to Francis and me. Quickly scanning its contents, Francis sensed with relief that following my return from King's I had correctly reported to him the essential features of the B pattern. Thus only minor modifications were necessary in our backbone configuration.

Generally, late in the evening after I got back to my rooms, I tried to puzzle out the mystery of the bases. Their formulas were written out in J. N.

Davidson's little book *The Biochemistry of Nucleic Acids*, a copy of which I kept in Clare, so I could be sure that I had the correct structures when I drew tiny pictures of the bases on sheets of Cavendish notepaper. My aim was somehow to arrange the centrally located bases in such a way that the backbones on the outside were completely regular — that is, giving the sugar-phosphate groups of each nucleotide identical three-dimensional configurations. But each time I tried to come up with a solution I ran into the obstacle that the four bases each had a quite different shape. Moreover, there were many reasons to believe that the sequences of the bases of a given polynucleotide chain were very irregular. Thus, unless some very special trick existed, randomly twisting two polynucleotide chains around one another should result in a mess. In some places the bigger bases must touch each other, while in other regions, where the smaller bases would lie opposite each other, there must exist a gap or else their backbone regions must buckle in.

There was also the vexing problem of how the intertwined chains might be held together by hydrogen bonds between the bases. Though for over a year Francis and I had dismissed the possibility that bases formed regular hydrogen bonds, it was now obvious to me that we had done so incorrectly. The observation that one or more hydrogen atoms on each of the bases could move from one location to another (a tautomeric shift) had initially led us to conclude that all the possible tautomeric forms of a given base occurred in equal frequencies. But a recent rereading of J. M. Gulland's and D. O. Jordan's papers on the acid and base titrations of DNA made me finally appreciate the strength of their conclusion that a large fraction, if not all, of the bases formed hydrogen bonds to other bases. Even more important, these hydrogen bonds were present at very low DNA concentrations, strongly hinting that the bonds linked together bases in the same molecule. There was in addition the X-ray crystallographic result that each pure base so far examined formed as many irregular hydrogen bonds as stereochemically possible. Thus, conceivably the crux of the matter was a rule governing hydrogen bonding between bases.

My doodling of the bases on paper at first got nowhere, regardless of whether or not I had been to a film. Even the necessity to expunge *Ecstasy* from my mind did not lead to passable hydrogen bonds, and I fell asleep hoping that an undergraduate party the next afternoon at Downing would be full of pretty girls. But my expectations were dashed as soon as I arrived to spot a group of healthy hockey players and several pallid debutantes. Bertrand also instantly perceived he was out of place, and as we passed a polite interval before scooting out, I explained how I was racing Peter's father for the Nobel Prize.

Not until the middle of the next week did a non-trivial idea emerge. It came while I was drawing the fused rings of adenine on paper. Suddenly I realized the potentially profound implications of a DNA structure in which the adenine residue formed hydrogen bonds similar to those found in crystals of pure adenine. If DNA was like this, each adenine residue would form two hydrogen bonds to an adenine residue related to it by a 180-degree rotation. Most important, two symmetrical hydrogen bonds could also hold together pairs of guanine, cytosine, or thymine.

Therefore I started wondering whether each DNA molecule consisted of two chains with identical base sequences held together by hydrogen bonds between pairs of identical bases. There was the complication, however, that such a structure could not have a regular backbone, since the purines (adenine and guanine) and the pyrimidines (thymine and cytosine) have different shapes. The resulting backbone would have to show minor in-and-out buckles depending upon whether pairs of purines or pyrimidines were in the center.

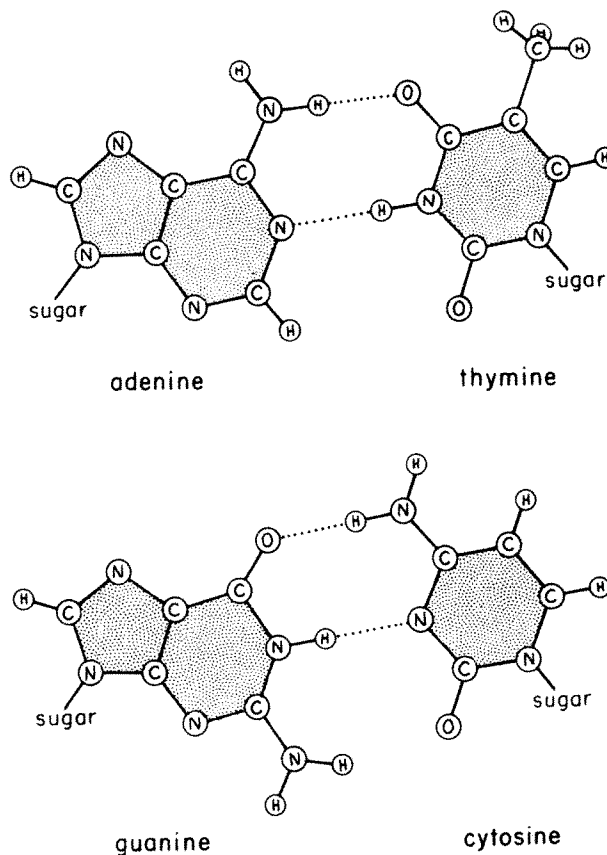
Despite the messy backbone, my pulse began to race. If this was DNA I should create a bombshell by announcing its discovery. The existence of two intertwined chains with identical base sequences could not be a chance matter. Instead it would strongly suggest that one chain in each molecule had at some earlier stage served as the template for the synthesis of the other chain. Under this scheme, gene replication starts with the separation of its two identical chains. Then two new daughter strands are made on the two parental templates, thereby forming two DNA molecules identical to the original molecule. Thus, the essential trick of gene replication could come from the requirement that each base in the newly synthesized chain always hydrogen-bond to an identical base. That night, however, I could not see why the common tautomeric form of guanine would not hydrogen-bond to adenine. Likewise, several other pairing mistakes should also occur. But since there was no reason to rule out the participation of specific enzymes, I saw no need to be unduly disturbed. For example, there might exist an enzyme specific for adenine that caused adenine always to be inserted opposite an adenine residue on the template strands.

As the clock went past midnight I was becoming more and more pleased. There had been far too many days when Francis and I worried that the DNA structure might turn out to be superficially very dull, suggesting nothing about either its replication or its function in controlling cell biochemistry. But now, to my delight and amazement, the answer was turning out to be profoundly interesting. For over two hours I happily lay awake with pairs of adenine residues whirling in front of my closed eyes. Only

for brief moments did the fear shoot through me that an idea this good could be wrong.

My scheme was torn to shreds by the following noon. Against me was the awkward chemical fact that I had chosen the wrong tautomeric forms of guanine and thymine. Before the disturbing truth came out, I had eaten a hurried breakfast at the Whim, then momentarily gone back to Clare to reply to a letter from Max Delbrück which reported that my manuscript on bacterial genetics looked unsound to the Cal Tech geneticists. Nevertheless, he would accede to my request that he send it to the *Proceedings of the National Academy*. In this way, I would still be young when I committed the folly of publishing a silly idea. Then I could sober up before my career was permanently fixed on a reckless course.

At first this message had its desired unsettling effect. But now, with my spirits soaring on the possibility that I had the self-duplicating structure, I reiterated my faith that I knew what happened when



The adenine-thymine and guanine-cytosine base pairs used to construct the double helix (hydrogen bonds are dotted). The formation of a third hydrogen bond between guanine and cytosine was considered, but rejected because a crystallographic study of guanine hinted that it would be very weak. Now this conjecture is known to be wrong. Three strong hydrogen bonds can be drawn between guanine and cytosine.

bacteria mated. Moreover, I could not refrain from adding a sentence saying that I had just devised a beautiful DNA structure which was completely different from Pauling's. For a few seconds I considered giving some details of what I was up to, but since I was in a rush I decided not to, quickly dropped the letter in the box, and dashed off to the lab.

The letter was not in the post for more than an hour before I knew that my claim was nonsense. I no sooner got to the office and began explaining my scheme than the American crystallographer Jerry Donohue protested that the idea would not work. The tautomeric forms I had copied out of Davidson's book were, in Jerry's opinion, incorrectly assigned. My immediate retort that several other texts also pictured guanine and thymine in the enol form cut no ice with Jerry. Happily he let out that for years organic chemists had been arbitrarily favoring particular tautomeric forms over their alternatives on only the flimsiest of grounds. In fact, organic-chemistry textbooks were littered with pictures of highly improbable tautomeric forms. The guanine picture I was thrusting toward his face was almost certainly bogus. All his chemical intuition told him that it would occur in the keto form. He was just as sure that thymine was also wrongly assigned an enol configuration. Again he strongly favored the keto alternative.

Jerry, however, did not give a foolproof reason for preferring the keto forms. He admitted that only one crystal structure bore on the problem. This was diketopiperazine, whose three-dimensional configuration had been carefully worked out in Pauling's lab several years before. Here there was no doubt that the keto form, not the enol, was present. Moreover, he felt sure that the quantum-mechanical arguments which showed why diketopiperazine has the keto form should also hold for guanine and thymine. I was thus firmly urged not to waste more time with my harebrained scheme.

Though my immediate reaction was to hope that Jerry was blowing hot air, I did not dismiss his criticism. Next to Linus himself, Jerry knew more about hydrogen bonds than anyone else in the world. Since for many years he had worked at Cal Tech on the crystal structures of small organic molecules, I couldn't kid myself that he did not grasp our problem. During the six months that he occupied a desk in our office, I had never heard him shooting off his mouth on subjects about which he knew nothing.

Thoroughly worried, I went back to my desk hoping that some gimmick might emerge to salvage the like-with-like idea. But it was obvious that the new assignments were its deathblow. Shifting the hydrogen atoms to their keto locations made the size differences between the purines and pyrimidines even more important than would be the case if the enol forms existed. Only by the most special pleading

could I imagine the polynucleotide backbone bending enough to accommodate irregular base sequences. Even this possibility vanished when Francis came in. He immediately realized that a like-with-like structure would give a 34 Å crystallographic repeat only if each chain had a complete rotation every 68 Å. But this would mean that the rotation angle between successive bases would be only 18 degrees, a value Francis believed was absolutely ruled out by his recent fiddling with the models. Also Francis did not like the fact that the structure gave no explanation for the Chargaff rules (adenine equals thymine, guanine equals cytosine). I, however, maintained my lukewarm response to Chargaff's data. So I welcomed the arrival of lunchtime, when Francis' cheerful prattle temporarily shifted my thoughts to why undergraduates could not satisfy *au pair* girls.

After lunch I was not anxious to return to work, for I was afraid that in trying to fit the keto forms into some new scheme I would run into a stone wall and have to face the fact that no regular hydrogen-bonding scheme was compatible with the X-ray evidence. As long as I remained outside gazing at the crocuses, hope could be maintained that some pretty base arrangement would fall out. Fortunately, when we walked upstairs, I found that I had an excuse to put off the crucial model-building step for at least several more hours. The metal purine and pyrimidine models, needed for systematically checking all the conceivable hydrogen-bonding possibilities, had not been finished on time. At least two more days were needed before they would be in our hands. This was much too long even for me to remain in limbo, so I spent the rest of the afternoon cutting accurate representations of the bases out of stiff cardboard. But by the time they were ready I realized that the answer must be put off till the next day. After dinner I was to join a group from Pop's at the theater.

When I got to our still empty office the following morning, I quickly cleared away the papers from my desk top so that I would have a large, flat surface on which to form pairs of bases held together by hydrogen bonds. Though I initially went back to my like-with-like prejudices, I saw all too well that they led nowhere. When Jerry came in I looked up, saw that it was not Francis, and began shifting the bases in and out of various other pairing possibilities. Suddenly I became aware that an adenine-thymine pair held together by two hydrogen bonds was identical in shape to a guanine-cytosine pair held together by at least two hydrogen bonds. All the hydrogen bonds seemed to form naturally; no fudging was required to make the two types of base pairs identical in shape. Quickly I called Jerry over to ask him whether this time he had any objection to my new base pairs.

When he said no, my morale skyrocketed, for I

suspected that we now had the answer to the riddle of why the number of purine residues exactly equaled the number of pyrimidine residues. Two irregular sequences of bases could be regularly packed in the center of a helix if a purine always hydrogen-bonded to a pyrimidine. Furthermore, the hydrogen-bonding requirement meant that adenine would always pair with thymine, while guanine could pair only with cytosine. Chargaff's rules then suddenly stood out as a consequence of a double-helical structure for DNA. Even more exciting, this type of double helix suggested a replication scheme much more satisfactory than my briefly considered like-with-like pairing. Always pairing adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine meant that the base sequences of the two intertwined chains were complementary to each other. Given the base sequence of one chain, that of its partner was automatically determined. Conceptually, it was thus very easy to visualize how a single chain could be the template for the synthesis of a chain with the complementary sequence.

Upon his arrival Francis did not get more than halfway through the door before I let loose that the answer to everything was in our hands. Though as a matter of principle he maintained skepticism for a few moments, the similarly shaped A-T and G-C pairs had their expected impact. His quickly pushing the bases together in a number of different ways did not reveal any other way to satisfy Chargaff's rules. A few minutes later he spotted the fact that the two glycosidic (joining base and sugar) bonds of each base pair were systematically related by a diad axis perpendicular to the helical axis. Thus, both pairs could be flip-flopped over and still have their glycosidic bonds facing in the same direction. This had the important consequence that a given chain could contain both purines and pyrimidines. At the same time, it strongly suggested that the backbones of the two chains must run in opposite directions.

The question then became whether the A-T and G-C base pairs would easily fit the backbone configuration devised during the previous two weeks. At first glance this looked like a good bet, since I had left free in the center a large vacant area for the bases. However, we both knew that we would not be home until a complete model was built in which all the stereochemical contacts were satisfactory. There was also the obvious fact that the implications of its existence were far too important to risk crying wolf. Thus I felt slightly queasy when at lunch Francis winged into the Eagle to tell everyone within hearing distance that we had found the secret of life.

Francis' preoccupation with DNA quickly became full-time. The first afternoon following the discovery that A-T and G-C base pairs had similar shapes, he went back to his thesis measurements,

but his effort was ineffectual. Constantly he would pop up from his chair, worriedly look at the cardboard models, fiddle with other combinations, and then, the period of momentary uncertainty over, look satisfied and tell me how important our work was. I enjoyed Francis' words, even though they lacked the casual sense of understatement known to be the correct way to behave in Cambridge. It seemed almost unbelievable that the DNA structure was solved, that the answer was incredibly exciting, and that our names would be associated with the double helix as Pauling's was with the alpha-helix.

When the Eagle opened at six, I went over with Francis to talk about what must be done in the next few days. Francis wanted no time lost in seeing whether a satisfactory three-dimensional model could be built, since the geneticists and nucleic-acid biochemists should not misuse their time and facilities any longer than necessary. They must be told the answer quickly, so that they could reorient their research upon our work. Though I was equally anxious to build the complete model, I thought more about Linus and the possibility that he might stumble upon the base pairs before we told him the answer.

That night, however, we could not firmly establish the double helix. Until the metal bases were on hand, any model building would be too sloppy to be convincing. I went back to Pop's to tell Elizabeth and Bertrand that Francis and I had probably beaten Pauling to the gate and that the answer would revolutionize biology. Both were genuinely pleased, Elizabeth with sisterly pride, Bertrand with the idea that he could report back to International Society that he had a friend who would win a Nobel Prize. Peter's reaction was equally enthusiastic and gave no indication that he minded the possibility of his father's first real scientific defeat.

The following morning I felt marvelously alive when I awoke. On my way to the Whim I slowly walked toward the Clare Bridge, staring up at the gothic pinnacles of the King's College Chapel that stood out sharply against the spring sky. I briefly stopped and looked over at the perfect Georgian features of the recently cleaned Gibbs Building, thinking that much of our success was due to the long uneventful periods when we walked among the colleges or unobtrusively read the new books that came into Heffer's Bookstore. After contentedly poring over *The Times*, I wandered into the lab to see Francis, unquestionably early, flipping the cardboard base pairs about an imaginary line. As far as a compass and ruler could tell him, both sets of base pairs neatly fit into the backbone configuration. As the morning wore on, Max and John successively came by to see if we still thought we had it. Each got a quick, concise lecture from Francis, during the second of which I wandered down to see if the shop

could be speeded up to produce the purines and pyrimidines later that afternoon.

Only a little encouragement was needed to get the final soldering accomplished in the next couple of hours. The brightly shining metal plates were then immediately used to make a model in which for the first time all the DNA components were present. In about an hour I had arranged the atoms in positions which satisfied both the X-ray data and the laws of stereochemistry. The resulting helix was right-handed with the two chains running in opposite directions. Only one person can easily play with a model, and so Francis did not try to check my work until I backed away and said that I thought everything fitted. While one interatomic contact was slightly shorter than optimal, it was not out of line with several published values, and I was not disturbed. Another fifteen minutes' fiddling by Francis failed to find anything wrong, though for brief intervals my stomach felt uneasy when I saw him frowning. In each case he became satisfied and moved on to verify that another interatomic contact was reasonable. Everything thus looked very good when we went back to have supper with Odile.

Our dinner words fixed on how to let the big news out. Maurice, especially, must soon be told. But remembering the fiasco of sixteen months before, keeping King's in the dark made sense until exact coordinates had been obtained for all the atoms. It was all too easy to fudge a successful series of atomic contacts so that, while each looked almost acceptable, the whole collection was energetically impossible. We suspected that we had not made this error, but our judgment conceivably might be biased by the biological advantages of complementary DNA molecules. Thus the next several days were to be spent using a plumb line and a measuring stick to obtain the relative positions of all atoms in a single nucleotide. Because of the helical symmetry, the locations of the atoms in one nucleotide would automatically generate the other positions.

After coffee Odile wanted to know whether they would still have to go into exile in Brooklyn if our work was as sensational as everyone told her. Perhaps we should stay on in Cambridge to solve other problems of equal importance. I tried to reassure her, emphasizing that not all American men cut all their hair off and that there were scores of American women who did not wear short white socks on the streets.

The next morning I again found that Francis had beaten me to the lab. He was already at work tightening the model on its support stands so that he could read off the atomic coordinates. While he moved the atoms back and forth, I sat on the top of my desk thinking about the form of the letters that I soon could write, saying that we had found something interesting. Occasionally, Francis would look dis-

gusted when my daydreams kept me from observing that he needed my help to keep the model from collapsing as he rearranged the supporting ring stands.

By then we knew that all my previous fuss about the importance of Mg^{++} ions was misdirected. Most likely Maurice and Rosy were right in insisting that they were looking at the Na^+ salt of DNA. But with the sugar-phosphate backbone on the outside, it did not matter which salt was present. Either would fit perfectly well into the double helix.

Bragg had his first look late that morning. For several days he had been home with the flu and was in bed when he heard that Crick and I had thought up an ingenious DNA structure which might be important to biology. During his first free moment back in the Cavendish he slipped away from his office for a direct view. Immediately he caught on to the complementary relation between the two chains and saw how an equivalence of adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine was a logical consequence of the regular repeating shape of the sugar-phosphate backbone. As he was not aware of Chargaff's rules, I went over the experimental evidence on the relative proportions of the various bases, noticing that he was becoming increasingly excited by its potential implications for gene replication. When the question of the X-ray evidence came up, he saw why we had not yet called up the King's group. He was bothered, however, that we had not yet asked Todd's opinion. Telling Bragg that we had got the organic chemistry straight did not put him completely at ease. The chance that we were using the wrong chemical formula admittedly was small, but since Crick talked so fast, Bragg could never be sure that he would ever slow down long enough to get the right facts. So it was arranged that as soon as we had a set of atomic coordinates, we would have Todd come over.

The final refinements of the coordinates were finished the following evening. Lacking the exact X-ray evidence, we were not confident that the configuration chosen was precisely correct. But this did not bother us, for we only wished to establish that at least one specific two-chain complementary helix was stereochemically possible. Until this was clear, the objection could be raised that, although our idea was aesthetically elegant, the shape of the sugar-phosphate backbone might not permit its existence. Happily now we knew that this was not true, and so we had lunch, telling each other that a structure this pretty just had to exist.

With the tension now off, I went to play tennis with Bertrand, telling Francis that later in the afternoon I would write Luria and Delbrück about the double helix. It was also arranged that John Kendrew would call up Maurice to say that he should come out to see what Francis and I had just devised. Neither Francis nor I wanted the task. Earlier in the day the post had brought a note from Maurice to Francis, mentioning

that he was now about to go full steam ahead on DNA and intended to place emphasis on model building.

Maurice needed only a minute's look at the model to like it. He had been forewarned by John that it was a two-chain affair, held together by the A-T and G-C base pairs, and so immediately upon entering our office he studied its detailed features. That it had two, not three, chains did not bother him since he knew the evidence never seemed clear-cut. While Maurice silently stared at the metal object, Francis stood by, sometimes talking very fast about what sort of X-ray diagram the structure should produce, then becoming strangely noiseless when he perceived that Maurice's wish was to look at the double helix, not to receive a lecture in crystallographic theory which he could work out by himself. There was no questioning of the decision to put guanine and thymine in the keto form. Doing otherwise would destroy the base pairs, and he accepted Jerry Donohue's spoken argument as if it were a commonplace.

The unforeseen dividend of having Jerry share an office with Francis, Peter, and me, though obvious to all, was not spoken about. If he had not been with us in Cambridge, I might still have been plumping for a like-with-like structure. Maurice, in a lab devoid of structural chemists, did not have anyone about to tell him that all the textbook pictures were wrong. But for Jerry, only Pauling would have been likely to make the right choice and stick by its consequences.

The next scientific step was to compare seriously the experimental X-ray data with the diffraction pattern predicted by our model. Maurice went back to London, saying that he would soon measure the critical reflections. There was not a hint of bitterness in his voice, and I felt quite relieved. Until the visit I had remained apprehensive that he would look gloomy, being unhappy that we had seized part of the glory that should have gone in full to him and his younger colleagues. But there was no trace of resentment on his face, and in his subdued way he was thoroughly excited that the structure would prove of great benefit to biology.

He was back in London only two days before he rang up to say that both he and Rosy found that their X-ray data strongly supported the double helix. They

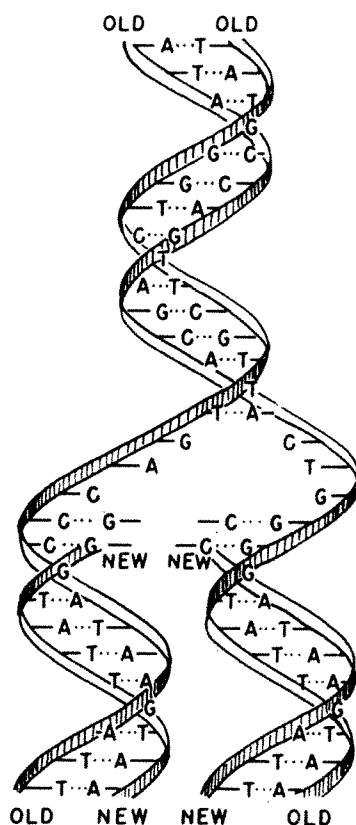
were quickly writing up their results and wanted to publish simultaneously with our announcement of the base pairs. *Nature* was the place for rapid publication, since if both Bragg and Randall strongly supported the manuscripts they might be published within a month of their receipt. However, there would not be only one paper from King's. Rosy and Gosling would report their results separately from Maurice and his collaborators.

Rosy's instant acceptance of our model at first amazed me. I had feared that her sharp, stubborn mind, caught in her self-made antihelical trap, might dig up irrelevant results that would foster uncertainty about the correctness of the double helix. Nonetheless, like almost everyone else, she saw the appeal of the base pairs and accepted the fact that the structure was too pretty not to be true. Moreover, even before she learned of our proposal, the X-ray evidence had been forcing her more than she cared to admit toward a helical structure. The positioning of the backbone on the outside of the molecule was demanded by her evidence, and, given the necessity to hydrogen-bond the bases together, the uniqueness of the A-T and G-C pairs was a fact she saw no reason to argue about.

At the same time, her fierce annoyance with Francis and me collapsed. Initially we were hesitant to discuss the double helix with her, fearing the testiness of our previous encounters. But Francis noticed her changed attitude when he was in London to talk with Maurice about details of the X-ray pictures. Thinking that Rosy wanted nothing to do with him, he spoke largely to Maurice, until he slowly perceived that Rosy wanted his crystallographic advice and was prepared to exchange unconcealed hostility for conversation between equals. With obvious pleasure Rosy showed Francis her data,

and for the first time he was able to see how foolproof was her assertion that the sugar-phosphate backbone was on the outside of the molecule. Her past uncompromising statements on this matter thus reflected first-rate science, not the outpourings of a misguided feminist.

Obviously affecting Rosy's transformation was her appreciation that our past hooting about model building represented a serious approach to science, not the easy resort of slackers who wanted to avoid the hard work necessitated by an honest scientific



The manner envisaged for DNA replication, given the complementary nature of the base sequences in the two chains.

career. It also became apparent to us that Rosy's difficulties with Maurice and Randall were connected with her understandable need for being equal to the people she worked with. Soon after her entry into the King's lab, she had rebelled against its hierarchical character, taking offense because her first-rate crystallographic ability was not given formal recognition.

Two letters from Pasadena that week brought the news that Pauling was still way off base. The first came from Delbrück, saying that Linus had just given a seminar during which he described a modification of his DNA structure. Most uncharacteristically, the manuscript he had sent to Cambridge had been published before his collaborator, R. B. Corey, could accurately measure the interatomic distances. When this was finally done, they found several unacceptable contacts that could not be overcome by minor jiggling. Pauling's model was thus also impossible on straightforward stereochemical grounds. He hoped, however, to save the situation by a modification suggested by his colleague Verner Schomaker. In the revised form the phosphate atoms were twisted 45 degrees, thereby allowing a different group of oxygen atoms to form a hydrogen bond. After Linus' talk, Delbrück told Schomaker he was not convinced that Linus was right, for he had just received my note saying that I had a new idea for the DNA structure.

Delbrück's comments were passed on immediately to Pauling, who quickly wrote off a letter to me. The first part betrayed nervousness — it did not come to the point but conveyed an invitation to participate in a meeting on proteins to which he had decided to add a section on nucleic acids. Then he came out and asked for the details of the beautiful new structure I had written Delbrück about. Reading his letter, I drew a deep breath, for I realized that Delbrück did not know of the complementary double helix at the time of Linus' talk. Instead, he was referring to the like-with-like idea. Fortunately, by the time my letter reached Cal Tech the base pairs had fallen out. If they had not, I would have been in the dreadful position of having to inform Delbrück and Pauling that I had impetuously written of an idea which was only twelve hours old and lived only twenty-four before it was dead.

Todd made his official visit late in the week, coming over from the chemical laboratory with several younger colleagues. Francis' quick verbal tour through the structure and its implications lost none of its zest for having been given several times each day for the past week. The pitch of his excitement was rising each day, and generally, whenever Jerry or I heard the voice of Francis shepherding in some new faces, we left our office until the new converts were let out and some traces of orderly work could resume. Todd was a different matter, for I wanted

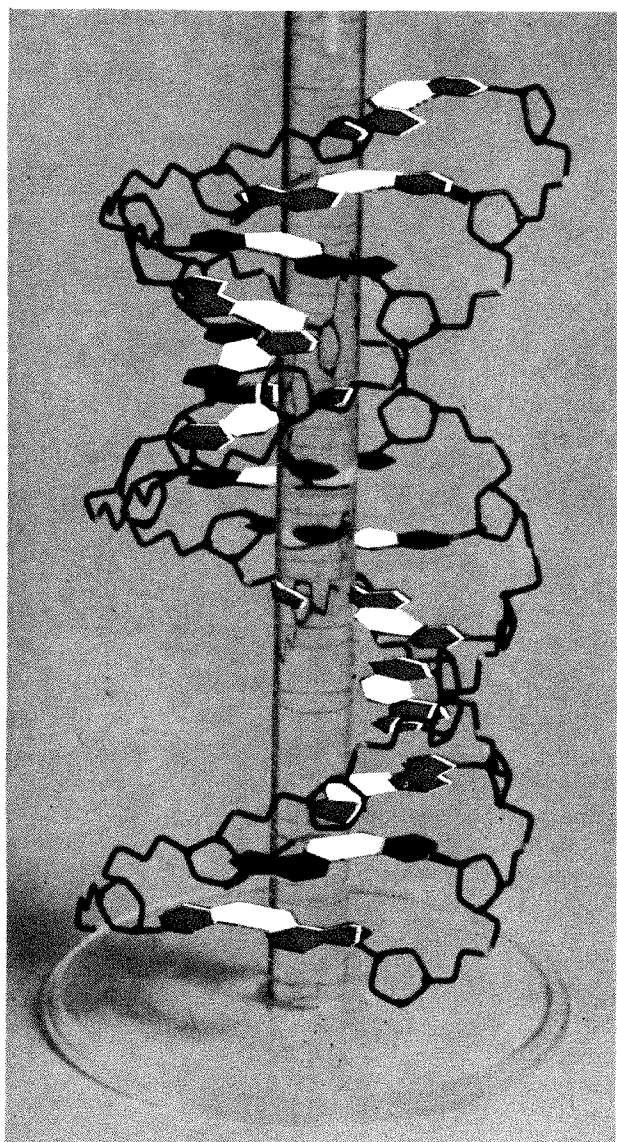
to hear him tell Bragg that we had correctly followed his advice on the chemistry of the sugar-phosphate backbone. Todd also went along with the keto configurations, saying that his organic-chemist friends had drawn enol groups for purely arbitrary reasons. Then he went off, after congratulating me and Francis for our excellent chemical work.

Soon I left Cambridge to spend a week in Paris. A trip to Paris to be with Boris and Harriett Ephrussi had been arranged some weeks earlier. Since the main part of our work seemed finished, I saw no reason to postpone a visit which now had the bonus of letting me be the first to tell Ephrussi's and Lwoff's labs about the double helix. Francis, however, was not happy, telling me that a week was far too long to abandon work of such extreme significance. A call for seriousness, however, was not to my liking, especially when John had just shown Francis and me a letter from Chargaff in which we were mentioned. A postscript asked for information on what his scientific clowns were up to.

Pauling first heard about the double helix from Delbrück. At the bottom of the letter that broke the news of the complementary chains, I had asked that he not tell Linus. I was still slightly afraid something would go wrong and did not want Pauling to think about hydrogen-bonded base pairs until we had a few more days to digest our position. My request, however, was ignored. Delbrück wanted to tell everyone in his lab and knew that within hours the gossip would travel from his lab in biology to their friends working under Linus. Also, Pauling had made him promise to let him know the minute he heard from me. Then there was the even more important consideration that Delbrück hated any form of secrecy in scientific matters and did not want to keep Pauling in suspense any longer.

Pauling's reaction was one of genuine thrill, as was Delbrück's. In almost any other situation Pauling would have fought for the good points of his idea. The overwhelming biological merits of a self-complementary DNA molecule made him effectively concede the race. He did want, however, to see the evidence from King's before he considered the matter a closed book. This he hoped would be possible three weeks hence, when he would come to Brussels for a Solvay meeting on proteins in the second week of April.

That Pauling was in the know came out in a letter from Delbrück arriving just after I returned from Paris on March 18. By then we didn't mind, for the evidence favoring the base pairs was steadily mounting. A key piece of information was picked up at the Institut Pasteur. There I ran into Gerry Wyatt, a Canadian biochemist who knew much about the base ratios of DNA. He had just analyzed the DNA



The Watson-Crick model

from the T2, T4, and T6 group of phages. For the past two years this DNA was said to have the strange property of lacking cytosine, a feature obviously impossible for our model. But Wyatt now said that he, together with Seymour Cohen and Hershey, had evidence that these phages contained a modified type of cytosine called 5-hydroxy-methyl cytosine. Most important, its amount equaled the amount of guanine. This beautifully supported the double helix, since 5-hydroxy-methyl cytosine should hydrogen-bond like cytosine. Also pleasing was the great accuracy of the data, which illustrated better than any previous analytical work the equality of adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine.

While I was away Francis had taken up the structure of the DNA molecule in the A form. Previous work in Maurice's lab had shown that crystalline A-form

DNA fibers increase in length when they take up water and go over into the B form. Francis guessed that the more compact A form was achieved by tilting the base pairs, thereby decreasing the translational distance of a base pair along the fiber axis to about 2.6 Å. He thus set about building a model with tilted bases. Though this proved more difficult to fit together than the more open B structure, a satisfactory A model awaited me upon my return.

In the next week the first drafts of our *Nature* paper got handed out, and two were sent down to London for comments from Maurice and Rosy. They had no real objections except for wanting us to mention that Fraser in their lab had considered hydrogen-bonded bases prior to our work. His schemes, until then unknown to us in detail, always dealt with groups of three bases, hydrogen-bonded in the middle, many of which we now knew to be in the wrong tautomeric forms. Thus his idea did not seem worth resurrecting only to be quickly buried. However, when Maurice sounded upset at our objection, we added the necessary reference. Both Rosy's and Maurice's papers covered roughly the same ground and in each case interpreted their results in terms of the base pairs. For a while Francis wanted to expand our note to write at length about the biological implications. But finally he saw the point to a short remark and composed the sentence: "It has not escaped our notice that the specific pairing we have postulated immediately suggests a possible copying mechanism for the genetic material."

Sir Lawrence was shown the paper in its nearly final form. After suggesting a minor stylistic alteration, he enthusiastically expressed his willingness to post it to *Nature* with a strong covering letter. The solution to the structure was bringing genuine happiness to Bragg. That the result came out of the Cavendish and not Pasadena was obviously a factor. More important was the unexpectedly marvelous nature of the answer, and the fact that the X-ray method he had developed forty years before was at the heart of a profound insight into the nature of life itself.

The final version was ready to be typed on the last weekend of March. Our Cavendish typist was not on hand, and the brief job was given to my sister. There was no problem persuading her to spend a Saturday afternoon this way, for we told her that she was participating in perhaps the most famous event in biology since Darwin's book. Francis and I stood over her as she typed the nine-hundred-word article that began, "We wish to suggest a structure for the salt of deoxyribose nucleic acid (DNA). This structure has novel features which are of considerable biological interest." On Tuesday the manuscript was sent up to Bragg's office and on Wednesday, April 2, went off to the editors of *Nature*.

Linus arrived in Cambridge on Friday night. On

his way to Brussels for the Solvay meeting, he stopped off both to see Peter and to look at the model. Unthinkingly Peter arranged for him to stay at Pop's. Soon we found that he would have preferred a hotel. The presence of foreign girls at breakfast did not compensate for the lack of hot water in his room. Saturday morning Peter brought him into the office, where, after greeting Jerry with Cal Tech news, he set about examining the model. Though he still wanted to see the quantitative measurements of the King's lab, we supported our argument by showing him a copy of Rosy's original B photograph. All the right cards were in our hands, and so, gracefully, he gave his opinion that we had the answer.

Bragg then came in to get Linus so that he could take him and Peter to his house for lunch. That night both Paulings, together with Elizabeth and me, had dinner with the Cricks at Portugal Place. Francis, perhaps because of Linus' presence, was mildly muted and let Linus be charming to my sister and Odile. Though we drank a fair amount of Burgundy, the conversation never got animated, and I felt that Pauling would rather talk to me, clearly an unfinished member of the younger generation, than to Francis. The talk did not last long since Linus, still on California time, was becoming tired, and the party was over at midnight.

Elizabeth and I flew off the following afternoon to Paris, where Peter would join us the next day. Ten days hence she was sailing to the States on her way to Japan to marry an American she had known in college. These were to be our last days together, at least in the carefree spirit that had marked our escape from the Middle West and the American culture it was so easy to be ambivalent about. Monday morning we went over to the Faubourg St. Honoré for our last look at its elegance. There, peering in at a shop full of sleek umbrellas, I realized one should be her wedding present and we quickly had it. Afterward she searched out a friend for tea while I walked back across the Seine to our hotel near the Palais de Luxembourg. Later that night with Peter we would celebrate my birthday. But now I was alone, looking at the long-haired girls near St. Germain des Prés and knowing they were not for me. I was twenty-five and too old to be unusual.

EPILOGUE

Virtually everybody mentioned in this book is alive and intellectually active. Herman Kalckar has come to this country as professor of biochemistry at Harvard Medical School, while John Kendrew and Max Perutz both have remained in Cambridge, where they continue their X-ray work on proteins, for which they received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1962.

Sir Lawrence Bragg retained his enthusiastic interest in protein structure when he moved in 1954 to London to become director of the Royal Institution. Hugh Huxley, after spending several years in London, is back in Cambridge doing work on the mechanism of muscle contraction. Francis Crick, after a year in Brooklyn, returned to Cambridge to work on the nature and operation of the genetic code, a field of which he has been the acknowledged world leader for the past decade. Maurice Wilkins' work remained centered on DNA for some years until he and his collaborators established beyond any doubt that the essential features of the double helix were correct. After then making an important contribution to the structure of ribonucleic acid, he has changed the direction of his research to the organization and operation of nervous systems. Peter Pauling now lives in London, teaching chemistry at University College. His father, recently retired from active teaching at Cal Tech, at present concentrates his scientific activity both on the structure of the atomic nucleus and on theoretical structural chemistry. My sister, after being many years in the Orient, lives with her publisher husband and three children in Washington.

All of these people, should they desire, can indicate events and details they remember differently. But there is one unfortunate exception. In 1958, Rosalind Franklin died at the early age of thirty-seven. Since my initial impressions of her, both scientific and personal, were often wrong, I want to say something here about her achievements. The X-ray work she did at King's is increasingly regarded as superb. The sorting out of the A and B forms, by itself, would have made her reputation; even better was her 1952 demonstration using Patterson superposition methods that the phosphate groups must be on the outside of the DNA molecule. Later, when she moved to Bernal's lab, she took up work on tobacco mosaic virus and quickly extended our qualitative ideas about helical construction into a precise quantitative picture, definitely establishing the essential helical parameters and locating the ribonucleic chain halfway out from the central axis.

Because I was then teaching in the States, I did not see her as often as did Francis, to whom she frequently came for advice or when she had done something very pretty, to be sure he agreed with her reasoning. By then all traces of our early bickering were forgotten, and we both came to appreciate greatly her personal honesty and generosity, realizing years too late the struggles that the intelligent woman faces to be accepted by a scientific world which often regards women as mere diversions from serious thinking. Rosalind's exemplary courage and integrity were apparent to all when, knowing she was mortally ill, she did not complain but continued working on a high level until a few weeks before her death.

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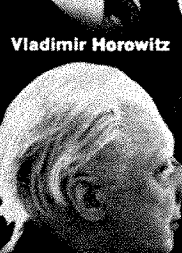
Anna Moffro



Andrés Segovia



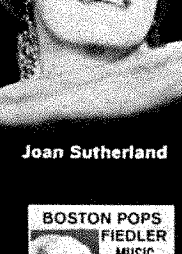
Herbert von Karajan



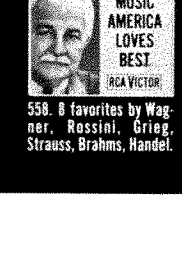
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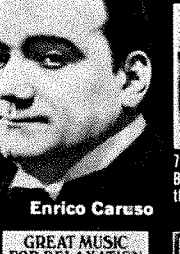
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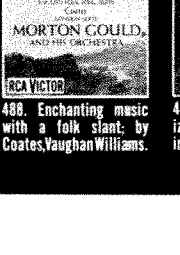
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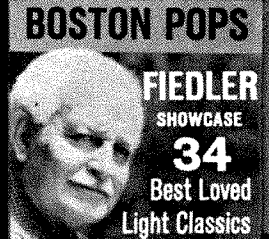
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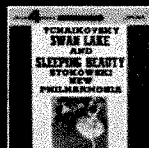
75. Thieving Magpie, William Tell, The Barber of Seville, 4 others.



76. Brilliant cast—Anna Moffo, Risa Stevens, Sergio Franchi.



78. Madame Butterfly, Traviata, Turandot, Marnon Lescaut arias.



41. Stokowski plays excerpts from two favorite Tchaikovsky ballets.



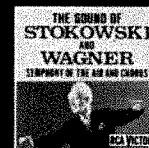
72. Exquisite songs about love, from Spain's popular theater works.



5. America's foremost young pianist in a magnificent performance.



77. Arias from Parsifal, Walkure, Lohengrin; also Wesendonck songs.



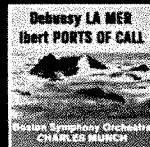
79. Orchestral excerpts from Tannhauser, Tristan, Rheingold, Walkure.



327. Tales From The Vienna Woods, Die Fledermaus Overture, others.



324. Reiner is magnificent in these two favorite Schubert symphonies.



314. Enchanting music of the sea and its colorful ports. Munch, Boston Sym.



73. Like Richter's other Beethoven performances, this is superb.



226. Two superb concert favorites become hifi spectaculars.



215. Gershwin's two most famous symphonic works; Earl Wild is pianist.



*123. Arias from L'Elisir d'Amore, Bohème, Gioconda, etc. (Reg. LP only)



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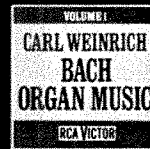
67. Birgit Nilsson in the title role, with Renata Tebaldi, Bjorling, Tozzi.



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395. Bach specialist Weinrich in a varied program of masterworks.



65. Piatigorsky's interpretation of this concerto is justly renowned.



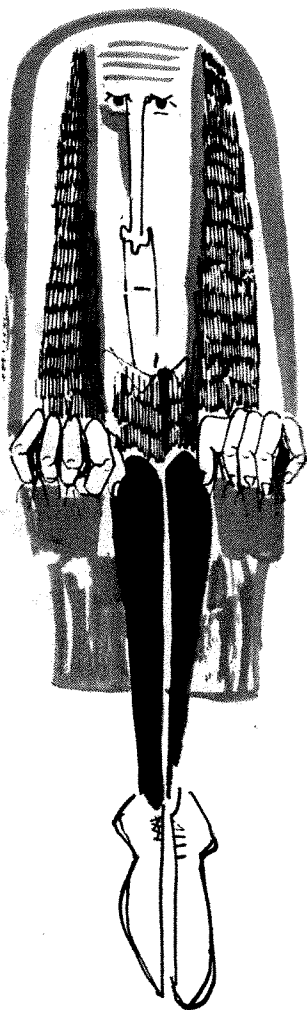
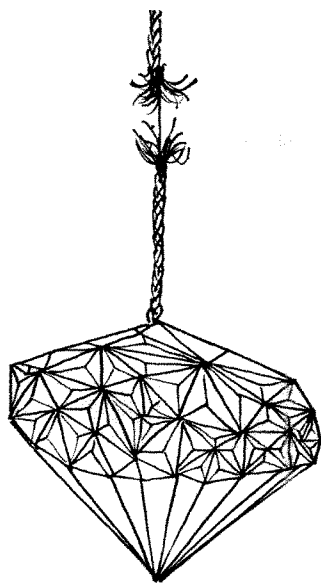
66. Pieces by Frescobaldi, Scarlatti, Ravel, Albeniz, etc. — 10 in all.

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accent

A Plane Flight

by Chaim Raphael



If owning the Hope Diamond, with its supposed tradition of disaster for everyone connected with it, isn't always fun, it is also not always entirely *without* fun, as Mr. Harry Winston, its latest owner, continues to discover. Strictly speaking, Mr. Winston, who bought the diamond in 1949, isn't its latest owner, since he presented it in 1958 to the Smithsonian Institution. But as a legend of the Hope Diamond type attaches itself more readily to an individual than to an institution, Mr. Winston remains the owner for the purpose of popular mythology, as a recent incident seems to indicate.

Everything about Mr. Winston is, of course, legendary, including a visit he made with his wife some time ago to Portugal for talks with President Salazar about concessions for the flow of diamonds from the Portuguese colony of Angola in West Africa. One would like to know how discussions of this kind are conducted. One has perhaps read authentic accounts in Ian Fleming or E. Phillips Oppenheim; but there are subtleties that one would like documented. Are talks about concessions of this magnitude held in great state, with the principals flanked by diplomats and gunmen, and agreements embodied in ancient massive parchment; or do the two men perhaps meet privately for a walk in a walled garden where a word, or a nod, is exchanged, and the course of diamond history flows in a new direction? One would like to have been there. One would like to know. One never will.

What one *is* permitted to know is that the day came when Mr. and Mrs. Winston set out to return to New York. For reasons that will be readily understood by many thousands of parents who have never owned the Hope Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. Winston always fly in separate planes. On this occasion Mrs. Winston was to leave Lisbon on a morning plane, and Mr. Winston in the evening. Mrs. Winston duly left, and as has happened to some people on other occasions, the plane ran into trouble. Smoke was seen coming from one of the engines. The stewardess doubtless told passengers that there was no cause for alarm, and passengers doubtless froze in their seats while a quiet voice from the cockpit told them that they would be making an unscheduled stop in the Azores. As the plane

landed and all proved to be well, the passengers doubtless unfroze with slightly overdone bravado. By the time, an hour later, the airport loudspeaker told them that all was now in order and that they would be taking off in fifteen minutes, the passengers were looking back with a certain pride to their little adventure and were ready to go on, except for one, a well-set-up businessman who had happened to overhear the stewardess address Mrs. Winston by name. In the airport he sought out the stewardess to ask if this was *the* Mrs. Winston, owner of the you-know-what Diamond. Having got his information, he made a rapid decision — to wait for the evening plane, which made a scheduled stop in the Azores.

Fate, as is well known, has a sense of humor; and when the plane from Lisbon that evening, carrying Mr. Winston, landed in the Azores, a well-set-up businessman came aboard and took the vacant seat next to him. Ignoring the fact that Mr. Winston had a novel open on his lap and was clearly trying to read it, the man began, with little delay and enormous self-satisfaction, to tell Mr. Winston about his adventure and its obvious connection with the Hope Diamond. Mr. Winston felt the delicacy of his situation. No one knew better than he the mysterious history of the Hope Diamond. If this man had chosen to embroil himself without need, providence would no doubt see to it that such presumption brought a response; and providence promptly did. As the man droned on, congratulating himself on having outwitted the fates, the stewardess came up to them. "Oh, Mr. Winston," she said, "the captain has had a message for you from Mrs. Winston. The plane got in, in good time. She had a nice journey." Mr. Winston thanked her and turned back to his book. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the man next to him had frozen into absolute rigidity. His hands gripped the arms of the seat and he stared fixedly ahead, his mouth open in terror. He stayed that way until the plane landed in New York; and Mr. Winston greatly enjoyed his novel.

A chapter in the further adventures of the Hope Diamond, as related by a British civil servant (Treasury), whose book THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM will shortly be published by Knopf.

Author to Editor

Extracts from the Letters of a Young Writer

Paul Tyner was a twenty-seven-year-old technical writer for IBM in Poughkeepsie, and a weekend hippie, when he began his first book and the consequent stream of correspondence with his editor. The book, SHOOT IT, will be published in March by Atlantic-Little, Brown. What follows are some of the delights, concerns, and whimsicalities of self-discovery that came in the writing of it.

One of the few books I have read and re-read, perhaps to the point of utter self-destruction, is *The Ginger Man*. Tried to call Donleavy once in New York. Sitting at a bar called Google's just off Washington Square at 3d & Sullivan (oh come on, get on with it) and, yes, tried to call the man, wanted to say Hello there, loved your book, what's new. No luck, probably good thing to keep the heroes at bay until I've made it big, then we'll all have drinks and cashews on me at the Round Table. Wouldn't want them all walking around saying I knew him when he wrote neurotic letters. I for Integrity.

Dreamed that someone poured a jug of DNA in the computer and it crapped out.

Once had a trigonometry teacher in high school, who confided in us that she could not so much as look at the walls and ceiling without being assaulted by theorems.

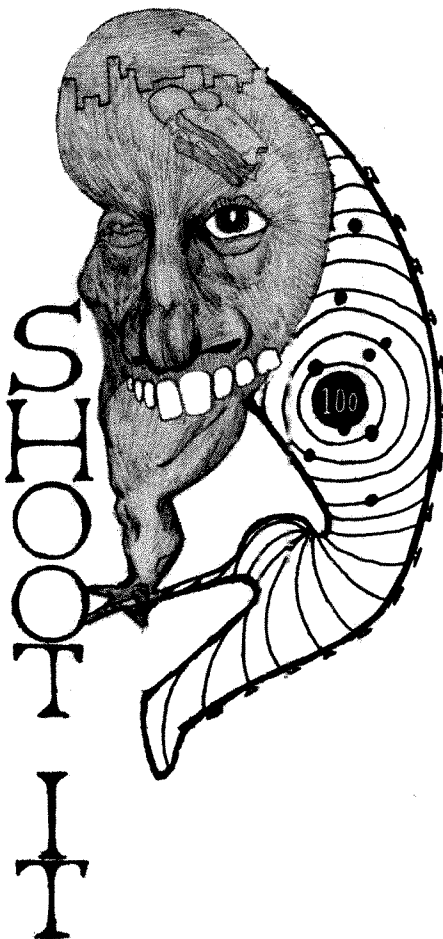
The entire peninsula of Florida is an algae-covered coral. Dead. Bleached-out houses and streets and everywhere the palms. Unkempt telephone poles. Rented a bicycle and toured the area, sniffing for a clue. Astonishing supermarket full of senior citizens who all look stoned out of their minds. Wiggling out on the gherkins.

And on the walls are the Country Corn Flakes and Pepperidge Farm ads which feature old folks, intended of course for the young moderns. The ocean, too, looked as though it might gather its breath for one last piddling little wave and then crap out forever. Writing letters on the sand bars. Also zeros and ones. Dear God: 000101011111100101-0010100011000001, Paul.

Met a mad person last night. An inkeeper, attempted to strike me

in the face. The utter gall. I ducked. By then a hero stopped him. I said, "I feel it is necessary for me to explain to you that I am a lawyer." From then on, free drinks. If only I could always be wearing the appropriate garb. Three piece suit, dark brown herringbone. Let them know you mean business.

Emphasis today is on pictures. Action, not words. Absolutely brutish. The Model 91 processes up to seventeen bizz-buzzes concurrently. If you had one, think of what you could do. For myself, I'd like to



get my novel on tape for easy updating. Feed in a few parameters. PARAM/LAFF-RIOT.

I'm thinking of coming up with my own theory of communication, as the prevalent ones (Shannon et al) are grossly insufficient. They attack communication as being source, sender, receiver, etc., which all seems to be a lot of garbage — communication just *is*; it doesn't *do* anything. There isn't any *action* to describe in such mechanistic terms as linkages, filters, etc. Maybe McLuhan has beat me to it. But he's not talking about communication. He's talking about Milton Berle.

I'm thinking of taking an acid trip Christmas day. Because of Huxley. Because it's there.

Speaking of drivel, I went through my boxes of old stuff I've been typing since I was 20 or so and sorted it all out. Like looking at old fingernail clippings. Three unfinished novels, a musical comedy, tons of terrible short stories, and many many bad poems and fragments of even worse things. Those were the good old days, when I sent the *New Yorker* about two stories a week. I'm sorry, but this just isn't for us. Wanted to crack it so bad I could taste it. Hemingway used to weep when he got his back.

I sent a copy of *CATCHER IN THE RYE* to the boy in Florida. . . . I could barely start it myself, at age 17, but read it through amazed, scared, wondering — "Is this all there is to writing?" I thought I could've dashed it off in a week. Now I know better. It would take me a month.

Heloise and Abelard certainly had their difficulties. . . . I think we can squarely place the blame for Hang-ups of Antiquity on the respective lovers all going steady too early. They should've played the field, and then, later on, when they were *sure*, they could've worked out something more realistic. Love and sorrow, sorrow and love — and what can be said for a love that is without pining, humiliation, and wrench-you-inside-out-and-eat-the-empty-universe hopelessness? This, then, is what we hope future generations will solve. Both of them.

You have to be strong to have a nervous breakdown, and very serious. I'm neither. You have to talk yourself into it for weeks, perhaps months — I can't stay with anything that long. Finally, you have to go ahead and *do it* — no more talking about it and just *thinking* you're crazy, BE THERE.

I like to work. A typesetter told me that one of the greatest pleasures in his job was, at the beginning of the day, seeing all the sand and mortar in a big pile, and seeing all the tile stacked up in a corner, and seeing all the tools laid out in front of him, and knowing that at the end of the day the tools would all be

packed away in the truck and the rest would be in a new floor. Isn't that magnificent? He said it right.

Do you like Frank Gallo's sculpture? Woman in sling chair, for instance. I helped buff the legs of that one. I'm beginning to understand the industry I saw in him, working his ass off, not giving a shit what anybody else was doing. That's the whole bag.

• •

Seriously: during my last reading I was sure that the book was describing *itself*. I was flabbergasted. Does this happen?

• •

There is a man named Albert who has a forty-pound greatcoat and an old hat and a beard and heavy glasses and an automatic shuffle, who walks up and down Main Street all day. He deplores the state of writing today. "I'd much rather read SNOW WHITE," he says, glancing up at the traffic light. . . . I promised him my next work would not be about crime, but would be about a hole growing in the City of Poughkeepsie. He seemed interested. Then we stopped at the Bargain Mart and I went in to get trenchmouth. Albert stayed outside, pressing his cloaca against the glass and moaning, moaning . . .

• •

I took LSD twice, one small dose a week before Christmas and a huge dose Christmas day at noon. The first time was great — easy, relaxed, Relaxo. Christmas day was black, dead, even worse, I am reminded now of Kurz' death in HEART OF DARKNESS because the horror was there as though it had been there all along. . . . Suddenly the secret was out. . . . Scared shitless, just couldn't move or talk for an eternity which I knew would be an eternity. . . . No room at the Out.

• •

Herby is a totally impotent psyche, numbed by the city and his own background, whatever it was. . . . It seems the tightrope I have to walk is somewhat circular, in that no matter how the externals of a situation change, Herby really doesn't. . . . He really doesn't believe the things he does have any effect on himself or his surroundings.

• •

What are all these fractions doing on the keyboard. $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, hello there, and you too, @. Agh.

There's a cry of metaphysical despair. "@," he screamed. "&!" That one seems to be smiling, or trying to. Did you ever notice the little faces in numbers and letters? And the way different people make them. Sometimes a 5 can be sinister. This one is bland. "5," he said, looking sharply at me through his so-what grin.

I sound like I'm scratching myself, yawning and thinking up new high-voltage insights. Saw a review the other day speaking of amperage. Wonder what Eliot Fremont-Smith or the other guy, the one who does the very short reviews, will say. Officially speaking, it's no damn good. Lousy little book. Depressing. Takes the lid off the can of life. Pandora's blocks. Reminiscent of some of Harold Robbins' earlier stuff. Can't imagine why some authors never read reviews. Maybe I will I can see, it might not be very important what a reviewer would say, but the curiosity would kill me. If I had the money I'd hire the reviewer to read his own review to me, suddenly, as I sat in my bay sipping something or other, nothing really sounds good, maybe hot tea.

• •

How about another IN COLD BLOOD? Ronnie has a story for me about a friend of his who was murdered for no apparent reason. Wants to go 60-40 on the profits. He said after his friend was murdered (they were both 13) he didn't give a — — — about the world or anybody in it. Ronnie is delightful, actually of course does give a — — —. Every time he relays me something I "might be able to use sometime" his voice takes on a Shakespearean air and his head tilts back, as if the proscenium were advancing.

As you can tell I'm mustering around for another book, but can't hold still. I suppose I'll just start one sometime and write it fast and dirty and then try to see what I did, that's what happened before.

• •

Newburgh, N. Y. . . . a youth of nineteen or so sidles up to me: "Goin' to the Armory for the driver thing?" I nod and say I don't really know where it is. He's taken the bus down from Kingston and wants to know if Poughkeepsie has any discotheques. Saddened by my reply. He worked in a warehouse and expects to be drafted. The sooner the better. Kingston is dead. The cops

won't let you stand around on the sidewalk. Partly raised in Newburgh, says there are "about a million niggers." Millions like him in all the Kingstons, flipping away their cigarettes into the gutter and shifting their weight, spitting between their teeth to put up a show of getting older, refusing to take it seriously even though you know the credibility is creeping in, working in the warehouse and wondering who'll be at the disco tonight, looking forward to the Army for some reassurance that there are plenty of guys who don't give a damn . . .

• •

. . . what you said in an earlier letter about SHOOT IT saying something different about causation as it really is. Causation is the chance outside of "outside," the acknowledgment that systems are artificial and that man is a part of nature. What really flipped me about probability theory was its basic tenet . . . that a random card from a deck will just as likely be an ace as a deuce. . . . This way of thinking is so commonplace that the power in that statement slips by.

I remember my freshman year, looking at the catalog of courses, thousands of them, and wanting to know it *all*. Studied myself wan in a year and then pretty nearly gave it up. After nineteen years in school I am finally starting to enjoy reading. And strangely, hardly any of it fiction. Used to love reading science fiction, read one a day in high school. Murray Leinster. Theodore Sturgeon. Robert Heinlein. A. E. Van Vogt. Arthur the C. My heroes. Then no one until Donleavy, picked up THE G-MAN one sophomore afternoon because of the title and the cover. Fantastic. From there to Joyce. I could see the influence everyone had told me about but I liked Donleavy better. My literary history . . . Still rather impatient reading fiction. Want it to click right away, or at least get me interested. FROM HERE TO ETERNITY is a great book as far as I'm concerned. Kept wanting it to go on, on.

My God, if I quit working and wrote every morning, I wonder how much would be any good. Of course I write just about every morning to you, but I'm flying in all directions. But on those Saturdays when I was writing SHOOT IT, the pages came at a fantastic clip, I never knew I

had it in me. Not to say they were perfect or anywhere near it, just the idea of ideas coming in from nowhere onto those blank pages. Then reading them over and over, trying to figure out what I did. Using it next time. Great things are happening in me because of seeing something come out in that book.

• •

Someone told me about the "response syndrome" coming from Mother, how we (editorially?) go for response simply because Mummy wanted it. I find it depressing, true or false. I want and need response and will forever—I am love-starved, or, at the other extreme, afraid of closets.

• •

I want to get high, get stoned, anything to forget about the god damned machine I've built or at least contracted around me. Money . . . I can't believe I'll be dead in a few years, it's completely beyond me. But would I be in such a hurry otherwise. I'm in a terrific hurry. Whether it's wallpapering or writing . . . What was a bad trip may have been the best thing that ever happened to me, brought me down into the muck of people trying to screw each other, constantly going for the extra, the backbreaker . . .

• •

I was with Penny, the girl in the poem, and it was ten at night. We were sitting on a blanket when I noticed about thirty yards away two figures idly shifting about. My instinct and my mouth both said Let's get out of here. But I didn't follow up on it, we started talking again. Then they are standing over us, two young spades about 16 years old, one has a stick about the size of a Louisville slugger poised neatly at full topswing, the other apparently is unarmed. Thank God no knife. "Got a dime?" he says. I'm wondering what to do, try and elbow him in the nuts or what, since I'm down, when SOCKO I get the stars and stripes, and Penny screams and the other guy jumps on her and I'm wondering what in the good Christ is going on, socko socko again and I finally moved, got him by the leg and became a maniac for ten seconds. Penny got away, screaming. I'm yelling WHAT IN THE ——— ARE YOU DOING and I remember this kid's face when he saw my head gushing, I think it was the first time he ever saw what he

could do, saw it vividly. I catch up to Penny and she's ready to jump in the water because she doesn't recognize me. Then she does, then we start for the street, yelling our asses for the Fuzz, they were out busting kids for smoking pot, then they came, ten minutes at least. In the meantime, we run into a Puerto Rican gang, about five of them, and I'm really starting to flip, I mean I don't know what I would've done besides bleed to death, but they were friendly after all and wanted to know where the guys were that did it, so I'm pointing and Penny's telling them and off they go. Beautiful. I couldn't have cared less about the ethics of revenge, I would've shot them dead if I'd had a gun.

• •

I get the impresson I am all kinds of different things to different people. Strong, weak, a madman, a tender gentleman, conceited, too

hard on myself, too serious, too frivolous, psychotic, neurotic, heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, asexual. All I can conclude is that I'm here mostly for copy.

• •

I lied to you about taking more acid, I haven't had any and don't want any, either. Just a lot of grass. Also a tranquilizer from time to time just to buff the marble. I'm extremely curious about a drug called dilantin they give to epileptics but someone has shown it has remarkable effects on non-eps as well. Something like eliminating excessive randomness, electrical discharges in the brain like sunspots. Zap! There went one. I'm in the process of sorting out old works, and am wildly alternating from hysteria to simple head-shaking and of course back again. . . . Today my soul brother is William James. . . . I'm not violent but I can bring down all the dark choppy skies.

The Shookjong Shakes

Singapore is just emerging from a 12-day epidemic of fear.

It flashed through the Republic when it was rumoured that meat from pigs vaccinated against swine fever was spreading "Koro," a marked retraction of the penis which Chinese believe will vanish completely into the abdomen if unchecked, killing the victim.

All over the island desperate men, beset by a sudden shrinking feeling, have abruptly exposed and seized their retiring natures, and then held them captive with chopsticks, a loop of wire, a bit of string or their bare hands while anxious bystanders have run for the doctor or dialled 999. At least 600 sufferers have hurried to hospitals and private clinics.

"Koro" was first mentioned in traditional Chinese medical treatises 3,000 years ago and has passed down in warning tones from generation to generation ever since. Senior medical experts here call it the "cultural disease," since it is an inbuilt Chinese phobia. But it has also been found among Malaysian peoples and Sudanese, and both Indians and Malays have been among its victims this week.

Known as "shookjong" by the local Chinese, "Koro" seems to come from the Malay for tortoise and has no scientific Latin name. Western medicine regards it as a purely psychological affliction, an hysterical condition producing a real or imagined contraction of the male organ. But since anxiety can cause this shrinking, and the shrinking in turn causes anxiety, Singapore has been caught on a rising spiral of alarm.

Chinese healers have been curing cases with massage and herbal medicines (in one instance a mixture of pepper and brandy, half to be drunk, half to be rubbed into the affected part). Western-trained doctors have mainly talked the patient out of his panic. . . .

Two successful press conferences by the Ministry of Culture have now cut the flow of "Koro" cases to a trickle. But although the people of Singapore were told that the shrinkage was a harmless phenomenon and that pig vaccine and pork had nothing to do with it, many still clung to their old-fashioned fallacies. Slaughtering in the abattoirs fell from about 1,300 pigs a day to 100. The pig trade is now very slowly reviving.

— From the LONDON OBSERVER

places

The Inter-American Highway

by Ellis Briggs

From the Panama Canal to the southern border of Mexico, the Inter-American Highway stretches 1600 miles, through some of the most spectacular scenery in the Western Hemisphere. Since 1930 the American government has underwritten the major cost of this six-nation thoroughfare — an investment approaching \$250 million, or nearly three quarters of the original cost of the Panama Canal. Now transitable for its entire length (the Mexican section of 1500 additional miles was finished several years ago), the Inter-American Highway ought to beckon to American automobile travelers from every state in the Union.

The six governments — those of Panama and the five Central American republics — are all on record as endorsing *turismo*. "Drive to sunny Salvador," they proclaim, "land of eternal spring." Or Nicaragua, or Honduras, or Guatemala, as the case may be. Captivating brochures are distributed throughout the United States, and the six Isthmian ambassadors will desert Washington at the drop of an invitation, to extol before chambers of commerce from Boston to San Francisco the attractions of their respective countries.

The targets of this amiable propaganda are the American people, a nation of nomads, who each year drive millions of miles and spend millions of dollars searching insatiably for new motels to admire, new horizons to conquer, but they are not admiring the horizons of Central America, even though the Inter-American Highway is now in good condition — barring the southern half of the Costa Rican section, which remains to be hard-surfaced.

It is not that the inhabitants are churlish or unfriendly. Far from it — most of them are hospitable and cheerful. Nor are their facilities inadequate: hotels in most capitals are comfortable, and overnight accommodations are improving elsewhere. Gasoline is readily available. Prices are not exorbitant.

How is it then that the highway, insofar as international traffic goes, is almost deserted? For miles in either direction the road is left to burros, oxcarts, and barefoot participants in weddings in the next village. A local bus or an overloaded truck is seen now and then. But there is practically no international travel.

The answer is Central American bureaucracy, a bureaucracy of such stultifying and paralyzing torpor that it is almost as if the Great Wall of China had been dropped in chunks across the frontier crossings, sealing off each country from the next one.

The American Automobile Association reaches the heart of the matter when it grumbles, "Border crossings present a problem. . . ." They do indeed. And American automobile owners are unwilling to put up with the delays, harassments, restrictions, and bureaucratic lunacies practiced by the frontier guardians of Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala.

Counting entry into Panama as the first hurdle, the Inter-American Highway involves thirteen separate border crossings, all of them vexatious and most of them preposterous. To bring an automobile into Panama, arriving by vessel and proposing to depart ten days later via the land frontier with Costa Rica, the owner of the car can be involved in from four to seven days of painful and repetitious negotiations, in as many separate Panamanian government offices as there are copies of the ship's bill of lading, an archaic document that has done as much to retard international *turismo* as the inspector's glue pot or the impression seal.

After one is admitted as a tourist, the business of obtaining permission to depart from a country and to enter the next involves from six to ten separate operations, effected by as many different inspectors and agencies. These may include a special office in the capital, miles away from the border itself, where an exit permit must be obtained in advance of departure. That document is then displayed at the border to representatives of emigration, police, and customs of the country through which one has just traveled. Fifty yards and two flagpoles farther on, a new set of inspectors in a different set of uniforms from the next country is encountered.

Nor is this Central American scrutiny of the stranger either casual or *pro forma*. It is accomplished with dignity and persistence, and at a snail's pace. It frequently involves copying, in longhand or on a rachitic typewriter, much of the data appearing on the visitor's passport, which is thereby lengthened further by



notations under the heading *salida* or *entrada*, as the case may be.

The automobile and its contents are then inspected, along with the owner's registration and driving permit, and much of this information is again laboriously transferred to official documentation. Furthermore, the requirements vary from country to country: Nicaragua, for no ascertainable reason, demands five photographs — possibly they send one to J. Edgar Hoover.

Again, Central American border stations are not permanently open for business, or else they are not simultaneously or concurrently open. The far one is likely to close for luncheon, or a siesta, or because in that country it is a local saint's day, while the traveler next door is still negotiating his exit. In such cases special arrangements can often be made, for a modest additional fee, but involving a further delay.

Of the twelve border stations between Panama and Mexico, all but two (at the Nicaragua-Honduras mountain frontier) are inland and at sea level, and hence among the hottest places in the hemisphere. An automobile joining a line of stalled trucks and buses awaiting inspection quickly becomes an inferno of metal too hot for the ungloved hand to touch.

In order to clear one border and to enter the next requires, on the average, ninety minutes, even with special accreditation accelerating passage. Without that, the delays could extend toward infinity, and probably would. When all of this has finally been accomplished, there is often an additional check, this time by the military of the new country, several miles beyond the border crossing itself. The military require a further stop, further scrutiny of credentials, and a further delay.

There are other obstacles to care-free travel on the Inter-American Highway. Six different currencies are used between the Panama Canal and Mexico. For 1596 miles of highway, that works out to one new country — and a new currency — every 266 miles. Because it is impossible for a traveler to calculate exactly what his cash requirements in a given country may be, he usually has from ten to several hundred dollars' worth of balboas, colones, cordobas, lempiras, quetzals, or pesos left over. With no exchange

facilities at any one of the twelve frontiers, the traveler is often stuck with this currency, which may be rejected within the new borders.

Although the five Central American countries have a customs union (and Panama is an applicant for membership), their skepticism about one another's products remains. Lines of stalled trucks carrying goods awaiting inspection add to border congestion. And if the automobile traveler is so unfortunate as to reach a frontier just behind a busload of local families, complete with children, babies, furniture, live chickens, and household possessions, his woe is compounded.

Another source of harassment is automobile insurance for the Inter-American Highway. This protection is essential for the foreign traveler since otherwise, following an accident, the alien driver is likely to be remanded to jail, there to await the outcome of litigation and the final assessment of damages. But American policies are not recognized in Central America, and Panama—Central American coverage, which in turn is not valid in Mexico, is issued for a full year only, although the insured traveler will usually spend not over two or three months crossing the six countries, and if he is in a hurry, he can accomplish the journey in even a week or ten days. The issuing office will eventually redeem the unused portion, heavily discounted.

Travel by automobile in Central America is thus geared not to the twentieth century but to the days of the oxcart. If passengers by air were subjected to a fraction of the treatment accorded automobile drivers, not a dozen a week would survive to record their impressions. Until the handling of automobile tourists is comparably modernized, it is futile for Central America to advertise the Inter-American Highway; international travelers will simply decline to use it.

The steps that ought to be taken are uncomplicated, and they should be painless to the host countries. The visa requirement should be abolished. The possession of a valid passport, or a readily obtainable tourist card, should suffice to identify the American traveler.

The automobile itself should be covered by a document like the one in use in Europe — a carnet issued by a responsible central authority,

the American Automobile Association, for instance. With as many pages as there are frontiers to be crossed, and with each page completed in advance with the specifications of the automobile, one page could be detached at each border and retained by the authorities.

If Central America insists on maintaining the present fly-scourged border posts, to each should be added a special window, reserved for international automobile travelers. And until such time as the common market is buttressed by a common currency, valid in all six jurisdictions, each border station should include an official exchange office, where spare cordobas can be swapped for balboas, without the tourist being swindled.

The exit permit serves no useful purpose, nor does the submission of photographs, and it would not cost the Good Neighbors an extortionate amount (which they could borrow from the United States anyway) to air-condition their frontier premises.

The steamship companies could cooperate by terminating the practice of charging upwards of 75 percent of round-trip transportation for one-way automobile fare, thus encouraging travelers to go one way by sea, instead of driving twice over the same 3000 miles between the Canal Zone and Texas. While the shipping companies are at it, a baggage check should be substituted for the automobile bill of lading, the way the Canadians handle shipments between Maine and Nova Scotia. Any paper as complex as a bill of lading is an irresistible temptation to bureaucracy.

The American Society of Travel Agents could help the reliable AAA toward simplifying arrangements.

Last, the Department of State in Washington, which for more than a generation has supported the efforts of the Bureau of Public Roads to obtain funds to build the Inter-American Highway, would not only give border simplification its blessing, but instruct American ambassadors in the six Isthmian capitals to collaborate in measures to make such a program effective.

Notwithstanding identity of language, religion, colonial heritage, and bureaucratic nonsense in dealing with tourists-by-automobile, the six countries in other particulars show wide and fascinating divergencies.

Bisected by the Canal Zone, Panama is easily the most Americanized of the six nations. More English is spoken in Panama than in Central America, distances are counted in miles instead of kilometers, American hotels enliven the capital, and familiar billboards plaster Panama City ("Ponga un tigre en su tanque!").

Four hundred miles of trackless tropical jungle lie between South America and the Canal, so the Inter-American Highway now starts at Panama City, continuing for 300 miles to the Costa Rican border. (In South America, the international route is called the Pan-American, instead of the Inter-American, Highway.) The route skirts the Pacific littoral, through farming and cattle country, with the ocean on the left and the spine of the continental divide on the east and north. Inland from the town of David, 30 miles from the Costa Rican border, a good road leads off the highway and into the blue-green hills, to one of the most attractive retreats — the village of Boquete, nearly 4000 feet above sea level. Boquete, rather than David, is the place to spend the first night out of Panama City.

There is a catch, however, in Panamanian *turismo*. Ever since Nasser stole the Suez Canal in 1956, the Panamanian politicians have been obsessed by larcenous thoughts, which often take the form of anti-American agitation. To the extent that the American government temporizes, turns the other cheek, or otherwise abets the misbehavior of the local politicians, their prestige is enhanced, and the attraction of Panama for American visitors will be correspondingly reduced.

In Costa Rica the Inter-American Highway is divided into two sections: from the Panama border to Cartago, more than 200 unpaved miles, including an impressive crossing of the continental divide at more than 11,000 feet above the Caribbean and the Pacific, with both oceans visible; and from Cartago via nearby San José to Nicaragua, another 200 paved miles, where lack of maintenance has allowed the surface to deteriorate into potholes and rubble.

Long regarded as the pearl of Caribbean democracy, Costa Rica has dunked its treasures too often in the vinegar of the welfare state. It is today a country of poor whites, perched beside its volcanoes and

babbling of deficit spending. Their roads are the worst between Texas and the Darién jungle.

Costa Rica shares with its Central American neighbors standard traffic signs reading, "*No deje piedras en el camino*," which may be translated, "Don't leave stones on the highway." That refers to the custom of overloading trucks, which often break down on the steep mountain grades; the disabled vehicle is saved from rolling backward by a large rock, manhandled from the ditch into position behind a rear wheel. Ten days and a new transmission later the *camión* is repaired, once again overloaded, and then driven away from the rock, which remains on the right-of-way, an exceptionally hazardous obstacle to automobile navigation. Elsewhere than in Costa Rica the stone is shoved off the road before the truck departs, but no Costa Rican has been known to move one.

Nicaragua is a cheerful place, full of Indians, mestizos, mulattoes, and whites — tough *hombres* with get-up-and-go, who keep their highways in excellent condition, including the famous Rama road toward the Caribbean, built by the United States as a consolation prize from President Franklin Roosevelt to President Somoza for not digging a new isthmian canal across Nicaraguan territory.

Along with its prosperous economy and fine highways, Nicaragua has an unattractive capital on the sizzling margin of Lake Managua, with one of the worst hotels in Latin America. The prudent visitor does well to exchange Managua for the flowers and forests above Matagalpa, where the climate is caressing and the scenery something to remember. That was once the country of the United States Marines, where four decades ago they chased the bandit Sandino, while anti-interventionist orators enlivened successive Pan-American meetings by denouncing American imperialism. But in the flower-bedecked uplands of Nicaragua the marines are remembered with affection: order was restored, crops were not only planted but harvested, and the survivors of Saturday nights in Jinotega still refer with pride to the durability of those spirited fiestas.

Next door, Honduras is one of the most unsophisticated of countries, and one of the most attractive. The

ancient capital of Tegucigalpa is seventy miles off the Inter-American Highway, but now connected with it by a fine and scenic road. The bells of the Tegucigalpa Cathedral are the loudest between there and Saint Peter's in Rome, and since the hotel nestles beside the church, few Tegucigalpa tourists sleep beyond 5 A.M., when the first bong knocks plaster off the green and white presidential palace half a mile down the valley.

Honduras, where the terrain is excessively rugged, also boasts a fine if informal air service. Its center is San Pedro Sula, second metropolis of the country, and the thriving international airport is soon to be connected with Tegucigalpa by a highway underwritten by the World Bank. Honduras is a coming country.

Tiny El Salvador, the only country without a Caribbean coastline, boasts the most beautiful capital in Central America, along with a small but cosmopolitan elite, good hotels, gracious living, and an economy precariously tied to exceptionally fragrant coffee.

Beyond Salvador lies Mayan Guatemala, where *turismo* — by air, not automobile — is already well established. Stupendous volcanoes poke up from the fertile plateau. Reconstructed Antigua, bowing to its viceregal past, does well with modern amenities. Lake Atitlán, home of the vanishing giant grebe, must be seen to be believed. And over the eastern Guatemalan hills, deep in the rain forest, lie the fabulous temples of Tikal, which a decade hence may rival the Sphinx and the Pyramids as tourist attractions.

Thus Central America already has pleasures to set against its tedious border procedures. The Inter-American Highway does not, of course, have to be traveled north from the Canal Zone, although once the frontiers are tidied up, that is probably the preferred way to cover the route, with the sun always at one's back. The highway is also accessible via Mexico to Guatemala, with two paved roads leading south from the isthmus and city of Tehuantepec. From Texas to Guatemala is 1500 miles; add another 500 from California via Tijuana.

For those who prefer to drive northbound, freight but not passenger service exists from New York and gulf ports to Puerto Limón, which is the port for San José in

Costa Rica, avoiding Panama and the unpaved, rock-strewn stretch from the Panama border to the Costa Rican capital; to La Ceiba and Tela, Honduras, in the heart of the banana empire, whence a passable road leads to Tegucigalpa; and to Puerto Barrios in Guatemala, whence a paved highway leads to Guatemala City.

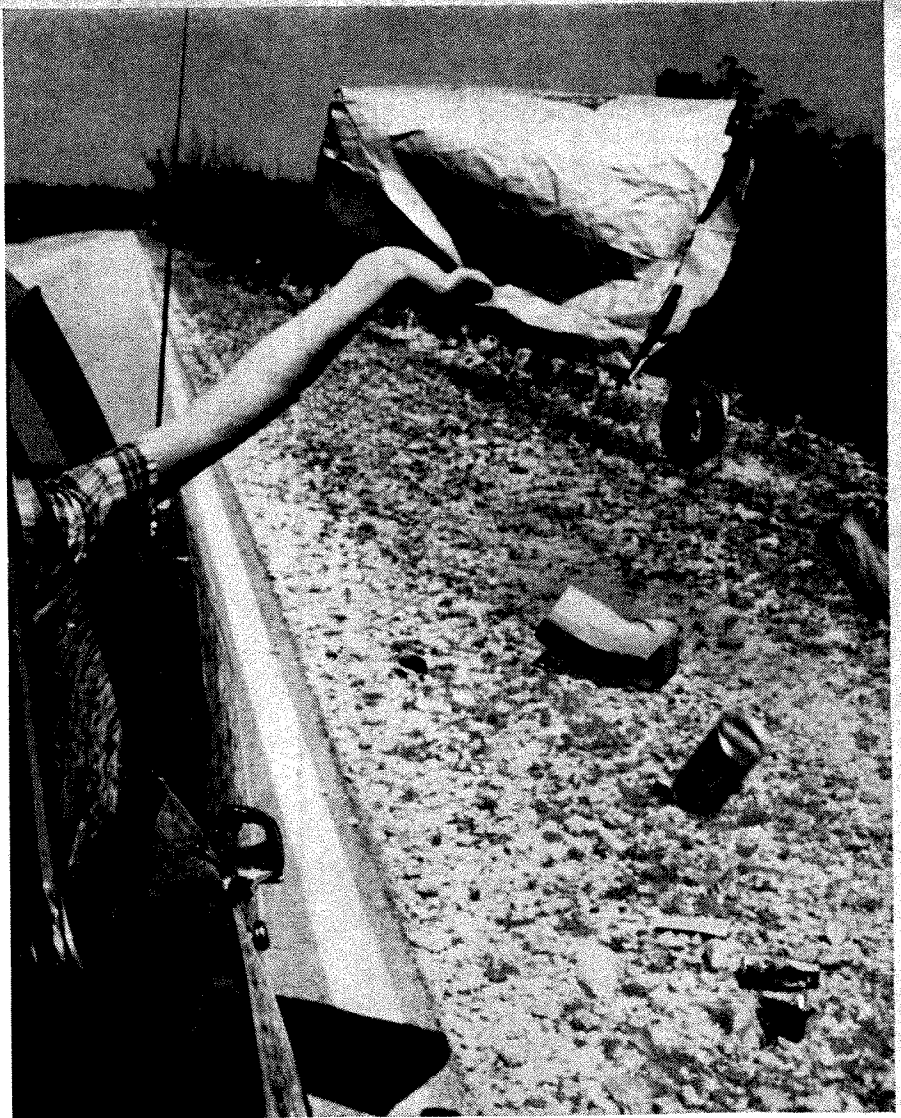
It is feasible today to ship an automobile to any of these four Caribbean ports, and for the owner to join his car on the dock, having himself flown from the United States via the capital city concerned. Getting there may not be half the fun — as transatlantic advertisements used to proclaim — but getting the car out of the clutches of the *aduaneros* and off the Central American pier may turn out to be the most arduous part of the trip. The Inter-American Highway, a link in the long route dreamed of a century and a half ago by Bolívar, could thereupon become an artery of international travel and goodwill — a turnpike worthy of the imagination and statesmanship mobilized for its construction.

Notwithstanding, Nevertheless by Melville Cane

Lady that I've taken to
(Why? — I can't awaken to),
How you hold my fond attention
Circumvents my comprehension.
I might mention, what you give
Out is largely negative.
Yet, you start a tender current
I'd be missing if it weren't.
I can only dimly guess
You've a something, nevertheless,
Yes, a downright nevertheless.

Lady, I'm as flatly baffled
As a whale upon a scaffold.
You are pitifully plain,
Your ensemble's unattractive,
Your apology-for-brain
Is congenitally inactive;
Though you lack and though I miss
All the charms I'm most demanding,
Still you compensate with this:
You've a potent notwithstanding,
Yes, a yet and notwithstanding.

Hear a victim in distress,
Nevertheless and notwithstanding;
Heal a fever that's expanding
Notwithstanding, nevertheless.



Is this any way to treat your highways?

Keep your home beautiful—Keep America beautiful!

You use America's highways to get to work on weekdays — for travel and pleasure on weekends and vacations. You spend a lot of time driving along them—they're part of your home. Why litter your home? Why litter **your** America? Litter is ugly and unhealthy and dangerous. Cleaning it up costs millions in taxes you help pay. Every litter bit hurts you.

Litter doesn't throw itself away; litter doesn't just happen. People cause it—and only people can prevent it. "People" means you. **Keep America Beautiful.**



music

Passion From Poland

by Herbert Kupferberg



The trouble with avant-garde composers, as more than one observer has pointed out, is that they seem to write mostly for other avant-garde composers. Within this framework they manage to achieve successes and failures, and to set off some spirited controversies among the initiated. But they remain cut off from the broad mass of the musical public, which either totally ignores their works or walks out when they are confronted with them, as happened a few years ago when Leonard Bernstein undertook an avant-garde series before the regular subscription audiences of the New York Philharmonic.

Now, however, a breakthrough has been achieved by a thirty-four-year-old avant-garde composer from Poland named Krzysztof Penderecki. His *Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to St. Luke* is a work that employs a great many avant-garde techniques—in fact, it is almost an anthology of them—and yet it manages to communicate emotion and meaning with great individuality. Penderecki's eighty-minute *Passion*, which was commissioned by the West German Radio to mark the seven-hundredth anniversary of Münster Cathedral, created a sensation at its world premiere on March 30, 1966, and has since repeated its success throughout Europe and at its American premiere last fall in Minneapolis. It has also appeared simultaneously on two American recordings, from Philips (PHS-2-901, stereo: two records) and from RCA Victor (VICS-6015, stereo: two records). Other music by Penderecki is being programmed by American orchestras this year, including his searing *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima*, his most-talked-about work prior to the *St. Luke Passion*.

Penderecki will spend the 1968-1969 season in the United States as composer in residence with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra at the invitation of its conductor, Lukas Foss. He came here for the first time late last year to attend performances of the *St. Luke Passion* in Minneapolis and, as he thought, New York. Unfortunately, a few days before the eagerly awaited Carnegie Hall premiere Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, the Polish-born conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, was suddenly hospitalized with a detached retina, and the

concert had to be postponed, until, hopefully, this spring.

Penderecki seemed perfectly tranquil about the cancellation as we sat and talked, with the help of an interpreter, in his Manhattan hotel room on the night the concert was to have been held. He is a medium-sized, trim young man, with a small beard and intense dark eyes behind black-rimmed eyeglasses. Whatever other avant-garde composers may be wearing these days, Penderecki was neatly clad in a white shirt, striped tie, blue blazer, and gray trousers.

The next morning he was flying to Essen, Germany, where he teaches composition, and as he spoke about his works in progress he seemed almost impatient to apply his novel techniques to all sorts of traditional musical forms. His new *Dies Irae*, dedicated to the victims of Auschwitz, is being prepared by Philips for release on records soon; he is currently working on an Orthodox Church Mass to be written in Old Church Slavonic, the ancient Russian liturgical language; and he is planning an opera on John Whiting's hallucinatory play *The Devils*, based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*, which ought to make a fine subject for his highly original and exploratory techniques.

Penderecki takes his role as a prophet of the avant-garde seriously; he said he had deliberately set out "to enlarge the scale of sounds and to create new sounds" by developing such devices as new types of vibrato for stringed instruments, and even getting percussive effects from violins. Some require new kinds of musical notations, which Penderecki has not been slow to invent.

But he pointed out that in many of his works traditional techniques exist side by side with the innovations, and he almost raised his right hand as he solemnly subscribed to the ancient aphorism that there really are two basic kinds of music—good and bad. He did wish, however, that American audiences were more receptive to avant-garde compositions. He had heard some fine music here, he said, citing specifically works by Elliott Carter, Lukas Foss, and several products of the Columbia University electronic music laboratory, but he had been disappointed to find so little avant-garde music programmed by American conductors. "The public in Europe is much more prepared,"

he said. "Contemporary music is played on the radio and on television, and there are festivals devoted to it, such as the Warsaw Festival."

Penderecki, who was born in the small town of Debica near Cracow and has vivid boyhood memories of the Nazi conquest, said he had no easy explanation of Poland's post-war cultural renaissance. "The question of the political regime has nothing to do with it," he insisted. "Over the centuries every nation seems to have its turn in art: Holland, Italy, France. Perhaps now it is our chance."

A practicing Roman Catholic, Penderecki is well aware of the outpouring of religious music which has become one of the most striking phenomena of the current musical scene, as represented, for example, in the recent but widely different *War Requiems* of Benjamin Britten and Dimitri Kabalevsky. "It is a reaction to the world we see, the world of science and rockets," he said. "It is an escape; people are seeking some deeper human feeling. My own *St. Luke Passion* is not altogether a religious work, you know. It is also symbolic and humanitarian."

"Why did you choose St. Luke instead of one of the other gospels?" I asked. "Why not St. Matthew or St. John?"

Penderecki smiled. "In my view, St. Luke is the most beautiful of all the texts," he said. "Besides, those others had already been set to music by a not-bad composer."

In its broad structure, Penderecki's *Passion* is strikingly similar to those of Johann Sebastian Bach, with its use of an Evangelist narrator (though he speaks rather than sings his lines), its mighty choruses, and its expressive setting for baritone of the words of Jesus. It also pays the homage of using, as many composers through the ages have, the notes B-A-C-H (equivalent to B flat, A, C, and B natural) as a basic melodic and harmonic element.

But Penderecki's individuality is apparent from the very first note, an anguished, twisted cry of "*Crux!*" ("cross") which is wrung from the massed choruses. As the work progresses one becomes aware of some of the avant-garde techniques that help give the music its impact and immediacy: twelve-tone rows, jagged melodies, quarter-tones, and great

tone clusters, which are the kind of sounds you can produce on a piano by smiting the keyboard with the forearm or elbow. Yet dozens of other composers have employed similar devices without producing a like effect. Part of the reason for Penderecki's success is that he has shrewdly combined his advanced approach with some thoroughly traditional modes and methods. Dissonances often resolve in traditional cadences; a *Stabat Mater* section for unaccompanied voices is strikingly reminiscent of medieval plainsong; suggestions of Slavic folk melodies are present; one of the most moving and deeply human moments of all occurs when Jesus intones the words "*Deus meus, Deus meus*" in a rocking musical pattern whose very simplicity carries a poignancy of its own.

Above all, it is the choruses in the *Passion According to St. Luke* which establish the power and individuality of the work. Penderecki dispenses with Bach-style chorales; instead his contemplative passages are drawn from the psalms, the Roman breviary, and the missal. His chorus plays a vital part in the drama, spitting out words and syllables with such precision and intensity that one receives almost a three-dimensional sound picture of a surging, seething crowd mocking Christ on the road to Calvary. Seldom has the eternal mob been depicted in music so vividly and frighteningly.

Both the Philips and RCA Victor recordings are of first quality; indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them because they were made with almost identical performers — Stefania Woytowicz, soprano; Andrzej Hiolski, baritone; Bernard Ladysz, bass; and Henry Czyz, conductor. But there is one difference: the Philips set emanates from Poland, with the Cracow Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, while the RCA is from Germany, with the Cologne Radio Symphony and Chorus. Furthermore, the Evangelist in the Polish set, Leszek Herdegen, speaks a Latin which seems more authentic, or at least less localized, than the Teutonic-flavored accents of the German speaker, Rudolf Jürgen Bartsch. This last is a small point, but a decisive one, and if I had any doubts, they were dispelled when Penderecki said he preferred the Cracow recording for the same reason.

The Philips album has one other

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advantage: it also includes Penderecki's *To the Victims of Hiroshima*, a threnody for fifty-two string instruments. This nine-minute work, which is several years older than the *St. Luke Passion*, is even more startling in its avant-gardism. Scored for twenty-four violins, ten violas, ten cellos, and eight basses, it almost gives the impression of every string player for himself with its vast range of seemingly disjointed sounds and its extraordinary percussive and sliding effects. Penderecki stretches sound to its uttermost limits, particularly in the upper registers; he has his violinists play behind the bridge, saw and rub their bows across the strings, and even strike them against their chairs. The piece, which observes its own structural rules, has the effect of a lacerating lament.

Some European critics have contended that the *St. Luke Passion*, with its admixture of conservative elements, actually marks a regression from the uncompromisingly modern *Hiroshima* threnody. Others complain that *To the Victims of Hiroshima* depends for its impact upon its title. Take away the name of the city, they argue, and the piece would seem a meaningless exercise in sound, although it always will remain possible to thrill to the drama of Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture without knowing who Egmont was.

To all such criticisms Penderecki remains outwardly serene and untroubled. If he knows how to select apt titles for his compositions, or, putting it another way, how to find inspiration in topicality, surely he is no less a modernist for that. As for regressing or progressing, he intends to go his own way, however others may characterize it. "I am not copying anything or anybody," he said. "And I am not the same composer today I was three years ago. I feel I am more individual, that I am developing my own musical language. I am more in the avant-garde than ever."

Record Reviews

Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor; Partita No. 5 in G Major; Partita No. 6 in E Minor
Alexis Weissenberg, pianist; Angel S-36437 (stereo)

The Bulgarian-born, American-educated Weissenberg likes to play

Bach on the piano rather than the harpsichord, and on this record, at least, the results are intriguing. The opening phrase of the *Chromatic Fantasy*, which seems an entity in itself and yet creates a sense of suspense for what is to follow, sets a standard of interest that seldom lessens. Purists very likely will continue to insist on the harpsichord in this music, but Weissenberg makes out a good case for the piano as at least occasional variant.

Mozart: Don Giovanni

Karl Böhm conducting Prague National Theater Orchestra, with Dietrich Fischer Dieskau and Alfred Mariotti, baritones; Ezio Flagello and Martti Talvela, basses; Peter Schreier, tenor; Birgit Nilsson, Martina Arroyo, and Renée Grist, sopranos; Deutsche Grammophon 139260/63 (stereo): four records

Despite several strong individual performances, this set is a major disappointment. Most of all it lacks *Don Giovanni*; Dietrich Fischer Dieskau, in his second try at recording the complete role, still seems uncomfortable. His "Champagne" Aria, to cite one instance, is little more than a succession of barks. Birgit Nilsson's Mozart has always been less impressive than her Wagner. Best of all are Ezio Flagello's Leporello, richly sung if not exactly bubbling with comedy, and Martti Talvela's strong Commendatore. Against so uneven a cast, Karl Böhm's clean and judicious conducting and the always excellent DGG sound fail to achieve their fullest effect.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 13: Babi Yar; Humor; At the Store; Fears; A Career

Kiril Kondrashin conducting Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra and Male Chorus with Vitaly Gromadsky, bass; Everest 3181 (stereo)

This is a "pirated" recording — that is, one made from a private tape without authorization and released over the protests of Soviet recording authorities. But its contents are of extraordinary interest, for Shostakovich's Symphony No. 13 has been banned from further performance in Soviet Russia, presumably because it includes a setting of the poem "Babi Yar" along with other works by Yevgeny Yevtushenko. "Babi Yar" set to music is a moving, deeply felt piece expressing an ineffable sadness over the death of

thousands of Jews at the infamous ravine; it helps make the Symphony No. 13 a major work by Shostakovich. The sound of the recording, while adequate enough to establish the beauty of the music, is really less than the work deserves. It's to be hoped that one day an authorized and richer-sounding version will be permitted to appear.

Gottschalk: Piano Music

Amiram Rigai, pianist; Decca DL-710143 (stereo)

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, who lived from 1829 to 1869, was one of the first American pianists and also one of the first American composers. His music was both virtuosic and patriotic, much of it being flavored with Negro, Creole, and Spanish-American folk tunes, reflected in titles like "The Banjo," "Souvenir de Porto Rico," and "Minuit à Séville." It's great fun to hear, with the pleasure of recognizing familiar tunes adding a further zest. Amiram Rigai, an Israeli-American pianist, breezes through this music a bit percussively at times, but with plentiful spirit and sparkle.

The Anthology of Indian Music, Vol. I

Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan, S. Balachander, and others; World Pacific WDS-26200 (stereo): three records

To its purely auditory virtues, this album adds a sense of organization and cohesiveness unusual in recordings of Indian music. Ravi Shankar not only leads his associates in a demonstration of its various manifestations, but he gives an extended spoken discussion of its legends, styles, and techniques. The combination of his softly accented voice and the musical illustrations makes for a rare sense of immediacy. An elaborate, handsomely printed text contributes to the general enlightenment. All that is missing are English translations of the songs. Surely those exotic, haunting chants mean something.

Benny Goodman & Paris

Benny Goodman conducting Joe Newman, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Bernie Leighton, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; and Joe Marshall, drums; Command RS-921-SD (stereo)

It's a pleasure to hear jazz so well recorded; come to think of it, it's a pleasure to hear jazz, period. This may not be the greatest band B.G. ever assembled, but it's a mighty

good one, clean, balanced, and taut. The pervasive French flavor adds another attractive element, and Goodman's clarinet shines forth with elegance in such numbers as "*C'est si bon*" and "*C'est magnifique*," both of which happen to be expressions that apply neatly to the quality of sound attained by Command's engineers.

Hair — An American Tribal Love-Rock Musical

Original-cast album directed by Gerald Freedman, with John Morris, musical director; RCA Victor LSO-1143 (stereo)

Hair is real hair — the hippie kind, long and uncut. It's worn that way by most of the participants in this strictly contemporary show, staged in Joseph Papp's new Public Theater on Astor Place, at the edge of New York's East Village. The play itself has confused more than one onlooker, but the musical score pulsates with exuberance, freshness, and originality. The words by Gerome Ragni and James Rado and the music by Galt MacDermot demonstrate that a rock score can have both variety and vitality, and that racial conflicts, anti-war sentiment, and even the generation gap can be mirrored in music. *Hair* comes as close as anything we have had yet to catching a generation in song, and even those who sing a different tune should find this one worth hearing.

The Poems of James Dickey

Read by the poet; directed by Arthur Luce Klein; Spoken Arts SA-984 (monaural)

On this record James Dickey not only reads thirteen of his poems in a clear, direct voice, but prefaces each of them with a brief explanation of its intent. For a poet thus to indicate his thought in advance is highly unusual, but Dickey's purpose has always been to communicate meaning, not conceal it. And to hear the explanation followed by the actual verse is to gain a fascinating insight into the poetic process, the refinement of thought into words. In this way one is made all the more keenly aware of the emotions and the universality of a suburban householder reliving his years as a bomber pilot ("The Firebombing"), a swimmer who has watched a child drown ("The Lifeguard"), and a son saluting his dying father ("The Hospital Window"). This is a poetry record of rare interest.

TIME TO READ

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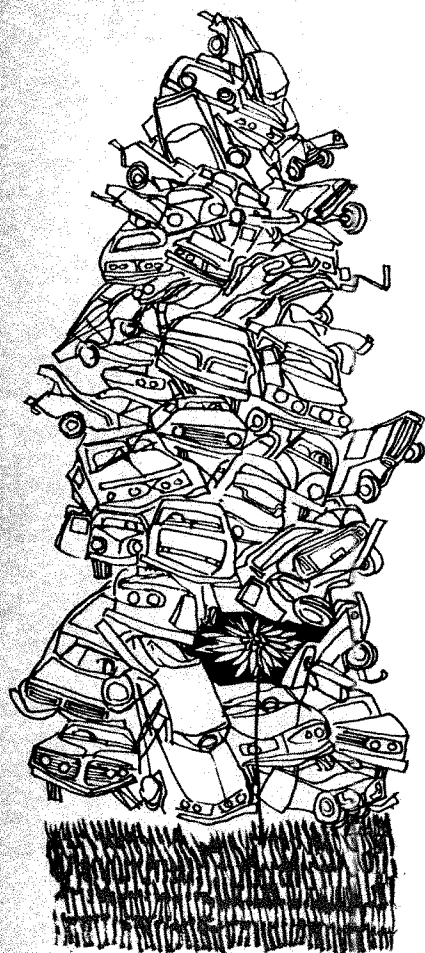


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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



In a recent televised interview Walter Lippmann said that this country "is in a mess." He was not speaking of Vietnam but of our domestic condition, and he is absolutely right. The conscientious minority know this to be true; the affluent majority are indifferent so long as their incomes and the market go up; and the politicians, baffled by the enormity of the problems and the power of the vested interests, have thus far compromised with half or quarter measures. Of the problems, what I am essentially concerned with here is the pollution of our air, our streams, and our land, which proliferates with each passing year.

On windless days in Boston, New York, or Los Angeles the smog created by industrial chimneys and engine exhausts is so thick and insidious that one's breath comes short. A freshly painted windowsill in Boston will be coated with cinders in a week. What about one's lungs? The stench from the industrial waste dumped into the Nashua River can be smelled at least a mile before one sees the stream, and the odor of the Charles is little better. There are two elemental facts about such pollution: first, that it is the spoliation of public property for private profit, and second, that it can be most accurately measured at the source. It should of course be subject to a graduated tax, beginning modestly and moving up, but local authorities quail at the thought of driving out industry into a less scrupulous state.

In the control of the air the nation should go to school to Pittsburgh, for what was once the dirtiest city in the country has now become the cleanest, thanks to the Allegheny Conference, that combination of private capital, led by the Mellons and supported by the entire network of industry, capable engineers, and an enlightened mayor. The air was cleansed, slums cleared, the desert on the wrong side of the tracks converted into the Golden Triangle, and a small beginning made in the depollution of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Now what we need is equally bold planning in those states which are renowned for their forward-looking legislation. The cities and towns can set an admirable standard, as they do in Concord, Lincoln, and Dennis in Massachusetts, but the control must be wider than that, for what good does it do to clean your

portion of a poisoned stream only to have the boys at the headwaters keep fouling it up without compunction? Intrastate surveys should be authorized to examine biologically an entire watershed, as is being done today by the New England River Basins Commission, and when their recommendations have been agreed to and given teeth we may have a practical new system worthy of being copied the country over. It will cost money; Roger Revelle, director of the Center for Population Studies at Harvard and an authority on water control, estimates that ten billion dollars should be spent over the next twenty years on stream depollution alone.

California, with its ever increasing population, presents the most critical battleground of all the states. **GEORGE R. STEWART** is a California naturalist who in his earlier books, *Storm, Fire, Earth Abides*, and *Ordeal by Hunger*, has dramatized the great changes which man has to contend with in his environment. Now in **NOT SO RICH AS YOU THINK** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00) he confronts us with as difficult and disagreeable a subject as any American can face up to — the devastation which we have lazily, greedily, destructively inflicted on our own country. No more realistic horror story will be published this year.

His reasoning is irrefutable; we worship the twin gods Production and Invention, and our sacrifices for them are hysterical. Everyone needs an automobile, and hopefully a new one every second year. If beer bottles are a nuisance, devise a can — it is so easy to throw out the window. If the land must give a higher yield, drench it with pesticides; if we need more power, look to the atomic energy plants with their fallout. This has been our success story for too many years. Now it is time to pay the bill, because the sewage, the factory effluents which have been poisoning our rivers, the garbage which we have been stuffing into holes, the tin cans and the rusty cars which won't dissolve, the smog, the pesticidal run-offs, and the atomic poisons add up to an enormity of neglect which must be taken seriously. Matter cannot be annihilated; and if we do not begin to control it, it will overwhelm us.

Without wit and a good patient sense of humor. Mr. Stewart's story

would have been too dreary to bear. But he makes it readable and concise; he places us against our vivid, reckless, historical background; he plays on our native pride; and in the three final chapters of this short book he suggests a more responsible alternative than apathy.

In the ten chapters of his main argument he considers what happens to matter which is primarily "committed" to water, or to land, or to air, and what happens in each area after the processes of nature take over. He tells us that "riversfull" of water pour into factories, are contaminated, and then released again into the stream with results which have caused Mark Twain's River, the Mississippi, to be termed "the colon of the Middle West." He says that the list of the country's dirty industries, according to Secretary Udall, is headed by a large paper company in Detroit involved in the manufacture of toilet tissue. He has some hopeful things to say about our automobile graveyards and the recycling of metal scrap, but no hope whatever for the exhaust control of the internal-combustion engine. He tells us fifty millions are spent annually to remove litter from our main highways and believes that the beer can should be outlawed. In a brief but fascinating chapter entitled "The Ultimates," he studies the tyranny of power: waterpower is by all odds the neatest, he says, but there can never be enough of it to run civilization. He then goes on to assess the atomic power plants and tells how to dispose of atomic wastes. Man's part in all this devastation has been sardonically delineated in the black and white drawings by Robert Osborn.

Nice is not always safe

I have many reasons for liking *THE NICE AND THE GOOD* (Viking, \$5.75), which I find IRIS MURDOCH's most versatile novel, and chief among them the pleasure which the author takes in her characters.

To Trescombe House, their capacious seaside home in Dorset, Kate and Octavian Gray have attracted an assortment of friends, relatives, and refugees who have every appearance of staying indefinitely and in amity. Octavian, who is head of a department at Whitehall, is well-to-do and fat—his wife calls him a perfect sphere; he and Kate have a

trusting love for each other, and in a casual fashion they radiate a happiness which spills over onto those less fortunate. Willy Kost, who had spent the war in Dachau, is a white-haired bundle of nerves who with his books has taken over the guesthouse. Uncle Theo, who did something unseemly in India—no one quite knows what—is the grumbler who has meals by himself. Mary Clothier and her son, Pierce, have lived for nearly four years at Trescombe House; she is an old school friend of Kate's who came for solace after her husband's death and stayed on to be the housekeeper. Paula, the classicist, who teaches in the nearby school, is the mother of the nine-year-old twins, and she too has turned to Kate for protection after she has been divorced for her one and only infidelity. The maid of all work, Casie, talks to herself, commenting and complaining about the vagaries of the others, as she sets the table and makes up the rooms. The interdependence of these people for an indeterminate stay is very English and constantly amusing.

In this book Miss Murdoch is equally successful in her delineation

of the young. The children are refreshing and a constant surprise. Edward and Henrietta at nine speak their own language, invent their own games, and have a passion for bringing into the house collections of stones which for them hold a special significance. The Grays' only child, Barbara, has returned from a finishing school in Switzerland flirtatious and vain of her French, and Pierce, Mary Clothier's son, in the throes of calf love, finds himself outgrown by Barbara and at odds with her and the world.

Miss Murdoch has a sweet tooth for the macabre, and from the very first page the reader is alerted that there are dark forces working beneath the surface of this seaside serenity. The story begins with a suicide in Octavian's department at Whitehall. The victim, Radeechy, is a dim figure given to strange practices which one might have thought would have disqualified him for civil service long before he shot himself. Ducane, Octavian's friend and assistant, whom the Prime Minister puts in charge of the investigation, has every reason to increase his visits to Trescombe House, and an

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by

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additional one which he does not quite clear with himself: at forty-three, a good-looking bachelor and a Puritan, he has fallen into a semi-Platonic love for Kate, and it amuses them both to go on with it. Radechky's suicide, Ducane's dalliance, Mary's surprising discovery that she loves the German refugee, young Pierce's desperation to do anything that will reinstate his sovereignty over Barbara — these are some but not all of the dangerous involvements which propinquity has forced upon this happy commune. The dialogue is high-spirited and alive with individuality, the pastels of the seaside quite lovely, and the entrapment of Ducane, father confessor and arranger for the group, keeps the suspense rising.

God's spies

Essays are for reflection and for recharging the mind; they flow from one who is observant, ripe in his humors, poetic, or sardonic, as Hazlitt was in his feeling. Essayists are rare in any season; of my English contemporaries I esteem Robert Graves and Cyril Connolly; of American, E. B. White and ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. All of these were watchers — "God's spies," as Keats put it — capable of translating their experience, their loyalties and deepest concern into moments of crystal, intent meaning for us all. In *A CONTINUING JOURNEY* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) Mr. MacLeish speaks as a passionate believer in the integrity of this country and of those who add to its greatness. His papers range from the mid-forties to the mid-sixties: he is outraged by McCarthyism as he is exalted by Judge Learned Hand; he derides the fear of Communism which hypnotized us for too long, and whether he is dedicating a library or addressing a commencement he urges us not to bother about *discovering* "our national purpose" but to *exercise* it. His polite, patient remonstrance with Messrs. Walter Lippmann and Reinhold Niebuhr over their questioning of the American dream leaves me cold, but I am drawn closer to him in his essays on poetry and on what he learned while teaching at Harvard — his rediscovery of old loves in these is appealing. And how well he blows on the coals of friendship: his memorials of Jane Addams, Felix Frankfurter, Ernest Hemingway,

Robert Frost, and Eleanor Roosevelt are full of warmth and insight. The concluding essay, "Thirteen Candles," is most evocative, bringing me as near to the American Revolution as I am ever likely to be.

VANNEVAR BUSH is God's spy in a cosmos accessible to only a few. An engineer with a panoramic knowledge of science, this quizzical Yankee out of Provincetown directed during World War II the greatest task force of American scientists ever assembled. Swift in his anticipation of our needs, he encouraged the immediate application of abstract research for practical use, and being articulate, he could correct Mr. Churchill or direct field commanders on how and when to use the proximity fuse. In *SCIENCE IS NOT ENOUGH* (Morrow, \$4.50) he is writing of his more peaceful explorations after V-J Day.

When Dr. Bush asks, "Can a man be truly cultured who knows nothing whatever about solid-state physics," I plead guilty, for what little I acquired at Ithaca in my youth has not been remembered or enlarged. He says that "more has been discovered about the universe in the past decade or two than in all previous time," and when some of these discoveries prove to be a maze to me, I do not stop reading, for Van's allusions to the work of his fellow scientists are so often lanterns which guide me back to the path of his argument. His breathtaking descriptions of modern astronomy and of how we can avoid catastrophe, if given time, are as clear as sunlight. I have checked the passages expressing his skepticism about our present concentration on space flight and the fact that he has no confidence in the labors of those who do psychic research.

When Dr. Bush writes that "man has not yet succeeded in creating life, as here defined, but there is little doubt that he soon will," or "science rendered absurd the concept of great war as an implement of national policy," or, in speaking of our contest with Communism, the outcome "*will* depend, in the last analysis, upon the attitude of our people, and especially of our young men — whether they can make even better use of prosperity than their Russian contemporaries are making of adversity" — I come to a full stop, cogitate, and then begin re-reading.

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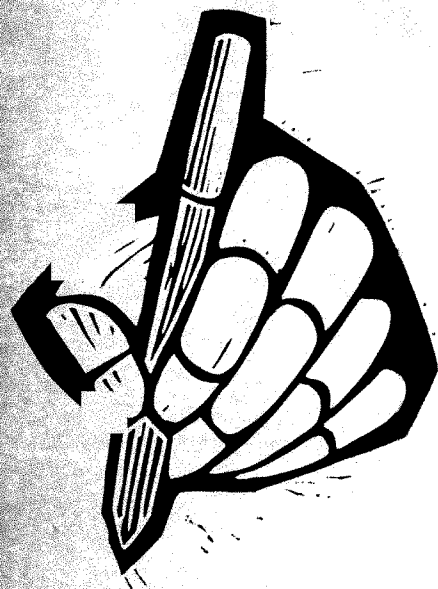
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



The twentieth-century expansion of government created formidable problems for American democracy. The time was gone when Jackson could credibly inform Congress that the duties of all public offices were so plain and simple that anyone could qualify for their performance. The growing technical complexity of state functions made it increasingly difficult to assume that any man could do any job. Decisions often depended upon trained intelligence. Yet the civil service, despite the optimism of reformers, never recruited an adequate corps of men capable of making those decisions. It was more likely to produce timid bureaucrats unresponsive to the changing needs of politics. Moreover, the great sprawling departments swelled steadily, and as often impeded as furthered action. Few Presidents or governors could consult intimately with the department heads in the Cabinets. Those officials were either absorbed in the management of their affairs or were political appointees designed to give an Administration the strength it needed in the country.

Hence, the growing inclination to depend upon the advice of kitchen Cabinets, of groups of disinterested advisers without official position and therefore without bureaucratic or political commitments. Most Chief Executives learned to use such consultants frequently.

The hostile critics of the New Deal often ascribed an insidious ad-

visory role to Felix Frankfurter. In the words of *Fortune*, Frankfurter was "the most influential single individual in the United States" in the 1930s. He was accused of having staffed a good part of the government with his tools and of having exerted a sinister influence on the President.

ROOSEVELT AND FRANKFURTER: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE, 1928-1945 edited by MAX FREEDMAN (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$17.50) is a document of first-rate historical importance. It shows that Frankfurter was fully as important as his enemies charged. But it also shows that his role, far from being malign, was constructive and a vital contribution to FDR's ability to meet the problems of depression and war.

The heart of the book is a careful rendition of the intensely interesting and informative letters which passed between the President and his adviser. The editor, who was for many years Washington correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has provided helpful explanatory notes along with a thoughtful introduction appraising the relationship between Roosevelt and Frankfurter.

The characters of the two men complemented each other. Roosevelt needed Frankfurter's assistance. Not himself an intellectual, the President respected intellect, and was able to take advice because he was also capable of rejecting it. In critical matters, he refused to be oppressed by personal relationships, for he could be utterly ruthless when he deemed it necessary. He liked praise and wished to be admired, but he never allowed flattery to sway him on issues which counted.

Frankfurter was, as Freedman notes, "an artist in adulation; and sometimes, forgetting the artistry, he laid on flattery with a trowel." Read in succession, the notes and telegrams to Roosevelt seem cloying in their sycophancy, as they assure the President that he was "continuing where Jackson and Wilson left off." The messages were intended to create a good impression, but the wish to keep his name before the President rarely distorted the advice Frankfurter gave or qualified the honesty of his opinions.

The two men had in common an understanding of power. Both began their careers under Wilson, and both perceived the implications of extended government authority during

the First World War. Their careers diverged in the 1920s when Frankfurter went to teach at the Harvard Law School and Roosevelt remained in New York State politics. The two men drew together once more when Roosevelt became governor; and the correspondence between them remained active until the death of the President. Its volume declined somewhat after Frankfurter mounted the bench and moved to Washington, for he was then able to deal with the President personally or by telephone.

Frankfurter's function was to make ideas and people known to Roosevelt. The opinions transmitted dealt with every kind of subject, ranging from detailed political maneuvers in New York City to high questions of national economic policy and diplomacy. Frankfurter was widely read and held strong views and, in addition, funneled to the President the opinions of others. Frankfurter did not even scruple to pass on letters given to him in privacy. "The Lord, I hope, will forgive me for breaking the confidence imposed by a trusting young man in letting another than myself see the enclosures and your eyes were the very last for whom they were intended." The frequent comments on his Supreme Court colleagues also violated convention. His first loyalty was to the President.

Frankfurter thus became the intermediary between FDR and an amazingly wide circle of scholars, lawyers, and men of affairs, conservatives as well as liberals. Jean Monnet, Joseph Kennedy, J. M. Keynes, Harold Laski, H. L. Stimson, O. W. Holmes, Louis D. Brandeis, and Harlan Stone were among the names which appeared frequently in this correspondence. There was time and energy to discuss even the candidates for the Harmsworth professorship in American history at Oxford.

Roosevelt often turned to Frankfurter for help in staffing the Administration. The advice that came back to Washington was useful because it was disinterested and because the base in the law school gave Frankfurter a vantage point from which to identify promising young men. In time his people occupied important places in many agencies, and their communications kept him and the President informed about what was going on.

As a result, Frankfurter became directly, though sometimes secretly, involved in many controversies among the cliques that formed and reformed in Washington. He participated in the ill-fated court-packing plan of 1937. In an anonymous editorial in 1935 he attacked the Supreme Court and set the mood for the struggle to come. A barrage of communications thereafter egged the President on. Frankfurter was also influential in urging Roosevelt to run for a third term.

There is evidence that some aspects of this relationship troubled Frankfurter; particularly after he became a judge. He was concerned about the extent to which his duty on the bench conflicted with his role as confidential adviser; and he destroyed 300 intimate notes that had passed between him and FDR. Yet balancing the weight of his various obligations, Frankfurter felt that his largest duty was to the country, which he could serve through the President. He thus played an important part in the transition of American government to modernity.

Since the New Deal

The adaptation of old political forms to new conditions is the theme of LOUIS HEREN'S *THE NEW AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH* (Harper & Row, \$7.95). The book, by the chief Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, is a thoughtful evaluation of American politics in operation. The system of government, Heren shows, has retained the formal constitutional basis of the eighteenth century. But subtle adjustments in practice since the New Deal have permitted the country to sustain its responsibilities in the modern world.

Heren looks beneath the surface of constitutional provisions to examine the way in which institutions actually work. The system still retains the outward form of 1787, in the calculated balances of federalism and of the separation of powers, but the functions of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches are not precisely those envisioned by the Founding Fathers.

The presidency, endowed with enormous powers from the start, has increased its influence immeasurably in the past thirty years. In some ways the President is the

counterpart of the medieval monarch, exercising enormous authority and checked only by the counterpressures of the numerous baronial interests about him.

Congress by contrast has generally been unable to prevent the erosion of its legislative power. The Chief Executive as party leader formulates the measures to be acted on and controls the budget. Seniority and the multiplication of staff in the committees have further altered the House and the Senate. Nevertheless, the congressman has an important job, not as legislator but as intermediary between Washington and the people represented. His ability to balance the demands of his constituents, the national interest, and regional concerns has made democracy work on a continental scale.

The changes in the Supreme Court are most dramatic of all. From a bastion of conservatism in the early decades of the twentieth century, it became a source of revolutionary power which has operated to expand freedom in the United States enormously. Surely it was one of history's little ironies that the liberals of 1937, with Frankfurter, fought to circumscribe the power of the judiciary, which in the next thirty years proved to be their most powerful instrument of social change.

Against the background of this analysis of government, Heren describes the uses of power. His account of the national security policy which unites the functions of diplomacy and defense is particularly enlightening. The deepest impression left by Heren's observations is of the enormous stability maintained by the most sophisticated political system in the world.

Heren writes with lucidity and wit; his book is distinguished by accuracy of observation and also by the understanding that is the product of reflection and comparison.

The reporter who is both perceptive of detail and yet capable of setting what he sees in perspective is rare indeed. American journalism encourages the eyewitness account, although all too often the man on the scene can make out only a fragment of the picture. This limited view is the reason for the failure of PAUL JACOBS' *PRELUDE TO RIOT: A VIEW OF URBAN AMERICA FROM THE BOTTOM* (Random House,

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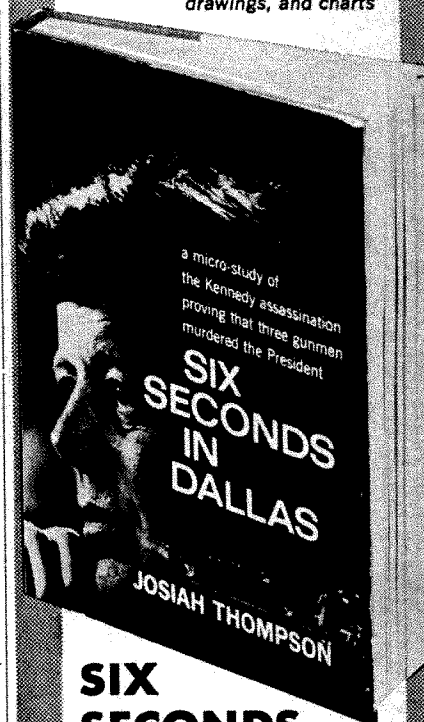
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SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS

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\$5.95). The body of the book describes the poor of Los Angeles, and particularly of Watts. The focus is upon contact with government through police, welfare, health, and education, and the emphasis is upon the deficiencies in what has been done to offset the inequalities induced by poverty. In these matters Jacobs is an accurate, if indignant, observer.

His conclusions are that "we are a racist country," that "the minority poor live inside a pen without an exit gate," and that "nearly every official in government is convinced that the urban crisis is beyond any solution." Those judgments reveal the absolute lack of any sense of development. Ten years ago was the year of Little Rock. In the intervening decade the United States has passed through a radical social revolution the extent of which has only begun to be apparent. But the reporter who sees merely the scene before him is in no position to measure change.

Combat

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S ONE VERY HOT DAY (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) is a novel about the old war in Vietnam, about the period when the Americans were advisers and the fighting was still the responsibility of the Vietnamese. This is not an ideological tract, but an honest, tightly written story which does not preach but lets its implications sink in through the development of plot and characters.

The action is simple, and the novel is sparsely peopled. A company sets forth on a routine patrol through the Mekong Delta. The men and officers are Vietnamese, but they are accompanied by two American advisers. They run into an ambush. There is a brief fight. Some are killed. The rest return to their base. In the course of the narrative, occasional flashbacks fill in the personal backgrounds of the main participants.

The Vietnamese setting is skillfully portrayed: the oppressive heat hangs over the dreary landscape; the villages, empty of men, are potential traps; and the peasants, weary of war, have lost all hope that there might be any desirable goals to their lives and think only in terms of limited immediate advantages. Captain Dong is the

typical official; well connected in Saigon, he has no interests but self-preservation and advancement. Lieutenant Thuong, on the other hand, is more complex. He has no illusions, and is swayed not by sentiment but by pride and a sense of responsibility. He is able to rise to the crisis of the attack and helps save the company.

The difficulty of communication complicates all dealings with Americans. The failure is not one of language alone but springs from the width of the cultural gap between the two groups. The Vietnamese officers cannot quite understand why the Americans are helping them, any more than their own apathy and disorder are comprehensible to their advisers. The old men and women in the villages are totally bewildered. One of them confuses the patrol with the Vietminh and thinks they are still fighting the French.

The Americans are all officers and professionals. They are there because they have a job to do. Lieutenant Anderson is competent, strong, and dedicated. He has gone to the trouble of learning Vietnamese, yet his knowledge does not really bridge the distance between him and the Vietnamese.

The central figure, Captain Beaupre, expresses the dominant emotions of the Americans. He is always tired and impatient. There are no clear lines on the map, and there is therefore no purposeful advance or retreat, only a repetitive round of wearisome and boring circlings. Beaupre is also afraid, not of death but of the heat and of his lust for water and of the possible collapse that will prove he is all used up.

Beaupre imagines that this war is different from the others in which he has participated — Korea, Germany, and Normandy. Yet in most respects he echoes the familiar complaints of earlier American fighting men. The boredom and the fear, the impatience with the allies, and the fury at breakdowns in the system were always the normal reactions of people forced into combat with values derived from a peaceful society. The difference in this war comes from the need for restraint. Beaupre must be polite to Dong, full power cannot be deployed, there will be no unconditional surrender, and the most desirable out-

come of it all will be not utopian but a choice of the lesser of evils.

Conspiracies

The suspicion of conspiracy, in Europe as in America, arises out of a desire to simplify complex phenomena. Most men find it intolerable to acknowledge that some of the important events of their lives are the results of causes that are not fully known. The unwillingness to concede that evidence may be partial and inconclusive induces even the rationally minded to imagine that hidden connections explain what is otherwise inexplicable. Hence the long, and often tragic, history of efforts to uncover secret plots against the well-being of society.

These fears in France often focused upon the Jews. Anti-Semitism there rose to its apogee after the Dreyfus case and left its mark down into the Vichy regime. *THE JEWS* by ROGER PEYREFITTE (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50) is a fictional effort to expose the follies of anti-Semitism. Originally published in 1965, it sold 200,000 copies in France; if wide circulation and extensive discussion were enough to counter a myth, the book should have had a good effect. Unfortunately, the novel may actually have heightened the suspicions it sought to quiet.

The plot is simple. A young Catholic girl intends to convert to Judaism in order to marry Baron de Goldschild. Her bigoted mother wishes to prevent the marriage, and with the aid of a convenient Jesuit rehearses a long roster of anti-Semitic accusations. The narrator, a friend of the family's, is doing research on the subject and becomes an intermediary in the discussion. In the end, the accusation of nefarious Jewish influence is reduced to the absurd by the revelation that all the famous families of the West have Jewish ancestry.

Ridicule is a dangerous technique, and when it is overly subtle, backfires. Thus, much of the argument revolves about plays upon names. Is Jean-Paul Sartre one of them? Well, if his first name were actually Jean-Loup and the Loup were spelled without a "p," it might be the Languedocian form of the definite article. The name would then be le Sartre, meaning tailor (*sartor* in Latin), a common trade among Jews. The logic, in a sense, is

funny, except that it rests upon and confirms a stereotype. The book, whether it is mocking common prejudices, or describing fictional characters, or referring to real people, repeats and gives currency to a variety of erroneous beliefs. It may therefore unintentionally sustain the fears its author hopes to dispel.

The tragedy of the Kennedy assassination has given rise to widespread conspiratorial theories in the United States and in Europe. The effort of the Warren Commission to provide a decisive answer to the doubts about the guilt of Lee Harvey Oswald was doomed to failure. More than a century after Lincoln's assassination there remain unanswered questions about the events in Ford's Theater. Given the nature of the case and of the evidence, no more definitive answer was possible about the crime in Dallas.

Challenges of the accuracy of the Warren Commission Report appeared shortly after its publication, and numerous assassination buffs have been poring over the data ever since. They have been able to find fault with the report. They have not yet come up with a convincing alternative explanation.

Two recent works add to the literature. SYLVIA MEACHER'S *ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.50) is an elaborate systematic compilation of the evidence, in which the Commission is criticized for two kinds of failings: there are occasional internal inconsistencies, and the investigators failed to follow up all the lines of inquiry which, in retrospect, might have been significant. These errors of judgment persuade the author to argue for a new disinterested investigation, although she herself propounds no alternative theory.

JOSIAH THOMPSON'S *SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS* (Bernard Geis, \$8.95) is bolder. Thompson argues that there were four shots and three assassins, none of them Oswald. The conclusions rest upon analysis of the photographs as well as the juxtaposition of unreconciled statements by observers. The analysis remains speculative, however. Thompson can score points against the Commission, but his own conjectures are open to similar criticism. The disagreeable prospect is that we may never succeed in allaying all doubt and that these uncertainties will continue to generate conspiratorial theories.

New Poetry: The Generation of the Twenties

by Peter Davison



Poetry seldom makes headlines, and such public notice as has come to the art in the past year has, as usual, accrued mostly either to polemicists or to elder statesmen. Yet it could be argued that the real work of American poetry in 1967 was exhibited in new collections by men and women born in the 1920s whose work shows fully developed craftsmen responding with all their powers to the challenges of their time.

Hardly a man in America today takes poetry more seriously than ROBERT BLY. A pungent critic, an undaunted moralist, a hackled dissenter, he is a sworn enemy of worldliness in the conduct of life and in the conduct of poetry. His views have been voiced with both shrewdness and bias for some years past in his own little magazine, *The Sixties*, published at intervals from his farm in western Minnesota. Bly's first book, *Silence in the Snowy Fields*, contained poems of conscious purity and self-effacement. His second, *THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY* (Harper & Row, \$3.95), follows the example of Pablo Neruda in combining mysticism with polemics. ("From the Chase National Bank/ An arm of flame has come. . .") The juxtaposition, as in much of Neruda's work, seems often arbitrary and simplistic, perhaps because Bly on principle has persisted in his effort to exclude egotism from his poetry. This is doubtless admirable as a moral position, but for a poet it casts out one devil at the risk of admitting seven more. The true mystics have been absorbed

with self, and even the best lines in Bly's work show how helpless he is, like the rest of us, before the appetite of his own personality. ("I have risen to a body/ Not yet born,/ Existing like a light around the body,/ Through which the body moves like a sliding moon.") Bly's native personality is a powerful one, and his poetry would benefit by a franker exposure to it.

ROBERT CREELEY has a very large following. His earlier poems, though limited in range, displayed subtlety of sound and intricacy of feeling. In *WORDS* (Scribner's, \$4.95) his range has narrowed to the vanishing point, and his energy has subsided almost into catatonia. These poems are so exiguous, so limited in emotion, language, and movement as to be hardly perceptible. ("Patterns/ of sounds, endless/ discretions, whole/ pauses of nouns,/ clusters. . .") Creeley's new work announces the victory of the inarticulate. A battle against glibness has been won, but at a terrible price: almost all the organs of language have been removed. These poems vary neither in tone, in form, in imagery, nor in intention. ("I/ am writing to you,/ wishing to be rid of/ these confusions.") Each poem is muttered between the walls of a room to a single listener; and the recurrent imagery of windows, wetness, empty holes, and trees provides little fertilization for the barren language. Creeley's poetry has reached a dead end of self-limitation, but I hope that this gifted poet will reach out to something fresh and enterprising in his future work.

ALAN DUGAN is one of the most consistent poets of his generation — consistent even in his inconsistencies. He writes in personae, each an extension of himself, the most powerful and productive of which is still that of the army veteran, the conscript, the shanghaied, the scapegoat: "tradition is for the rich/ to love, the clerks/ to ape, the poor/ to suffer. . . ." Though his subjects and situations vary widely, the outcome and the moral are mostly the same. He is a closed-end poet who starts his verses with striking titles and finishes them off with the air of having temporarily delayed an avalanche. His language is strong, his style pungent, and he does what he sets out to do. I mean this as praise. In *POEMS 3* (Yale, \$4.50 and \$1.45) he continues to mine the veins of style and subject he struck in his

first two books, and there is no reason to expect or require that he turn in a different direction in future.

Some of the most beautifully textured contemporary verse outside the work of Richard Wilbur is to be found in **THE HARD HOURS** by **ANTHONY HECHT** (Atheneum, \$5.00), which is also my nominee for the most beautifully designed book of poetry of last year. Hecht, who has published less than he should during the last fifteen years, is an open-ended poet who leaves his poems' meanings to go on echoing in the reader's consciousness; unlike Alan Dugan's, his poems do not sew themselves together by way of conclusion. They are full of literature, of the Bible, of history; Hecht often sets them in a legendary past, though many have keenly contemporary backgrounds. One long poem, "Rites and Ceremonies," is among the finest by an American to wrestle with the implications of Hitler's Final Solution. There are rich musical versions of Baudelaire, Du Bellay, and others. These poems are ornate, brocaded, stately, and beautiful, but they also have the capacity to strike on the nerve: "What the intelligence/ Works out in pure delight/ The body must learn in pain."

Poets like Creeley see through the eyes of a single speaker only, and therefore speak only in one voice. Others, like Dugan, establish a basic tonality on the instruments of numerous speakers. **W. S. MERWIN** in his early work wrote in the second manner with a verse technique as dazzling as that of any poet of his generation. In his last two books, *The Moving Target* (1963), and now, **THE LICE** (Atheneum, \$4.50 and \$1.95), he has adopted an idiosyncratic version of the first manner. He has abandoned formal metrics and punctuation, moving into loose two-stress and three-stress lines which join images together in a steady rhythmical cycle. His new poems, which when gathered together seem like serial fragments of a much longer work, explore the elusiveness of our perceptions ("Everything that does not need us is real"), express the vagueness of our intimations of ourselves ("Where else am I walking even now/ Looking for me"), expose the uncertainty of anything but the search for veracity ("But we were not born to survive/ Only to live"), and achieve all this in a grop-

ing syntax that re-enacts the movements of the mind. Merwin has invaded dangerous and uneasy areas of consciousness, and if his new poetic style sometimes seems forbidding and opaque, it may be the resistance of the reader's perceptions that makes it so.

The poems in **HOWARD NEMEROV's** sixth collection, **THE BLUE SWALLOWS** (Chicago, \$4.50), seem to exhibit their grace under less pressure than is evident in the work of poets like Merwin and Dugan. If so, it may be a tribute to the poet for turning away the charge of events with a flick of the wrist, like a matador. These poems have a calm surface, whether they be witty glosses on the Great Society or somber riddles about man and nature and history. The surpassing virtue of Nemerov's poetry has always been clarity rather than passion. In this latest book he has begun to take on the apparently (but only apparently) easy movement that Robert Frost mastered, and to tackle philosophical problems as Frost did. Much of the most evocative of Nemerov's work has always taken place in the presence of water; for example, a poem which begins "I stand and watch for minutes by the pond/ The snowflakes falling on the open water," which moves on, in dialogue form, to speculate in expanding ripples about the Many and the One, in a manner not unlike Yeats's "Dialogue of Self and Soul." These poems shine with wit, sing out with descriptive certainty (A mud turtle: "His lordly darkness decked in filth/ Bearded with weed like a lady's favor . . ."), and explore the bewilderment of a mature and civilized man surveying the world without animus.

MAY SWENSON, with Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop, is one of the most meticulous poets writing today. In **HALF SUN HALF SLEEP** (Scribner's, \$4.50) she extends even further the formal cunning and sensuous resilience that characterized her selected poems, *To Mix With Time*. Her new work (apart from some expert translations from the Swedish) falls into three categories: observation of natural objects, games played with word transformation, and poems in shapes (always a favorite device of Miss Swenson's). The eye and the hand are as cunning as ever, but the emotional freedom of the poems seems sometimes to have been cramped by the very

elaboration of technique. The reader is too often made aware of being in the presence of the *mot juste*, as in this opening of a poem about a carousel: "Under a round roof the flying/ horses, held by their heels to the disk of the/ floor, move to spurts from a pillar of/ music. . . ." Though the garments are still beautiful, something deliberate and self-conscious has begun to stiffen the joints of Miss Swenson's poems. Too few of them are at liberty to fulfill Robert Frost's famous dictum: "Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting . . . a meaning that once unfolded by surprise as it went." Let us hope that in her next collection she may recover some of the freedom of her earlier poems, when technique was only the servant of her imagination.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



When John Murray and Thomas Moore poltroonishly burnt Byron's memoirs, the crime affected quite a number of people. The thought of all those indiscreet confessions, outrageous jokes, amorous scandals, and diatribes against Robert Southey dispersing into common London soot has maddened generations of the scholarly, the poetical, and the prurient. Fortunately the madness is usually of an indolent, melancholic sort, but in the case of **FREDERIC PROKOSCH** it has taken a more active turn. Mr. Prokosch, unable to read the memoirs, has consoled himself by reconstructing them under the title of **THE MISSOLONGHI MANUSCRIPT** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95). Let me be fair about this; Mr. Prokosch provides a prologue to the book, in

which, as one Applebee, he establishes the text as a second, previously unknown memoir which Byron wrote in Greece during the last months of his life. By this device, Mr. Prokosch defends certain un-Byronic "quirks of phrase and oddities of vocabulary" as well as "a visual precision quite at odds with his earlier manner." Mr. Prokosch, in short, has undertaken to impersonate Byron without troubling to imitate Byron's style or way of viewing things, an evasion which from the first page makes suspension of disbelief a difficult task for the reader. It's like seeing Romeo played with a long white beard; one can respect the performer's courage without entirely approving of his judgment. Mr. Prokosch's Byron is a middle-aged hypochondriac, solemnly bothered by his weight, his fading beauty, and his digestion, which is entirely proper except that Byron himself never lost sight of the absurd aspect of the first two concerns, and always underestimated the seriousness of the last. Mr. Prokosch's Byron has a tranquil Wordsworthian eye for dewdrops and frost crystals, things Byron ignored, and no eye at all for female complexion, an item which Byron never tired of reporting with minute precision and a mixture of affection and exasperation. On the other hand, Mr. Prokosch's Byron is persistently preoccupied with normal but unattractive functions of female anatomy, although Byron himself once reflected, "It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting." This, Mr. Prokosch would argue, is Byron in his "hot youth, when George the third was king"; in Greece he had become a different man, an inconclusive philosopher (Byron always hated, and often denounced, Coleridge's metaphysical speculations for their vagueness), no longer concerned with money, politics, social comedy, or the social injustice which had led him, as in his first speech in the House of Lords, to attack a bill increasing the punishments for "frame-breaking." Frame-breaking was a direct protest, by stocking weavers, against technological unemployment.

In a letter to a political senior, Byron claimed that he had observed not only the condition of these weavers but the product of the new machines, inferior stuff fit only for the very cheapest export trade. Progress, he concluded, was fine and all that, but "we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism." Mr. Prokosch's Byron has forgotten this affair, it would seem, and yet there he is in Greece, fighting (or trying to) for another set of underdogs. It is most awkward for Mr. Prokosch. He simply cannot get rid of the Greek enterprise, but he gets rid of much else, so many things his odd Byron has forgotten — including his frequent boast of a good memory. Now, all England has melted into fog, and his lordship is totally out of touch. His lordship, as a matter of fact, had been scribbling along for several years at *Don Juan*. The first canto, aside from wicked portraits of his ex-wife and the family lawyers, touches on lawyers and bluestockings in general, shorthand specialists (a reference designed to remind readers of all the gaudier society lawsuits of the day), dishonest book reviewing, the bigotry of certain literary critics, the deficiencies of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the absolute, unmitigated worthlessness of the unfortunate Southey. The last canto tackles the press, doctors, the horrors of a countryhouse weekend, ill-battered muffins, gout, amateur drawing-room musicians, bluestockings again, lying guidebooks, art dealers catering to rural gentry, architects proposing to restore perfectly sound old houses, the problem of "preserving partridges and pretty wenches," the complications of bucolic politics, candidates' jargon, Sydney Smith, the royal divorce, the whimsies of government financial reports, and the frivolous reasons for which people cast their votes. Byron was growing more, rather than less, specific, and *Don Juan* was not the concoction of a man out of touch with the world or uninterested in the intricate absurdities of daily life. After discarding so much of Byron, what has Mr. Prokosch provided to take its place? Merely a fellow who has never decided whether he prefers men or women as sexual partners, and worries the question for 337 pages. There was a homosexual in Byron (if there hadn't been, he would have tried the game anyway),

but he is of small interest compared to the observant, disrespectful, inventive, sharp-witted, mischievous, quarrelsome, freakishly generous, wildly funny, tactful, boorish, self-pitying, self-mocking, indomitable, self-indulgent, hardworking, lazy old pro of a writer that Mr. Prokosch has chosen to ignore.

THE EDGE (Dial, \$4.95) is an exceptionally interesting first novel by PAGE STEGNER. As a study of inability to cope with adult responsibility, it does not probe much beyond surface manifestations, but it is technically very adroit, the characters interesting, the action coherent, the California settings described vividly and with an evocative touch of lyricism.

WILLIAM STEVENS' THE GUNNER (Atheneum, \$5.95) is another novel about adjustment, in this case, to a position that justifies reluctance by the participant. Deacon, port waist gunner on the *Bawl, Buster*, is the only survivor of a bombing mission over Vienna. The return to the Italian base, with plane and crew nightmarishly flaking away, is so brilliantly written as to be almost unbearable. As a dutiful soldier, Deacon goes to report; the officer does not have the faintest idea who he is. The rest of the book describes Deacon's blundering, grimy, persistent attempts to re-establish himself as a human being instead of a military number. By his personal standards, he succeeds, but since Mr. Stevens' thesis is the unalterable anonymity of war, Deacon must fail on the practical level. The author is forced to resort to an accidental ending, the only weak point in an otherwise admirable book.

According to Richard Ellmann, who supervised its publication, JAMES JOYCE finished GIACOMO JOYCE (Viking, \$10.00) in the summer of 1914. He never published it, but pilfered the piece of phrases and ideas that appear in later works, notably *Ulysses*. It is remarkable that a thing occupying sixteen pages, with much white space, should be worth pilfering. *Giacomo Joyce* genuinely was, for Joyce crammed into this miniscule memoir of his arms-length love affair with a young student a number of ideas that demanded fuller treatment. He also achieved, in a succession of nonepisodes, a tense excitement compounded of desire, frustration, middle-aged chagrin, and irony.

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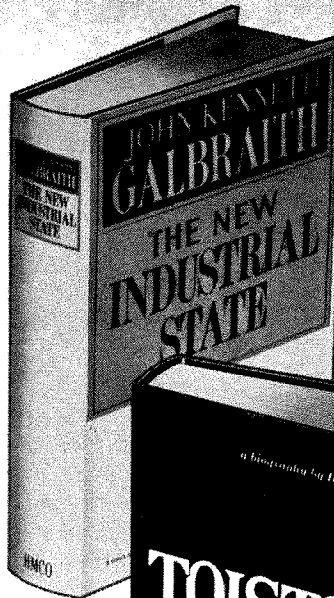
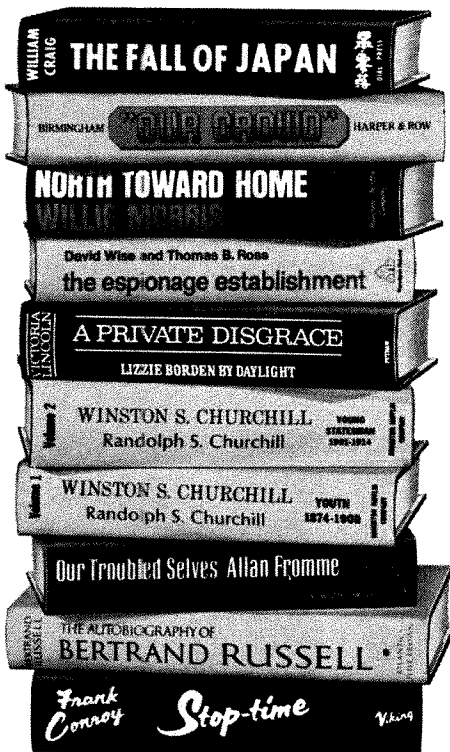
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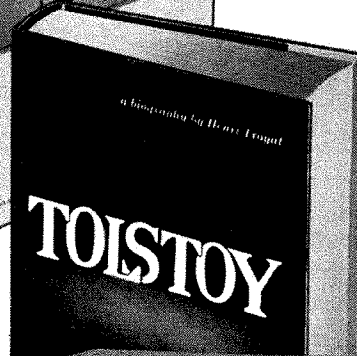
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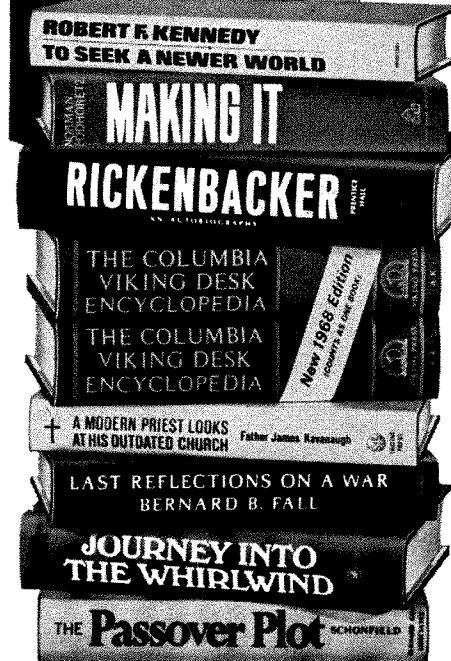
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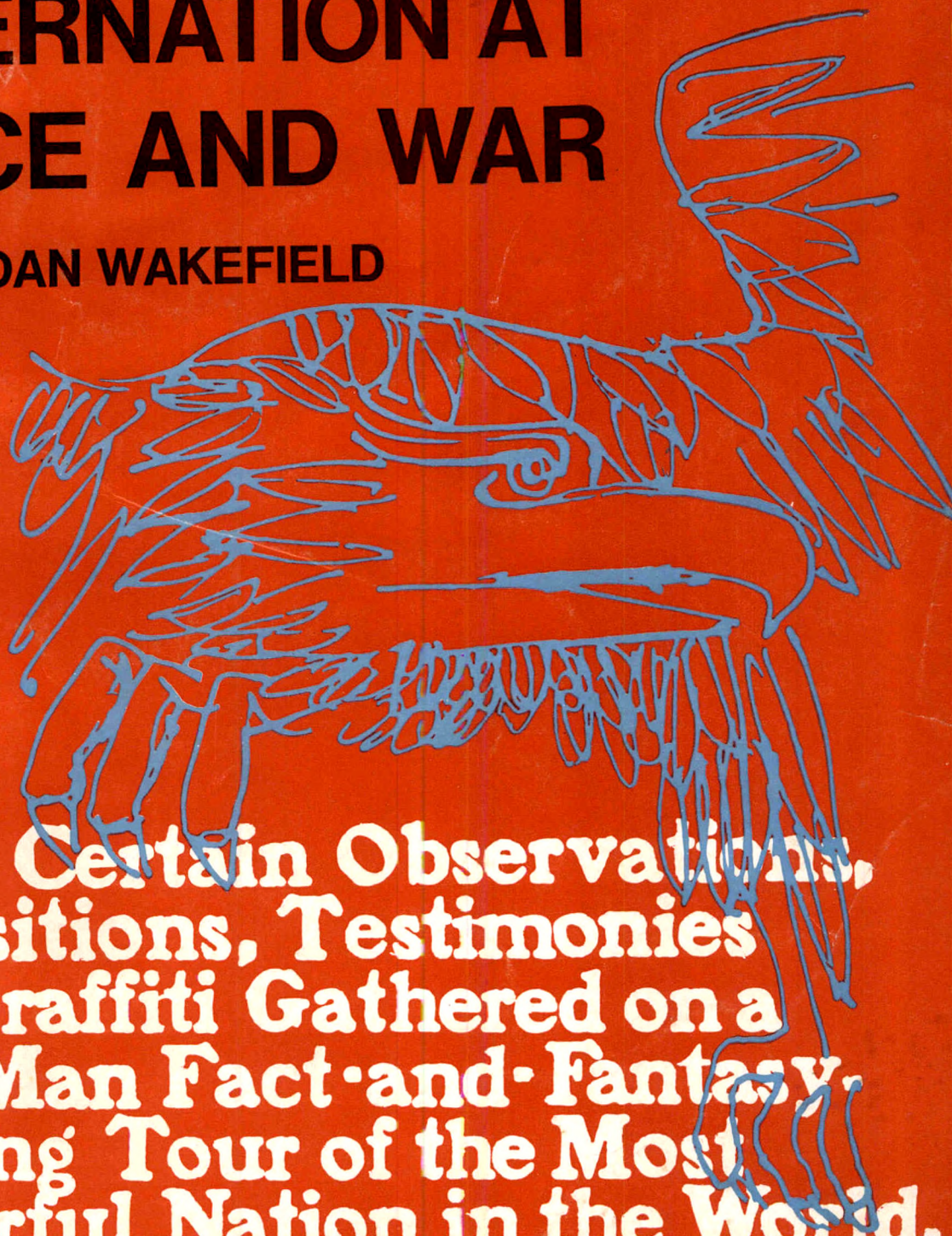
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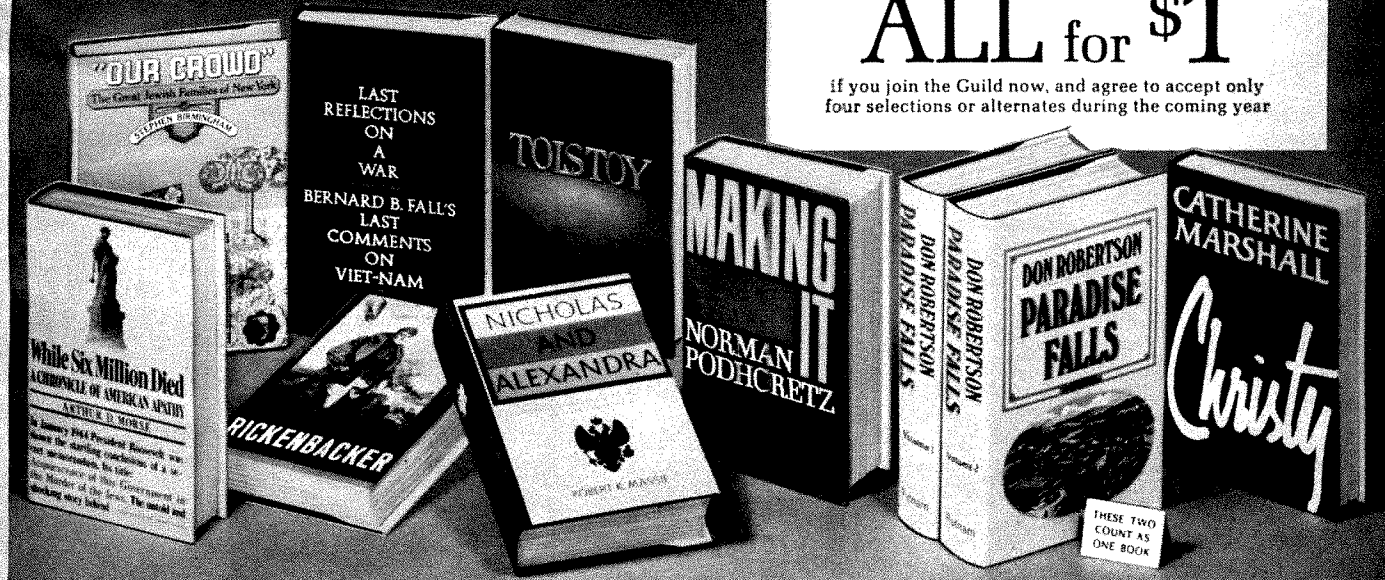
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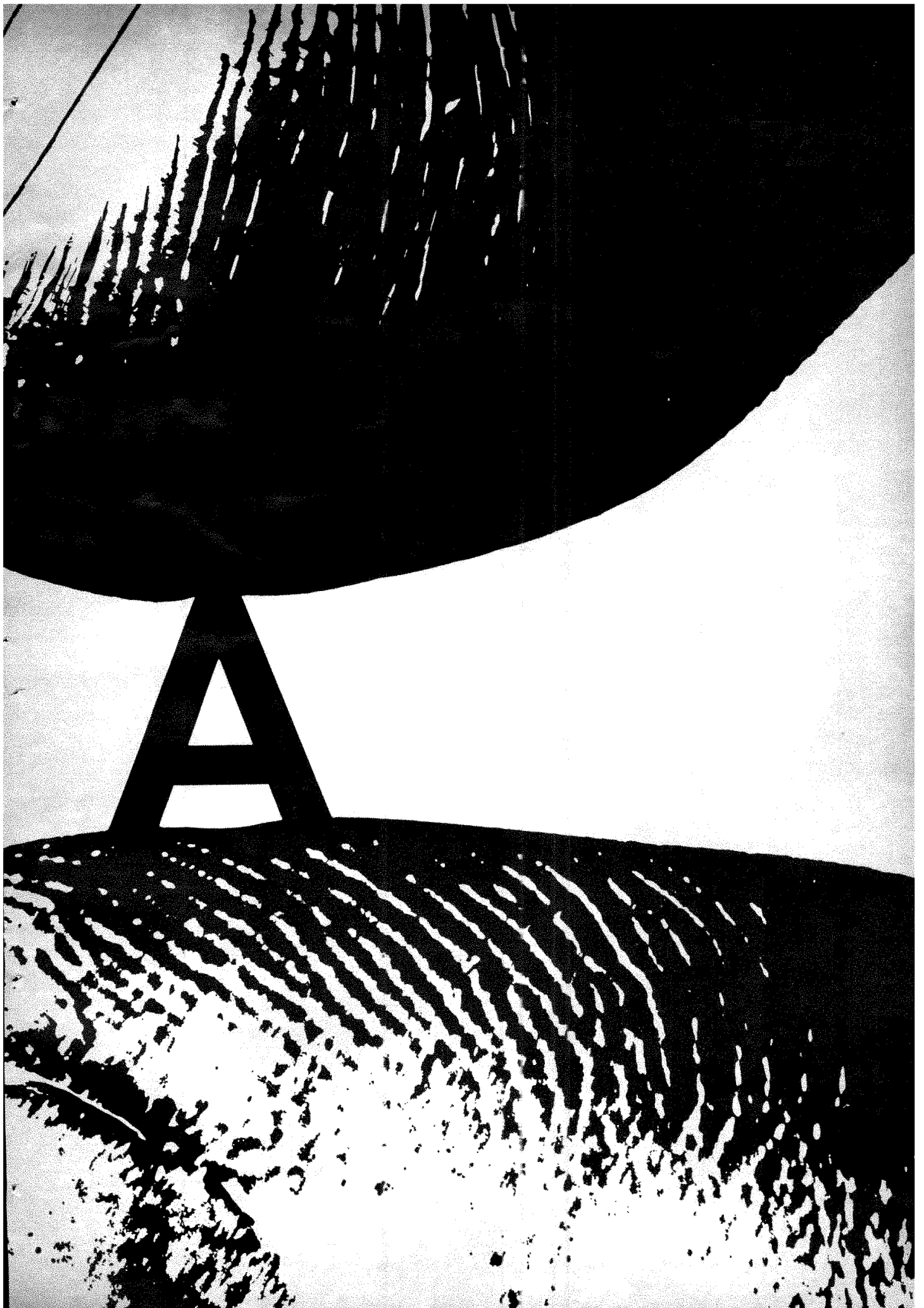
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reports

Moscow



The noise from Moscow these days is as bleak as the frozen Russian winter.

In public and even in private the Russians strike out against the United States as a matter of casual daily routine, as if Washington were solely responsible for everything wrong in the world today. For the limited Western community here, the prevailing Soviet mood is neither pleasant nor amusing. Moscow, at least for the moment, gives the appearance of taking almost savage delight in the problems of others, mainly the Americans.

To hear the Kremlin and the official press tell it, you might think the East-West equation offers nothing of mutual interest to either the Soviet Union or the United States. The public Soviet argument suggests that under present circumstances it is futile to think about a Soviet-American accommodation of any sort. And so the incessant anti-American haranguing goes on.

Washington's military and political posture in Southeast Asia is seen from this capital as the classic example of a vast and evil conspiracy

proving American criminal intent on a global scale. The crisis in the Middle East is treated in the same manner. And it does not stop there.

America's domestic ills, from urban problems of poverty and slums to outbursts of racial tension, support either what the Soviet Union wants to believe about the United States or what it wishes to draw attention to. Thus international pressure against the dollar becomes a symbol of a faltering political system in the United States. All this endless and often distorted Soviet comment on the American scene constitutes a careful attempt to argue that time and history are moving not with the United States, but away from it.

Inaccurate scorecard

The problem with this peculiar Soviet preoccupation with American foreign and domestic policy is that it is misleading. It lacks perspective because Moscow either fails or refuses to deal in public with its own shortcomings both at home and abroad.

What is missing is balance, an accurate scorecard which takes into account the twists and turns of Soviet policy, sometimes successful, sometimes not. Such a reading is not always easy in a closed society that tolerates little, if any, open criticism about the conduct of official Soviet policy. The Kremlin has always been acutely sensitive to outside advice of any kind. This is partly the result of an overriding inferiority complex in this country, and partly due to a belief that whatever the Soviet Union does will be distorted and ridiculed in the Western world.

But it is not enough for the Soviet Union to argue its successes within the framework of American failures, or at least what Moscow sees as

American failures. That is not an accurate record; it is simply one assessment based on a single set of Soviet ground rules. The other side of the picture is a closer look at Moscow's record through the clatter of 1967, the fiftieth anniversary of the Soviet state, and the first months of the new year.

None of the answers

Within Western diplomatic circles, among some Russians, and within the foreign community generally, there is very little to support the extraordinarily boastful attitude coming from this capital in recent months. As one respected Western diplomat put it: "For the Russians, 1967 was a bad year in almost every way." He sees nothing to suggest an improvement in the coming year. The problem, he says, is that Moscow has all the problems but none of the answers.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk has often said that under no circumstances would he trade Washington's troubles for those facing the Soviet Union. A glance at the Soviet foreign and domestic record over the past year or so perhaps proves the Secretary's point.

This is not to suggest that everything the Soviet Union has tried during this period failed. Such is not the case. For the second year in a row, the U.S.S.R. enjoyed a good agricultural harvest, a factor critical to the health of the entire Soviet economy. The Middle East crisis deepened Soviet influence in that area of the world. It also raised a whole host of new difficulties ranging from heavier Soviet economic outlays to possible Arab disillusionment with Russian commitments. Moscow also can take satisfaction from a decline in U.S. prestige as a result of the

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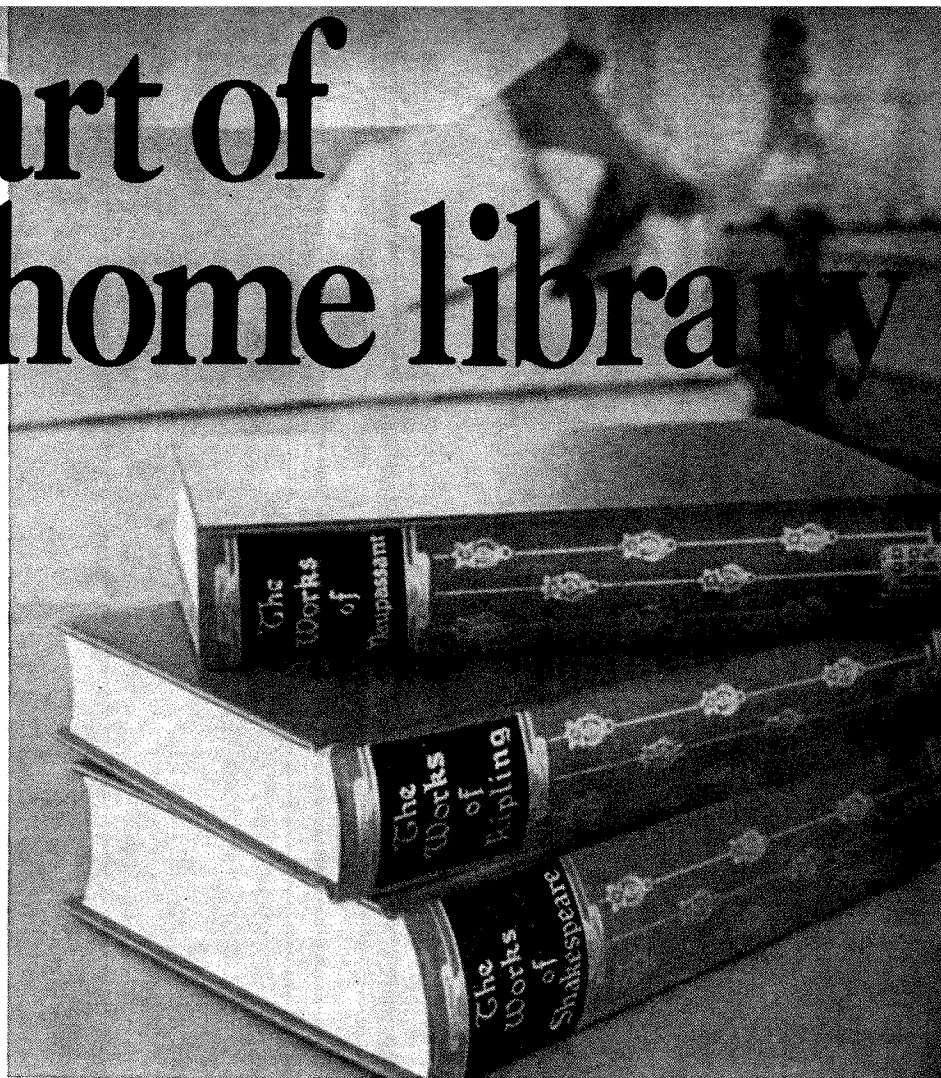
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Moscow

Middle East and the Vietnam War.

But whatever Moscow's successes, the list of setbacks or serious difficulties would still seem to dominate the Soviet diplomatic ledger.

Reform and rebellion

On internal affairs, now this country's major preoccupation, the Soviet economy, specifically economic reform, continues to be a source of concern. The Kremlin remains deeply committed to reforms that would help to decentralize the economy by giving plant directors and other lower-level personnel broader authority to take decisions without interference from Moscow.

But the point about reform is that the question tends to be more political than economic. To push the reform successfully, the Kremlin must first deal with the far more complicated dilemma of the Communist Party and its inhibiting influence on critical economic matters. Thus far Moscow has chosen to avoid the issue. Moving the Party out of the economy means tampering with its fundamental authority, and the implications of this are something the Kremlin apparently is not prepared to grapple with at present.

Accordingly, the Soviet economy continues to plod along, with some improvement but without substantive progress in key areas the Soviet leadership is most interested in, mainly on matters concerning long-range investment. There are other clear economic difficulties, such as the absence of a Five-Year Plan promised more than two years ago.

The debate goes forward at the highest levels of government over the proper allocation of economic resources within the military, industrial, agricultural, and consumer sectors of the economy. Military spending is way up at a time when heavy investment is sorely needed in other economic areas.

The list of Soviet domestic troubles goes on and on. What, for example, does the Soviet leadership intend to do with its disaffected intellectual community? Periodic trials, followed by severe jail sentences, are not likely to resolve the embarrassing dilemma of dissident writers and poets who, in spite of official pressure to the contrary, insist on publishing their works not only in the West but

by clandestine means within the Soviet Union itself.

Like so many other Soviet difficulties these days, the problem of rebellious intellectuals, such as Pavel Litvinov and the recently prosecuted Aleksandr Ginzburg, Yuri Galanskov, and Aleksei Dobrovolsky, would appear to be not the result of an incorrect policy but, instead, the lack of any policy at all. The Soviet leadership clearly does not want to risk a severe crackdown of the sort that led to serious international censure over the 1966 Sinyavsky-Daniel trial. For the time being Moscow is attempting to find some middle ground between the liberals, who want a freer hand to criticize and tamper with accepted art forms, and the conservatives, who violently oppose experimentation of any kind. The result is that everybody is unhappy, especially the government, which is forced to commit itself on the deeply sensitive question of intellectual freedom.

Wait

Rising political pressures of one sort or another have clearly been felt by the ruling Soviet triumvirate of First Party Secretary Leonid I. Brezhnev, Premier Alexei N. Kosygin, and President Nikolai V. Podgorny. This would seem evident in the careful but steady erosion of Alexander Shelepin's political base. While Shelepin still retains his Politburo membership, he unmistakably has been moved away from the seat of power as a member of the hierarchy's younger generation.

The Western community in this capital views the past year as one of drift for the Soviet Union. It was a year when bold decisions were avoided in an effort to limit the chance of controversy or disagreement while the Communist world celebrated fifty years of Soviet power. The best judgment here is that the Soviet leadership has conducted a holding operation on domestic and foreign affairs in recent months. It is also felt, however, that coming months may provide the West with a clearer understanding of Soviet policy directives, because, in large part, certain long-delayed decisions must now be taken.

If the domestic front seems tangled to the leadership, the same might be said of the confused state of affairs within the Communist bloc generally.

Moscow has given up virtually hope of improving the convulsed Sino-Soviet dispute. Over the course of a little more than a year, the feud between Peking and Moscow has gotten worse, not better. The Kremlin's only alternative now is to wait out the Mao leadership and hope for the best — not unlike Washington's attitude toward General de Gaulle's divisive posture within the North Atlantic community.

In Eastern Europe Rumania has pushed its independent line further than ever before. Yugoslavia continues to question certain political and economic principles fundamental to the Communist community. Czechoslovakia recently experienced a major power shuffle. The last time there was one of Moscow's staunch supporters, former First Party Secretary Antonin Novotny.

West German penetration of Eastern Europe is a fact, not a theory any longer. Bonn's overtures have stirred interest even in such capitals as Budapest and Sofia, not to mention more serious inroads in Bucharest, Belgrade, and Prague, and this raises troublesome implications for East Germany and its outspoken leader, Walter Ulbricht.

Shift

That the Kremlin is concerned with all this restless shifting about in Eastern Europe is to put it mildly. There are repeated declarations from Moscow denouncing West German policy; Brezhnev apparently felt the need for personal intervention was called for on the spot in Prague; and Soviet-Rumanian disagreements are now a matter of public record.

It is this sort of movement in Eastern Europe and within Communist circles elsewhere in the world that helps to explain the Kremlin's insistent drive for a full-blown world Communist Party conference. A preliminary or consultative meeting was held in Budapest in February. The conference idea initially was raised to deal with the Sino-Soviet conflict.

A final conference, if and when it is held, would take on added significance, given the chaotic state of Communist affairs on almost every continent. Communist Parties in Western Europe are in disagreement over the proper approach to the present turmoil, and even Moscow relations with Havana have suffered badly during the past six months.

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Moscow

And yet the Kremlin is convinced of the need for a conference in spite of either serious reservation or outright opposition to such a meeting as expressed by a full one half of the world's fourteen ruling Communist Parties.

Accordingly, the Soviet Union has dropped the idea of an international meeting designed primarily to read China out of the Communist Party. The dimensions of the Soviet problem go far beyond the dispute with China. Thus, among qualified Western sources, it is felt that any eventual Party conference may mark the beginning of a serious Soviet search for ways and means to live within a truncated Communist world.

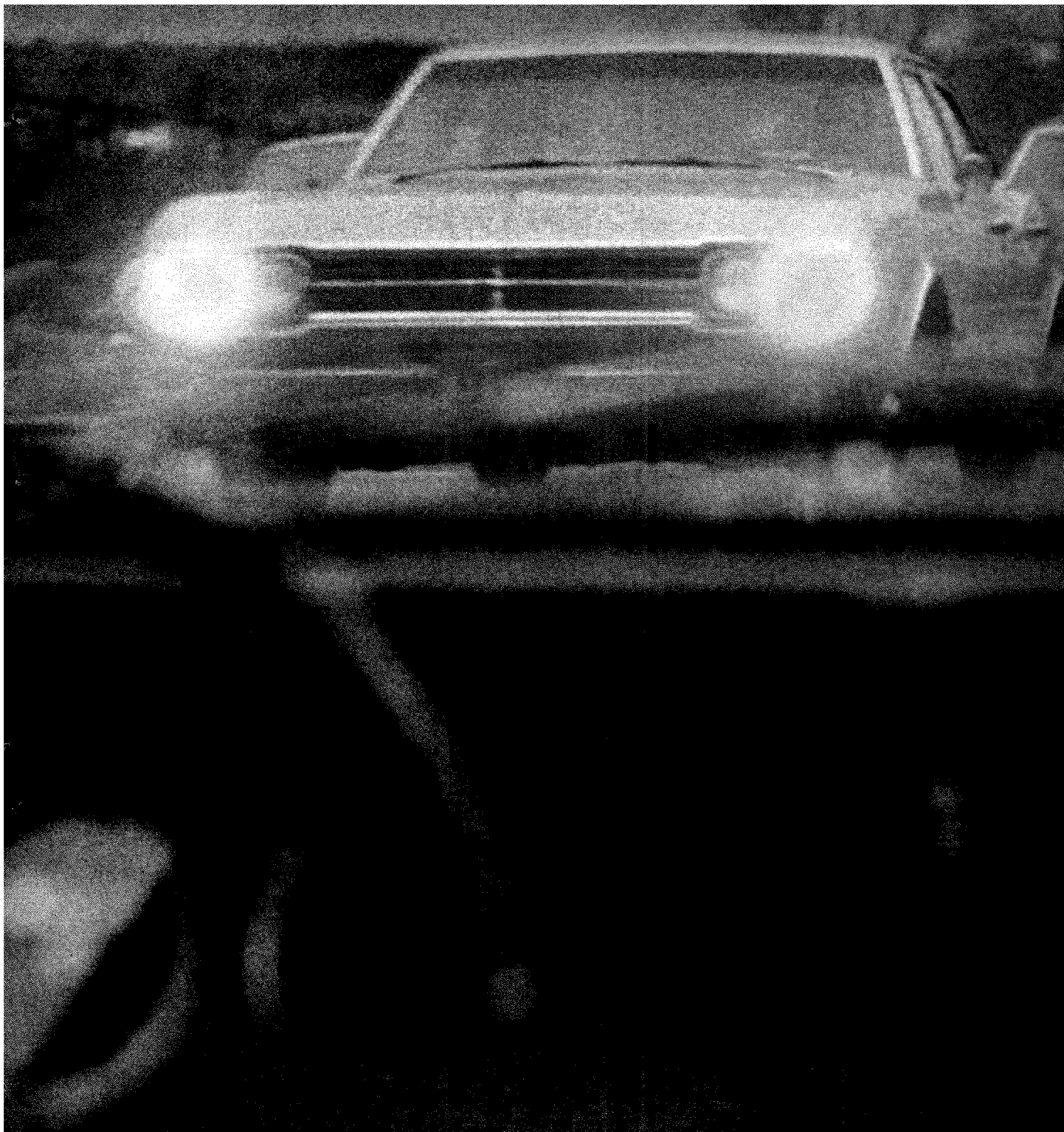
If Moscow cannot reverse an increasingly independent line taken by its allies, then it must find a way to lead this restless movement. It is sometimes suggested that the Kremlin's next step is a shift of position to permit both unity and diversity within a Communist community now seriously fractured at almost every point on the globe. This may mean more stress on state-to-state rather than Party-to-Party relations, an approach Moscow already has experimented with in the case of China, the United Arab Republic, and Syria.

Reading Washington

On the Soviet-American front, Vietnam remains the obstacle to improved relations. It apparently will remain so until an accommodation is reached. The Soviet Union seems less disposed toward peaceful initiatives in the Southeast Asia crisis today than was true when Kosygin went to London just over a year ago. Last summer's Arab-Israeli conflict further complicated the Soviet-American equation.

And America's preoccupation with a national election year in coming months will not help. The history of U.S. elections is that they tend to inhibit any serious effort to improve relations between Moscow and Washington. Unless the East-West climate changes dramatically, 1968 is not likely to raise acceptable diplomatic initiatives from either capital.

The rising political turmoil in the United States has already had an effect here. Moscow seems less cer-



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Moscow

tain about its reading of the American political scene than it was some months ago. It appears somewhat bewildered by the strength of opposition to President Johnson and by the depth of political division over Vietnam. This seems to trouble the official Soviet community, possibly from fear of misinterpreting Washington's next step in Southeast Asia.

Even the U.S. diplomatic mission here is deeply discouraged about its capacity to accomplish anything useful between Moscow and Washington in the months ahead. Some American diplomats suggest the Soviet leadership may welcome a prolonged breather provided by the presidential election. It is felt that the Kremlin is now anxious to turn inward in an effort to resolve problems at home, as well as difficulties among Communist Parties outside Soviet borders.

Moreover, Western sources believe Moscow is in a particularly cautious mood after suffering a series of 1967 setbacks and embarrassments ranging from a major space tragedy — the death of a cosmonaut in flight — to the defection of Stalin's daughter to the United States.

Mischief

Outside the sphere of Soviet-American contact, there is nothing to indicate any major Soviet policy departure on wider East-West questions. This means continued Soviet attempts to exploit U.S. difficulties within the Western allied world and among nonaligned nations. Seeking wider divisions in the North Atlantic community, the Soviet Union no doubt will keep heavy political pressure on West Germany, while trying, particularly in scientific and technical fields, to move closer to both France and Britain.

Western experts in Moscow interpret Soviet pressure of this sort as having more to do with mischief than with any serious new Russian attempt at major diplomatic breakthroughs at the expense of the United States. They also concede that the Vietnam War, coupled with a presidential campaign, may wind up in some political gains for the Kremlin.

Nevertheless, if Washington was glad to see 1967 pass, and even if

Washington is worried about the coming year — as one might suspect from the distant vantage point — the same might be said for Moscow. The point is that the United States can claim no monopoly on international problems these days. The Soviet Union has more than its share in spite of what Moscow would have the West believe on the basis of its feverish anti-American propaganda of the moment. —Richard Reston

The Danube

Early in 1971, the waters of the Danube River will begin backing up behind the giant Iron Gates Dam on the Rumanian-Yugoslav border. The new dam will be of immense significance in tapping the power and navigational potential of Eastern Europe's most underexploited natural resource. It will almost double the present power production of each of the two countries building it. It will more than quadruple the traffic capacity of the river at that point.

Dams and détente

The Iron Gates Dam is one of twenty multipurpose projects proposed on the Danube, at a probable cost of well over \$5 billion. In terms of power alone, the impact on the pace of industrial development of the riparian nations is immeasurable. But power may be less important than navigation. Taken together, the projects now proposed could turn the Danube, whose present annual traffic is only a sixth that of the much smaller Rhine, into a major means of transport. Two of the projects — one under way, one still only a proposal — would link this 1500-mile waterway to Western Europe and Atlantic ports.

The Danube could become a major channel of East-West trade, for six of its eight riparian nations are under Communist rule. In five of these six (excepting the Soviet Union, which borders the Danube only near its Black Sea mouth), planners are acutely conscious of their river's potential. They are especially interested in the effect of a link to the Atlantic.

But left to their own resources, the Danube riparians will build slowly. Capital is desperately short, and most of them are trying to industrialize in a dozen expensive direc-

tions at once. The possibility that the Communist Danube riparians would accept long-term Western financial aid to develop hydroelectric and navigational works on the river is remote. The first tentative feelers, however, have already been put out. The Soviet Union has not so far blocked such exploration, and indeed, may support it.

Russian river no more

The interest of the Danube nations in closer links to the West must be assessed in the context of their careful restriction of Russian control of the river since the early 1960s. In the early post-war years, the Soviet Union made the Danube a Russian river, and a major vehicle of its economic penetration of Eastern Europe. Before the war, Russian shipping on the Danube was negligible. Since the war, while traffic volumes on the river have quintupled, the Soviet Union has moved to undisputed first place on the Danube, originating today 45 percent of all international trade on the river, by volume, and carrying a third of the trade in Russian-flag ships and barges.

The Russians thus not only realized a century-old ambition for Danube trade. They also succeeded — playing in part on deep-seated nationalist resentment among Danube riparians of a half century's control of the river by Atlantic nations — in reshaping international law on the river. In 1948, over strong American and British protest, old treaties were abrogated. Supervision of Danube navigation was assumed by the six Communist riparians (including, of course, the Soviet Union). Austria has since become a full member of the new Danube Commission, and West Germany is an active observer-participant now seeking membership. But control of the commission has from its inception been in Russian hands.

While serving their own interests, however, the Russians also acceded to the nationalist sentiment of their Danube partners. They did this by keeping the powers of the new commission sharply curtailed in contrast to the powers of earlier commissions dominated by oceanic powers. There has in recent years been a trend — led by Rumania and Yugoslavia, supported by Austria — to interpret this narrowed mandate in the strictest terms. Eventual West

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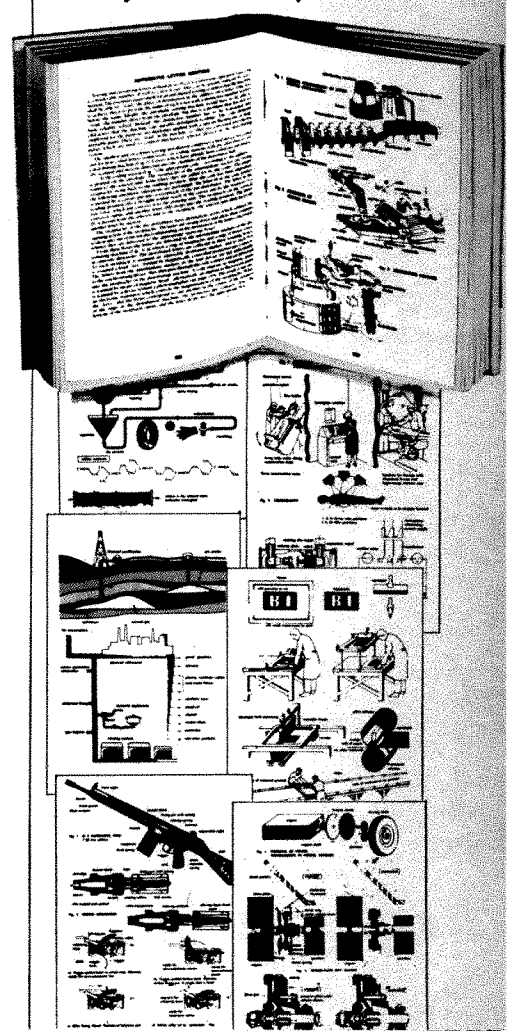
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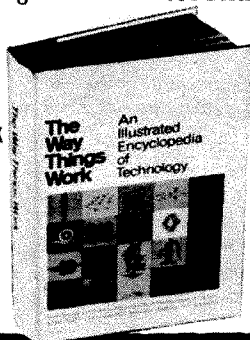
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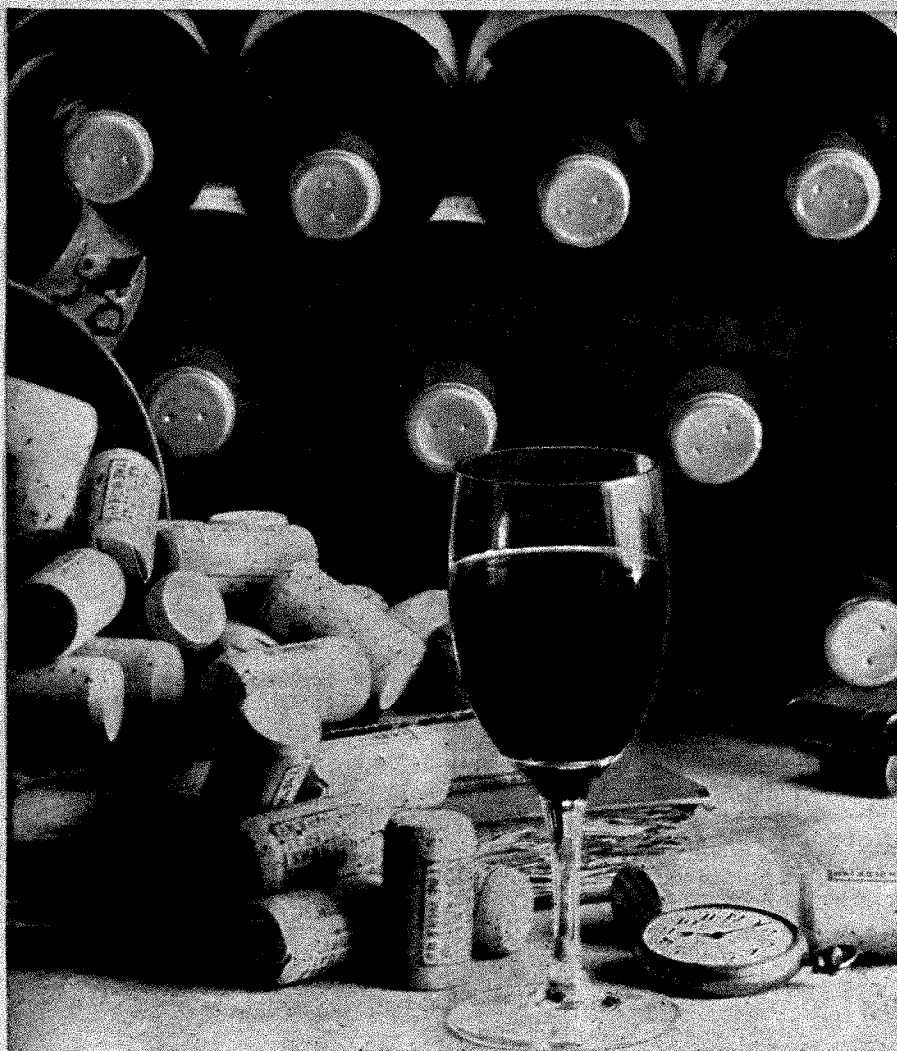
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The Danube

German membership on the commission could strengthen the "independent coalition" on the commission to a fifty-fifty proportion.

The riparians distrust not only Soviet domination, but each other as well. Communist solidarity has done little to ameliorate the latter malaise. Both currents of distrust are most apparent in the Iron Gates Dam now under construction.

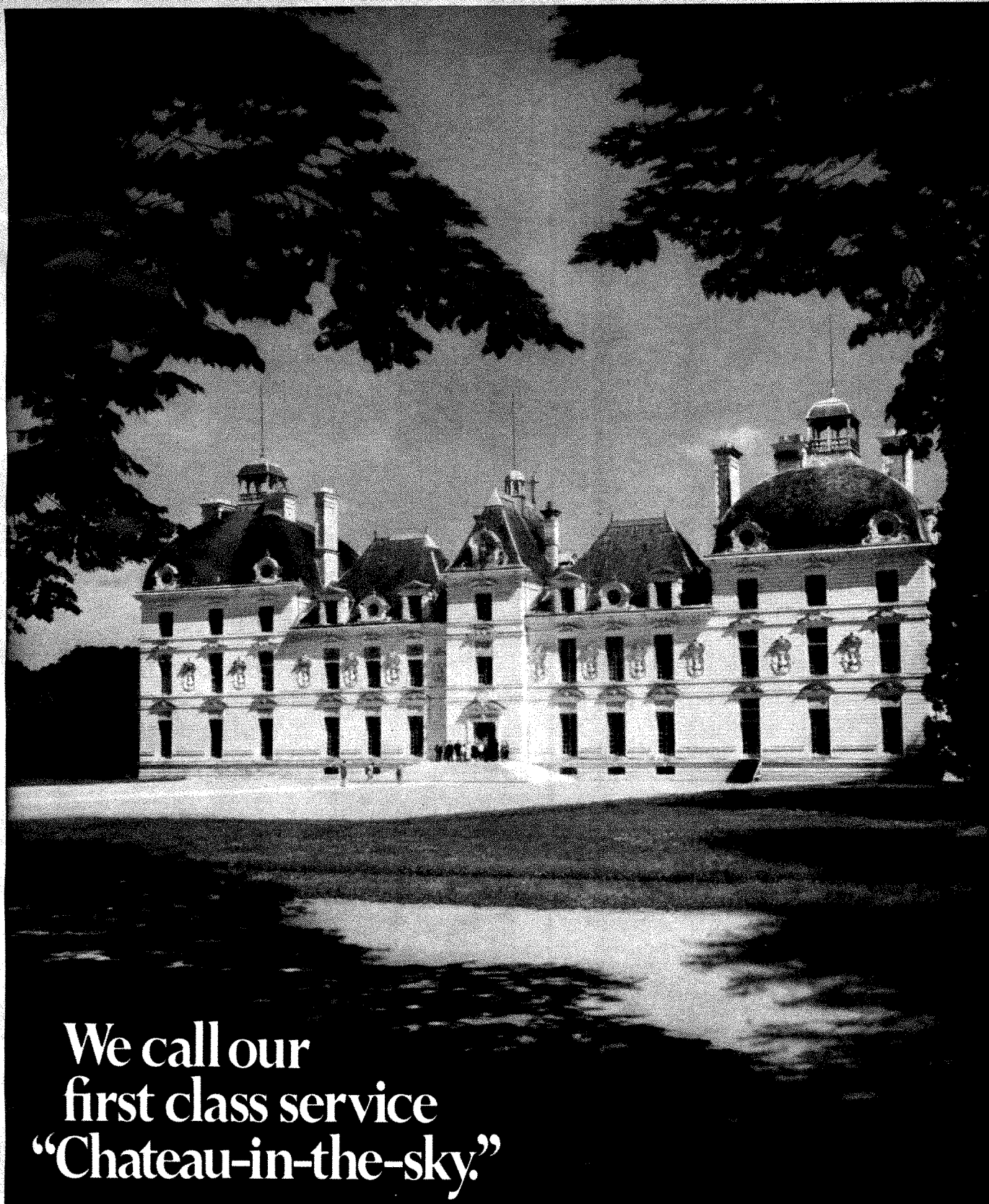
The dam will be Europe's biggest and most powerful, and the world's seventh largest outside the U.S.S.R. It will flood the most treacherous rapids on the Danube; its two-stage locks and still-water lake will allow at least four times as much traffic, perhaps eight times as much, to pass a bottleneck which had reached absolute capacity.

The project was first envisioned at the turn of the century. It was first placed on a priority list by COMECON, the Russian-dominated Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, in 1958. By 1963, the "gatekeepers" — Rumania and Yugoslavia, whose common border is the 73-mile narrows — had completed plans. Construction of the dam is administered by a cumbersome bilateral commission. Each of the two nations, Rumania and Yugoslavia, will build, own, and operate exactly half a dam, which will meet in midstream. The dam would be rigidly symmetrical, even to the point of having one set of locks on each side rather than a dual locks on the Rumanian side, where construction would have been easier and cheaper. A Yugoslav suggestion that their locks be bigger to accommodate occasional oversize vessels was rejected. One of the tasks of the continuing bilateral commission which will oversee the dam's operation will be to equalize traffic through each partner's locks. Each nation will own and operate six massive turbine-generators, with minimal arrangement for power transfer.

Gatekeepers

The two gatekeeper nations' tenuous cooperation, however, is cordial compared with their joint relationship with the other Danube riparians.

When the two builders first presented their plans to the Danube Commission four years ago, they



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The Danube

proposed that all eight riparians underwrite an estimated \$95 million worth of locks and other navigational aspects of the project, almost a quarter of its expected total costs. They testily rejected a suggestion that all the riparians might supervise or even build the entire project. That kind of international authority on the river, the gatekeepers reminded their fellow riparians, had been voted out in 1948.

Since then, although Rumania and Yugoslavia have reduced their demand on the other riparians to \$55 million, agreement seems no nearer. As a bargaining gambit, the two have formally withdrawn their proposal for cost-sharing, and propose instead to charge tolls on all shipping passing the locks. They have the historic legal right to levy tolls for their maintenance of the dangerous rapids and provision of piloting and towing services.

The other Danube riparians are adamantly opposed to tolls once the rapids have been flooded. They fear an Iron Gates tollgate would set a precedent for other dam-builders which might price the Danube right out of the transportation market. But possession is nine tenths of the law, and it seems likely that they will yield to the threat of tolls and agree to some form of cost-sharing.

These massive frictions in the construction and financing of the first Danube dam in Eastern Europe foreshadow difficulties on future projects, most of which will span international frontiers. Cooperative financing and more efficient design and joint construction techniques must be arranged. More important,

the question of priorities must be solved. Czechoslovakia, for instance, urgently wants to build a dam across the border to Austria. It would back waters up to facilitate an ambitious Czech canal project; it is a high Czech priority.

Austria agrees the dam would be worthwhile, but places it at the bottom of a list of nine other smaller, more efficient dams on wholly Austrian-owned stretches of the Danube.

Hungary is interested in a complex of dams and navigation improvements along its Danube border with Czechoslovakia. But the Czechs place higher priority on their joint project with Austria, if the Austrians can be persuaded.

Bulgaria, which has all but run out of damsites on its interior rivers, is pressing Rumania to build a major dam across their Danube frontier. Rumania, in part for political reasons, would like to cooperate, but faces some serious problems of lowland flooding if the dam is built, and in any case is reluctant to tackle any new dam until the Iron Gates is completed. And the Rumanians weigh the proposed dam with Bulgaria against far more efficient damsites on interior Rumania rivers, against a promising site downstream on the wholly Rumanian Danube, and also against a site at the Rumanian-Bulgarian-Yugoslav juncture on the Danube. The administrative, legal, and cost problems if such a trilateral dam were built with the same ground rules as the bilateral Iron Gates stagger the imagination.

It is clear that no Danube nation is prepared to surrender any of its dam-building autonomy to the Danube Commission. Whether the riparians will yield any significant

autonomy to any international body even one not dominated by the Soviet Union, is problematical.

COMECON, despite its role in initiating the Iron Gates, seems at this point an unlikely vehicle. Even if the Eastern Europeans were willing to accept Russian arbitration or priority-setting in the allocation of Russian credits, one wonders how enthusiastically the Soviet Union would finance developments whose principal thrust is upstream and westward.

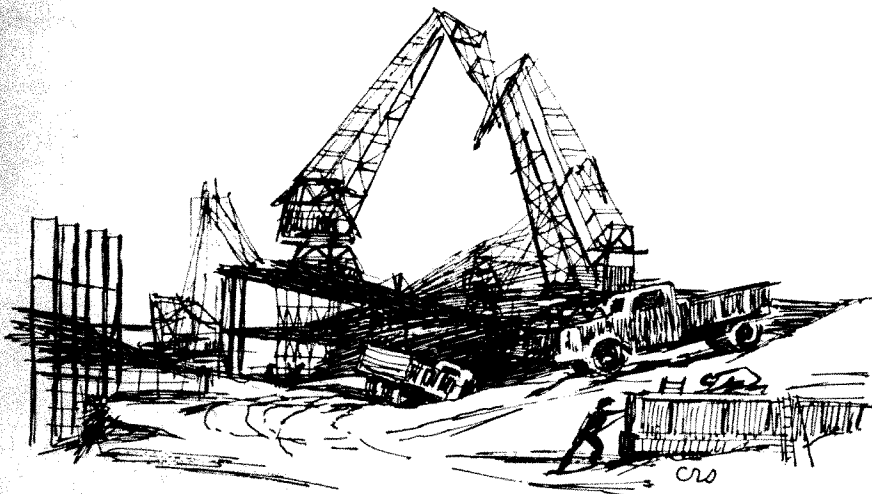
On to Vienna

The potential for trade with Western Europe underlies much of the Danube planning described here. The immediate goal is to achieve channel depths sufficient to bring oceangoing ships all the way to Vienna. This is feasible only through the series of dams now being studied, dredging and channel improvements have accomplished substantial deepening, but their limit is about reached. Electricity and flood control alone will not provide economic justification for most of the major projects, and they must derive a significant part of their cost-benefit rationale from improved navigation.

Increased traffic between the Black Sea and Vienna, along with growing industrialization, might make these projects economical. But the possibility of traffic beyond Vienna, and by canal to the Rhine and thence to the great Dutch ports would enormously improve the economics of every project.

It is not the prospect simply of increased volume which makes this Western link so attractive. It is the appeal of trade specifically with Western Europe and the Atlantic community, with the promise of new hard-currency markets for Eastern products, opportunity to buy Western hardware and know-how, and decreased reliance on Communist bloc trade.

This is apparent even in Bulgaria which is geographically most remote from Western Europe, industrially the weakest in Eastern Europe, and perhaps the most closely tied to the Soviet Union. Several commercial planners I asked recently to evaluate the improvement at the Iron Gates described it almost disparagingly as a *sine qua non* of increased Danube traffic, but of no immediate significance to their trade. But when asked for an evaluation of the Rhine





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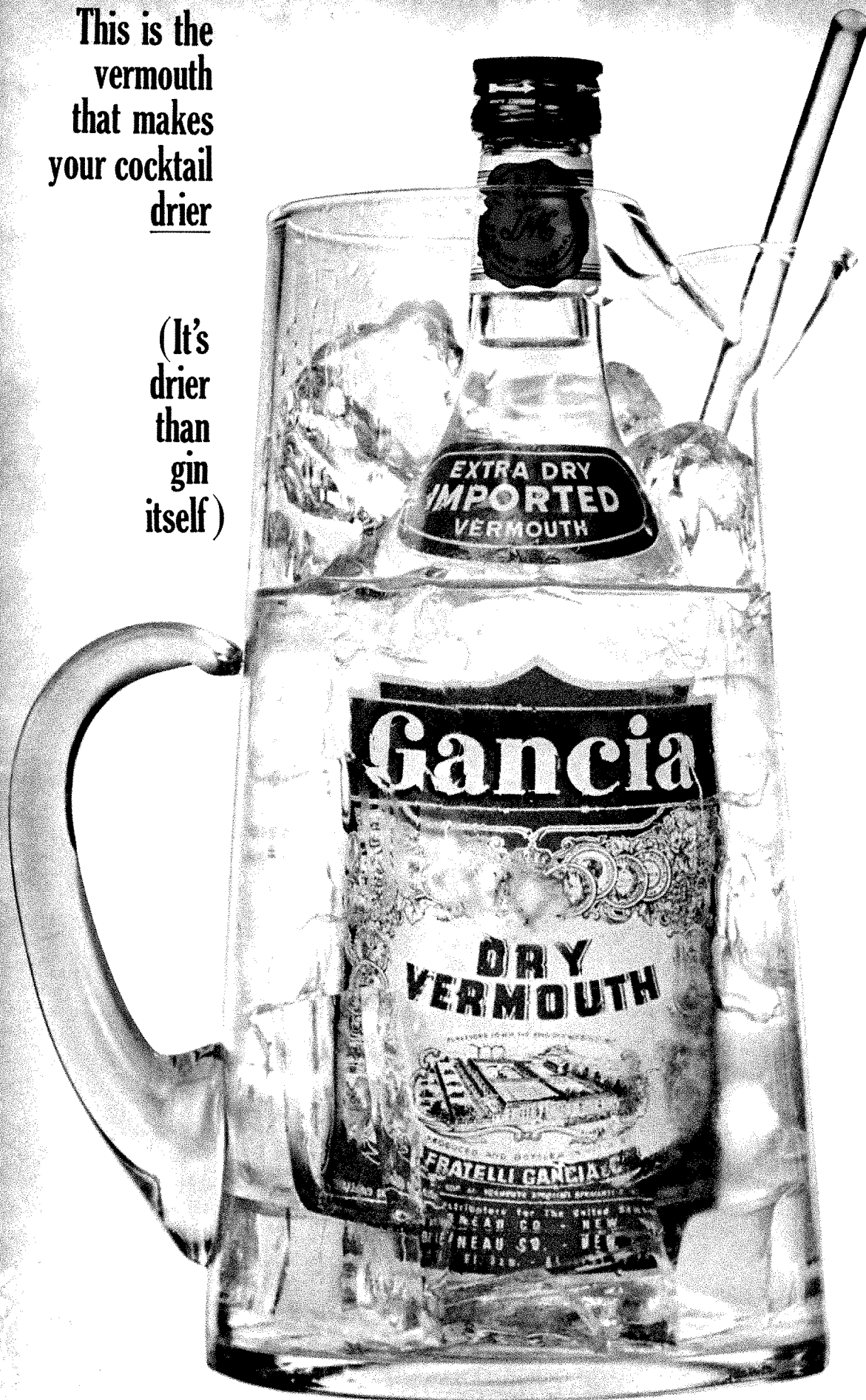
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The Danube

Danube canal link, they grew markedly enthusiastic. That link, which may with luck be opened in 1981, will be the culmination of sixty years' work by a private German company, with help from both the Federal Republic at Bonn and the state of Bavaria. The Bulgarians cannot yet measure the potential of the Rhine-Danube link — still ten years away — but they already have market analysts studying it.

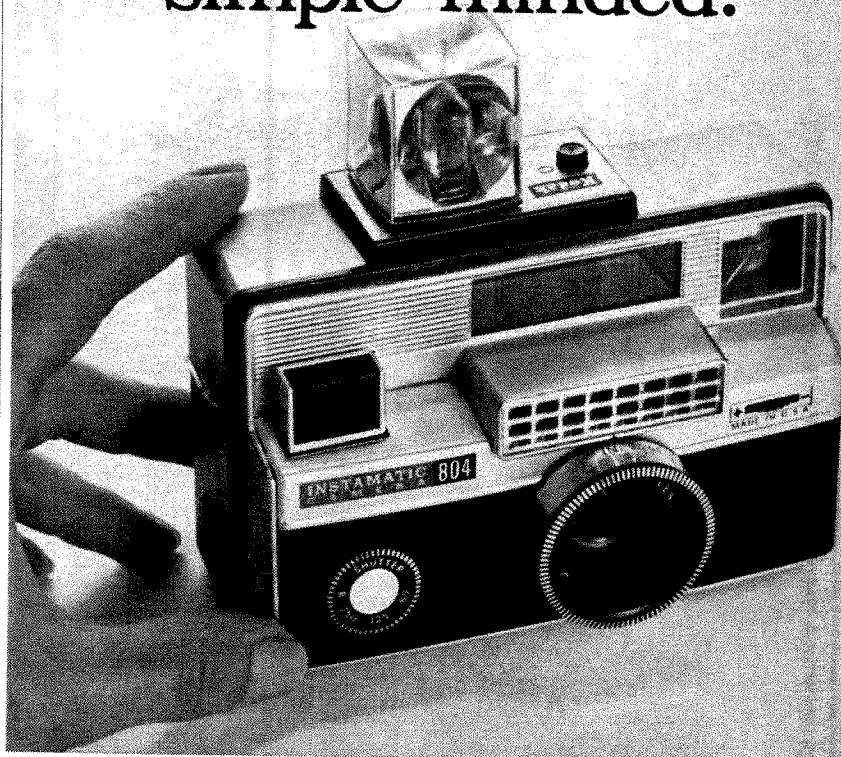
Czech-mate?

West Germany does not have a monopoly on routes from the Danube to the Atlantic. Communist Czechoslovakia is nearing completion of detailed engineering planning of a dual canal from the Danube to both the Oder and the Elbe. Both routes look ambitious indeed. But the Czechs, and their West German competitors, say the Czech canal could be finished first, despite the substantial German head start. It is the Czechs who have been most direct in suggesting they might accept Western financing for this Danube project.

The Danube-Oder-Elbe Canal proposal is ambitious both economically and politically. There are as yet no economic studies to demonstrate that two canal routes westward from the Danube will be viable, even in the long range. The political obstacles are even higher. The eastern leg of the proposed Czech canal would follow the Oder River through Poland to Stettin, on the Baltic Sea. Bonn is neither encouraging nor blocking the project. The western leg, however, would follow the Elbe River to the West German port of Hamburg on the North Sea — through East Germany. West Germany, with support from its Western allies, has studiously blocked all consideration of the western Elbe leg by the Economic Commission for Europe, and has in fact blocked East Germans from participation — even as observers, in some cases — in any of the technical bodies now studying European cooperation in trade, power, and transportation.

While West German intransigence thus seems to bar serious consideration of one part of the Czech canal, that might change. Hamburg has steadily lost business to the Dutch ports of Rotterdam and Amsterdam,

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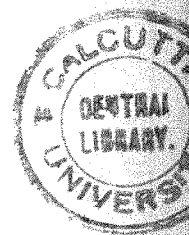
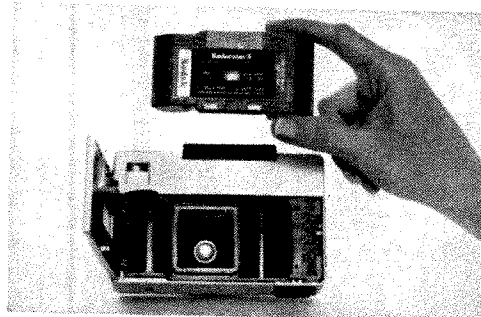
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The Danube

and stands at present to gain little if any Eastern European business via the Rhine-Main-Danube canal. The Czech Danube-Elbe canal, on the other hand, would bring Eastern European traffic direct to Hamburg, apparently at lower cost than the barge trip to Rotterdam.

The long and short of it

None of this, of course, means that East-West cooperation to build up Danube trade and development is a sure thing. The Soviet Union, which has supported the Czech activity in the Economic Commission for Europe, may be using the canal as a way of pushing for recognition of East Germany. The Czech canal, and even some of the Danube dams, may prove uneconomical in the face of growing atomic-power competition.

And long-term financing may prove hard for both East and West to swallow. The West still labors under self-imposed limitations on duration of credits, although they are increasingly observed in the breach. The East has been notoriously shy of committing itself to long-term debt to the West, let alone anything smacking of Western control. But this, too, is changing. There are more and more joint ventures, and Western quality-control inspectors have even been allowed on Eastern assembly lines.

Many economists, both East and West, moreover, feel the Communist nations have about reached the limit of short-term credit they can repay. If trade is to continue to grow, the East must accept long-term loans, and the West must assume that the Communist nations will expand their economies rapidly enough to be able to repay, in fifteen or twenty years, debts they could not repay in the next five to eight years.

It is ironic that while the immense potential of the Danube languishes virtually unnoticed in the West, the Mekong River in Southeast Asia is repeatedly hailed as a testing ground where the world's capital can create prosperity, stability, and regional harmony through intensive development.

The fact is that the Mekong's potential is long-range. If all the power potential of the river were tapped in this century, the electricity

could barely begin to be gainfully used. Navigation and commerce are distant possibilities. By contrast, every watt of electricity the Danube could generate could be used tomorrow. Navigation may be an even richer possibility. The two together could prove the catalyst to bring the nations of Communist Europe to the regional cooperation which COMECON's bludgeon technique failed to accomplish. Equally important, no Communist nation sees its Danube trade potential pointed eastward to the Soviet Union, as it has been for a generation. Eastern Europe's young men look west, and the Danube can be an important route.

— Don O. Noel, Jr.

Wales and Scotland



The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is not as united as once it was. The cessions of Scotland in 1707, of Wales in 1536, and of Ireland in 1800 were accompanied by legal words of union and the power of the English sword. They were not, it is true, exemplary matches of first-sight love. But the Empire grew, the kingdom prospered, and claims upon ancient prerogatives wilted. Good health is a fine panacea.

Some honeymoons were better than others; the Irish one was the worst. And then the offer of union to Ireland was made too late to affect the feeling of total oppression the Irish had. Nineteen nineteen saw a bitter divorce: the Irish revolution. The English system of assimilation — if you can't beat them, make them join you — was firmly and proudly rejected. The Irish were hardly destined to win, not least of all because their economy was in a parlous state, but they were damned if they would lose. The 1920 Government of Ireland Act was passed too late to refer to Ire-

land; only six Irish counties were left within Britain. These were allowed to manage themselves in everything but the largest issues — foreign affairs, defense — and to send twelve men to Westminster. This they are doing still, one of them a republican.

Since then the kingdom has stayed united more or less through thick and thin. But now, again, there are sounds of dissent. Some parts of the kingdom want out.

Celtic clout

The two most rapidly growing nationalist parties are the Plaid Cymru, for the Welsh (an estimated 8 percent of their national vote), and the Scottish Nationalist Party (15 percent of their national vote). Each has elected a member to Parliament in the last year. Both came in through by-elections, and both had comfortable majorities. And both, it is probably fair to say, won their seats as much through carelessness on the part of their competitors as through their own good efforts. The votes for both parties in recent elections had certainly grown appreciably, but few people thought they'd get in. They had grown, it was said, between elections, as fractious, dissident groups will do, and were best ignored. They were ignored and they won. And having won, they attracted the respect that success is bound to attract. No longer fractious dissidents, their political views were courted. Suddenly, they were a threat to other parties.

If, as is possible, a general election is held this autumn, the Scottish Nationalist Party (SNP) will fight for each of the 71 Scottish seats, and the Plaid Cymru for the 31 available in Wales. The SNP is confident of winning 36 in Scotland, the Plaid Cymru could win 10. This could imperil the Labor Party's majority — Labor has 44 Scottish seats. And it could seriously harm the established third party, the Liberals — 5 of their 12 seats are in Scotland. The Conservatives could suffer as well, so much so that the swing to the right generally expected in the next election could eventually be slight, and the nationalists could hold the balance, a grasp on the English they'd much enjoy.

To the English, of course, this is all absurd. England is Britain is England to them. There have always been these archaic groups of

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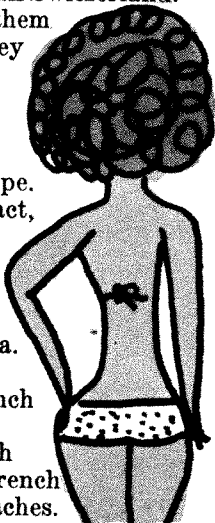
A lot of people have the wrong idea about Switzerland. They think that it's all chocolates and yodeling and music boxes. That the Swiss national bird is the cuckoo. And that the Swiss national hero is Heidi.

So in other words, they think that all of Switzerland is all Swiss.

Well, there's also a French Switzerland, a German Switzerland, an Italian Switzerland, and even a Roman Switzerland. Put the four of them together, and they make an international nation that's different from any other country in Europe. As a matter of fact, it's more like Europe itself:

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In German Switzerland, the mood's just as light, but the food's a little heavier. And there are medieval cities with guild halls and clock towers that put on a show every hour on the hour.



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Another thing the Romans left behind is something you can't see at all. It's a language called Romansch, and it's spoken only by those on higher levels in Switzerland. Meaning the people who live way up on the northeastern Alps. In the Roman section, it's easy to find an old gingerbread-style village clinging to one side of a mountain and a modern resort to the other.

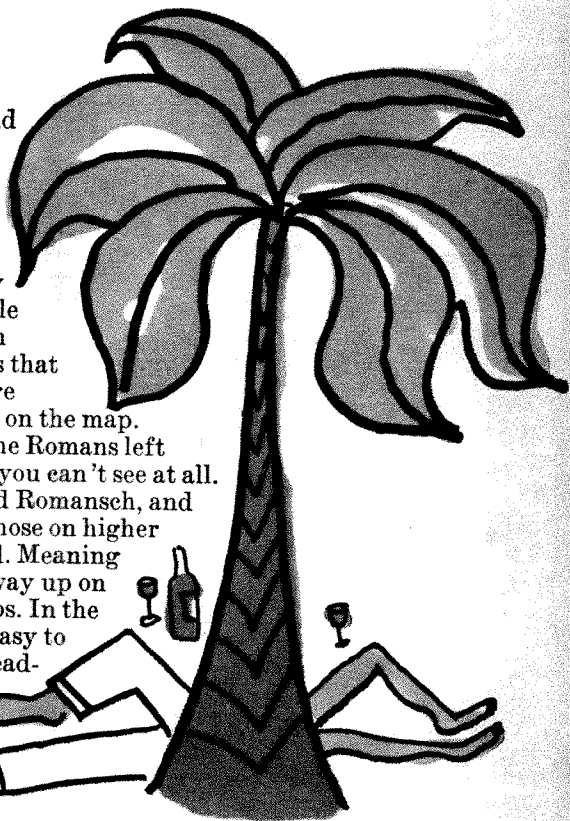
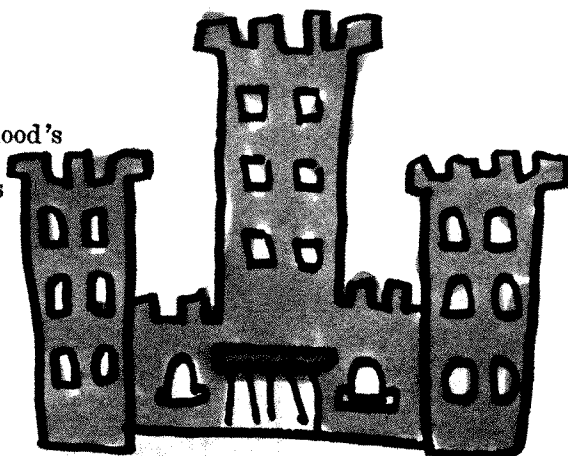
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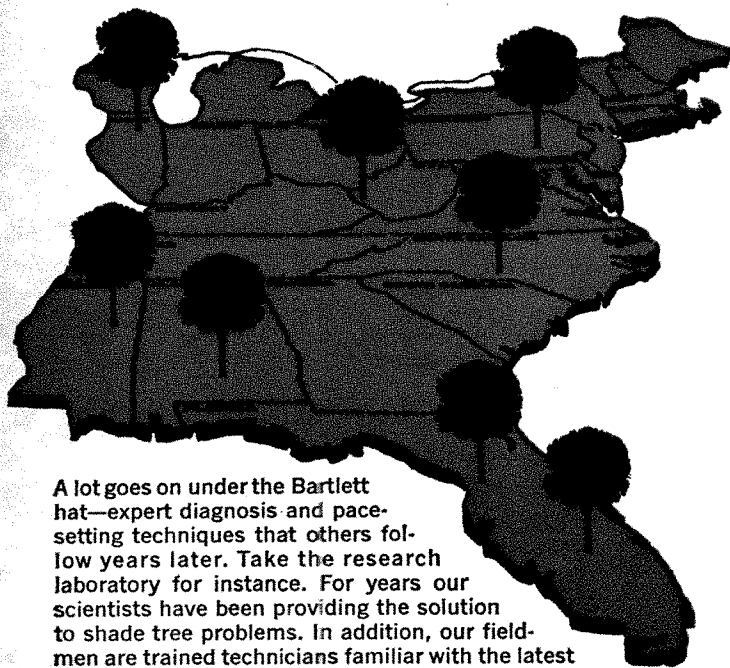
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Wales and Scotland

Celts with weird parochial rites—the Druids in Wales, the clans in Scotland—and England does have a strong tradition of suffering eccentricity. Besides, they're good for a laugh.

The Celts themselves have noticed this. Winifred Ewing, the SNP's vigorous new member of Parliament, who was ferried to London in a train full of bagpipes, fiddles, and shrinking supplies of whiskey, said, "The English, you know, are the greatest nationalists in the world, but they're also the subtlest. They do it by convincing everyone that any other kind of nationalism is in bad taste, and they've somehow put it across. Oh, they're charming and dear, the English, but they're nothing to do with us."

National interests are catered for in the government's traditional manner, of course. The latest New Year Honors List included a British Empire Medal for Carmarthen native William Elias, for ninety-two years of dedication to catching fish from coracles—an ancient Celtic circular boat run up from sticks and tar; very good for the British Empire, of course. How many tongues in cheeks decided that, and what was their intention? Was it just to humor the Celts?

Drain

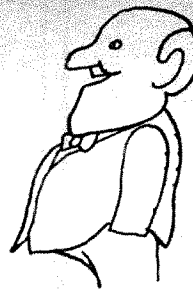
The English admit to a lack of sympathy when they're really forced to talk it out. Isn't most of the British civil service run by expatriate Scotsmen? they ask. Isn't every engineer a Scot, half the teachers, most of the journalists? Hasn't Britain had two Scottish Prime Ministers in the space of the past five years? And aren't 88 of the 630 members of Parliament Welsh or with Welsh connections? How can either the Welsh or the Scottish claim to be an oppressed minority?

That is what they most certainly do claim. For the very necessity forced on a Celt who wants to make his mark in the world is the one that hurts his country. He has to leave it and go to London, the only capital city. Wales has Cardiff, Scotland has Edinburgh, but neither is more than a country town alongside London's riches. And London's riches, the Celts suspect, are largely paid for by them. The mammoth

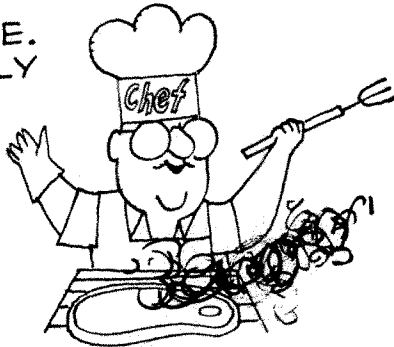
YUP, IT'S THE SUBURBS
FOR ME. YOU CITY
DWELLERS DON'T
KNOW WHAT THE
GOOD LIFE IS.
NEVER KNEW
HOW DELICIOUS
AIR COULD
SMELL, DID YOU?



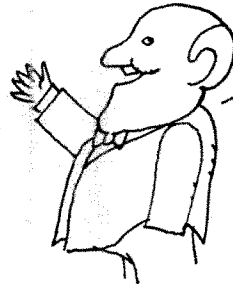
(SNIFF) HMM, SMELLS
JUST LIKE A 12 OZ.
SIRLOIN STEAK.



BACK TO NATURE.
THAT'S THE ONLY
WAY TO BEAT
THE SMOG.



ON THE CONTRARY.
INDUSTRY AND THE
PUBLIC ARE
ATTACKING AIR
CONTAMINATION
PROBLEMS HEAD-ON.



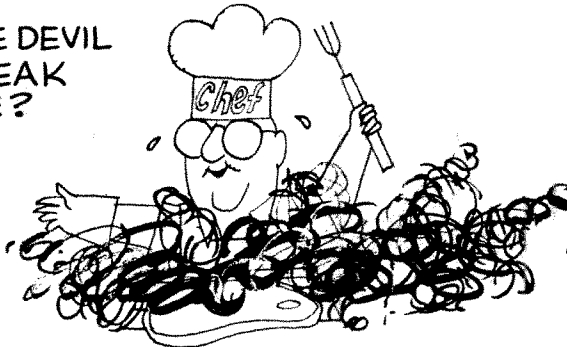
THEY'LL NEVER
BEAT THE
SUBURBS.



U.S. STEEL, FOR
EXAMPLE, HAS BEEN
AT IT FOR YEARS. IN
THE LAST 15 YEARS,
THEY'VE SPENT OVER
\$200,000,000 ON
AIR AND WATER
QUALITY CONTROL.



WHERE THE DEVIL
IS THE STEAK
SAUCE?



IN FACT, YOU'D BE BETTER
OFF IN A MODERN
STEEL PLANT THAN
YOU ARE RIGHT NOW.



WHO SAYS I'M NOT
(HACK)(GASP)
WELL OFF?(SNORT)



I WONDER IF ANY-
BODY WILL EVER DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
COOKOUT CONTROL?



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THE WHEELS THAT GO EVERYWHERE



Wales and Scotland

museums, the miles of roads, the concert halls, the public transport, the best of the universities; all of this is in or near London, in the prosperous southeast.

The Scots claim that £150 million drain out of Scotland every year, not to return in any form. Yet look at their unemployment: 83,000 out of work, well above the British average, and they're losing manpower every year as more move to the south for work. So some want their independence.

And the Welsh say that their natural resources are three times larger than the rest of Britain's, and that, all other things being equal, they should be the second richest country in the world per head of population. And their unemployment is twice the British average, and they're losing men to the south of England, and some of them want their independence.

Both point to other countries of similar or much smaller size. Edinburgh has twice as many people as Luxembourg; there are thirty-five countries with United Nations seats which have fewer people than Wales; Norway is poorer than Wales or Scotland but manages very well. And do not the Ukraine and Byelorussia have seats at the UN?

Talk of regions

The Labor government is not unaware of the administrative difficulties. One of its numerous Royal Commissions is presently considering local government for Scotland, England, and Wales. It is expected to recommend a system of either thirty to forty city regions or federal government for Scotland and Wales and eight other, English, regions. The nationalists already are unsympathetic. It's the talk of regions that irks the Welsh and the Scots, for as far as they are concerned, Scotland and Wales are separate *countries*, always have been, always will be.

The seriously threatened Liberal Party, which usually enjoys an enviable position of moral perfection free of responsibility, has in principle favored a form of home rule for Scotland and Wales. Lately it has been rushing to align itself with the separatists. But not before a spell of indifference, during which the Liberals suffered a drubbing within

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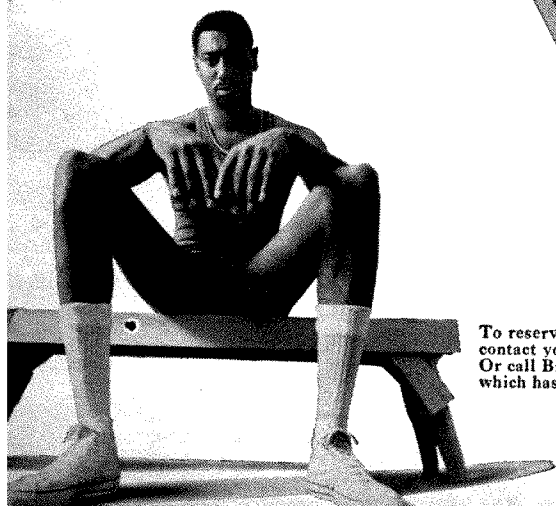
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Wales and Scotland

their ranks by opposing the Plaid Cymru at the Welsh by-election which sent Gwynfor Evans to the House. Party member Northcote Parkinson, of Parkinson's Law and other fame, resigned, saying, "The essence of Liberalism is that people should govern themselves and that power should be distributed, rather than concentrated. It is therefore part of Liberal policy to encourage Scottish Nationalists and to pursue a parallel policy in Wales."

Professor Parkinson lives in Guernsey, so is seen to observe what he preaches. The islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney have as often been French as British, and are now in a state of independence similar to that of Northern Ireland, but without any men at Westminster. And so is the Isle of Man.

The other similarity is a parallel move against Britain's entering the Common Market. All these islands are largely agricultural, and in this field there is likelihood of Britain's greatest possible concessions to the Market. So that in these islands also there is pressure to leave the Kingdom, should Britain be accepted at long last.

Add to this a large group in the Duchy of Cornwall — an outlying county with sizable unemployment — who want their own terms for joining Europe: the Mebyon Kernew, Sons of Cornwall.

But why all this dissent? And can it be called important? And why is it happening now?

The Dragon's Tongue

Obviously, as a political movement, its importance is debatable, at least until the autumn. Its relevance lies in what it represents socially. It is easy to pass it off as interelection discontent, as the major parties do, and equally easy to say that no matter what its causes, any further attempts to decimate government will make it exactly that much harder to exercise world control. Every extra speaker at the United Nations will slow down progress just that much. Easy to say, but is it fair?

The movement's political representatives, Winifred Ewing and Gwynfor Evans, will say that their rapidly growing support springs as much from a naturally strong reac-

tion to Britain's dismal economic condition as from anything they can offer. But when Evans was elected, last summer, the condition did not seem so imperiled. The major movement then in the air was Britain's new effort to join the Common Market. Was this the decisive reason then — protective reaction against a future when all Welsh culture, the language, traditions would be threatened with absorption, not only into England, but into a strange, amorphous Europe with traditions of its own?

It would also be easy to confuse an affection for pedantry with plain old-fashioned reaction, but Welsh complaints seem real. For instance, the Dragon's Tongue issue has haunted Wales since 1536, when Henry VIII oppressively decreed that "henceforth no person or persons that use the Welsh speech or language shall have or enjoy any manner of office or fees within the realm of England, Wales, or other of the King's Dominions." So when, on January 1 this year, the Welsh Language Act reversed that decree, there should have been jubilation. Parents who had refused to complete birth certificates, rejecting for their children any legal recognition in preference to completing any foreign (English) forms, now flocked to the registration offices and were shocked to find that most of the registrars were as ignorant of the Dragon's Tongue as the Prince of Wales himself; the Prince of Wales to be, that is, in 1969. The latter is another big nationalistic bone of contention.

The plan to send Prince Charles to Aberystwyth for one term at the University College of Wales to master a difficult Celtic language is considered no more than a token gesture, and a gesture that will not do. When the last Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor, was invested as Prince in 1911, it cost the taxpayers £18,000, and the Prince was more than a little embarrassed. "You must not take a mere ceremony so seriously," his mother, Queen Mary, instructed him. "Your friends will understand that, as a Prince, you are obliged to do certain things that seem a little silly." Gwynfor Evans, the Welsh nationalist representative, has declined to sit on the investiture committee. As far as he and his are concerned, the last acceptable Prince of

Wales was Owain Glyn Dwr crowned in 1404.

Not that either Wales or Scotland is fighting to lose a sovereign rule. Their rejection is not of crown but country. Their protest is not against regal protection, but against national exploitation; against nationalized coal mines being closed, nationalized railways being closed because of comparatively falling profits — and all of these in Scotland and Wales and the outer reaches of Cornwall. Why should they pay for national services unavailable in their own countries?

Nor are the Celtic nationalist really opposed to the English race as such. Much as the Canadian separatists are quoted — "We are not against Canada, we are for Quebec" — the Scots are simply insistent that they cannot continue in any way to be "a vassal state of England."

There is also the case for withdrawal from an England now at the peak of its reputation as a socially frivolous, immoral race, under a reign of pop stars and five-minute fashions, awash with laws to ease divorce and legalize homosexual practices, and the very reverse of the examples set by Presbyterian schooling.

But in the end, the important question may be whether the nationalist movement represents anything more coherent in policy and program terms than protest against Whitehall's neglect.

Nark

At least as far as the Scots are concerned, youth is heavily on their side. Of over 60,000 party members — thirty times as many as five years ago — one third are under twenty-three and one fifth under voting age. The well-dressed Mrs. Ewing, who drives a Rolls-Royce, was not brought in on a pensioners' platform. Her maiden speech in the House of Commons was in support of the reduction of the voting age from twenty-one to eighteen. Her supporters' interests are close to her heart, and the Nationalists' members are busy.

Gwynfor Evans, after five months in the House, has tabled a total of seven hundred questions on matters principally Welsh — at a cost, urgently leaked to the press, of £7.2.6d each. Gwynfor Evans was unrepentant. He published the answers



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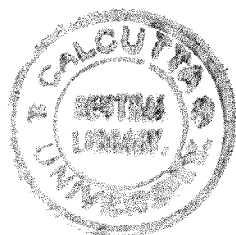
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Wales and Scotland

as admitted evidence of the economic bleeding of Wales.

Evidence otherwise is hard to get. The SNP was insulted last autumn by the Secretary of State for Scotland when he dubbed it the "Scottish Nark Party." ("Nark" is slang for spy.) Winifred Ewing accepted the ammunition and said, "A nark is exactly what I am going to be when the electorate send me to Parliament."

"The only hope"

That is the limit of her power. The long-established Scottish administrative way of life encompasses its own legal system on the Continental pattern, and its own education and issuance of bank notes. Two committees within the House of Commons are assigned to deal with specifically Scottish matters: the Standing Committee, to formulate policy, and the Grand Committee, to approve it. The Standing Committee has 30 seats, allotted in proportion to the size of the parties, and the Grand includes all Scottish members. Winifred Ewing has little hope of any other party sacrificing a seat on the Standing Committee for the sake of her special interests, and she doesn't really care, for she doesn't attend the Grand. Her only aim in attending the House is to gain Scots independence. When she's done that, she says, she's back to her barrister's practice in Glasgow.

Gwynfor Evans is wise in the ways of the House; Mrs. Ewing is more forthright. She attributed her electoral success last November to honesty in the face of hypocrisy and described Gwynfor Evans as "a saintly man." A month later, knowing him better, she said of Evans, "Very clever, he knows how to get what he wants." One ambition he had and succeeded in fulfilling was to gain an allotment of political

broadcasting time on the state-run broadcasting service of five minutes simultaneously on radio and television. Not much, but victory for a parliamentary party of one.

Should he win the ultimate victory of national independence for Wales, Gwynfor Evans has a clear idea of the probable form of constitution—a two-house parliament, both houses elected—and of the military establishment—a small army on the Irish lines, for United Nations service: "the only hope we small nations have." Winifred Ewing thinks the Scottish plan would be very much the same: Scotland would sign a peace treaty with England and send the U.S. Polaris missiles submarines away.

As irrational as New Zealand

The Welsh are pacifist more than extremist. Not that extremists are unknown. The announced intention of the Free Welsh Army, a group of a dozen disappointed fascists who constantly embarrass the Plaid Cymru, is to hold an alternative ceremony on the day of Prince Charles' investiture, when they'll glorify a goat, a gambit borrowed from the republican Irish who held exactly such a ceremony when Queen Victoria was crowned.

The Scots have their extremists, too, in the apolitical, militant Patriots, with 7000 members. It would take very little to raise an army if "pacific means" fail, they say.

But the general feeling, if very strong, is far from being desperate. And the English reaction still seems to be that there's very little in it. Independence for Scotland or Wales or Cornwall or any other dissatisfied region still seems, to the average Englishman, comparable in its eccentricity with independence for, say, Rhode Island. But the answer to that could be this, from SNP economist Dr. James Lee: "Patriotism is the most dominating of all political emotions in all countries, and we are simply asking for independence for the same irrational reasons as the people of Ireland and New Zealand and Zambia have asked for independence. Basically we are saying that every people has the right to govern itself, whether it's of benefit to the people or not. The decision is for the people to make."

It will be interesting to see what they decide.

—Kevin D'Arcy

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Reston is Moscow correspondent for the Los Angeles TIMES. Don O. Noel, Jr., on the staff of the Hartford TIMES, has been in Eastern Europe on an Alicia Patterson Fellowship. Kevin D'Arcy is a free-lance English writer.

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letters

The problem of Vietnam

SIR: The two Vietnam articles in the January *Atlantic*, "Cage for the Innocents" by Orville Schell and "The Battle of the Pentagon" by Bruce Jackson, are rich, expressive, and deeply moving.

Here in the United States we know the crude tendencies laid bare by Mr. Schell. We recognize the insensitivity, the use of muscle in place of thought.

Vietnam does not arouse hope, but hope we must, along with Mr. Jackson, that we can still make something of the tired American Dream.

DAVID J. FETTER
Arlington, Va.

SIR: During July, August, and September of 1966 I kept my gear in a hut at Chulai and ranged out over Quangngai and Quangtin Provinces attempting to write as much truth as a daily article and three columns a week would allow.

I met Orville Schell and his younger brother in Chulai, and we engaged in a violent argument about what we had seen in Quangngai and Quangtin Provinces.

I had seen things from division headquarters and from the office of the senior province AID official. I had seen the prisoners and the Innocents from the moment of their capture or detention through the processes so profanely described by Mr. Schell.

His brother had observed the area from an airplane as a passenger with a forward air controller, from a file of statistics and statements gleaned from varied but always rear-stationed sources, and from a pre-set mission in which he told me he and Mr. Schell were engaged, writing a book and articles to expose the brutality of our operations and the soldiers involved in them so far as the fate of the Innocents is concerned.

Mr. Schell assured me that he had

no intention of attacking that other innocent, the American individual soldier out in the field carrying out his orders and not necessarily worried about providing Mr. Schell with choice muck to throw at him.

Mr. Schell devoted a great deal of his *Atlantic* article to depicting the individual soldiers as either buffoons or sadistic goons.

He is entitled to his view and, presumably, to selling it to you in the guise of a firsthand report by an authoritative journalist.

I simply wish to say that any reservations I previously had that night in Chulai are now gone.

CHARLES BLACK
The Columbus Enquirer
Columbus, Ga.

Mr. Schell replies:

I find it a difficult task to reply to Mr. Black's letter simply because he is so unclear about what it is that makes him so unhappy about "Cage for the Innocents." He accuses me of "profanely" describing the detention process and of having a "pre-set mission" of exposing the brutality of our operations and soldiers. He further intimates that what I saw and heard was less than reliable since it was gleaned from "rear-stationed sources" (?). I am not aware, however, that he contests any of the actual substance of the piece. Would he deny that the way in which "friendly forces" detain civilians in the field and later interrogate them is often brutal and indiscriminate?

Mr. Black is unhappy because what I have written does not reflect well on "that other innocent, the American individual soldier out in the field." My concern for the image of the American GI did not alter my reporting of the facts as I found them in the Chulai POWC.

Although I cannot agree with Mr. Black that the American GI is "an innocent," I do sympathize with the condition of half a million Americans who have been sent to Vietnam to kill and destroy or to be killed and destroyed. It was not my intention to imply that the American soldier is the real villain in Vietnam. If one is concerned with affixing blame, one will have to point to the leadership of this country. For it is these men who have put the American GI in the position where, if he is to obey orders, he must lose his sense of humanity if for no other reason than

to protect himself. I do not question that there are sufficiently suspicious circumstances surrounding the detention of many of the thousands of civilians who are picked up each month because so much of the rural population in I Corp is hostile to us.

What I do question is our ability to justify mass detention especially when we are unprepared to win their allegiance by providing them with something better than removing them from their land, separating them from their families, burning their houses, holding them in "cages," and then finally abandoning them in squalid, overcrowded refugee camps. I think Mr. Black is aware that all this happens every day. It is unfortunate if it does not shed honor on our troops. But that does not mean that every journalist who writes about the process of dehumanization in Vietnam is searching for "choice muck to throw" at the American soldier.

Battle of the Pentagon

SIR: It is not so surprising, given the new look of the *Atlantic* and its counterparts, that Bruce Jackson's mole's-eye view of the Vietnam protest march on Washington ("The Battle of the Pentagon," January *Atlantic*) should have been classed as some sort of antidote to what has been widely condemned as terrible coverage of that event by the workaday press.

I am myself a workaday journalist, a correspondent for the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer* in Washington for the past four years. On that day, I was not working. But I took myself to my trusty bicycle and went down to the Mall, thence across 14th Street Bridge. I was an early arrival to the Pentagon grounds, where I was a late-stayer, having seen events up until the sun went down. I must plead personal ignorance of what went on during that awful night, but it is my impression that, all Mr. Jackson's anguish to the contrary, the small group which remained after the sun went down was bent on nothing more than the sort of puerile mischief that should perhaps be excused by college deans, but need not be put up with by custodians of so expensive a public property as the Pentagon.

If that was protest, of the new kind or of the old, then the Whiskey

Rebellion was a Marxist conspiracy.

I'm sure it was a traumatic experience for those who were clobbered by the nightsticks (some other veterans of the Southern protest movement will know what I mean), but as all the journalists pointed out, those who were clobbered *were* breaking the rules.

The stars of our national life may be winking out and Mr. Jackson may have been reduced to the ultimate evil of seeking office, but the Vietnam protest march must go down as a grotesque failure, in spirit as well as in execution. If because of it our youths have lost their innocence and see nothing but "cynicism, violence, expediency, and raw power" ranged against them, then their myopia is hardly worth defending.

ROY PARKER, JR.
The Raleigh News and Observer
Washington Bureau

SIR: I question not only the good judgment of the *Atlantic* but its good faith in printing the nauseous article by protest marcher Bruce Jackson.

Nevertheless, the very vehemence and hysteria of his account may alert sober Americans to the nature of these mob marchers whose intent is to embarrass our country and law enforcement agencies by inciting violence in order that they can loudly wail to a listening world about the brutality of the police, the bestiality of U.S. marshals, and the depravity of the American military.

GENE BIRKHEAD
Colorado Springs, Colo.

SIR: I wish to protest violently the publishing, in a magazine coming into decent homes, of the filth and hatred of our government expressed by Bruce Jackson in your January issue.

MRS. W. B. GARLAND
Upper Montclair, N. J.

SIR: What do you mean by the editorial prelude about the "infantile . . . performance of most of the news media" in "The Battle of the Pentagon"? Were the reporting professionals from *Time* to the *New York Times*, from James Reston to Jimmy Breslin, all wrong while a partisan and participant like Bruce Jackson is somehow more right or believable?

Mr. Jackson shows the predictable



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Coming in the Atlantic

The spring lineup of *Atlantic* stories, articles, poems, and provocations will include:

■ **MAN IN THE DRAWER**, a great new story by **Bernard Malamud**. For his first appearance in these pages, the prizewinning author of *The Natural*, *The Fixer*, and many other fine stories and novels gives a touching portrayal of a writer and his art, a story whose relevance is sharpened by the recent trials of writers in the Soviet Union.

■ **HOW COULD VIETNAM HAPPEN?** is a rare document, the candid memoir of a young man who served in the State Department and the National Security Council at a time when he could watch America's leaders slide down the slippery slope to the war in Vietnam. The author is **James C. Thomson, Jr.**, now an assistant professor of history at Harvard. His story helps to explain how the unlikely and the unthinkable come to happen.

■ **IF THOREAU WERE ALIVE TODAY**, writes **Richard Rovere**, "he would have a hard time understanding what has happened in this republic in the century since his death, which is that the state has come to behave toward the individual pretty much as he thought it should but that it is still, alas, given to folly and wickedness, still very much in need of 'enlightenment.'" The distinguished writer and Washington correspondent for the *New Yorker* here offers an inspiring essay for a dispirited time.

■ **GAMES INVESTORS PLAY** or "If Something Happens to Me, Whatever You Do, Don't Sell My IBM" introduces to *Atlantic* readers **Adam Smith**, a pseudonymous stock market commentator whose humor is laced with wisdom, and vice versa.

■ **WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH? THAT WAS NO LADY, THAT WAS SUCCESS** might be the title for **Wilfrid Sheed's** unawed and not-at-all diffident examination of *Making It*, the much-gossiped-about autobiography in which Norman Podhoretz tells how a middle-class Jewish boy from Brooklyn crosses the river to Manhattan to find fun, fame, and editorship of a monthly magazine.

■ **WHAT MAKES WILLIAM BUCKLEY RUN** for membership in the Yale Corporation, that pack of best-in-show bulldogs who preside over the affairs of one of the top dozen or so universities in the United States? In an article that doubles as a campaign tract, the author of *God and Man at Yale* and editor of *National Review* tells how he would try to change his alma mater (or Harvard or Princeton or other private universities).

■ Also an array of new fiction by Joyce Carol Oates, Florence Hecht, and others; new poetry from W. H. Auden, Robert Graves, Leslie Norris; Louis Kronenberger on Lytton Strachey, Justin Kaplan on Walt Whitman's *Blue Books*, Alfred Kazin on the state of American fiction, Diana Trilling on John Updike's novel of sex in the suburbs.

"liberal" double standard throughout.

He needlessly quotes a dirty, indefensible, placarded slur on the President of the United States, then manages to register hurt sensitivity because an army sergeant was profane about the flower somebody stuck down a rifle muzzle. He waxes gentle over youngsters with flowers and cookies and wet rags carried against tear gas, but he frets over the ordinariness of Peter, Paul, and Mary at a time when "if anything, the main stage should have had something violent and angry."

Mr. Jackson, who "never *could* climb a rope," nevertheless scaled a ten- to sixteen-foot parapet at the Pentagon in a fever of excitement — an obvious exemplar of all those academics who, being thirtyish and safely out of the draft and most other action, remain eager "voyeurs" of the New Left's attempts to seduce an American generation and to traduce American tradition.

I hold no brief for any of the things that took place at the October demonstration, but tell me not that "journalism's shortcomings enhance the value" of this kind of guff.

ROBERT J. LEENEY
Bethany, Conn.

SIR: Bruce Jackson's "Battle of the Pentagon" brought back all the anger, frustration, and complete disillusionment of that weekend in October.

I and many others who attended the demonstration no longer care about begging Johnson to stop the killing. It doesn't matter because we no longer consider ourselves Americans.

NANCY GEMONA
Woodland Hills, Calif.

SIR: It was most refreshing to read Bruce Jackson's article concerning the Pentagon protest on the Vietnam War, which I believe to be the most realistic treatise of this protest. I wonder how it must appear to other nations when the country that most subscribes to freedom of speech, expression, and practice of democracy has government soldiers using tear gas and beating the people during a peaceful protest. My compliments also to the *Atlantic* for printing the other side of this mass expression of disapproval.

BILL CONFER
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: I am disappointed by Bruce Jackson's article.

Does Mr. Jackson actually believe that the U.S. marshals at the Pentagon are all sadists who attack and beat people without provocation? Certainly there are a few marshals that will always act irresponsibly, but aren't there members of the demonstrating militant that are equally irresponsible?

Mr. Jackson implies that the "benevolent" demonstrators were not responsible for the actions of the militants. Wouldn't it follow, therefore, that the "benevolent" marshals were not responsible for the actions of the "militant" marshals? Neither can I accept his attitude that the entire federal government — along with the Post Office, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and so forth — is at fault in this situation.

PHILIP WU
Palo Alto, Calif.

The secret of DNA

SIR: I read with great interest the first part of James D. Watson's article "The Double Helix: The Discovery of the Structure of DNA" (January *Atlantic*). In the course of my medical education I have read and heard about the biochemical and physiological properties of genes and DNA. Now Professor Watson's refreshing narrative allows a glimpse of the great scientists' personalities and difficulties in pursuing their goals.

His account of the competition, secrecy, and jealousy among the investigators is no doubt quite accurate. Yet it is difficult to see how the efficiency of such research could be greatly improved without sacrifice of many new and potentially important ideas. That Professor Watson had the insight and determination to attack this DNA problem, the crux of genetics, indicates a measure of his genius.

Though the outcome seems obvious, as it was Crick and Watson who garnered the ultimate prize, I am eager to read the conclusion of this compelling story.

KAY ALDREDGE, M.D.
Watertown, Mass.

SIR: James Watson's intimate account of the events leading up to the great formulation of the double helix structure for DNA is a most intriguing, anecdotal tale.

I might add that while, to my ac-

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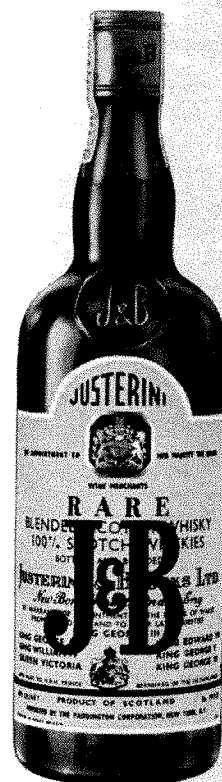
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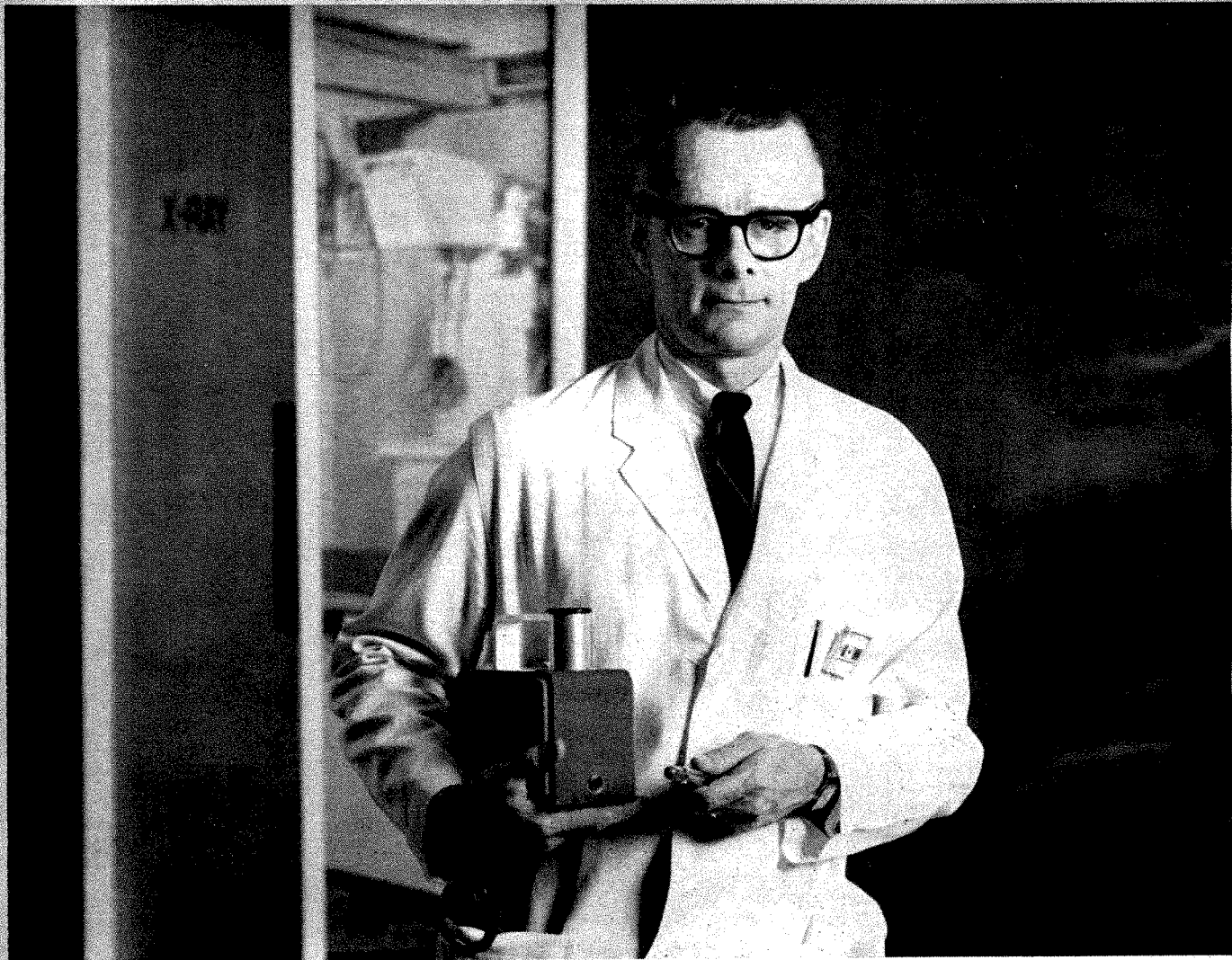
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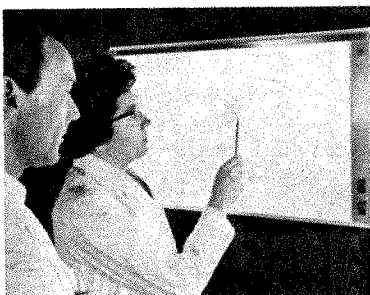
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quaintance, Watson's depiction of the various persons concerned is fully valid, I do not think that most scientists are as influenced by—or perhaps even as aware of—the personalities of their colleagues as Jim seems to have been. For this reason I might question how much, in general, this account “reveals about the way scientists work.”

Also, while I have no reason at all to question the accuracy of the description of the attitudes prevalent in the Cambridge and London laboratories at that time, I am surprised at the apparent innocence of the chemical information then available about DNA which had led others to speculate, at least in private conversations, about the existence of complementary DNA strands.

R. L. SINSHEIMER
Division of Biology
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR: James Watson's account of the race for DNA is a landmark in scientific reporting. I have never seen anything as readable and, at the same time, delightfully irreverent.

STEPHAN EPSTEIN, M.D.
Madison, Wis.

SIR: The increasing influence of science on everyday life demands an upgrading of the level of understanding of science by the American public. The story of the double helix is a significant contribution to greater understanding of science: the scientist himself, his problems, the scientific process, and science progress.

Such articles will undoubtedly help the public make the very difficult decisions it will predictably be called upon to make as new scientific information becomes available.

JAMES A. SHANNON, M.D.
Director, National Institutes of Health
Bethesda, Md.

SIR: Your January installment of James D. Watson's account of the scientific and social approach to the construction of the complex, helical Crick-Watson model of a DNA molecule had the misfortune to appear shortly after the California announcement of the synthesis of the first “artificial” but perhaps “living” DNA molecule, a much simpler type having a ringlike structure.

Inevitably there will be confusion among nonscientists both as to the



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And the *Washington Star* summarizes these comments, and more from experts, saying “Turkey's antiquity is unbelievable; its modern contrasts spectacular. It needs a whole new set of appropriate, superlative adjectives.”

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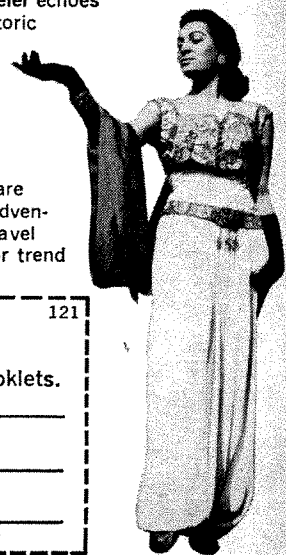
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distinction between the two DNA's and the present importance of Crick and Watson's work.

ALEXANDER LINCOLN, JR.
Meredith, N. H.

Advice and consent

SIR: I read with great interest William C. Martin's article, "Shepherds vs. Flocks: Ministers and Negro Militancy," in the December issue. As one who followed the developments here in Rochester closely, I can say that Mr. Martin's article is objective and, for the most part, accurate.

However, Mr. Martin, in referring to our church, says, "One church . . . raised its contribution \$500, but accompanied its pledge with a letter strongly critical of the council's stance." The letter referred to was published in our church news dated March 30, 1967, and rather than being critical, gave the council additional support even though some on our Session were on the other side of the controversy from the council.

JAMES D. WILSON
Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: May I call your attention to an inaccuracy in the article by William C. Martin. In his reference to Rochester and its many outstanding civic organizations he says, "It originated the Community Chest concept."

This may be considered a matter of semantics, but the original concept of making a single contribution to be distributed to a multiple number of charity agencies was established in Denver, Colorado, in 1887. There has been a united campaign in Denver every year since that date. Five original agencies still serve the community.

ARTHUR J. SMITH
Denver, Colo.

SIR: Thank you for Elizabeth Brenner Drew's perceptive presentation of "The Health Syndicate: Washington's Noble Conspirators" which appeared in the December *Atlantic*. The clarity and thoroughness with which the subject of health policies was presented should make it required reading for our country's adult public.

The health syndicate obviously can be both damned and praised, as undoubtedly will be the persons involved. However, as the article points out, regardless of the motivations, the absence of interest in and effort toward meeting the health needs of the nation was at least partially filled through the combined efforts of health professionals and laymen.

CLYDE N. CARTER
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I enjoyed Stanley Edgar Hyman's fine article on Mr. Darwin's nose, and so forth ("A Darwin Side-light: The Shape of the Young Man's Nose," November), but . . .

I am sure that Vice Admiral FitzRoy must have split the casket when lubbers brigged his bark, or was it barked his brig? Both being independent "rigs" only it is impossible to superimpose one upon the other — like horseing a cow or cowing a horse — it just isn't done.

CAPTAIN CEDRIC METON
Kauai, Hawaii

Mr. Hyman replies:

I know nothing about ships, but simply copied my source. Lady Nora Barlow, Darwin's granddaughter, says in *Charles Darwin and the Voyage of the Beagle*: "She was rigged as a barque, although belonging to the class of ten-gun brigs." Captain Meton's quarrel is with the Darwin literature.

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SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR

by Dan Wakefield

Subject: The United States of America in the year 1968

Condition: At war halfway around the world, at war with itself, and about to choose its leaders for the next four years.

The bulk of this issue of the *Atlantic* is devoted to one reporter's attempt to assess not what we are doing about our problems as a nation, but what our problems are doing to us. The assignment given to Dan Wakefield early in 1967 was this: "No one man can cover everything, but travel and capture as much as you can of America, its people, its moods, its troubles and disillusionments, its still bright and valid dreams, its many ways of life (and not a little death); portray what you can of the entire great, ingenious, rich and poverty-stinking, beautiful and beer-can-glittery, generous and selfish, mixed-up and marching straight on to what? (a bigger and better destiny or the primeval asphalt swamp?), powerful yet impotent, clear-the-slums and kill-the-goddamn-grizzlies, pick-your-1968-Choice and take-your-chances kind of country this is."

The document that follows is Mr. Wakefield's execution of the assignment. Born in Indiana, educated at Columbia, and the holder of a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, Mr. Wakefield is thirty-five. His previous reporting and his four books have earned him high praise as one of the best of a rare and vanishing breed, the independent writer-reporter who finds the delicate balance between head and heart. "Supernation at Peace and War" will be published in expanded book form later this spring by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

In Which the Author Explains What He Was Doing, and What Methods He Used and Did Not Use; Why He Encountered Certain Suspicions.

I have just finished traveling for more than four months through a country that is fighting two wars, one at home in the streets of its cities, and the other 10,000 miles away in a tiny land whose people are of quite a different race and culture. The country through which I have traveled is regarded by most historians and experts as the most powerful nation of its planet and perhaps in the entire history of its planet. Many people regard this fact with satisfaction and awe, while others, even some within the supranation itself, find it a source of uneasiness, and even great fear. It of course is not for me to decide the proper attitude toward this great power, but simply to recount the findings of my journey and try to give you a sense of the life there during this crucial time in its history.

As with any great power involved in struggles at home and abroad, the situation is fluid, and by the time these papers will have reached you, there will have been certain changes, shifts of mood and emphasis and opinion, and yet it is doubtful that the basic life of the country will have drastically altered; doubtful for instance that either of its two great wars will have ended (although the domestic one subsides each year during the winter solstice, for it is fought on a seasonal basis) or that it will have lost its supremacy among the nations. There is also, of course, the remote and yet very real chance that the nation overnight could cease to exist, ironically because of the power it pioneered and possesses in the form of superbombs. In that unhappy event, this report will be of interest only as a kind of curiosity.

At the end of my travels, I have come to the nation's Capital, and secured modest but comfortable lodgings, where I will stay while preparing this report, and occasionally venture out to speak with some of the leaders and attend some of the functions and ceremonies of the government. My rooms are at the top of a small third-floor apartment in the Capital city, and the window affords me a pleasant view of a street that one could find in an ordinary section of nearly any city in the country. The great shrines of the nation are all within walking distance, and yet they are not visible from my window. The stately dome of its Capitol building, the stark needle monument to the "Father" of the country (reflected in a long, clear pool), and the great rotunda where sits the stone statue of the man who reunited the nation in a time of civil war, all are nearby but beyond my immediate vision.

I see only trees and small neat houses of two or three stories, and a large red-brick church with stained-glass windows. It is difficult for me now, as it is for most of the citizens here, to realize that the nation is at war, with itself and its enemies halfway around the globe. From here, as from most of the country's windows, there are no signs or sounds of power or conflict or fear. At the end of the block, children are playing in a small park. Several of the neighborhood dogs erupt into sporadic barking, then subside. A busload of high school students goes by, cheering and chanting, on the way to an athletic event. The chimes of the red-brick church peal the solemn, melancholy notes of a hymn. You see, it is difficult here, as it is in most places throughout the country, to remember that any wars are going on, or that the nation is living through a time of its greatest power and perhaps its greatest trouble.

Most people do not sit around discussing the war or debating the best means to halt the decay of the inner city. They go to work, watch television, have a beer, take an aspirin, talk about football or sex or cards; they sleep, pray, love, and mourn.

I have tried to convey some sense of this common life that is lived by most of the people, most of whom see the wars and internal revolts and crises only in magazines and newspapers and on television screens. I have also tried to touch upon some of the mores, myths, and customs of the society as well as its more immediate concerns. In going about my researches, I adopted the garb, appearance, and manner of the predominant social and ethnic group of the nation, in order to be as unobtrusive as possible. In some areas, of course, this was a handicap, and the fact that I appeared as an ordinary white male of middle height, weight, and age, wearing a standard suit, shirt, and tie, aroused deep suspicions and sometimes hostilities, as I will recount. In a sense, however, these reactions seemed useful to my purposes of studying the prevailing customs and attitudes, and I feel that I gained more than I lost by sticking to the standard attire. In recent times it has become a popular approach for some researchers of this land and its people to adopt the appearance of whatever particular group was being investigated, in an effort to "pass" as one of the group. With my limited time and lack of technical assistance, however, it did not seem to me worth the extra effort to dye my skin black before entering a Negro ghetto, or to decorate myself with feathers, earrings, and luminous paints before descending into the circle of the subculture known as *hippie*. I opted for the consistency offered by the more conventionally accepted costume.

I also attempted to be as straightforward as circumstances allowed in explaining to those natives I met and talked with that I was gathering materi-

als for a report on their country, which also confused. You must understand that in a supernation the gathering of information is usually carried on by vast networks and organizations, equipped with computers, recording machines, scientific questionnaires, and various other highly technical apparatus. Thus, I was often suspected either of being a secret emissary of one of these agencies or of being a poor misguided fellow who simply did not understand how things were done in a supernation. This attitude is not confined to academic circles, but is fairly prevalent throughout the whole society. While I was attending a dinner in one of the ghettos in a great city, a young member of the predominant local minority group asked me what I was doing,

and when I told him, he said with obvious indignation, "You can't do that!" I asked him why I couldn't, and he said, "You need a research team for that."

Frankly, I was neither scientific enough nor colorful enough to have my mission seem acceptable or credible to many of the natives. Most of them, though, were kind enough to tolerate me and humor what seemed to some of them my mysterious enterprise. I am grateful to them, and to the hospitality that often was extended me. If this document should by chance fall into the hands of any of my hosts throughout this journey, I hope they will accept my real gratitude, and will not feel I have judged them or their country unfairly.

I. IT IS FOUND THAT MANY OF THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS; ASSORTED FORMS OF REVOLT AND PROTEST ARE SEEN IN THE LAND.



A. In Which a Significant Minority of the Citizens of Supernation Do Not Like Being in the War They Are in When They Learn They Are in It; and What Some of Them Do About It.

"And then came Vietnam. It sort of eased itself in and sat down next to me, like when you're at a party and suddenly realize that there's someone sitting next to you who you don't know and as you turn to look at him you realize that you're going to have to say something but you don't know what to say. What do you say, 'Hello, Reality?' But suddenly you realize that he's talking to someone else and you don't have to do anything. So you drift through the party hearing conversations, peoples' comments about the person; first you think he's a good guy friend of the host; but others say he's a bastard, always comes to parties and makes a mess of things. Funny thing, you could go through the whole party and never even meet him, yet you could just happen to go to the bathroom and there he would be, and you know you would have to talk to him and that he will say something which will affect your whole life, might even get you killed, yet when you go to the bathroom you find he isn't there, and all you can hope for is that the host will soon bring the party to a close."

That is how the war came to Richard Lee, a junior at the University of Massachusetts at Boston, and that is how it came to most Americans. Not only for those who oppose the war but for those who support it and those who don't want to think about it or don't know what to think about it, the war "sort of eased itself in" to their consciousness. It even seems to have come that way to the leaders of the nation who are conducting the war, for they first said the nation could not and should not fight it, and then they said if the nation just fought a little bit it would soon be over, and then just a little bit more and it would end, and the war kept growing and the leaders kept seeing the end in sight. Many people not only failed to see the end of the war but didn't even see the beginning. There was no blare of trumpets to announce it, no "day of infamy" to arouse the populace to the enemy menace. The war that was not officially a war just kept getting bigger and bigger, and one day there were half a million American troops in Vietnam and the nation was spending \$30 billion a year to fight the war, and yet even then it did not seem as if a "real" war were going on to many of the citizens. Though economic and money problems loomed, the economy of the richest nation

in the world was booming, and the people were not subjected to the rationing of goods and services and personal liberties that is usually part of the circumstances of a "real war." Even those who disapproved of the war were not forced to make a decision about it one way or the other — unless they were of draft age and therefore subject to serve and possibly to kill or be killed in it.

i. Some American boys choose exile over jail or Vietnam; the Chinese set off a hydrogen bomb while I am eating in a Chinese restaurant in Toronto with three exiles; more are expected.

If a young man decides that he is unalterably opposed to serving in the war in Vietnam, he has what seems to be a variety of alternatives — indeed, it sometimes sounds as if he were in the position of a high school student browsing through college catalogues and trying to decide which campus is most to his liking. But after the various legal possibilities of deferment and dismissal are exhausted, he has only two choices. He can either go to federal prison for five years or go to Canada for the rest of his life.

Very few young men faced with the choice have gone to jail, even though many elder advisers on the draft consider that going to Canada is the more "radical" measure, partly on the grounds that at the end of the sentence the young man has the privilege of entering again the society that put him in jail. This of course is more often the view of those who are giving rather than receiving the advice. A number of young men in Canada said they were urged by religious and political counselors to choose jail before exile, and many of them gave it serious thought but finally felt something like Tom Zimmerman, who finally chose Canada instead. Zimmerman is a twenty-four-year-old graduate of the University of Kansas, with a B.A. in philosophy, and he said that before emigrating to Canada,

"I really thought seriously about prison. I knew I wouldn't go to fight in Vietnam and I lost my student deferment when I went to graduate school. My draft board told me I already had one degree and they weren't going to defer me while I got another one, so I had to decide. I tried to think what would happen if I went to prison — what I would read there, and whether I would have a chance to teach classes in something for other prisoners. But I figured there was no way out, and that maybe it might ruin me by the time I got out. Some people say you're making a more effective protest if you go to jail, but I don't think

many people even know you're doing it, and when you get out, you'd just be a criminal as far as most people in America feel."

In saying the choices are jail or Canada, I am speaking of Canada only as the most likely and popular place of exile. The exile could go to other places, including countries in Europe, but Canada is closest and most familiar in language and custom and landscape. While the United States has traditionally been known as a mecca for refugees fleeing other countries, Canada has quietly served as a haven for people fleeing the United States, particularly in time of war. Ever since the time of America's War of Independence (or, as it might be described today, its "war of national liberation"), Americans who didn't want to fight in the wars of their country have migrated north, but the current migration is the largest since the War of 1812, which has been described as the most unpopular war that the nation has fought until the present one.

The young men who go to Canada now are mostly college-educated and articulate young men, and they seem to represent a fair sampling of the sort of attitudes held by the anti-war students who are still in the United States. Mark Satin, a twenty-three-year-old American defector who was heading the main "anti-draft" headquarters for American exiles in Toronto when I was there, was anxious to explain that "you'll probably be surprised by the guys who come here. People think they're mostly radicals or hippies or something, but most of them are really middle class."

The statement was uttered almost as a kind of defense or justification, for although Satin himself is more in the radical-hippie category, the classification serves as a kind of general condemnation in mainstream American society, a way of dismissing any person or group as not serious or responsible or significant. On the other hand, "middle class" is just as opprobrious a term to the radical-hippie segment, and so it was understandable that Satin added, "I mean middle class in the *best* sense."

Satin grew up in a small town in Minnesota and felt an instinctive sort of rebellion, but unlike Bob Dylan, he did not play the guitar and so had no way of expressing it. He finally found others of similar outlook when he got to college, and became head of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) chapter at a branch of the State University of New York. But he was generally bored, dropped out, and couldn't get into VISTA because he refused to sign a loyalty oath. He lost his student deferment but knew he wouldn't go fight in Vietnam.

"The war," he said, "made a lot of things clear to me. There were so many hypocrisies about it, and you got to see that your government was not

the greatest and most honest in the world like you were brought up to believe."

He found his answer in a pamphlet called "Escape From Freedom," published by the Student Union for Peace Action, a Canadian student organization that began as a ban-the-bomb group. The SUPA "Anti-Draft Program" is now the principal organized agency for the relief and aid of American refugees from service in the United States "peacetime" army, and when he went to Toronto, Satin worked for a while at its headquarters there and was soon offered the job of "director" at twenty-five dollars a week.

His radical socio-political education seems to have been most furthered then, not by reading the massive array of pamphlets published by SUPA ("World Revolution and American Containment," "Let Us Shape the Future," and so on), but rather by a girl named Heather Dean, who did volunteer work around the office. Heather is a twenty-seven-year-old Canadian with long blond hair, thick glasses, and two children from a marriage that ended in divorce. In summer she is usually barefoot but sometimes wears white Courrèges boots.

Heather confessed that when Mark first came to Toronto he had short hair and wore baggy trousers. She corrected that, though, and now he wears tight-fitting pants and suede boots and is letting his hair get long. Heather is an intellectual, and reads the "Little Red Book of Mao" (*Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*), which seems to have become in both the United States and Canada the young radical's equivalent of Kahlil Gibran. Heather finds that you can turn to any page of it at random and find something applicable and useful to what's going on in your daily life. Later I got the book, and indeed, it had many inspirational passages, somewhat less poetic than Gibran but certainly as practical as Norman Vincent Peale:

In time of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.

— *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*

So much for the making of a radical, except to note that Mark Satin is a rather quiet, capable young guy who listens to people and questions things and does very well at his job of helping the exiles.

♦ ♦ ♦

U.S. Urged to Set Up "Peacenik" Prisons

Dallas (UPI) — *If the U.S. declared war, it could set up concentration camps for people who are delaying the war, Rep. Joe Pool (D-Tex.) said yesterday.*

Pool said a declaration of war would bring "peaceniks" under sedition laws. Then, if they persisted in their action, the Justice Department could move them to concentration camps and leave them for the duration of the war.

— newspaper clipping on the bulletin board of the SUPA office in Toronto

♦ ♦ ♦

One Saturday afternoon I sat around the front room of the SUPA office, which is furnished in Sears Roebuck contemporary and Salvation Army cast-off furniture, and decorated with a large Canadian flag, some anti-war posters, maps of the United States and Canada, a bulletin board with newspaper clippings, and a wall area scotch-taped with old draft cards. There is a desk and a typewriter where Mark Satin sits, and a table with a hot plate, some cups, and a jar of instant coffee. The room serves both as a lounge for the already emigrated exiles and a reception room for newcomers seeking advice and counsel. Many of the young men come up first to look the place over before making their final decision. If they cross over again as landed immigrants, they can apply for Canadian citizenship after five years, but if they do this while of draft age, they cannot return to the United States again without being subject to arrest for both draft evasion (penalty of five years' imprisonment) and "international flight to avoid prosecution" (ten years' imprisonment plus a \$10,000 fine). At SUPA they can get information about the best way to fill out their papers at the border, and which border points have lately been reported as difficult or lenient toward young Americans.

The first "customer" that afternoon was a guy with close-cropped red hair who wore a checked sport shirt and khaki pants and hardly seemed like a hippie. After he had talked with Satin I introduced myself and asked if he had time to have a cup of coffee and talk about his coming to Canada. He hesitated a moment and then said he supposed he could. Outside he introduced me to two buddies who had driven up with him, and after telling them I was writing something, he laughed and said, "He's probably FBI," and the others laughed too, though not with real heartiness.

We went to a luncheonette down the street, and I asked Red's buddies if they were immigrating too. The one named Bob who wore a tweed sport coat said no, he had a I-Y classification ("qualified for military service only in the event of war or national emergency") and explained, "I got a letter from my psychiatrist." The other one named Phil, a tall guy with black-rimmed glasses, said he

was going into the Peace Corps first and then he would have to decide after that.

Red came from New York City and had just got his B.A. in philosophy from a small liberal arts college in the Midwest, and he said he decided on Canada before he graduated.

"I had several alternatives in the States, like I could have taught in the New York City schools, they're very shorthanded and I was told I could get a deferment that way. But I feel sort of guilty about this whole thing. I'm not trying to be dramatic — I don't mean I stay awake nights or anything, but I feel guilty enough that I don't like the idea of staying in the country and serving it while it's carrying on this war."

He spoke deliberately, in a very even tone, and after just sipping his coffee for a moment he said, "Look, I'm not particularly politically oriented. I'd like to stress that. As far as I have any political philosophy at all, I guess it's anarchism. I'd call it apathetic anarchism. I think a lot of us feel it. Like the New Left guys at Berkeley who saw there was very little they could do to change the system and ended up in Haight-Ashbury."

Red's buddies seemed to agree with this conclusion. We talked through another cup of coffee, and then I thanked Red and promised I wouldn't use his real name because he was afraid it might make trouble for his father, who was a union official in New York. We got up to go and shook hands, and then Red paused and said,

"One other thing. I don't want to sound like some martyr for a cause. I've tried to analyze the decision to come here as honestly as I can. But how much is selfish and how much is principle I really don't know. I know there are real moral principles involved, and yet I'm sure that selfish reasons enter in as well."

I thanked him for that, too.

Back at the SUPA office the next arrivals were a pair of big guys from New York in identical uniforms of sandals, levis, and sideburns. One had an M.A. in psychology but was about to lose his II-S deferment before getting the Ph.D., and so had decided on Canada. His main disappointment was that Yorkville, Toronto's imitation of Greenwich Village, seemed to be only teeny-boppers who were all up tight. After they left, a terrified-looking sociology student came in who stuffed his already bulging briefcase with literature on Canada, said he was also thinking about applying for C.O. status but wasn't too strong on religion, and departed mopping his brow with a handkerchief the size of a small tablecloth.

There were no newcomers for some time after that, and I introduced myself to a young man who had come in and started reading one of the papers on the couch. His name was John Pouttu, and he

was twenty-six years old. He was short, wiry, and casually but neatly dressed in slacks and a crisp white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He had a B.A. in literature, an M.A. in political science, and had won a National Science Foundation fellowship to pursue his studies for the Ph.D. at the University of Oregon. Shortly before entering the graduate program there, he was told by his draft board in the Midwest that he had "been in school long enough" and would be deferred no longer.

"I was really angry," John said. "I'd been studying and working for this all my life. I came from a poor family, I mean real poverty. We led an Appalachia-type existence though it was in the Midwest. When I was a child, we didn't have electricity. My father was trying to farm but he eventually had to give it up. Now he drives a truck. I found early that I could do well at school, and I liked it from the start. Ever since I can remember I wanted to be a college professor. Then when it was just in reach, the draft board said no, I had to go in the army."

He said it was not that alone that made him decide to leave the country, but also the Vietnam issue.

"I first became aware of Vietnam in 1961. I began to get active in the peace movement, and by '65 I was very active. As I switched from literature to studying politics, I became aware of the military power and authority in our own government. From a purely intellectual standpoint, in terms of political science, I think the war is lousy. It's cruel and hysterical politics based on a kind of last-ditch desperation. I might not feel so disgusted about it if I even felt it were in our own best national interest, but it's not. It's bad Machiavelli; I think it's destroying our own country as well as Vietnam." John introduced me to some friends in the office named Michael and Pat Rosenbaum, who were just about to go get something to eat, and John and I joined them. We walked a few blocks to a Chinese restaurant, and after carefully studying the menu, everyone ordered that renowned Oriental delicacy, the hot roast beef sandwich plate with veg. and pot.

The Rosenbaums seemed very young and collegiate, and in fact they had only recently been students. Mike had been at Rutgers, and after he and Patty got married they went to study for a year at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and had just returned and moved in with Mike's folks in New York City. That was only a temporary arrangement, but it turned out to be even more temporary than they expected.

"My parents," he said, "wanted me to stay out of the army because they were afraid I'd have to go to Vietnam. Well, when I took my physical I was told that because of a physical problem I

wasn't qualified for combat, but I still could be drafted and serve as a noncombatant. My parents were delighted when they heard that, and wanted me to go ahead in the army. They didn't understand why I still didn't want to go in because of my opposition to the war in Vietnam. When I told my father I was going to Canada he kicked me out of the house, and called me a chicken and a Commie. If he thought I'd have had to fight in Vietnam he would have sent me to Canada. It's a tremendous kind of hypocrisy. What it comes down to is that he wants the war to be fought, but he wants other people's sons to fight it."

Mike hadn't found a job yet, and he wasn't really sure he had made the right decision in immigrating. He said one of his main consolations was that he thought a lot of his friends would be coming up too.

"Most of them are still in school," he said, "but I think a lot will come up when they're faced with the actual decision. I guess I wouldn't have made the sacrifice of giving up the States and coming up here if I didn't think my friends were coming too."

No one said anything, and our hot roast beef sandwiches came. There was an announcement from a radio at the cashier's desk that Red China had exploded a hydrogen bomb. No one said anything about that, either. The Chinese waiters were of course inscrutable.

"I don't know," Mike said, "maybe coming here wasn't the best thing after all."

John shrugged.

"We're here," he said.

◆ ◆ ◆

Gallup Poll

26% Favor

Using A-Bomb

... Typical of the views of a "superhawk" are those of a 54-year-old crane operator from Crescent, Ia.:

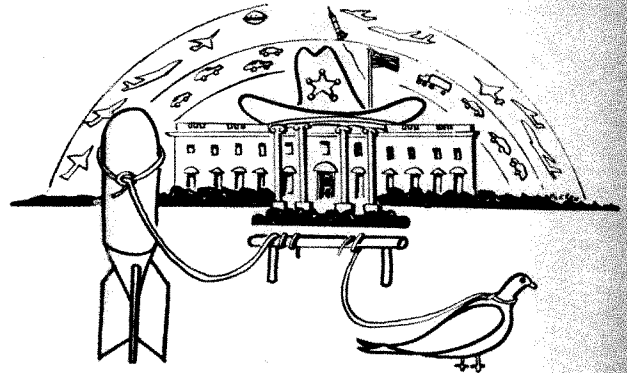
"We've got to push harder over there. We ought to bomb the daylights out of them and get the war over with. If the Army wants to use atom bombs, I say go ahead."

— The Boston Globe

◆ ◆ ◆

A couple were just leaving the SUPA office when we got back, and Mark said they had just come up from New York and the man would have no trouble getting a job because he was an experienced chef. The same pleasant prospects for employment — or anything else — did not seem

to apply to a couple that came in about an hour later. He was eighteen and she was sixteen and both of them were scared. She was his girl and they weren't married and both of them were loaded down with wedding rings. When he got his induc-



tion notice and said he was going to Canada she said she was coming too, and they packed four suitcases and his guitar and drove from Miami to Savannah and took a plane the rest of the way. Mark got on the phone to see if he could find them a place to stay for a couple of nights with a Canadian family until they got settled. Some of the local families take people in like that.

Somebody asked the boy if he played the guitar, and he said yes and took it out of the case very gently, and after a little tuning began to play and sing a song about being on the road a long time and saying good-bye. The girl sat frozen still, listening and looking at the boy. He was tall and pale and there were no lines in his face. She had long, clean hair that caught the light and had no makeup on, and all those wedding rings.

Nobody knows how many young Americans come to Canada in order to avoid the draft, but it must be more than some of the estimates of Canadian officials who find it something of an embarrassment that these Americans are coming, since the United States government naturally doesn't like it very much. Most estimates have been "wildly inflated," according to Wilbur P. Chase, First Secretary in charge of consular affairs at the United States Embassy in Ottawa. Mr. Chase told a reporter that "I think you can count the number of genuine draft-dodgers arriving in a month on one hand." But I counted more than that in one afternoon at the SUPA office, and that was only in one of a number of Canadian cities where they come, and some don't come to SUPA at all because they don't like the left-wing political connotations, and so there must be quite a bit more than Mr. Chase thinks. The estimates of other observers outside the government ranged from around 3000 to 10,000 in Canada overall, and most agreed that as draft

calls rose and more graduate deferments were dropped in "nonessential" fields of study, more would be coming.

One of them wrote a poem, and it was published in the SUPA newsletter of June, 1967. The author uses the pseudonym of "Peter Milne." This is the poem:

Under each helmet the heart
of a Lorne Greene, unelected
Eisenhower to the Sixties.

Our style has always been
the sheepskin jacket, and
our cars cannot yet outrun

the stallion. The bad, small bets
of our bored five-stud are backed
with the magic of endless

chips. The lives of cheaters
cannot be pawned, for Texas
is still a gun state. In the

last hand myths are mortgaged as
houses. Still our west will
never be finally won.

Oceans can't stop it. And
the newsmen have all but
forgotten the Indians.

ii. Anti-draft tactics and resistance are practiced on the home front; some stay out by taking a "trip" to their induction center; I meet a runner, and also two "fine young men" who still won't go.

All over the country agencies and organizations have sprung up to advise young men on how to stay out of the army, and a group of clergy and lay leaders pledged to face arrest themselves for counseling youth to resist the draft.

One of the many groups in this movement is the Anti-Draft Union, composed primarily of students facing the draft, and often their female sympathizers. The Berkeley branch of the Union was holding a meeting one night on the campus, and I went over to see what was going on. The meeting was held at the Wesley Foundation (a collegiate Methodist organization) in a room that was mostly barren except for a soft-drink machine. The members were seated on metal folding chairs arranged roughly in an oval, and the chairman was reading the evening's agenda when I came in and took a seat. The first item of business was a report on the Union's activities in the "recruiting" — or as it might be termed in this case, "anti-recruiting" — of high school students.

A member assigned to report on the subject said that in the California area there was a great need for "converting high school students who are unsophisticated." He said one of the best programs of this kind was in New York City, where letters recently had been sent to all the senior male students of four different high schools inviting them to a meeting about resisting the draft, and 250 students turned out.

In Berkeley, the ADU's main work among high school students had consisted of talking to them about the draft during recess periods on school playgrounds, and passing out leaflets specifically addressed to high schoolers. The leaflet they had made up for this purpose had a cartoon of President Johnson wearing an Uncle Sam hat and crouching behind a line of students in caps and gowns who were walking out of a school building. The President held a graduation cap in one hand and a hand grenade in the other. The caption said,

Why shucks, I warn't very bright when I was their age, so I reckon they won't be verruh much smarter . . . yessir . . .

A bearded fellow in the audience complained that the leaflet was bad psychologically, and in fact might alienate many high school students because it was too condescending. The first paragraph said,

HEY KID! Did you know that LBJ thinks you are stupid? During the hearings on the new draft law, it was reported that Johnson wanted nineteen year olds drafted first "because they would make less trouble." College kids would resent losing their privileges, it was feared, and might tell Johnson what they think of him. But the younger (and poorer) ones, who wouldn't be going to college, could be counted on not to offer much resistance. In other words, they're stupid.

The critic of the leaflet maintained that "if we all just remember back to when we were in high school, we know that one of the worst things someone could do was call you a 'kid.' That 'Hey Kid' would turn me off right away."

No one in the audience was so far removed from high school to have forgotten the truth of that, and most of them agreed that it sounded like a putdown.

It was decided to reword the leaflet for the high school students, and then another member was called on to discuss demonstrations and anti-recruitment activities at induction centers. The induction center expert said that he had some new ideas and techniques to discuss, but before going into them he said that "I would like for the man in the suit to give his name, and tell us what organization he represents, and why he is here."

I had been taking notes throughout the meeting, and I had just written down the last statement in my notebook when I looked up, glanced around the

room at the forty or so young men and women present, and slowly, uncomfortably, realized that the sinister-sounding "man in the suit" was — evidently — me. The others wore T-shirts or sport shirts and levis or khaki pants and sandals or boots or sneakers, and there simply wasn't anyone else who was wearing a suit. That was obvious. Everyone was staring at me.

I cleared my throat and revealed my name, the "organization" I represented, and my reason for being there. For a moment nobody said anything, and I realized what most of them were probably thinking, and it began to seem funny to me. I voluntarily added to my name, rank, serial-number identity the observation that the work I was doing was very difficult, because in places like this I was sometimes suspected of being an agent of the FBI or the CIA, while at other sorts of meetings I was sometimes suspected of being an agent of the Communist Party.

This brought some friendly and sympathetic laughter, and one guy grinned and said, "I move that we accept the man in the suit at face value."

This measure seemed to be adopted by unspoken general agreement, and I was greatly relieved. I was glad it didn't have to come to a vote.

The business of the meeting resumed, and the skeptical fellow told about some of his ideas for induction-center activities. He said that he and a few others had pretended to be inductees the week before, and so were able to talk to some of the real inductees inside the building and give them anti-draft literature. He suggested someone try to get a blueprint of the induction center building, so that anti-draft infiltrators would know where the exits and entrances and the toilets were, for purposes of getting in and out and hiding.

The members agreed that personal talks with the inductees were especially important since many of the guys didn't know there *were* any ways of getting out of the draft. If any of them seemed to be wavering about what to do, they could be advised even after they got inside to refuse to sign the question that asked about membership in subversive organizations, which usually delayed the whole thing for several months while their background was checked, and during that time a lawyer could be retained and other alternatives could be considered.

All these procedures seemed sound, but someone raised the question of the effectiveness of demonstrations and picketing outside the building. Some thought that this only made the inductees feel that the anti-draft demonstrators were against *them*, rather than the war and the system. One guy said it depended on what kind of signs the picketers carried, and he had personally found that one of the most effective ones was the admonition to "Save Your Ass, Not LBJ's Face."

Another view was that regardless of the message, "Ficket signs turn a lot of people off — especially conservative Americans who support the war. And believe it or not, there *is* such an animal."

There was general laughter, and a sense that not many people had ever encountered such an odd species.

A girl who agreed with the anti-sign sentiment added that "the way we dress alienates a lot of people too. I suggest we clean ourselves up before demonstrating."

There was hissing and groaning at this suggestion, but a possible compromise was offered. A student who had been at the University of Alabama the previous semester said in a deep drawl that "at Alabama we had part of our people demonstrating, and we also had our clean-cut-looking people mingling among the inductees and the onlookers."

"That's good!" said a bearded fellow who perhaps for a moment feared being shorn. "Have the hip people demonstrate and then have some reasonably-straight-looking people mingle with the crowd."

It was decided that this plan would at least be tested, and the business passed on to other matters, such as a report that the local fire marshal had come to the garage where a lot of the ADU literature was stored and taken out and burned a bunch of pamphlets called "Up Tight With the Draft"; a mimeograph machine was in need of repair; a site for a permanent office was discussed; and a party was announced for Saturday night.

♦ ♦ ♦

Punishment of Draft Foes Urged by Some in House

Washington, May 5 — Members of the House Armed Services Committee demanded today that the Justice Department disregard the First Amendment right of free speech and prosecute those who urged young men to defy the draft law.

"Let's forget the First Amendment," Representative F. Edward Hebert, Jr., Democrat of Louisiana, told Assistant Attorney General Fred M. Vinson in a loud voice during hearings on the draft . . .

— The New York Times

♦ ♦ ♦

A representative of a more militant group was present at the meeting, and he handed out leaflets explaining the stand of his own organization, called the Resistance, which said that

those most active in the opposition to the war have deferments either because they are students or because of their unwanted politics. The RESISTANCE is a group of men who feel we can no longer accept our deferments so that others can go in our places. We REFUSE to co-operate with the draft and urge all other Americans to join us . . . we will openly violate the selective service laws until the government is forced to deal with our collective protest.

Those are the ones who burn their draft cards. The burnings sometimes take place spontaneously, when a guy gets up and asks somebody for a match and instead of his cigarette he lights his draft card. It makes an orange glow, and lasts for about five seconds. If there are other people present they are hushed, as if watching a ritual. In a way, they are.

Some young men don't even bother. They don't want to resist the system or accept the system; they just want to forget the system and pretend it isn't even there. They go underground. It is easier now, with all the hippie communities around where nobody has a last name anyway or is called by something like Electric Buddha or Changes or Superjoe. Those names are not on any records.

In Haight-Ashbury I met a young man called Don who was tall and had blond hair falling down his forehead and was reading his favorite author, who is Ayn Rand. He likes her philosophy of anti-altruism. He left home when he got his induction notice, and he said he had traveled through forty of the states of the Union, and he liked it best in Haight-Ashbury but he doesn't know how long he'll stay. Nobody knows where he is, least of all his family, and he figures he'll just keep going. At the end of our conversation he smiled and said, "Now you can say you've met a 'runner.'"

Nobody knows how many are running.

Some hippies, as well as many straight middle-class young men, go to the trouble of trying to get a I-Y classification, which means that "the registrant is qualified for military service only in time of war or national emergency," and that has to be declared by the Congress, so Vietnam doesn't count. At least it hadn't yet. The I-Y deferment is given "for physical, mental, or moral reasons," which covers everything from homosexuality to kleptomania, with many other possibilities in between.

A favorite hippie technique for trying to qualify — or disqualify — for the I-Y is to get high before going to the draft board. LSD is preferred over marijuana because it puts you farther out and makes you seem less likely a prospect for marching along in step with a lot of other guys. But this technique doesn't always work, especially with draft boards where a lot of people have tried it. There was one guy who had some friends who worked it in Texas, and so this guy tried it at an induction center in

the San Francisco Bay area. He got high on acid, and when he reported he was sent to the psychiatrist. The psychiatrist looked at him and said, "You're high, aren't you?" The guy said yes, he sure was, and the psychiatrist signed something and then looked up at the fellow and said, "You'll like the army. It's a good trip." He was classified I-A.

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MILITARY institutional systems are horizontal and vertical hierarchies frozen for coordinating programmed corpses (soldiers) giving you the alternatives of either killing and burning people to death or going to jail for not obeying the established authorities — the general idols.

— novas of diggers, Haight-Ashbury

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The neighbors in the middle-class, Midwestern town where he was born and grew up and now lives with his family agree that Doug is a serious, responsible, intelligent young man. He is not a hippie or a rabble-rouser or the kind of kid who gets into trouble. He is thoughtful and independent but not a rebel. He respects his parents. They respect him. He won a scholarship to Michigan State University, and transferred to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in his sophomore year. Along with a group of other students from the university, he was arrested for participating in a sit-in at a local draft board, and served twelve days in jail.

One Sunday night I had dinner with Doug and his parents and another couple who are friends and neighbors. It was a Sunday night American meal of hamburgers cooked outdoors on the grill and french fries and cold beer. Before we ate I went down to the game room and talked with Doug about his experience.

"I wasn't a member of SDS, but I had a few friends in it, and I had gone to some meetings about the war," he said. "The actual decision to take part in the sit-in at the draft board was kind of sudden, it came kind of impulsively. But I had steeped myself in the literature about the war in Vietnam and I was very much opposed to it. I felt very powerless about it. I felt, you know, the Nuremberg kind of thing — that my country was involved in an unjust war, and I had a duty to oppose it."

Doug and the other participants in the sit-in were dragged away from the draft board by the

police, and most of them had never experienced anything like it before.

"It was the first time in my life," Doug said, "that I was confronted with people who hated me—who didn't know me as an individual but who hated me. There was a crowd around when they took us out, and the people in it were red-faced and angry. Afterward, the university was kind of a sanctuary, but the people in the town were very upset about it. I began to feel isolated from people in the town, and I feared them.

"Right afterward I gave an interview to the press, about my reasons for participating. Then I got what I guess were the usual number of crackpot calls, but to me they were frightening. They called me a 'Dirty Commie' and said, 'Go back to Russia,' and that kind of thing. My parents got phone calls too. There was one man who called up my father at two or three in the morning every morning for several weeks.

"Going to jail wasn't as bad as I was afraid it would be. I had a choice of serving ten days straight, or of keeping up my class schedule and serving twelve days on the weekends. [He had pleaded guilty to trespassing.] I didn't mind serving the time, but I was afraid about the other prisoners. I figured they would be townspeople and would be very hostile. But most of them didn't know why we were there, and the talk with them was mostly just gossip. When any of them asked what I was in for, I told them the truth. But when I explained it, they were more frightened of me than I was of them. The idea of a college student going to jail willingly was frightening to them."

Doug filed for C.O. status in his senior year and was turned down but is now appealing the decision. In the meantime he was called for induction and did not pass his physical, but he still is appealing for the C.O. because he wants to establish his position rather than just not have to go on the technical grounds.

Doug said he had filed for his C.O. status "on the basis of opposition to war in general, but I'm aware of the complexity of that. A lot of people talk about what would you have done in World War II, and I just don't know. I wasn't there, and it's philosophically impossible for me to say what I would have done then. All I know is that from my experience of my own lifetime there are no wars I would have fought in, and I can't foresee any in the next twenty-five years that I would want to fight in."

In another Midwestern city I was reminded of Doug when I talked to a high school senior who is president of his student council. Pat does not yet have to think of the immediate question of the draft because he will probably be accepted at a good university, but he is opposed to the war and

worked in the Vietnam Summer project in his city. He said he didn't know exactly what he would do if he was drafted, but if it came to such a decision he would go and live in a foreign country, maybe England or someplace else in Europe, before he would fight in a war like Vietnam. Later his father told me that his son and his friends "think differently than my generation, they don't have the same feeling about the nation as such. I don't know whether it is better or worse, I just know it's different. I have many feelings against the war but maybe because of World War II, I feel we have to support the nation, that is our duty. These kids don't have that same kind of feeling, there are other things they feel are more important."

This lack of orthodox patriotism on the part of many young people worries their elders, and some of them have tried to think up ways of instilling the



old unquestioning devotion to country in the children who will make up the next young generation. The American Legion has initiated a program designed for this purpose which it hopes to have adopted in elementary schools. The program consists of coloring a picture of an American flag with the red, white, and blue in the appropriate places, and learning the meaning of each of the different colors.

In his prophetic book *The Fire Next Time*, the American author James Baldwin said that there were certain wars in which Negro citizens would no longer fight, meaning wars against other colored peoples. If this has held true only for the very small minority of radical black power Negroes in the war in Vietnam, which requires killing Asian people, it has also less predictably turned out that there are evidently certain wars in which middle-class white Americans will no longer fight. This does not only mean those who have retreated to the near-total disaffection of the hippie world, but it also means boys who are otherwise considered "normal" or "average," ones who play tackle or are elected to student government. They are a small minority, but a significant one, and their numbers would seem likely to increase. The former president of the student body at Stanford University, David Harris, said that "if this country is going to police the world, it will have to imprison its youth."

Not all of them. But some of them. Ones like Doug and Pat.



iii. A case of cultural overkill; how demonstrations happen but don't really count; a former Green Beret gives up marching.

When the President lashed out against the people who criticized the Vietnam War in "cocktail party conversations," he was striking at the very heart of the middle-class mobilization of protest. The cocktail party has long been one of the principal forums of dissent in the United States, and its use is not restricted to any one side of the political spectrum. History shows that left-wing groups in America used the cocktail party to rally support for the anti-Franco forces in the Spanish Civil War, and that the right wing employed the same tactic during the 1950s with its campaign called "Cocktails Against Communism." If Americans were restricted from forming committees and holding cocktail parties in behalf of political causes, it is doubtful that significant middle-class support could be mustered for any sort of protest movement.

As the protest against the Vietnam War policy escalated, so did the forms of entertainment employed to attract more people and contributions. In addition to a proliferation of cocktail parties, larger and more lavish events were launched, with rock music, psychedelic light shows, dancing, banjo trios, and comic piano players. There of course are some citizens who do not go in for that sort of thing, and these more serious types were offered lectures, debates, panel discussions, teach-ins, poetry readings, and rituals in which "Angry Artists" burned their own paintings in an ultimate act of defiance against the government.

What was possibly a new breakthrough in the entertainment-for-protest front occurred when some ingenious dissenters conceived the idea of a program that would mobilize both the rock 'n' roll units and the lecture troops in a single massive onslaught of anti-war sentiment. The event was sponsored by a group called the "Artists of Conscience" and staged at the Ambassador Theater in Washington, D. C., a former movie house converted to a hall for rock

dances and psychedelic light shows (such conversion is effected by simply stripping the place of all the seats, leaving what amounts to a stage facing a large concrete cavity). The package program opened with the light show and rock dance, followed by speeches and readings by some of the literary artists who most vociferously oppose the war.

The middle-aged people mostly stood and watched during the first part of the program, in which all the senses were assaulted by that combination of flashing and flickering patterns of form and color accompanied by ear-blasting rhythms that constitute a "light show." The young people floated and swam serenely in the sound and light, and the middle-aged bore it in committed discomfort. One housewife who looked remarkably serene turned out to be wearing earplugs.

Much to the distress of the nonswingers, the intellectual performers were late, but just when it seemed that the light show would never go off, the vast hall was dimmed and the stage was lit in the old-fashioned, straight flood of white, and a master of ceremonies came to the microphone to introduce the literary stars.

After a poetry reading by Paul Goodman, the MC explained that one of the featured panelists had said that *he* wanted to be the MC, and that if the original MC didn't allow him to do so, "he said he would beat the shit out of me." This was a fitting introduction for Norman Mailer's performance of the evening. Mr. Mailer, who is, of course, the nation's most prominent example of the writer as public performer, was wearing a dark suit with vest and holding a cup that apparently contained something stronger than coffee. He scorned the microphone, saying that he would "do without electronics." Some people cheered his iconoclasm, while those in the back and in the balcony groaned because they couldn't hear very well. He told the audience, referring to the coming demonstration at the Pentagon, that "on Saturday we all goin' in and do something none of us done before."

He let out a deep, hoarse, braying sound, and then said, "The reason I have no respect for LBJ is he talks just like me."

He sipped from his cup, and said, "Reason I'm late is because I had to take a leak and there weren't any lights in the men's room up on the balcony here."

A lot of people laughed, but there were some loud "boos" from the back, and somebody called him "Bob Hope" and somebody else yelled "Boring!" but that did not at all deter Mr. Mailer. Some of his colleagues tried to get him to sit down, but Mailer was firm in purpose, if swaying sometimes in body. He said he would call for a vote of those who wished him to remain and those who wished

him to leave. There were loud responses for both proposals, and Mailer said, "In the absence of a definitive vote, the man who holds the power keeps it."

Finally he allowed Dwight Macdonald to come on. Macdonald explained that although he thinks Dean Rusk is an "idiot," that "Ho Chi Minh doesn't turn me on either." He mumbled a poem and rambled on about matters in which most of the audience had little interest, like the Boer War, and the "agricultural movement in the Philippines in the early part of the century." It got so it was hard to hear him above the buzz of the audience, and finally, mercifully, he was done.

There was a standing ovation for the poet Robert Lowell, partly in recognition of his cultural heroism in having refused an invitation to the White House. Lowell was none too steady on his feet, and he came to the mike and said, "This is a zany evening, a queer occasion."

Lowell got through two poems and it seemed to be over, but Mailer came on again, and this time he seemed a little more sober. Perhaps recalling what he had said earlier, he now sought to make a kind of advance coverage of his behavior as it would later be reported. He said that the audience would see how the press distorts things when they read the papers the next day, and then he reached his finest moment of bravery. He said he knew there were reporters from the daily papers in the audience, and that they were chicken, and he challenged them to come up on the stage and confront him right then and there. No one went forward, and this showed how brave Mailer was, because there he was standing before an audience that largely regarded him as a hero, and he is a professional debater and amateur boxer and can yell louder than anyone and outcuss anyone, and yet not a single reporter wanted to walk up alone and engage in battle with him, a battle that would be of Mailer's own whimsical choosing before his own crowd. He stood there proudly, his stomach pushed out and his tousled head thrown back and one hand thrust jauntily into his pocket, and one hand holding his mug. Fearless.

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Reflecting the general frustration at the base [of Hill 875 near Dakto, Vietnam] at the slow and costly course of the fighting, one officer who had volunteered to fly into the perimeter in a helicopter said, "I don't care anymore if I get back to the world, a world too stupid to stay out of the war, too stupid to know how to fight it, too stupid to know how to end it."

—The Washington Post, November 22, 1967

"This is America's chance to speak. Our names can save the lives of American soldiers and innocent Vietnamese. Our names can change history."

—NEGOTIATION NOW!: *A National Citizens Campaign for New Initiatives to End the War in Vietnam*

Many people felt that just signing their names might not change history at all. Many had already signed their names, and had also done a lot of the other traditional things Americans do to effect a political change, like ringing doorbells and forming committees and writing their congressmen and voting for the candidate of their choice. Some were even disillusioned by the most sacred of American methods of effecting change, which is voting. In their last great national election for President one of the candidates said he believed that America ought to increase its military effort in Vietnam and win the war, while the other candidate assured the people he would not follow the dangerous policies advocated by his opponent and that he did not believe that American boys should be sent to do the job that Asian boys should do. The vast majority of Americans were greatly relieved when the man who urged an escalation of the war was defeated and the man who said no American boys should have to fight in it was elected.

As things turned out some people were disillusioned by all those traditional American means of changing things they didn't like, and so while many kept doing those things, there were others that did things that weren't as traditional or acceptable. Some of them went out into the street and marched in demonstrations protesting the war, which for most middle-class Americans is a radical thing to do, and some of them did it for the first time. In the biggest of the marches a crowd estimated between 100,000 and 400,000 people from the Eastern half of the country went to New York City and 60,000 from the Western half went to San Francisco to participate in a "spring mobilization for peace" march. They were all different kinds of people from all different parts of the country, and they probably thought that would show a very strong and unusual sentiment against the war in all strata of the society.

Not necessarily. *Time* magazine, an invaluable publication for revealing what is socially and politically acceptable in the society at any given time, said that the main thing that the demonstrations showed was that "Americans in the springtime like to have fun."

Since at a minimum estimate well over 100,000 people participated in the demonstration, there was no way to deny that it happened. But that was not the important thing.

The important thing was that it didn't count.

In America, there are several ways to prove that even though something happened it didn't count. The best ways are to show that it was mainly done by kooks or Communists, preferably both. Since there aren't enough Communists to make much of a turnout it is usually shown that the Communists were "behind" whatever the thing was, and since there are plenty of people whom others regard as kooks, it is usually shown that they were the main participants.

The *Time* magazine coverage of the demonstration was accompanied by seven photographs. The photographs showed (1) a crowd of youths gathered around a Russian flag and an upside-down American flag; (2) a pair of American Indians; (3) some long-haired boys burning draft cards; (4) Drs. King and Spock, the co-leaders of the march in New York; (5) a hippie with a tambourine around his neck; (6) a hippie girl with a banana around her neck; (7) a hippie girl with "Peace" painted under one eye. Under the three photos of the hippies was a caption which said, "Speaking eloquently for what the U.S. is trying to defend," leaving any literal-minded reader with the notion that the U.S. has a million troops stationed around the world in order to defend the rights of people everywhere to wear tambourines and bananas around their necks.

At any rate, one could obviously see by looking at the pictures that this was a bunch of kooks and possibly some Commies. (See picture of Russian flag.) The text of the story did not mention much other participation except for noting the presence of students from Smith and Vassar and some "Columbia University scholars," which hardly changed the overall picture for the average middle-class American reader.

This was the general picture of the event presented in most of the press, with varying degrees of intensity and emphasis. In a guest column on the editorial page of the *New York Times*, the "essayist and reporter" Marya Mannes lamented that among many other shortcomings, the march in New York did not, as it "ideally should have," represent a "cross-section of the American people." The only specific groups of people Miss Mannes mentioned in discussing the march were the "younger contingents" in their "best psychedelic regalia." Certainly there were a lot of kooks, if that is defined by hippie attire, and there were doubtless real-live members of the Communist Party. But they were hardly the majority or anywhere near it, and they hardly had "duped" more than 100,000 other Americans into being there.

As a prelude to my travels through the country I had gone to watch the march myself, and I stood on a street corner for more than two hours as it passed. During that time, which was less than half

of the time of the march itself, I saw pass before me, many of them arranged in professional or geographic groupings, American veterans of different wars, wearing their veterans' caps and some their medals; college professors wearing their academic robes (not just "scholars from Columbia" but from dozens of colleges and universities); students bearing banners of the names of their schools from the South and Midwest and East (not just Smith and Vassar); groups bearing signs identifying themselves as members of labor unions, of Negro organizations, Democratic clubs, women's organizations, and people from different towns and cities. There were housewives pushing baby carriages, men in business suits, older men with canes, a few on crutches, old ladies, and children. There was a group with a sign that said, "Yellow Springs, Ohio, Says Stop the War"; a man smoking a pipe and holding a cardboard sign that was lettered in crayon: "Just Plain People Against the War"; a man wearing a veterans' cap and carrying a sign that said, "Former Lt. in Korea Favors Negotiations." There were also the "colorful" hippies, bearing signs like "War Is a Down," and "War Is a Bad Trip." But except for the hippies and the "Columbia scholars," none of the above people appeared in the pictures or text of the *Time* coverage, or in Miss Mannes' lament about the non-representative character of the march. No doubt many people in the march were rather discouraged when they got home and found that they had all been transformed into exotic long-haired hippies through the magic of modern journalism.

That's the way it was with most of the marches and demonstrations; they happened, sure, but they didn't count.

The only time that middle-class, "average" citizens were discovered to have constituted a large segment of one of the anti-war demonstrations was when a lot of them got beaten up. Most of them had never experienced that before, and being middle-class respectable citizens they held press conferences afterward and were interviewed in the papers and on radio and TV. That was in the demonstration in Los Angeles when some of the 20,000 demonstrators sat down outside the hotel where the President was having dinner, and the police rushed into the crowd swinging clubs and many people were badly beaten. Many of them were men like Dr. Mortimer Roth, a dentist from West Los Angeles, who went to the march with his wife and his eleven-year-old son and told what happened at a press conference:

"People around us came to a stop. It was impossible for us to move. I was at the south end of the hotel. I didn't hear the word to disperse. I didn't know anything until the police came at us. My wife was knocked down. My son was hit in the

stomach with the end of a club. I tried to pick my wife up, and a policeman said, 'Let her lie there! Keep going!' I said, 'That's my wife!' and helped her up. I put my arm around her and one around my son, and we moved away. As we moved they hit me on the back with clubs six or eight times."

People were shocked, not only because such a thing happened but because it happened to a respectable family man, a professional man. Some people probably were even surprised that men like that took part in anti-war demonstrations. Maybe the only way for a dentist to be noticed in a peace march is to get beaten up.

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Her Book Comforts Families

Mrs. William C. Westmoreland . . . has put through dozens of calls this week to the families of wounded servicemen.

In her little black book are such notes as:

"Blue-eyed boy is scared but ok."

"Amputee is just waiting to go home. His leg does not hurt but just tingles."

"Boy who dies. Be sure to tell his mother and daddy that the pain was bearable and not to worry."

— The Washington Post (Women's Section)

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Donald Duncan is one of the people who got disillusioned with marching. First he got disillusioned with the military kind of marching. He was a master sergeant in the Green Berets and was decorated four times during his eighteen-month tour of duty in Vietnam. At the end of it he turned down a field commission of captain and instead returned to the States and civilian life. He was working as a tree trimmer around San Francisco, and one night he was at a friend's house, and a guy came over who was active in the peace movement in the Bay area, and everyone got to talking about Vietnam. Duncan told how *he* felt about it after serving there a year and a half, and the peace-movement guy asked him if he would say that in public.

Duncan said it in public for the first time at a peace rally in Oakland in 1965, and then he wrote it up in an article in *Ramparts* magazine with the arresting title: "The Whole Thing Was a Lie!"

In the article Duncan described the incidents that made him begin to question the war and said, "Little by little, as all these facts made their impact on me, I had to accept the fact that, Communist or not, the vast majority of the people were pro-Viet Cong and anti-Saigon. I had to accept also

that the position 'We are in Vietnam because we are in sympathy with the aspirations and desires of the Vietnamese people' was a lie. If this was a lie, how many others were there?"

This was a shocker coming from a certified hero of the Green Berets, and yet it was still rather mild compared with the statements on the war from some of the retired generals and admirals who have spoken out against it, like former Marine Corps Commandant David M. Shoup, who said, "I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own." Duncan didn't get into the realm of motives or causes, just the effects as he saw them in the countryside.

After his article came out, Duncan joined the editorial staff of *Ramparts*, and has continued to be active in the peace movement. But he is also disillusioned with *that* kind of marching. His first march was the one in Oakland in 1965 where he gave his first speech.

"I was impressed by how many middle-class people there were in the march," he told me. "Lots of men in business suits, housewives with kids. But on TV all they showed were people with sandals and beards. Nothing that I or the other main speaker said was reported here."

"I don't think marches accomplish anything — except for the people in the march having a good feeling toward each other. It wouldn't matter if five million people marched. There'd just be a lot of heads broken."

I thought perhaps Duncan had changed his view when I saw him next as a speaker at the March on the Pentagon. But he said to the audience that the more everybody marched the bigger the war got, and that "we can march until we walk our way into the American version of the gas ovens."

He said the important thing now was resistance to the Selective Service System, which he felt exercised totalitarian control over the people. He referred to a Selective Service document called "Channeling," which says in its explanation of the overall aims of the draft:

The club of induction has been used to drive out of areas considered to be less important to the areas of greater importance in which deferments were given, the individuals who did not or could not participate in activities which were considered essential to the defense of the nation. The Selective Service System anticipates further evolution in this area.

Duncan said that "if people stop registering, stop taking deferments, stop cooperating with the Selective Service System, it will fall apart." He said to the audience, "Don't go back to cooperating with the system when you leave here!"

Many people followed that advice, whether because of his own or others' urgings or not. Enough people followed it that a few months later the Attorney General announced the creation of "a special prosecuting unit to deal with the growing draft-obstruction movement in the United States." Soon after, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin, and three other anti-draft spokesmen were indicted for urging young men to resist the draft.

♦ ♦ ♦

Rep. James Haley (D.-Fla.) was loudly applauded when he proposed the following treatment for flag burners:

"I'd take them 200 miles out on the ocean, tie an anchor around their necks, throw them overboard and let them swim to any country whose flag they can respect."

—The Boston Globe, June 21, 1967

♦ ♦ ♦

B. Large Numbers of Young People Rebel Against Home, Mother, Country, School, and the Affluent Society Which Supports Them Anyway; Subversion Spreads to the Hinterlands; Collegians Plan Further Guerrilla War on the Colleges of Their Choice.

- i. An appeal is made for fresh fruit for the hippies; a taxpayer protests; prayer is proposed as an alternative to marijuana; Plastic Man substitutes love for nuclear vengeance.**

The citizens of supnation have a passion for investigating, studying, and trying to understand themselves and their society. Gatherings such as the "conference" and the "panel discussion" on topics of concern have the status of ritual, and are believed to bring about changes in the problems so dealt with. Such events also provide social diversion for the mounting number of educated citizens who thirst for what they think of as intellectual stimulation, which is believed by many to provide "meaning" and "fulfillment" to human existence.

The National Forum, sponsored by the National Council of Churches, is one of the many groups and organizations engaged in such good works.

The Forum is divided into local chapters called "Town Meetings," a term borrowed from the early history of the nation when most of its people still lived in towns and determined their local affairs at meetings.

"The Town Meeting of Southern California," tackling one of the most troubling issues of the land, sponsored a panel discussion called "Parents Meet the Hippies," which had a rather ominous ring of confrontation, reminiscent of certain old horror movies such as *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*. A crowd of more than 100 people, including a scattering of hippies but mostly composed of parents and curious elders, gathered at 8 P.M. one Sunday evening for the show.

Leonard Harris, the coordinator of the Southern California Town Meeting, announced that the moderator would be a lady who was responsible for arranging the whole panel, and who had been working long and hard to establish a bridge between adults and one of the local hippie groups known as the Diggers.

Lily Weiner is a hypnopsychotherapist, who Harris said is "known for her pioneering work" in that field, a science which evidently seeks to improve mental health by techniques involving the use of a swimming pool. Miss Weiner was a robust-looking lady of middle years, who explained that progress had been made in the effort to establish adult communication with the Diggers: "After a period of testing we have come to trust and respect one another." It was not the hippies alone that Miss Weiner was concerned about, but also their families, whose mental and physical states had seemed to have been laid waste by their rebellious offspring. "These youths who have flown the nest have left in their wake heart attacks, ulcers, and nervous breakdowns."

Retribution, however, was not mentioned, and Miss Weiner stressed that "our goal is reconciliation," a condition that sounded more perilous for the parents than the youth after the damage that had already been inflicted.

Such problems are attacked in supnation by what is sometimes known as an "interdisciplinary approach," and thus the panel included not only representatives of the hippies but also experts from the fields of law, criminology, psychology, medicine, and religion.

The firm and yet tolerant attitude toward the problem maintained by the local police establishment was expressed by Lieutenant Onan Bomar, a Negro serving in the community relations department of the sheriff's office.

"My appearance here," the lieutenant was quick to explain, "doesn't mean that the sheriff's office supports the hippie community, but ours is not a blanket condemnation." He said his duty

Take the fan in your left hand

"Living with the fan in your left hand." The Japanese way of saying a life of leisure and plenty. A life that begins for you the moment your kimono-clad hostess welcomes you aboard Japan Air Lines.

and let an old Japanese proverb

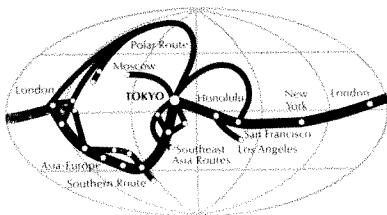
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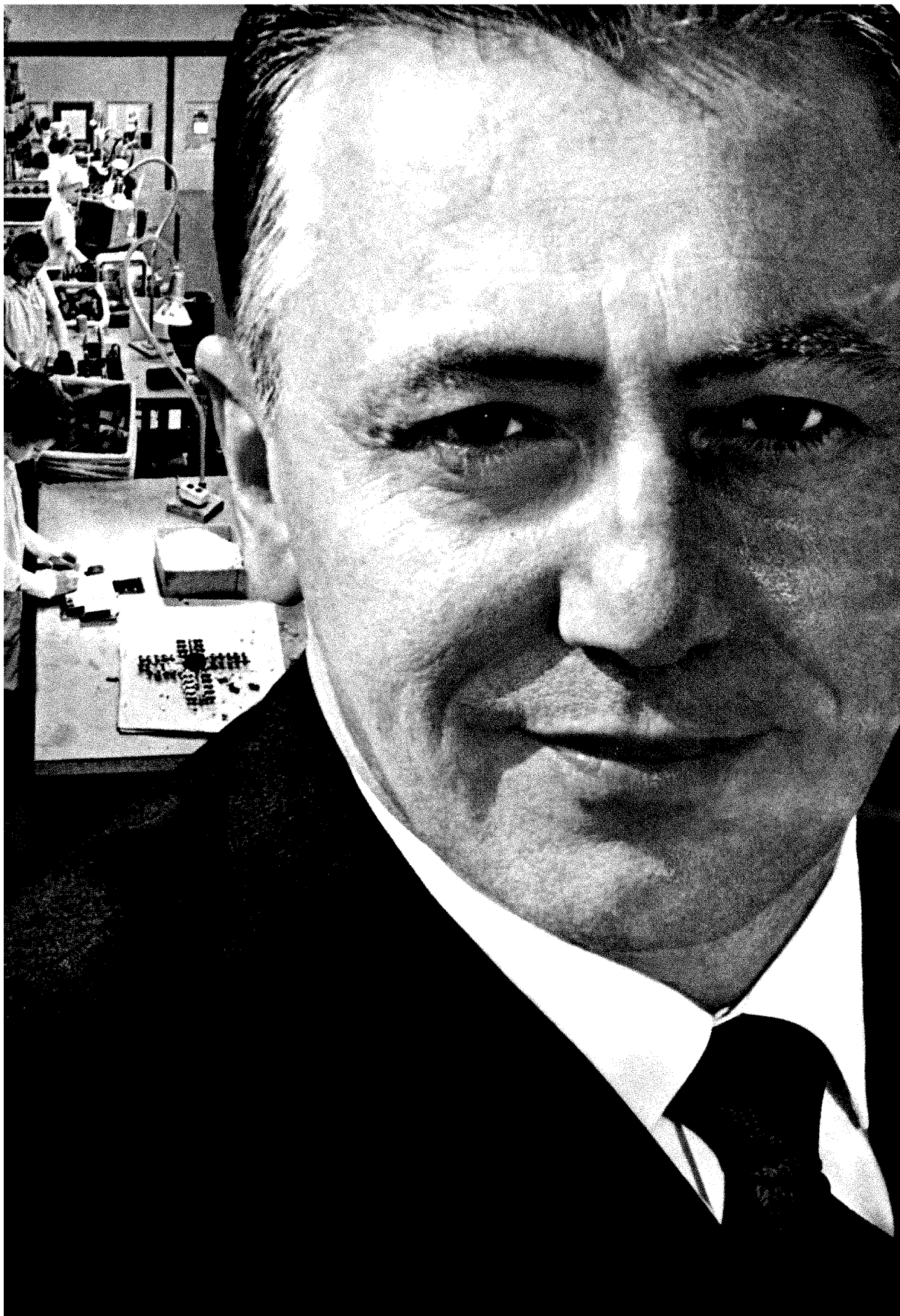
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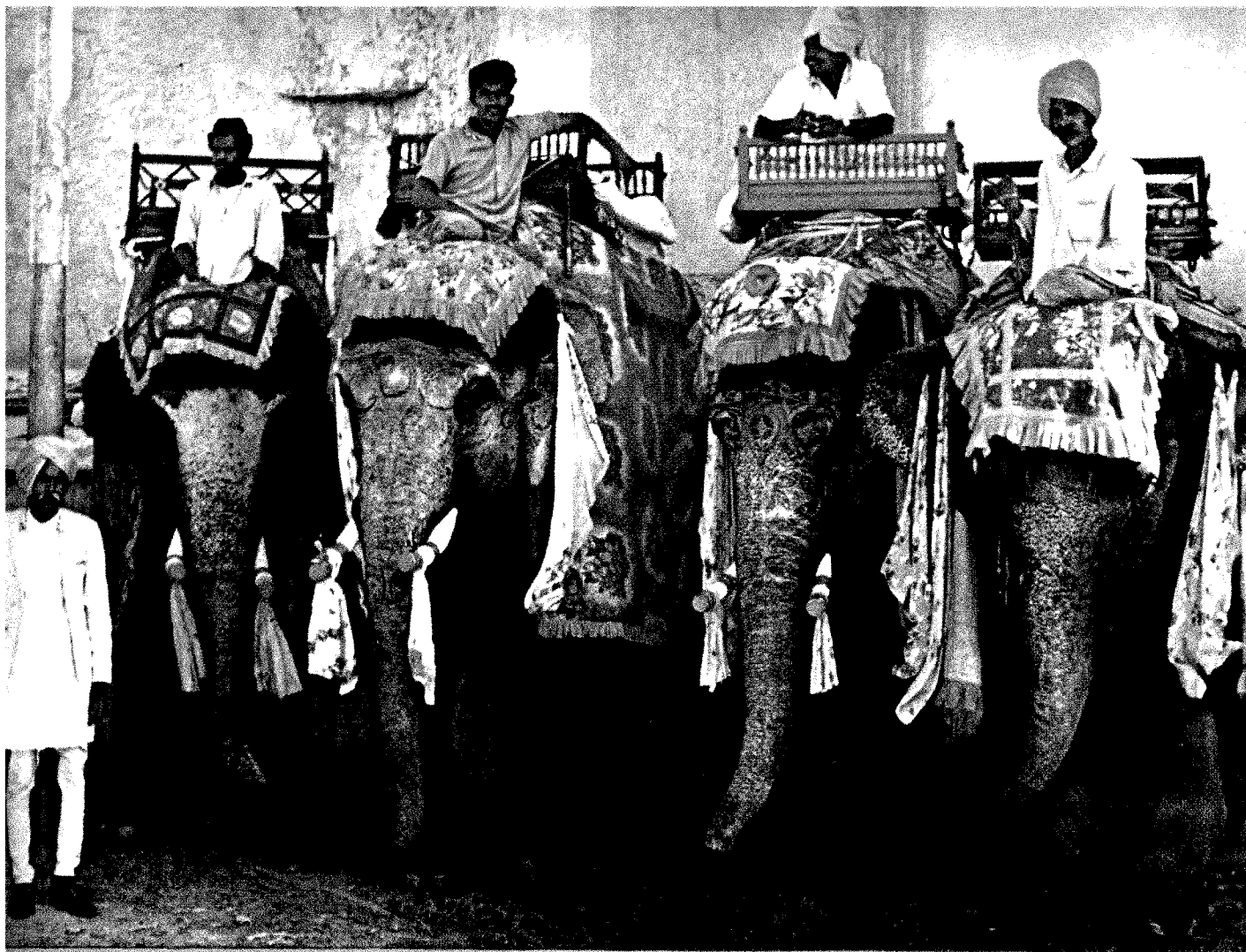
He makes circuit housings for System/360 computers. These housings require tolerances of up to one-thousandth of an inch.

"The computer is an incredibly complex machine," says Mr. Loranger. "Making parts for it is an exacting challenge. But it's also given us, and many other companies, the opportunity to grow right along with the computer industry."

Al Loranger started business in his basement. Today, the Loranger Manufacturing Company employs 210 people.

IBM

From a beginning less than two decades ago, the computer industry has helped create thousands of business opportunities for men like Al Loranger. The future is even more promising.



“The Amber Palace, and step on it.”

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Yet there is one place in our country where we think a visitor would choose the old-fashioned mode of travel instead of the modern one.

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A regular taxi can get up the steep, wiggly road to the Palace in a little under 5 minutes. An elephant taxi does it in a half hour. Take the elephant taxi. It's more fun.

Bumpity-bump, clompity-clomp you'll go, up the narrow, cobblestone trail, laughing, joking, taking in the view, taking shots of the people on the elephant behind you (who are taking shots of you), having the time of your life.

When you reach the top you'll get off and look around. The Palace, though over 300 years old, is still a beautiful thing to behold. There are great silver-plated doors. Rooms rich

with mosaics and marble work. Giant sandstone pillars surmounted by fine carvings.

Spend an hour and take it all in. By that time your taxi will be rested and you can start the happy trip down.

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was to "serve mankind and to protect the peaceful against violence and disorder," regardless even of "dress or length of hair" as well as the more acceptable regardless of race-creed-and-color. Stressing again the police policy of equal prosecution of the law to all citizens, he noted that "though we don't approve of long hair and odd dress, that doesn't make such people criminals."

In spite of this enlightened attitude on the part of police, existing laws must be enforced, and the lieutenant warned that many of these kids are runaways, and older people who try to help them may be breaking the law. "Anyone who hides or abets a minor who is running away from home is guilty of a misdemeanor, for contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

This might have seemed technically to have made a criminal of another panelist, the Reverend Ross Greek, who is minister of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church. The Reverend Greek had opened his church to the summer influx of young hippies from all over the country, supplying them with food and allowing them to use one part of the church building as a "crash pad," which is hippie language for a temporary place to sleep. The Reverend explained that if the kids had run away from home, he tried to persuade them to call their parents, but did not notify parents without the child's permission. This practice seemed to adhere to more modern thinking, to which the letter of the law had not yet caught up. Anyway, his method was successful enough to have placed 143 girls, aged thirteen to seventeen, back at home in the past six months.

Lily Weiner praised the good works the Reverend was doing, and urged those in the audience to aid him in his ministry to the young. "Food is vital for Reverend Greek's work, especially fruit and vegetables. The church does feed them, as well as it can, but Reverend Greek is afraid they get too much starches."

Fortunately for the plight of these overstarched youths, the Hollywood Presbyterian Church was not the only agency contributing to their welfare. Also on the panel was Richard Pine, who was described as "the public relations man" for the hippie society known as the Diggers. The idea of the Diggers began in San Francisco, with some hippies banding together to help supply food and clothes for others, and several units sprang up in Los Angeles as well as many other hippie communities. One of the L.A. Diggers group was evidently having a hard time of it, and Mr. Pine came along and offered his services. He is not actually one of them, but at thirty-two feels he is able to serve as a go-between for them with the straight adult society, and he raises funds through lectures and appeals at public meetings and ap-

pearances before church and business groups. Pine said his Diggers in L.A. had helped house and feed about 4000 kids from all over the country.

"We know something's going on in this country. They come to us from Indiana, Montana, Nevada, all over."

A health problem that seemed more urgent than an unbalanced diet which also is besetting the young folks is the spread of venereal disease. Dr. Walter Smart, chief of the venereal disease division of the department of health in Los Angeles, first made clear that

"I don't want to convey the idea that hippies are the only ones who have VD. We've had epidemics of it here since 1957, and we can hardly blame the hippies for what happened then."

The hippies had, however, brought a change in the type of VD that was most prevalent in the area:

"My own clinic in the Hollywood Wilshire area mainly dealt with syphilis among homosexuals. But due to the cooperation of the homosexuals, syphilis is coming under control. Most of the syphilis cases we have now are with people who have good jobs, and have lived in the area for more than six months."

The new problem, coincidental with the influx of hippies, is gonorrhea, which Dr. Smart said was up one third over last year. "Most of these cases are young adults, fifteen to nineteen."

A special problem of the treatment of these youths again seemed to indicate that the legal system was lagging behind the social reality. According to law, twenty-one is the "age of consent," and anyone younger must have parental consent to be treated for a venereal disease, the doctor explained. Also, they must live in or be residents of the county to be treated by the public health clinic. Both these factors made it difficult to treat the hippies, since most of them were not legal residents, most were underage, and many did not want to let their parents know where they were, much less that they had contracted a venereal disease and needed permission to have it treated.

When these and other problems had been brought to light by members of the panel, the floor was thrown open for discussion, and it developed that many of the members of the audience were not sympathetic to the burdens besetting the hippies.

A small silver-haired lady with a cane seemed most anxious to express herself, and she rose somewhat shakily but then stated her question with clear and firm passion: "Do you think our overburdened taxpayers who have struggled and slaved for years to pay for our little homes should be saddled with thousands of dollars to pay for these freeloaders?"

Richard Pine retorted that "a lot more of your

tax money is being used to kill people in Vietnam, and we want the money used here."

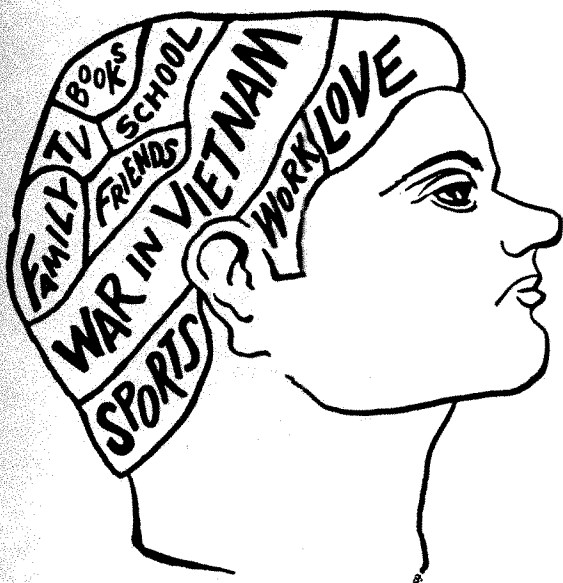
"We don't approve of Vietnam either!" the lady shouted, and received surprised applause from some of the audience. "But," she continued, "we don't approve of freeloaders. I remember when they used to clean up skid row; if they made the drunks get out, the drunks would go home to their families and support them. They ought to do the same with you people."

"You tell 'em sister!"

This cry of approval came from directly behind me. It was uttered by a lady who had been muttering disapproval throughout most of the evening, and now her displeasure seemed to be growing. She was forty-five or so, and wore long magenta gloves, a green and purple blouse, and from each ear dangled a long chain with a red ball at the end, creating an effect that was not so much exotic as jarring. Someone on the panel started telling how the Diggers held free art classes that encouraged young talent, and the lady behind me shouted derisively, "Yeh, I know, I bet it's that surrealistic junk."

There were boos, and other people started talking at once, and Lily Weiner took the microphone and said, "Now, this is supposed to be like a real old-fashioned town meeting, and we must all respect one another's views."

The silver-haired taxpaying lady wanted to be heard again, and Richard Pine said that the hippies



would like to prove to her they were her friends, and would like her to come to the platform and speak. There was a quick huddle among the discussion leaders, but the lady was already toddling to the platform, and it would have been

difficult to push her back down, cane and all. She took the mike and said:

"I am Mrs. Schuyler. I am of course an American citizen, an honorable American citizen. I am a member of a group called Truth Forum Unlimited. We believe only the truth can make you free, and that there's a right and a wrong. All these young people come here bringing VD and drugs and bad habits. Their idea of love is promiscuous sexual madness!"

There were boos and jeers, and a lady stood up and said, "We don't have to listen to this!"

Lily Weiner, finding it hard to maintain the old-town-meeting atmosphere of mutual respect, shouted back, "Well, then you can leave."

Mrs. Schuyler went on to say, "Last week a friend of mine was entertaining people, and hundreds of these hippies climbed over her fence, ruined her flower beds, and ate up all the food in the icebox."

There were cheers and applause. Lily told Mrs. Schuyler her time was up. The lady behind me said, "You can tell what nationality *she* is, the one running the meeting. She's a Jew — they want to keep control of everything."

Someone asked a question about drugs, and Herb Porter, a well-known lawyer in the area who has defended a number of young people in narcotics cases, explained very calmly that while LSD sometimes has very harmful psychological effects and all of its effects are not known or understood yet, marijuana is not harmful and is not addicting. The lady behind me jumped up and yelled, "That's not true, I saw a woman on television who said her daughter was in terrible trouble because of marijuana!"

"Try to control yourself," Lily advised her.

Porter went on to say that in fact with the rise of marijuana use in California there had been a decrease in the use of heroin.

The lady behind me rose again and shrieked, "Why do we need any of that? Marijuana or heroin or anything?"

A bearded young man came down the aisle, and with a taunting smile, handed the agitated lady a yellow rose. She threw it to the floor, scattering the petals, and the bearded guy turned to the audience with a smile like a lawyer who has proved his case and said, "Behold!"

"Why don't he *pray*?" the lady shouted, and stretching a magenta arm into the air, she exclaimed, "I have been *healed* by prayer, I can prove it!"

Nobody asked for proof, and someone asked Lily Weiner, "Do hippies use hydropsychotherapy?"

"No," she said, "but I wish I had a pool and could get them into the water with me."

There were a few other questions, and then Len Harris, the chairman of the Town Meeting of Southern California, said that their time was up for using the auditorium, but that he had found the discussion so stimulating that he hated to end it, and if anyone in the audience wished to continue they were welcome to come to his house. Mr. Harris' faith in the town meeting system seemed to me to border on masochism, but he actually announced his address, and I took it down.

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Hippies Have a Quiet Heckler

Rep. Margaret Heckler (R.-Mass.) told the League of Republican Women yesterday that the bearded, rioting hippie generation of today is searching for "ideals," but has a tendency to place individual decisions above legitimate authority.

"It distresses me to see them this way, for so many of them are really fine people. They are just misguided, they've forgotten the Constitution," she said in a luncheon speech at the Mayflower.

— The Washington Post

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After the meeting I got a ride over to Len Harris' house with a fellow wearing a graying T-shirt who introduced himself as Plastic Man. I had seen him come forward down one of the aisles during the meeting, asking to be heard, but no one would ever recognize him. It turned out that he was the leader of a rival Diggers group and felt that the panel was hardly representative without his being on it.

I met Plastic Man's sidekick, a quiet fellow named George who had recently left a theological seminary to try the hippie life, and also a quiet girl with long hair and glasses who was Plastic Man's wife (I never figured out whether I should call her Plastic Woman or Mrs. Plastic Man, but she rarely said anything so it wasn't a problem). The four of us drove over in Plastic Man's car, and he explained to me how, in being a genuine Digger, he was just like a Mendicant in the Christian church of old, a person who was a beggar for alms but gave the proceeds to others. I thought but did not say that there were at least some superficial differences, as I had never heard of a Mendicant who drove a new red Dodge Dart, but then times change and there is no use splitting hairs. Plastic Man was no doubt frustrated from having been "silenced," as he called it, at the general meeting, and so he was voluble at

the gathering at Harris' house. Mrs. Schuyler was ensconced in a big armchair, and perhaps because she had already had her say or was less comfortable speaking in small groups, she was fairly quiet.

A nice lady of forty or so named Libby asked Plastic Man how he started into the hippie life, and that set him off.

He explained that he is thirty-one, and that only six months ago he had a filling station and a small furniture business on the side, and was quite successful and middle class. What turned him on was blowing grass and reading Marshall McLuhan and Mao Tse-tung. Becoming more immersed in the new world opened up by that heady trilogy, he started letting his business go to hell, and by the time he got his income tax form he just scrawled across it "I Refuse to Co-Operate With a Corrupt Government" and sent it back.

Mrs. Schuyler wondered if she could do the same thing, and did he get away with it?

He said he did, but shortly after mailing in the IES form he left the town and the business and just started drifting around and not using his old name anymore.

Libby, the nice red-haired lady, leaned forward on the couch and asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Plastic Man."

"Ah," she said, nodding, "Plastic Man."

After that Libby and Mr. Harris and everyone else simply addressed him as "Plastic Man," just as they would call a person Henry or Hamilton or Jeremy or any other name that a person has.

Now the center of attention, Plastic Man began holding forth about how "Youth today" feel on different subjects, and a clean-cut young insurance underwriter asked him,

"How can you speak for the youth of today when you've said you're thirty-one, and I'm twenty-four and I don't agree with you and I'm younger?"

"Ah, but you can be old at twenty-four," Plastic Man retorted.

The underwriter fired back that he knew a lot about this stuff too: when he was in Vietnam he learned to smoke pot along with his buddies, and what was such a big deal about that?

Plastic Man was very interested in the use of pot among the servicemen over there, and the underwriter assured him it was very common, and that you could buy it from the Montagnards very cheap; in Vietnamese money it was something like five or ten piasters for a stick. Everyone started to figure out how many piasters there were to a dollar, and it was agreed that this was a very good price.

I asked the underwriter how he felt now about the war in Vietnam, and he said, "It's funny. When I went over I was sort of buoyed up by the feeling that I was serving my country and all, and sort of a

hero, but that was in '64. Just before I came home in '66, guys warned me I'd better expect to find that most people didn't support the war and would be against me. It was pretty much that way."

Plastic Man said all that was interesting, and that he was so much against the war that "before I discovered Love, I mean the hippie ethic and all of it, I had a plan to put a small nuclear device in the Pentagon and blow the whole thing up. Now I see that's not the answer, but there may be some people who haven't learned about Love and might still do it."

Libby gasped at the idea, but the underwriter who was a veteran smiled and said very politely, "You'll forgive me, Plastic Man, if I doubt your capacity to set off a small nuclear weapon."

Plastic Man only laughed.

After several hours this old-fashioned town meeting began to break up. When everyone was standing, Libby asked a quiet girl named Sharron what *she* did, and Sharron said she worked in the kitchen at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church crash pad, and that's how she got the scars on her face. That sort of got everyone's attention, and Sharron explained that she had had a fight with another girl who was to prepare dinner, and the other girl was jealous and went for her eyes, but luckily she only got her fingernails in Sharron's cheeks, and the scars would probably eventually go away.

Libby said, "My God, I was really jealous of you people having all that Love, but I guess you're no different than the rest of us."

Nobody answered, and then Libby put on her coat and said, "You know, I really am disillusioned," and she said it with real sadness.

Many people felt the same way after getting a firsthand glimpse of the hippie scene.

ii. Young editors assemble and hear their Che Guevara discuss tactics against the Administration; the author suggests that elders beware the generation gap.

Editors of college newspapers from all over the country came to a conference of the United States Student Press Association at the Minneapolis campus of the University of Minnesota, and held a number of enlightening and entertaining sessions that dealt with many of their common problems, the seemingly predominant one being how to avoid all controls and influences that might be exercised over them by their administrations and faculties.

Strategies and tactics for dealing with the battle against the oppressive hand of academic elders and authority figures were bluntly kicked around at one evening session devoted to what the editors called

the problem of "Co-opting Out." This is a favorite new term which has replaced the formerly popular "selling out," the latter term perhaps no longer being valid because in the current youth ambience, "selling" is such a distasteful concept, and so repugnant to any respectable person, that it is hardly worth discussing. One cannot be bought, but one still might be in danger of being "co-opted," without even knowing it. The subtleties of the process make it especially important to be on guard.

The leading authority on this issue was Ray Mungo, who might be best described as the Che Guevara of college and now postgraduate journalistic circles. Mungo had just completed a revolutionary year of editorship of the undergraduate daily paper of Boston University, during which he had seemingly set a record for outraging the authorities, as well as the more conservative or traditional segment of the student body, and had managed to do it without ever being shut down or kicked out of school.

Ray is a very small guy physically, looking to be not much more than 100 pounds with typewriter included, but he can frighten anyone over thirty. He slouches down in his chair and into his denim suit that he wears most of the time, and looks out from black-rimmed glasses beneath a shock of long brown hair that covers a lot of his forehead, and he puffs on a cigarette and intersperses most of his conversation with words like gas, and groove, and shit, and drag, and it is all very casual and with it.

Mungo was on the stage for this panel discussion talking informally about how you resist co-opting out, based on his own quite impressive record of avoiding such perils during his year of editorship, which included campaigns to abolish the ROTC, impeach Lyndon Johnson, endorse black power, and challenge the Massachusetts birth control law.

When one assumes editorship of the paper, Mungo warned, one is liable to be invited out by the president of the university and subjected to various co-opting techniques, and it is necessary to be on constant guard and not fall into the trap of flattery and false camaraderie.

"The thing to do is hold back and be very cold, be very detached from the whole bag," Mungo explained. "What happens is, or what happened with me was, that the president invited me out for dinner and fed me all this gin, and called me Ray and everything, and gave me all this advertising type bullshit, like, 'Well, you just throw out your questions, Ray, and I'll reel them in.' Shit like that. I mean, go ahead and drink his gin, he's paying for it, but don't get sucked in."

Mungo noted that he had got the right start psychologically with the president because the first time he had an appointment to see him, even before the dinner, it was sometime in the morning,

and Ray had been up late and he slept through the appointment.

"I just called up his secretary and told her I was sorry I missed the appointment, but I was asleep. That's a good move."

Then the dean of students wanted to see him, and Mungo said he went and nodded through what the dean had to say without really agreeing with anything, and then, "At the end, he pulled this old co-opting trick that they all try to pull. He said, 'Well, Ray, have we learned anything from each other today, and can we trust each other?' I told him no, I had heard all that shit before and I didn't learn anything at all and I didn't trust him. After that he didn't bother me anymore."

There were, however, some university employees that it was well to treat with respect. For instance, when cafeteria workers and janitors had a strike the paper supported it and urged students not to cross the picket lines. This is a sound political move, because, Ray said, "When you get the janitors on your side you can really screw up a university."

Someone in the audience asked Mungo just how far he thought the editor of a college paper should go in challenging the administration, and he answered with a big grin, "I'm in favor of breaking all the laws possible that you can get away with. And do it arrogantly, so they can't accuse you of being sly."

The audience was now breaking up with laughter and applause, for even those editors who thought Mungo far too radical in politics and editorial approach were getting a kick out of the thing.



It was like a Negro audience hearing Rap Brown put down the honkies, even though a lot of them might have been "moderates."

It was asked if this concentration on controversy lost advertising, and Mungo told how that worked.

"I had this business manager who was a very capitalistic cat," he said; "I mean he wanted the ads coming in. But when I asked him how the campaigns affected the ads he said, 'Look, you lose some, you gain some.' That's about it. Like in one campaign we had on something controversial we lost an ad from a right-wing Deli, but we gained an ad from a Union."

Somebody said he got the idea that Mungo wasn't just trying to present the issues but was trying to influence how people felt about them.

"Sure I was trying to convince people," he said, "and I did. At the end of the year the government department took a survey of the freshman class and senior class. They found that only 35 percent of the seniors agreed with our editorials but 75 percent of the freshmen did. The freshmen's minds were malleable, and this was the first time they'd ever heard the anti-establishment side of things, and we convinced them."

The influence of a student paper on another campus was explained by Tony Gittens, who had served as features editor of the *Hilltop*, student paper of Howard University. Like most Negro institutions of higher learning, Howard had been largely "pacified" as far as protest against the establishment was concerned, but there, as at B.U. and other places, the paper shook things up a bit or at least was an important factor.

"The Howard paper last year created an atmosphere of militancy on the campus," Tony said. "We had editorials against the war in Vietnam, and in support of black power. The administration was surprised by the black-power editorial. In it we said it was time for the students to start acknowledging they are black and stop trying to be bourgeois."

When General Hershey had come to speak on the campus there was a big demonstration of protest against the draft and Tony said that "members of the paper's editorial staff were among the leaders" of the protest. Not only had the paper added militancy but also, Tony said, "We stopped publishing a lot of public relations garbage."

At the end of the year Tony and twenty others were dismissed from the university, and he said that in the next academic year some of them were going to start in Washington their own independent paper off campus which would serve the black community of D.C. as well as the students at Howard. "We decided this was the only way to get around co-optation," he said.

Tony said he thought the administration wanted a fraternity-type person to edit the college paper, which seems now to be the symbol of the establishment's representative on the student body at many colleges. An editor on the panel from the Cornell *Daily Sun* reported that his own administration had similar longings for the good old days when Joe College fraternity boys ran the publications.

"At Cornell," he said, "we alienated every part of the administration, both through our news coverage and our editorials. Well, they couldn't kick us out, so they put out a rival paper, a house organ really, and — *get this* — it was edited and written by the interfraternity council!"

The very notion of fraternity men putting out a newspaper seemed hilarious to most of the audience. Like, how square could you get?

"Naturally," the Cornell *Sun* man assured them, "the thing they put out was so bad it only served to raise our prestige."

In discussion from the floor it was generally agreed by panelists and others that in fighting the administration the faculty was sometimes helpful but couldn't be counted on, "especially the liberals," who will seem to befriend you but will often side with the administration when it comes to a real confrontation.

One editor asked if this wasn't kind of unfair, plotting against the administrations and talking about all these strategies and so on, and there were hoots and boos and quickly Mungo said they did the same thing, and Tony from Howard said:

"Listen, I used to be very naïve and believe in the morality of the system. But black people are getting hip to that now. You think the administrators don't get together and plot against students? Only last year a group of black university presidents had a conference at some place in Virginia, and don't you think they discussed this sort of thing?"

"That's right" said Mungo, "I was asked to address a meeting of university administrators last year. Of course they get together — and I didn't get to sit in and listen to what they were saying either. I just had to speak and leave."

It was obvious that most of the editors were in favor of this kind of strategy discussion and polling of experience and tactics. A young man from Queens College who said he had been put on disciplinary probation because of things he had written in the paper said he thought this sort of thing was extremely valuable and could help college editors all over the country in their effort to stay unfettered and independent. "Here tonight," he pointed out, "we're getting expertise."

♦ ♦ ♦

Anybody for President

— sign carried at a love-in

♦ ♦ ♦

The college editors were not all hippie, but most seemed very "hip" in the now old sense of the term, meaning knowing what was going on and how to make things happen and how not to be conned, not just by the college administration but by any other figure of authority. Seeing the editors more than seeing the out-and-out hippies made me feel that the Generation Gap was indeed a reality, and that elders like General Lewis Hershey, and Lyndon B. Johnson, and Ronald Reagan, as well as all the college presidents and the college recruiters for corporations (not just Dow Chemical) might as well get used to it.

C. The Tanks and Snipers on the TV Screen Are Not in Santo Domingo But in Newark and Detroit; Blacks Revolt in the Street, and the Search for "Brotherhood" Is Replaced by the Search for "Power"; Well-Meaning White Liberal Do-Gooders (Honkies) Need Not Apply.

i. The Poverty War is even more unpopular than the Vietnam War; I ride with the fuzz; looting lessons on television.

The only declared war being fought by the United States is the War on Poverty. The President declared it in 1964, and it continues to be waged. Unlike the war in Vietnam, the War on Poverty does not cost very much to fight. Even so, it is not a popular war, and in fact is even less popular politically than the war in Vietnam, which must make it *the* most unpopular war in the nation's history. In the Congress that followed the summer of the greatest civil strife in the cities' ghettos, the representatives of the people voted to cut the budget of the War on Poverty, even though its annual cost was set at just a little over \$2 billion, which is only about one fifteenth of what it costs to fight the war in Vietnam for a year.

Like the war in Vietnam, the War on Poverty seems to have no end in sight, but in both cases the President keeps predicting victory. Just as he went to see the Vietnam War at firsthand and said once while he stood on a battleship that it surely couldn't last "many more nights" if everyone pulled together, so he also went to see the War on Poverty and assured the men fighting in it that victory would be theirs. A story in the *Los Angeles Times* during the summer of the greatest civil strife told how the President had "toured one of the most successful fronts" in the Poverty War and "predicted victory." At a job-training center in Philadelphia, the President told Poverty warriors, "I think we are going to make it." Just as he found high morale among the troops in the unpopular Vietnam War, he also found dedication and devotion among the troops engaged in the unpopular Poverty War, and he said after touring the "front" in Philadelphia that "I have seen men and women whose self-respect is beginning to burn inside them like a flame — like a furnace that will fire them all their lives."

But those were not the only fires and flames

that were set among poor people that summer. The War on Poverty began and was intended to be fought as a Cold War in which money, psychology, food, medicine, and education would be the weapons. It was not at all anticipated that a War on Poverty would become a Hot War waged with tanks and guns. But that is what happened. The poor people started it, and the government naturally had to respond to aggression in its own streets just as it did in Southeast Asia or the Dominican Republic, and so it sent military troops and armor to quell the insurgency. In the summer that the President saw the flames of self-respect burning inside men and women, there were flames from violent uprisings of poor people in thirty-two different cities across the nation, and nearly 100 Negroes were killed in the fighting. (Not all the poor are Negroes, but almost all the Negroes are poor.)

This was indeed a War on Poverty, for in the uprisings the poor people burned and looted buildings and stores and took home many nice things that they were too poor to buy. The acquisition of these goods certainly increased the standard of living of some of the people, but this was not what the government meant by a War on Poverty.

The nation was alarmed at this civil strife, and as in every important crisis, the government responded by appointing a commission to study the problem. That is what the government had done two years before after the riots in the Los Angeles ghetto called Watts, and the commission, headed by John A. McCone, said in its report:

"The existing breach, if allowed to persist, could in time split our society irretrievably. So serious and so explosive is the situation that unless it is checked, the August riots [in Watts in 1965] may seem by comparison to be only a curtain-raiser for what could blow up in the future."

The commission's analysis was correct. It was so correct that after the increasing numbers of riots that followed in the ensuing two summers, the government had to appoint another commission.

The new commission, called the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, was charged with finding the "causes" of the riots. Presumably, it would find much the same things that the McCone Commission had found two years before, and would warn of the future disasters in just as imperative language. However, the new commission used up the \$850,000 it had been granted for its work and needed another \$2 to \$3 million to complete the study before the next summer's riots began, requiring still another commission to study the problem with all the fresh material that would doubtless be available at the new summer's end.

To an outsider, unaccustomed to the way things are done in a supnation, all this might seem odd.

Among the many curious aspects of it might be the seemingly large amounts of money required to study the problem. For researchers without access to such funds, I can recommend an experience which gives a real sense of the situation in the large city ghetto where riots have occurred, and might make the whole thing more understandable. Such an experience can be gained by spending an evening riding around with the police in one of the ghetto areas as they go about their ordinary rounds. It costs nothing at all. Sometimes the police stop for coffee, but it is customary in large cities for policemen to be served their coffee "on the house," and this courtesy applies to people who are accompanying them. So all it really costs is the carfare to get to the police station, which is bound to be less than \$850,000, even if you pick a police station on the other side of the country.

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By every reliable index, America will be living with its new style of normalcy for some time to come. . . . In Los Angeles, for example, the cops are experimenting with a 20-ton armored personnel carrier that can tote twenty fully-equipped men and boasts a .30 caliber machine gun, tear-gas launchers, a smoke screen device, chemical fire extinguishers, hoses and a siren so high-powered that its wail can temporarily stun rioters. "When I look at this thing," says one L.A. police planner, "I think, My God, I hope we never have to use it. But we might as well be prepared."

— *Newsweek*, November 20, 1967

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The First Precinct in Detroit covers a downtown area that is largely Negro in population and has one of the highest crime rates in the city. It had not been one of the worst hit areas of the city's insurrection that had left thirty dead, an estimated 1100 wounded, and some \$200 million in damages, but it had a fair share of burning and looting, and if not entire blocks there were individual stores and buildings left in ruin, like the pictures you see of cities that have been subjected to aerial bombardment. As well as the regular police squad cars on duty every night, there is for this as for each of the other precincts in the city one police car called an "elite cruiser" that responds to and looks for any special trouble, and, as one of its crew explained, "handles anything to do with shootings, holdups, guns, mostly crimes of violence." One Friday night in the month after the great rebellion or riot I reported to the First Precinct headquarters in order

to spend a routine weekend evening on tour with the men of "Cruiser #1."

The precinct station was much the same as those everywhere, the rather dim lobbylike atmosphere and the bulletin boards with pictures of Most Wanted Criminals and the high desklike partition behind which sits the sergeant who books the arrested citizens as they are brought in. Among the other signs and mementos serving as decorations was a plaque on the main room's wall with a quote from Theodore Roosevelt that said, "Aggressive fighting for the right is the best sport the world affords."

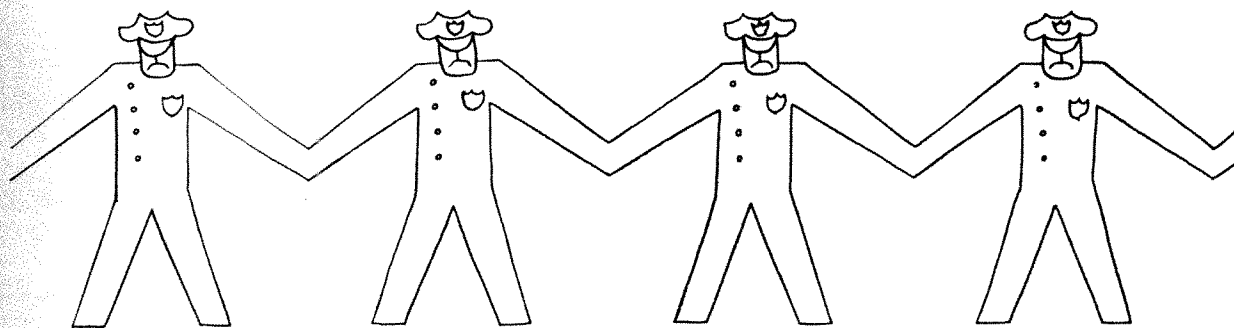
Around 9:15 I met the men of "Cruiser #1," whose leader was a soft-spoken, personable man named Bill, who wore a plain brown suit with three ball-point pens clipped to the left breast pocket, and a brown tie and a white shirt with slightly frayed cuffs. The rest of the crew was composed of Stan, a balding veteran of nineteen years on the force, dressed a little more casually than Bill in a plaid sport coat and open-necked yellow sport shirt and black slacks, and Jim, who had on his blue police uniform and looked as if he might have been a linebacker in pro football who had put on a little weight since his playing days. Jim drove the car and Stan rode with him in front while Bill and I sat in back. Bill explained that these cruisers used to have four-man

men carried and beamed it around the faces. The beam stopped on one ragged-looking young woman, and Bill said, "Hey, you, c'mere."

She came to the car, and Bill held the beam on her face and then on the mug shot and showed it to her and asked if she knew this May, or where she was. First the girl peered in the car and said, "Y'all's new ones, ain't ya?" and they said no, and she said, "Oh, thas right, you're the ones gimme a break."

Stan asked if she was hustling anymore, and she said, oh, no, she had given that up for good, and Stan asked, well how was she living then, and she said she had friends, and Stan laughed and said they must be *good* friends. Questioned some more, she first said she didn't know of this May, and then pressed further said, yes, maybe she did, maybe she was the May who'd been hanging around the corn-likker place. The car cruised off then, and the men chuckled about this girl they had just questioned, and Jim explained, "She's a guy."

The "corn-likker place" was suspected of being a "Blind Pig," an unlicensed place to buy drinks (the ghetto nightclub) in a private apartment. This one (we entered two others during the evening) was a single dim room with an Americana jukebox and a couch and some chairs and about a dozen guys sitting around who of course fell silent when we came in. Of course there were no drinks in sight and no



crews but owing to the manpower shortage were reduced to three. As another "plainclothesman," I felt like, and was taken to be by the citizens whom we encountered, the fourth man of the crew.

There was no immediate crisis as we started out, and so Bill suggested that we look around for a Negro woman named May who had reportedly stabbed her latest boyfriend to death and was believed to be in hiding in the area. Bill showed me the mug shot of "May," who had short fuzzy hair and a blank expression, which evidently hid certain violent tendencies, for Jim said, "This is the second guy she's knocked off." We pulled up on a dark, quiet street of two- and three-story houses where some people were sitting out on a porch, and Bill picked up the big silver flashlight that each of the

evidence that such purchases were being made. Jim flashed his light on each face, asked a few for ID's, and read the name of one as "Joe Springer." Jim turned to Bill, and said, "Do we want a Joe Springer?" and Bill said he didn't think so, and no one knew anything about May and we left.

Perhaps naïvely, it seemed to me unlikely that the black citizens were going to give these white cops any hot information leading to the arrest of May, but they seemed undismayed, even though Bill admitted that their best informers in the neighborhood, the reliable ones, were in jail because of the riot. Some woman on a street corner where we stopped said May was hiding out with Big Joe, and that he had a room at Mary's place, and so we went there. It was a three-story rooming house, and

some of the residents were in a darkened living room watching television. Mary got up, and after a great deal of looking at her rent records and wondering what it was all about said, oh, yes, Big Joe was in Room 17 on the third floor.

Jim had to stay in the car in case any emergency calls came over the radio, so Bill and Stan and I charged up the flights of stairs. Stan drew a pistol, and as we were chugging up, looked back over his shoulder and reminded me I was not to take part if there was any action. I said I understood, and I privately hoped that if we found Big Joe he would understand too. Bill knocked on the door, and a female voice asked who it was, and Bill effected a Negro drawl and said, "It's me, honey, Joe." There was a lot of sounds of shuffling and the woman inside was mumbling things and then Bill said in the same accent, "It's *Po-leece*, open up," and still there was more activity inside and Stan ran downstairs to position himself outside the window in case she tried to get rid of some heroin or other illegal drug, and finally she opened the door.

There was this tiny Negro woman, around eighty pounds, wearing just a pajama top and a black bra and white panties and frayed gold house slippers, and she started at once denying everything, whatever it might be. The room was papered in a sickly green, with gaping patches of white plaster over it, and there was a large iron bed and an old TV set that was playing and a broken-down dresser with a vast array of partly used cosmetics and potato chips on it. Bill picked up a rumpled pink blanket from the bed, and a dozen or so hypodermic needles fell out. The woman said she didn't have any idea how those got there, she was just visiting there for the night. Bill rolled up the sleeves of her pajamas to see if there were any needle marks, but there were only some old ones which the woman said she got back in high school.

Bill started searching the room, and the woman said to me, "Scuse me for being dressed like this, I was just havin' a beer and watchin' TV." Bill pulled something out of the overflowing wastebasket and said, "Are you by any chance having your period?" She said she was. Bill asked if her name was May, and she said no, her name was Mary. Bill showed her the mug shot of May, and said it looked a lot like her, and she said no, it didn't, and there was a big wrangle about identification which finally was settled by the evidence that May had a front tooth missing and this woman opened her mouth and Bill examined her teeth. None of them were missing or false, and so Bill accepted the fact that she was not May. She said no, she wasn't, her name was Janet. Bill said he thought it was Mary, and she said no it was Janet McMary. Bill went to the closet and pulled out a shotgun, and the woman said she certainly didn't

know anything about *that*. Underneath the bed he found a syringe and some more needles and some razor blades, which he explained to me were for dividing portions of heroin, and this was definitely a "shooting pad" for making connections.

"Those razors," the woman said, "are just for cutting off my corns."

Stan yelled something from downstairs outside, and Bill told the woman to get dressed. She said that there wasn't nothing *on* her, she was just bein' arrested for *visitin'*, that's no crime, and could she take her beer with her? Bill said she better hurry up, and added in a very restrained, quiet voice, "Don't get me mad — I don't like to get mad. I get mad at myself when I get mad."

The woman hurried up, and Bill continued poking around the room, and pulled some .38 caliber bullets out of a drawer which he showed me, and the woman said, "I can't help no bullets. I'm just visitin'."

We walked downstairs with her, and the people who had been watching TV were now gathered around looking at us, and the woman said to the landlady, "Tell him you know me, tell him I'm Julia Carter and you know me and I'm just visitin'." The landlady didn't say a word and just looked at her with huge sorrowful eyes and then closed them. Outside in the car it turned out that Bill had thought Stan had found some stuff the gal had thrown out the window, but he hadn't found anything and so there was no ground for holding her, and Bill told her to go on back, and she said, "How come you're not takin' me in?" and Bill said is that what she wanted, and she said no, and so she got out and went back to the porch, where all those eyes were fixed on us, silent, no one saying a word.

We cruised around some more and passed a boarded-up restaurant that Jim said was burned to the ground inside during the riots. The place was the Checker Barbecue, and Jim said, "It had all colored employees, too, and still they burned it. White fella owned it. Jewish fella." Bill shook his head and said, "They served the best ribs in town."

A call came over the radio saying that a motorcycle gang was heading for Plum Street, the hippie center, and a big crowd was already in the streets there. A big dance was going on at the Emporium on Plum Street, and the motorcycle guys as well as the hippies were there, but no one was breaking any laws and so we cruised on after taking in the street scene of longhairs and leather jacket guys.

"I tell ya," Stan said, "they ought to send a lot of those bastards to Vietnam. Let 'em get a little taste of it."

We stopped at street corners, asking about May again, and the men inquired about other people in the neighborhood. At one corner it was learned that a local called Prince was in the bughouse, and

an hour or so later we happened on a group of young Negroes who were being searched by two police from a regular squad car who were checking out a report of somebody having been rolled, and Bill said, "Hey, that's Prince's brother." Jim pulled the car up, and Bill rolled down the window and said, "Hey, where's Prince?" The guy who was his brother said, "He's sick." Bill laughed, and said, "Not too good in the head, huh?" Prince's brother didn't answer, and Bill said, "He's in the nuthouse, huh?" There was silence, and then Prince's brother said very slowly, very deeply, the separate words sounding as if they might break or explode:

"He has never been so happy in his life."

Bill chuckled and rolled the window back up and we cruised off, down the dark, tree-lined streets of quiet houses.

We came across two young white boys on a deserted street who had just been victimized by the Murphy game. That is where someone tells them that he can take them to this great whorehouse, and they can have any woman they want, but first he has to have their money, and he writes down what kind of woman (white, black, Chinese, and so on) they want on a slip of paper and goes to "make the arrangements" and never comes back. The two nice-looking young white boys said that between them they had given the guy \$115. They didn't want to report it though because it would be on their records and they were applying for college the next year, and, as one of them put it, "We don't want it on our record that we were trying to get laid."

We drove past a movie house with a marquee that proclaimed "Weird World of LSD" and "Faster Pussycat Kill Kill" and a bar that said "Female Impersonators — America's Finest," and the Detroit City Rescue Mission with a marquee that said "Christ Died for Our Sins" and The Fine Arts Theatre advertising "Infidelity American Style Plus Run Swinger Run & Hot Rocks." We passed a dilapidated building with a weather-beaten poster on it that said, "UAW Seeks Justice and Equality," and another that said, "Judge Crockett — Outstanding." We stopped a young Negro guy whom Jim recognized, and he called him over to the car and said, "You know what'll happen to you if we catch you rollin' somebody again?" The guy said, "I'll go to jail," but that was not the right answer. Jim munched on the big cigar he was constantly smoking or chewing on, and he said, "What'll happen is, I'll kick your head right off your shoulders." We stopped at a restaurant for coffee, and then at a drugstore so Bill could get some empty cigar boxes for his son to make into a fishing tackle box; he had promised to take his son fishing, but then the riots came and all vacations were cancelled, but maybe soon there'd be a chance. We chased some kids believed to be smoking pot out

of the playground by Brewster Center, where Joe Louis used to train, and we stopped two young men on suspicion of a robbery that came over the radio, and one of the young men said he had just got back from Vietnam and was thinking of signing up again. Bill said, "You crazy or something?" and the guy smiled and said, "I like the life," seemingly better than the one on this particular corner. We went into another Blind Pig and no one knew the whereabouts of May or Big Joe there either, and we pulled up at a luncheonette where Jim said, "I'm gonna chase me some kids," and he caught a couple of kids about ten years old and found a pack of Kools on one of them and took out the cigarettes and ripped them apart and threw them in the gutter and told the kids to get on home. Bill remarked that it had been a very quiet Friday night, and Jim said, "Maybe it's this cool weather has something to do with it. They don't like to get too chilly."

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A Soft Summer Night

... The proposition was offered that the United States of America had gone crazy; there were natural patriotic objections; and then a man finally said: "If this country hasn't gone crazy, then just why in the hell are we sitting in the South Bronx right across from a truck the police have rented just in case they might have to answer a distress call and might get shot before they get there if they were recognized by a fellow citizen?"

— Murray Kempton, the New York Post

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Most of the police in the large city ghettos are white, and they are mostly regarded as occupying troops by the black residents, and in turn their attitudes are those of colonial legionnaires overseeing the natives. This racial aspect of the urban wars is certainly significant, and yet there is also a strong purely "poverty" strain in it all that lures the poor whites in these areas to join their black neighbors in what is really "integrated looting." A Negro woman in Detroit who lived two doors from a warehouse that was looted and burned told a reporter there were whites as well as blacks in on the action, and so it was really not a "race riot." "It's an all of 'em riot," she explained.

A white woman who lived across the street and watched the pillage of the warehouse confirmed that view to the press, and added that the integrated rioters got along just fine: "They were laughing, talking, having a good time. It seemed like everyone was enjoying themselves." So the riots, in

Detroit at least, did what all the radical organizations had failed to do — brought the poor of both races together in a common cause, made them see that the enemy was not race but class and they should be battling together for what they needed, instead of against each other.

These people *do* share a deep bond beyond difference of color, for they are common victims of what must be one of the most frustrating positions in history; being have-nots in a society that seems to have everything, and unlike former lord-and-serf societies in which the order was taken to be in the nature of things, in this society they are taunted by not having all the best, the latest sleek car and fine mink lounging pajamas and color teevees and washing machines and all of the incredible effluvia of the cornucopia filled by the richest country in the history of the world. You see how "the other half lives"; in fact, you are taken into the very living rooms of the rich and powerful by the magic of television, and the ads you see say that the wonderful products offered, the luxury vacations in Caribbean islands, the mighty new automobiles, the sleek, jeweled women are for *you*, Mr. Viewer, not just the lords, but all of you out there in videoland.

Consider how it must feel not to have any of it; to see it and hear about it every day and not be able to touch it, and how fine an emotional thing it must be to smash the glass that separates it from your rightful possession as a citizen of this most affluent land, and to push and drag, as the poor of both races did in Detroit, the gleaming appliances up over curbs and through peoples' yards and into your own home where it surely belongs. In discussing the passion of these things with the Vice President of the United States, I asked if he didn't think this teasing sort of lure on television added to some of the force behind the lootings, and he said, "Oh, my yes, why, did you know that they found that the things the people took from the stores were the ones that were most advertised? They took the TVs or the stoves or whatever that had been best promoted in TV and papers and magazine ads. Why, the way the people selected those things they looted was the greatest triumph of advertising the world has ever seen!"

As the bounty groans and gleams all around, it is only natural that people want to take it, and in fact that natural instinct is shown every weekday on television. There is a program called *Supermarket Sweep*, in which three teams, each composed of a nice young husband and wife, are given a grocery cart and set loose for a certain limited time in a supermarket, and the team that stuffs the greatest amount of goodies, worth the most money, and returns first to the checkout counter is the winner. The studio audience squeals and cheers as the great steaks and roasts and frozen delicacies and gourmet

foods are stuffed into the carts as they madly careen through the aisles in a frenzy of acquisition. It is a fantasy acted out, a form of legalized looting as entertainment. Who has not entered a great supermarket and not imagined doing just that, being alone with all the carts and wheeling out everything you wanted? No wonder the program has great appeal.

There is of course one flaw for identification purposes of the whole viewing audience. In the dozen or so times I watched the show (always with fascination), there were never any Negro couples. In the subconscious of the general white public, it might seem too much like real looting if the goods were grabbed by the blacks. The NAACP might even object to having Negroes participate in such a televised pillage on the grounds that it might be bad for their image.

And think how it would look if a Negro couple won.

ii. Colored turns to black, including the decline of the Knee-Grow; power and violence prove popular, but civil disobedience is hard to sell.

Until the development of the civil rights movement beginning in the late 1950s, most white people used the word "colored" to refer in a polite and respectful way to the darker people whom they referred to in jokes or other nonrespectful conversation as "niggers." They also sometimes used the nonrespectful term "black," as in "I was walkin' down Main Street and this big black buck came strollin' along just as sassy as you please . . ." The word "colored" was really a kind of avoidance, "polite" because it didn't come out and say more specifically what was being referred to, which was not nice. But with civil rights, the more advanced of the "colored" wished to be more specifically identified as "Negro"; that was, after all, the official name given to their race, and they felt they should not be ashamed of it. This was a little hard for well-meaning whites to adjust to, for the word was so much like the bad word "nigger" that one had to be very careful pronouncing it and many had to stop and concentrate to be sure it came out "Knee-Grow," so that it couldn't possibly be thought to have sounded like "nigger."

The Southern accent had particular difficulty pronouncing the word "Knee-Grow," and there developed a genteel Southern white version of the word, which was "nigra," a hybrid pronunciation that contained an element of the old familiar "nigger" and yet made a definite concession to the new, more respect-demanding "Knee-grow." Like many Southern customs, the pronunciation

was a dramatic one, leaving the listener still in a state of suspense halfway through the word since the first syllable of both "nigger" and "nigra" were the same and not till the final sound came out could the listener know by the "ger" or the "gra" how the speaker felt about these matters.

And then like many ironic tricks played on the white well-meaning liberal, just about the time he had mastered a fluency in pronouncing the word "Knee-Grow," when he had become so practiced that it almost flowed right along in the conversation instead of sticking out like an awkward bump in an otherwise smooth sentence, just about the time this thing was mastered it became obsolete. Foiled again. When the latest racial revolutionaries linked the word "black" with the word "power" the word "black" suddenly became not only acceptable but desirable as a term of identity of which the bearer should be proud. Historians of the movement pointed out that "Knee-Grow" was only a word invented by the white man and so never had any validity anyway, and also there was a nice kind of mockery and turn of the tables in adopting as a term of pride the word that in most of its citations in dictionaries (which were written by whites) stood for all sorts of evil things just the opposite of the word white. "*We are making the whole idea of the word different just like the whole idea of ourselves, and the meaning you gave to both is no longer true, you had it wrong all along you stupid pale-faced bigots*" — so could the new black man say by simply insisting on proudly calling himself and his brothers black.

It caught on very quickly, the honky whites got the word, not only in political circles but in sports and popular magazines; an article about pro football in *Look* magazine in the fall of 1967 referred offhandedly to "the black players" on a certain team. Two years before, the same term in the same article would have sounded shockingly like racism. Now it was respect.

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Segregation Began at Babel

by David Otis Fuller, Pastor, Wealthy Street Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan

... When I was in the Navy as chaplain in World War II stationed at Long Beach, N. Y., there were two barracks of colored sailors. . . . How those colored fellows did sing and enjoy themselves! One of them I led to Christ there on the base. I'll never forget him — a great big colored fellow named Emerson Ragsdale. He had been before captain's mast countless times. He defied the captain, standing there with a

sneer on his face. I called him in one day, dealt with him, got him down on his knees and that 200-pound colored fellow accepted Christ. Several weeks later I met him on the parade ground. My jaw almost dropped, he seemed so changed. I said "Ragsdale, what happened?" "Ah guess Ah got saved, Chaplain."

— from a pamphlet distributed in Grand Rapids during the riot in the Negro section in the summer of 1967

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Most police, and in fact most white people, refer to the ghetto violence as "riots," although there are some modifications. Grand Rapids, Michigan, had a small or "mini-riot," which one police officer there, in attempting to minimize its impact, delicately referred to as "the days of the trouble" and then smiled and said, "Oh, hell, that sounds like the Irish Rebellion." But to many of the blacks of the ghettos, the "troubles" or "disturbances" to the society at large were a source of pride and are described as "revolts."

That is the attitude in Watts, the southeast Los Angeles ghetto area which erupted in 1965 with a revolt that cost thirty-four lives, 1000 buildings burned, and some \$20 million in property damage. Those who "revolted" were proud of the fact that they had defeated their worst enemy, the L.A. Police Department, which had to call for help from the National Guard. Those who took part are veterans and local heroes; young men of the neighborhood still proudly flash the three-finger sign that means "Burn." Out of the rubble came a new sense of identity and pride and new organizations and leaders, among whom the most militant and articulate is a twenty-six-year-old man named Ron Karenga, who is the founder and leader of a movement called US, which does not stand for "United States" but simply means "Us," as opposed to "Them." Again this is a nicely ironic turn on the white man who always thought of the blacks as "Them," and asked "What do *they* want?", but Karenga turns the tables and makes himself and his people "US," leaving "Them" to be the whites. But Karenga doesn't even give *them* the distinction of being anything as positive as "white." He refers to *them* as "the colorless people."

The US Cultural Center in Watts is on a wide thoroughfare of low, flat-roofed buildings that are occupied by luncheonettes, beauty shops, churches, and furniture stores; the Center itself is in a one-story stucco building that adjoins a dry cleaner's. There is no sign or symbol outside, but once a visitor enters he is struck at once and from many sides by the militant "Afro" ambience. On the face of a large clock on the wall is painted the

words "African Time," although it coincided precisely with the "white" time shown on my wrist-watch. Two women sat behind desks, typing, one of them wearing a long African-style robe. On the wall were red and black "Malcolm X" sweat shirts, which are very popular among the youths, and also "Ron Karenga" sweat shirts, with the face and name of that new leader, and some of the stickers of the organization were displayed, like ones with the slogans "If You're Not With US, You're in Trouble," and "Just Trying to Be Black." There were signs saying "Black Power" and a poster that showed Uncle Sam holding up a little black boy by the seat of his pants, about to drop him in a red, white, and blue mailbox that was labeled "Vietnam." A man wearing a red tunic, shades, black slacks, and sandals came up and stood in front of me before I could go any further into the room and asked what I wanted. I explained why I was there, and from the back of the room came a short, stocky man dressed like the first man but further distinguished by a shaven head and a mustache that curled down to his chin in the manner of Fu-Manchu. He asked me to follow him, and we went into an adjoining room with rows of black seats like church pews and an African mask on the wall at the front. The man opened up two folding chairs for us to sit on and said he was Ron Karenga.

I asked him how his movement differed from other black militant groups, such as, for instance, SNCC, and he explained, "SNCC is all right, but it is *only* political. That's not enough. Our program takes in the areas of culture, history, politics, economics, social organization, and the arts. Many of these things are related. For instance, we are developing our own 'mythology' — what some people would call religion. We are trying to relate it to history, just as the Jewish people have, and we have graduate students working on this. This ties in with the 'religion,' which is very important. We don't believe in the 'spookiness' sort of religious thing, but we have to deal with the emotional needs of our people. We marry our own people, and we are developing our own holidays. 'Uhuru' is the anniversary of the revolt (the one in Watts), and on May nineteenth we celebrate Kuzaliwa, which is the birthday of Malcolm X. We had the children stay away from school this year on Kuzaliwa, and in one school here almost 100 percent of the children didn't go that day, and the principal had to dismiss classes. Here at the Center we have classes in Swahili, and in Afro-American culture, trying to give the black people a powerful self-image. Of course, we are free from the self-deprecating concept that results from having to worship a white God."

Karenga said that the US economic plans were

based on cooperative principles, trying to provide goods and services by and for blacks in a cooperative setup. Yet he felt that economics alone, like politics alone, was meaningless without a whole "value system."

"There are black millionaires, but what good is that without a value system? We have had too much elitism, a philosophy that says once you make it you can forget about your own people. We want to stop this. We have come to kill the individual, and create a collective effort. The white society *identifies* us collectively, so we should *act* collectively. Like the Jews. When Israel went to war with the Arabs, you didn't have Jews there going off into their own individual bag. They were attacked collectively and they *moved* collectively against the enemy. That's what we must do."

I asked if US was a nationwide movement, and how many members it had.

"We will eventually be national in scope. We have contacts and discussion groups in New York, Ohio, Chicago, and Detroit. But first we want to influence things right here in Los Angeles, and in California. We don't keep numbers of membership, and we are stronger than it might seem because we have people in all the significant organizations. In the words of our slogan, 'Wherever we are, US is.'"

I mentioned the poster in the office about Vietnam, and said I assumed that Karenga did not agree with some Negro (rather than black) leaders like Whitney Young of the Urban League who felt that the war was helpful to the many Negroes who went into the service and received good pay and training in special skills.

Karenga said he thought that the *military* training could be beneficial to blacks — that is, for use in fighting police and national guard in future revolts in the United States, like the one in Watts — but he added that "even if you learn those military skills they're not very beneficial if you get killed in Vietnam, and a lot get killed."

But beyond that consideration he said, "We're against black people fighting in the war. We believe in self-determination, and the United States is not recognizing or allowing the self-determination of the Vietnamese people. Also, we don't believe that we should kill yellow people who are fighting against the white, or what we call 'colorless' people. We want to identify with the 'Third World' of yellow and black people, and we won't be used to help destroy their world."

Though members of US were encouraged not to fight in the war, they were not asked to demonstrate against it or participate in anti-war activities.

"White people should do that work," Karenga said. "That's what liberal whites could go into. Like the demonstration in L.A. against the Presi-

dent where a lot of them got beat up. That was good for them. Now they don't have to ask us about police brutality anymore. They should do more of that, and they'll have a better idea of the things we encounter every day, and not just on special occasions."

We talked for about forty-five minutes when one of the ladies in the office knocked at the door and reminded Karenga he had to catch a plane. He and a few of his men were going to San Francisco to attend a meeting of CORE, a former civil rights group that had, Karenga assured me, "gone black power."

I followed Karenga into the office, where luggage was being assembled for the trip. I noticed two men in the red tunics of US who were lifting a heavy canvas bag, from which protruded the barrels of a number of rifles. Karenga ordered them to set it down, and said he didn't think they should take the sack of rifles on the plane because it might "draw attention." The men reluctantly set the rifles down, obviously disappointed. Karenga rubbed his chin a moment and then solved the dilemma. "Send those 'Air Freight,'" he said.

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"Hey, sock it to me, Black Power, ooh, ah!"

— a favorite "yell" of the Milwaukee NAACP Youth Council in its marches for open housing in Milwaukee, led by Father James Groppi, a white Roman Catholic priest

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There is a popular saying to the effect that there is nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come. It would seem just as true, if less noted, that there is nothing so weak and frustrated as an idea whose time has come and gone. By the summer of my travels the "civil rights idea" had come and gone as a means of stirring popular support and action, and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., the principal spokesman and symbol of that idea in America, occupied a very unpopular and lonely position. From one side he was scorned by the militants of the popular new black power idea, and from another side he was attacked by the "moderate" Negro leaders like Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and Whitney Young of the Urban League who criticized King's opposition to the war in Vietnam on the grounds that such criticism hurt the progress of the Negro at home. But King held to his diminishing ground, attempting to find a way of maintaining his relevance as a leader without (and this was the trick, the tightrope requirement) forsaking the very principles on which he had risen to that leadership.

The old civil rights tactics of nonviolent demonstrations and marches that King had led so successfully in the South simply broke down and fizzled out in the streets of Chicago, and King had to confess that "we have not devised the tactics for urban slum reform. We spent ten years in the South using new tactics of nonviolence that were successful. But in the Northern cities, with time running out, we failed to achieve creative methods of work. As a result, desperate, essentially leaderless masses of people acted with violence and without a program."

Hemmed in by militant black power and middle-class Negro moderation, King at the end of the "longest, hottest summer" of civil strife convened his Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Atlanta to try to come up with a new and workable answer to the growing revolt of the black masses. The convention was in many ways a sad occasion, and seemed a long way from the triumphal civil rights march on Washington in 1963 when King had a "Dream for America." No talk of dreams was possible now, nor was there the old revival-like spirit of fellowship that marked the meetings in Montgomery and Selma and the civil rights battles of the South, when it seemed for King's followers that, in the words of the movement's anthem, "Black and white together, we shall overcome."

When the "black power" cry first was raised, King had come out for "human power," which was no longer very appealing in the new mood of racial militance. His own organization, the SCLC, had not cast out the white man, and there were a few, though not many, present at the conference, but they seemed outsiders in a way they never had before in King's campaigns. Though careful not to endorse "black power" — which some observers felt meant the end of King's effectiveness among the masses — King did not make an appeal for working with whites on the old grounds of brotherhood and love and human fellowship, but only on grounds of utility and practical politics. He proposed a plan of civil disobedience that would shut down the essential functions of Northern cities, a plan which he hoped would serve as an alternate, nondestructive form of protest to rioting and yet would supply "the social adrenalin of quick changes that would be provided by civil disobedience." He argued that "mass civil disobedience can use rage as a constructive and creative force."

In such a program it would be useful to enlist the aid of whites, King said, and he assured the audience that whites would respond, purely as a practical necessity. "Many white decision-makers may care little about saving Negroes, but they must care about saving their cities. The vast majority of production is created in the cities; most white Americans live in them; the suburbs, to which they

flee, cannot exist detached from the central cities. Hence powerful white elements objectively have goals that merge with ours."

There was no mention of moral or ethical reasons for whites taking part in such action, only the "objective" factor of mutual benefit from working for practical goals that happened to merge. The "Dream for America" was now a technical battle plan, based not on brotherhood but self-interest. There was no reason to believe that the Reverend King had himself forsaken any of those former ideals that fired the civil rights movement of old, but there was every reason to believe that in the new racial atmosphere he could no longer invoke such concepts or suggest any grounds other than utilitarian for cooperating with whites if he wanted to keep any hope of being heard by the black masses.

It was dangerous enough for King to stop short of endorsing the new black version of segregation, and also to face the fire from the moderate side by refusing, as he put it, to "segregate my moral conscience" on the issue of Vietnam. He cited the war as one of the causes of the urban rioting, saying that "Negroes are not only conscripted in double measure for combat, but they are told the billions needed for remaking their lives are necessary for foreign intervention. . . . The immoral, insane pursuit of conquest against the will of the people has to diminish respect for government."

King defended his outspoken criticism of Vietnam by claiming that "I am not a consensus leader. . . . I don't determine what is right and wrong by looking at the budget or taking a poll. A genuine leader is not a searcher for consensus, but a molder of consensus."

It remained to be seen how much King could mold the masses with his new plan of civil disobedience that stopped short of revolt and stopped short of black power rhetoric. One side of the dilemma was forcefully and frankly stated in a talk by a brilliant young Negro woman named Barbara Jordan, who is a member of the Texas state legislature and speaks with the grace and style and even a bit of the accent of John F. Kennedy. Senator Jordan warned the convention of "the gap between the Negro middle-class politician and the Negro citizen. That citizen is beginning to hate us as much as he hates Whitey."

The question was whether any leaders who went to the black masses with anything less than a "Hate Whitey" program would have any chance of being heard. King's group has held back from the new apartheid policies of SNCC and CORE, and yet the old civil rights brotherhood theme is buried and the new theme was struck at the convention's "culture" night called "Black Is Beautiful; It's Beautiful to Be Black." It was like other such ethnic events in America in which, for instance, a Colum-

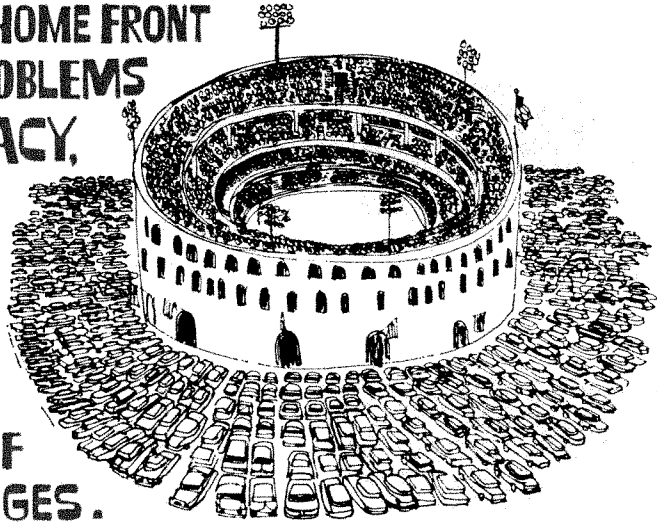
bus Day crowd is harangued about the achievements of their distinguished countrymen, be they as devious as Machiavelli or as close at hand as the local Democratic district leader. A historic review of the achievements of the race at SCLC's conference night revealed that "black scientists" were responsible for such contributions to man's progress as the "invention of the machine gun," "the perfection of the blood plasma technique," and "the invention of the traffic light." A vocalist informed the audience before breaking into song that "nobody can sing blues but black people. Nobody can sing a gospel song but black people. Nobody in the whole world." When the lady had finished, with a song called "Time Is Winding Up . . . People Take Your Stand," the Reverend Andrew Young, a bright young lieutenant of the King forces, came to the microphone and said, "You know, hearing those songs, sung so beautifully, I felt like standing up and saying 'Black Power!'" He raised his right arm in the air as he intoned the magic words, and the audience erupted with cheering and applause.

In the new atmosphere of militancy in the nation's ghettos, merely "feeling like" saying black power did not seem enough to gain a real following. Hanging around outside the convention's sessions at the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, I met a young Southern white man who said he had worked in the civil rights movement and had gone to jail in some of King's campaigns, but now he had seen the light, given up all civil rights activity, and enrolled in law school. He realized now that the old civil rights thing could never work, and that the black power groups were the only answer for the future. He said all white liberals were essentially "soft," and I asked what about the white college kids who had worked in the South, what about the ones who were killed in Mississippi during the "Freedom Summer," hadn't they proved they weren't soft? He smiled and said didn't I know those kids that were killed in Mississippi were a couple of Jewish boys, and that "if they'd known there was any danger they'd have got out of town so fast you wouldn't have seen their dust."

So much for civil rights. The law student said he had come to the SCLC convention out of curiosity, but his suspicion had been confirmed that King was passé, not militant enough, and he cited the lack of many young people at the convention and the preponderance of middle-class, middle-age Negroes. He said things were moving fast, and the black power groups would be leading the way. He said he envied me because I was with the press and the press would get to see all the action of the coming revolution.

"There's going to be a lot of bloodshed," he said. "It really will be exhilarating."

II. PACIFICATION OF THE HOME FRONT POSES SPECIAL PROBLEMS IN A DEMOCRACY, BUT MANY POWERFUL FORCES WORK FOR SUCH CONDITIONS; SILENCE" IS FOUND NOT ONLY IN THE CENTER OF SOCIETY, BUT ALSO ON SOME OF THE FRINGES.



According to Webster's dictionary the verb "to pacify" means to quell or calm. The word has become popular in recent years owing to its usage in the war in Vietnam, where U.S. and South Vietnamese government troops do not "conquer" villages which are sympathetic to the enemy, but "pacify" them. The "pacification" is effected not only by force and the threat of force but also by persuasion, indoctrination, and reward in the form of soap, candy, and medical supplies and services (actual military instructions for this type of pacification will be described later).

It is obviously the job of any government to "quell or calm" its own populace as well as its enemies, and in some countries this is done by force alone, which is probably the simplest method. That is not the way things are done in a democracy, however, except as a last resort (as in the quelling of lawless revolts or riots in the streets by government troops and armor). The basic philosophy of the American system is perhaps best explained by the document called "Channelling," issued by the U.S. Selective Service System in 1965. Though referring to the draft, the principles apply to other domestic areas as well:

The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted. Here, choice is limited but not denied, and it is fundamental that an individual generally applies himself better to something he has decided to do rather than something he has been told to do.

There of course are different methods of quelling and calming, some more effective than others, some more controversial than others. One approach to

pacification is symbolized by what is known as "a pacifier," the nipple-shaped rubber device that is placed in the mouth of a baby to keep it from crying. In social terms this concept has a negative connotation, as expressed by the Reverend Hosea Williams at the SCLC convention when he said the government's poverty program was only a "sugar teat" to keep the poor people quiet.

Many middle-class citizens were shocked and offended when it seemed to them that this type of minimal aid to the poor resulted evidently not in their pacification but in their revolt; when instead of being grateful for what they were given, these people cried for more. And yet it is most often found that people who have nothing and are taught to expect nothing are less likely to rebel than people who have a little bit and are taught to expect a lot. In this sense it is a dangerous and courageous act for the government to initiate such a raising up of the oppressed in any manner at all, and when the first stirrings of revolt occur, the government is then pushed by forces from two opposing sides: those who wish to give the underprivileged people nothing, which in fact helps "keep them in their place" (at the bottom), and those who wish to raise them immediately to the average level of abundance of the society.

The fears and unrest aroused by these social contradictions and changes are more difficult to pacify than the disturbances aroused by the "limited war" in Vietnam, for they are more relevant to the immediate lives of more people, and having been unleashed they hold less promise of being "negotiated" out of existence.

But one of the major factors for pacification of uneasiness about the war abroad and the war in

the streets of the nation is that both are largely "invisible" to the majority. Michael Harrington in his book on the nation's poor, *The Other America*, noted that the poor were largely "invisible" because they were mostly off in their own segregated ghettos, not often passed through or seen by the middle-class affluent Americans.

In a different sense the war in Vietnam is also "ghettoized," for it is "limited" not only abroad but at home. Patriotic demonstrations in support of the war have come as the result of private individuals and groups rather than government initiation. There are no parades of returning veterans, no call for a home front effort such as there was in World War II to collect scrap metal, tinfoil, and paper for the "war effort," no special drive for what used to be called War Bonds before the nation gave up War and adopted Defense, no victory gardens to raise small patches of carrots or tomatoes that would somehow help defeat the enemy, no rationing of essential goods or services. All this is not by accident. The President has privately said that the government's reluctance about initiating such a wartime atmosphere is part of its responsibility, part of the policy of "restraint." He has explained that to stir such sentiment would be simple, and yet dangerous, for it would unleash the sort of superpatriotism that would call for greater escalation and for greater intolerance toward dissent. And yet there is in the Administration's boast of restraint an implied threat—the sense that the restraint is a favor it is doing the country, and that if the citizens do not behave well, the government will have to use less restraint in dealing with the home front, will have to stoke up the patriotism a little more and crack down on dissenters who seem to be having a real effect, the sort of crackdown represented by the indictments of Dr. Spock and the other four adults for urging draft resistance.

There is another side to the government's restraining itself from promoting superpatriotism. For if it is sacrificing support it could gain for itself by such restraint, it is also limiting the potential of more widespread opposition to the war. The main effect of the war on most people, whether they think of it consciously or not, has been prosperity at home, and an increase of more than a million jobs in the two-year period ending in September of 1967. So, except for the young who go to war and their families, most people are not directly touched by it, and as "news" it is only part of the vast outpouring of action and conflict and controversy all over the nation and the world. In the midst of their own problems with job and home and neighbors, with a million personal details and diversions, most men are unlikely to "take a stand" about an issue which does not bear on them directly

and which is not an everyday part of their consciousness.

In spite of the diversity of dissent discussed earlier, in spite of the serious nature of some of the domestic revolutions, the mass of the society proceeds with its daily routine. Most men obey authority, accept direction from above, and are loyal to their country as a matter of instinctive response. The most successful sort of pacification is not military or legal enforcement by the government, but the "natural" calming influences which are built into the society, and which in a sense the people provide for themselves.

A. It Is Observed That People Help Provide for Their Own Pacification Through Watching and Participating in Rituals Such As Sports and Social Life.

- i. The government worries about citizens seeing the war on television, but more watch "The Ball Game" anyway; a six-pack in the refrigerator helps to quell and calm the modern man.**

There are probably more things to demand a man's attention in supernation than in any other society in history, and this helps keep the pacification. The communications media are of course a great source of distraction as well as information, and they have great potential for rousing as well as pacifying the populace. That is why totalitarian governments exercise full control of the press and the airwaves. In a democracy, however, censorship is not favored except in time of total war, and the "American, or indirect, way" of influence is used. The government can "manage the news" in the sense of releasing or withholding what it wishes, and in presenting information in the language and manner most likely to gain public support.

Fearing the political repercussions of imposing wartime censorship, the government has tried "indirectly" to affect the press, but this is often frustrating, as in the case of President Kennedy's unsuccessful request that the *New York Times* withdraw David Halberstam, Saigon correspondent who was writing critical dispatches of the war in its early phases. The government would prefer that the press impose its own censorship, a view most vividly expressed by White House Press Secretary George Christian, who recently exploded about a critical news dispatch from Saigon. When asked by a correspondent if the report was accurate, Christian ex-

plained that "I don't care if it's right or wrong. Even if you have it nailed down — laid out cold in your lap — you don't write that kind of story."

The Administration seems to be even more worried about television than about the press, not so much for what it says as for what it shows about the war. Every Administration official I talked with said that the main reason for the widespread domestic opposition to the war was that, as one of them put it, "people are able to see it live on television, they see people getting killed right in their living room." Last year after a news film of American soldiers setting fire to a Vietnamese village was shown on TV, the President summoned network officials to Washington and lectured them on their "responsibilities." Erwin Knoll, Washington correspondent of Newhouse newspapers, said that while some people felt this effected a change in TV war coverage, it was "not nearly as great a change as the Administration wished."

The Administration's feelings on the matter were probably best expressed when the White House invited some correspondents to hear the opinion of Walter Judd, a conservative Republican and staunch war supporter who had just returned from Vietnam. The reporters met with Dr. Judd in George Christian's office, and Judd told them:

"I think we have to re-examine whether it is possible for a free people to carry on a prolonged struggle on a peacetime basis, especially with the new means of communication, like the television. There are cruelties in every war. Men have known them. There have been accidents with civilians. . . . These things happen. . . . But the wives and children didn't see them on television at six o'clock at night."

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COMBAT

In an advertisement for a TV program called Combat, two American GIs in World War II garb were looking out at a blasted village.

Sgt.: We have to take that house.

Pvt.: We can't take that house without a tank.

Sgt.: We have to.

Pvt.: Why?

Sgt.: We were told to.

Explosions, then fadeout.

A voice says that "combat separates the men from the boys, the quick from the dead."

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In the course of my own travels through the country, I never met anyone who had come to

oppose the war because of having seen it "live" on television. Of course it is possible that such influence is subconscious, and the citizen may have unknowingly come to oppose the war because of such an experience. My own feeling, however, is that a more realistic analysis on the influence of television on the public was made by some TV cameramen in the White House Press lobby. The

photographers were bemoaning the fact that they were going to have to cover the anti-war demonstrations at the Pentagon scheduled for the coming Saturday. It was argued and agreed that the networks were crazy to think that the general public was interested in such stuff, and in fact most viewers would surely get mad if the afternoon's college football game of the week were in any way interrupted by such nonsense.



"Imagine," said one of the photographers, "a guy has just settled down in front of his TV set, he's taken off his shoes, he has

a six-pack of beer in the icebox, and he's ready to watch the ball game. He's worked hard all week, and now he's ready to relax and enjoy himself. You think he wants to see a bunch of kooks with crazy signs?"

The very idea was absurd.

Whatever complaints the government may have about television, it should recognize that medium as one of the most stabilizing influences in the society, answering many of the needs of the leisure-time pressures brought on by shorter working hours. For a while "the problem of leisure" was a popular concern of social thinkers in the society, and fears were expressed about what the man accustomed to work would do when faced with the burden of free time on his hands. The problem is no longer much discussed, because it is obvious now what this man will do. He will get settled in front of the TV, put a six-pack of beer in the icebox, and turn on the ball game. For every hour of "live coverage" of the Vietnam War on television, there must surely be a thousand hours of the ball game.

For all practical purposes, the ball game is never over. In the spring and summer it is baseball, and winter and fall it is football, beginning shortly after lunch on Saturday and going into a second game that runs to dinner or after, and then the roundup of the games and the recaps and replays

on the news, and then the whole thing again on Sunday, a vast swirl of bats, swings, passes, kicks, touchdowns, stolen bases, shown again on instant replay, slow-motion, split-screen, and isolated camera. There is no need to think, speak, or move. The ball game is on.

ii. Playing ball is equated with Americanism; a team member is told to "do your demonstrating on the field"; a pep talk and prayer before the game.

Athletics are so intertwined with the nation's traditions that the American Legion sponsors baseball teams for boys as part of its program in "Americanism." Recently the more violent and action-packed game of football has seemed to replace baseball as the "national pastime," but both games are deeply rooted in the character of the society. They often serve as the introduction of boys to manhood, teaching physical stamina and courage, discipline, and team play.

Boys begin playing in vacant lots and backyards and playgrounds roughly as soon as they are able to walk and talk, but the first "big-time" training and experience in athletics come in high school. All over the country, far outnumbering whatever new revolts or defections may be occurring, there are still young men coming up as they always did, learning to play the game, learning more than just blocking and tackling. A young man who played on a high school football team told me that he had several buddies who had planned to participate in a civil rights demonstration in their conservative Midwestern city, but the coach talked to the boys involved and told them they had better not get mixed up in such a thing. "You do your demonstrating on the field," he told them.

The serious and almost sacred nature of the game can be felt in the locker room, especially in the hushed tension before the game begins. In the locker room of Shortridge High School in Indianapolis, the Blue Devil football team was dressing for its second game of the season, to be played under the lights across town against Northwest, a new city high school, and the team would be driven by bus to the game after getting into uniform. They helped one another pull the blue and white jerseys down over the massive shoulder pads, and a few student managers helped some of the guys who had to be taped. As each one got dressed he silently took a seat on one of the two straight lines of benches facing one another. There was the sound of cleats on the cement floor and the rattle and bang of lockers being shut, a few calls of "Hey, gimme a hand," all these diminishing, and then silence except for scattered

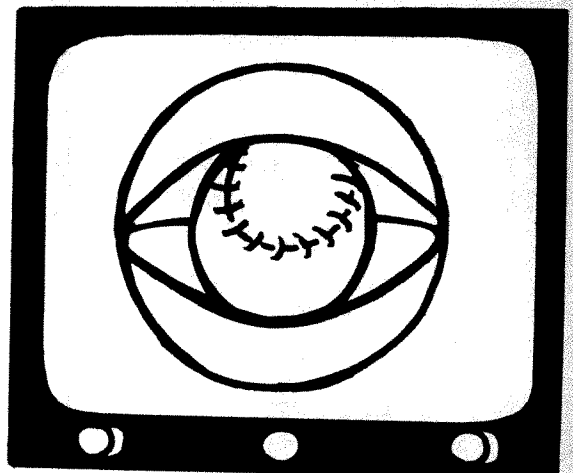
coughs. Coach Benbow stepped to the front of the room to say a few words. The coach, a former lineman in high school at Muncie, Indiana, and then at Butler University in Indianapolis, was a big, heavy man wearing a sport shirt and slacks and football cleats and holding a blue long-billed baseball cap to wear at the game. Coach Benbow spoke quietly, without histrionics, and yet in the hush of the room it was not without drama, in spite of how familiar or maybe *because* it was so familiar, like a ritual spoken through centuries, something from the ceremonies of manhood rites.

"You know this is an important game to us . . . this team has a lot of experience . . . we're going to play each one as it comes, and tonight we're only thinking of this one. . . . Remember you gotta hit and you gotta keep hitting . . . remember it's the second effort that counts . . . the second effort, that's what makes champions. . . ."

Then he said the team would pray. The big Coach crouched down on one knee on the cement, and there was a clatter and shuffle as the boys scooted down from the benches and knelt on the floor, some on one knee and some on both knees, heads bowed, some holding their heads in both hands and pressing their hands against their temples as if for greater concentration, and after about thirty seconds of silence the Coach got up, and pulled his blue cap down on his head, and the boys got back up on the benches, although a few stayed on their knees longer than the others, and then they too got up, slowly, and the Coach said something to one of the managers about equipment, and then he turned to the team and said in a quick, loud voice,

"We Gonna Beat 'Em?" and in unison, like the answer of a drill team, came a shouted, single-syllable: "YES!"

And then the Coach, even louder, "We Gonna Beat 'Em?" and this time stronger and still louder, the unified team-pronounced "YES!" And then,



lower pitched, businesslike, from the Coach: "Let's go," and there is a general rise and push for the door, purposeful, serious, helmets tucked under arms, ready for battle, trotting out of the locker room and for the bus with that jog of assurance and importance appropriate for such occasions. I stood just a moment looking around the empty locker room, and noticed its one decoration, a painted board that must have been weathered and dusty from decades. It had a picture of a small dog and a large dog and contained that piece of locker room wisdom as hoary as if from some American version of Ecclesiastes:

"It isn't the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog that counts."

Later I asked one of the young men who played on the team if they had always had a prayer before the game, and he said they had ever since he had been there, although it surprised him. I asked what he meant, and he said, "Well, I knew the reserve team prayed, because they get out on the field in a circle and have a prayer before the game. But the varsity doesn't do that, and so I figured when you made the varsity, you didn't have to pray. I was sort of surprised when I made the varsity and found they prayed too."

Not all the country has forsaken its faith. If the varsity prays, religion is not to be scoffed at.

And remember, the varsity won that night.

iii. Businessmen serve the community and serve themselves lunch; Kiwanians hear about a suspicious new federal program.

The "meeting" is one of the principal forms of social and business gatherings in the society, and yet most of the meetings I have described thus far concern protest of some kind, and that is hardly typical. One of the representative types of meeting in the nation is that of the "service clubs," the organizations like Jaycees, Rotary, Kiwanis, and, at a generally little lower level of the social forest, the Lions, Moose, and Elks. These groups engage in good works, such as contributions and fund-raising for charitable causes, awarding of scholarships, and civic improvement projects, but they are basically social in nature, and because membership is by selection, it is an honor bestowed, a badge of acceptance. So much do these groups enjoy meetings that most of them have a luncheon meeting once a week. On the outskirts of almost every American town or city you see right after the city-limits sign a number of colorful emblems of the service clubs stating the time and place and day of the week of their meetings, so that a traveling brother may join them if passing through and find good-fellowship among his own kind of people.

The service clubs are nonpolitical and non-controversial, consisting of middle-class business and professional men who are the backbone of their community, the solid citizens who get things done. They sometimes like to hear controversial speakers at their meetings, in order to keep abreast of what's going on, but are unlikely to be moved to any sort of oddball sympathies. Donald Duncan, the former Green Beret turned anti-war crusader, said he often speaks at such gatherings, and finds that "they ask good questions, and usually afterward thank me and say that I've given them something to think about."

When I asked what he advised people to do if they listened to one of his speeches and said they wanted to help end the war, Duncan smiled and said, "That's why I like to speak to groups like the Rotary. They don't ask."

During my stay in Phoenix, Arizona, I noticed that the local Kiwanis Club met every Tuesday at the Westward Ho, a downtown hotel, and I made some calls of inquiry and was graciously invited to come to the next meeting. In summer in Phoenix the temperature is usually over 100 degrees, and the businessmen dispense with coats and wear white short-sleeved shirts and ties (a resident complained to me that the ties were a recent innovation, an Eastern influence that naturally was more uncomfortable than the formerly acceptable garb of open-necked sport shirts). So when I went to the meeting in the Turquoise Room of the Westward Ho, I was naturally identified as an outsider, since I was the only man in a suit. Nevertheless I was greeted pleasantly and given a seat at a table of ten men.

The conversation, as in many places that summer, concerned the urban rioting — a small disturbance had even struck Phoenix. Milton Sanders, an insurance man sitting on my left, was saying that "the way things are going, if a kid threw a brick through a window, the federal government would probably give him a college scholarship."

Jim Patrick, president of the Valley National Bank in Phoenix, said he thought some of the businessmen ought to get together and start some project for helping get jobs for the people who needed them.

"Yes, but we'd have to have a screening committee," Sanders said, "so we'd know which ones were really qualified and which ones weren't. Some of those who don't work won't take menial jobs, but they don't have qualifications for anything else." He pointed to Mr. Patrick and said, "Some of them have a fifth-grade education and they want your job."

Patrick said nevertheless he'd like to get 100 or so businessmen together and have each one hire two or three people from the slum area. He

asked Sanders if he'd cooperate with such a plan, and Sanders said, "Yes, as long as you don't get the federal government into it."

Then the chairman of the program was introduced, a big square-jawed man described as a former All-America guard who played for the Packers and came to Arizona twenty years ago and has been in the cement business here ever since. "Bud," the former All-America, said he didn't know why he was chairman of the program today because the program consisted of some people from something called Upward Bound, and "I don't even know what that means, so I'll turn things over to Harry Matz, who is in charge of the Upward Bound group. Let's get him up here and find out what this is all about."

Harry Matz was a small, non-Kiwanian-looking guy with glasses who was wearing a suit. (I hadn't seen him when I came in.) He explained that Upward Bound was a project of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and gets 90 percent of its funds from the federal government and 10 percent from Arizona State University, where the program is conducted. There were 180 high school students in the program that summer, and "they are potential college students who we don't want to see drop out of school. We want both to sell them on going to college and prepare them so they'll be ready for it." The students were from families that might not have the money to send them to college unless there was scholarship help. The students in the program were 40 percent Mexican, 40 percent Negro, and 20 percent "uh — Anglo."

A young Mexican student in the program named Richard Estrada came to the microphone to tell more about it.

"The classes are more informal than high school," he said with obvious enthusiasm. "Students can say more what they believe. They teach us racial problems, religion, data processing, drama, all kinds of things. We can choose different courses, but all are required to take English and current events. We also learn about 'scientific thinking,' and we use a book called *Applied Logic*, and learn how to argue with the teacher, using logic and all."

Sanders leaned toward me and said, "Sounds like a federal program."

A few other students told about the program, and Mr. Matz said it had stirred great interest in the students, and that "we only have had two dropouts, and those were both because of work pressures from outside." He asked if there were any questions about the program.

The first question was how much did it cost.

Matz said it cost about \$180,000 for the eight-week program for 180 students. There was a silence from the audience, and Matz said bravely,

"Maybe that sounds like a lot, but if you measure it against burning Detroit, it's not much."

Sanders whispered to me, "If you just gave 'em the money it'd be enough to send 'em to college."

The questions were mostly of a skeptical nature, and Matz, almost apologetically, said, "I know it sounds kind of idealistic."

The All-America cement man came up and said to Mr. Matz, "We appreciate the time you've taken to come here, and we certainly took our time to listen to you."

There was perfunctory applause, and Sanders shook my hand as we stood up to go and said, "This was not a typical program today. Usually we have a good speech by a senator or congressman or someone like that. I guess we're in the summer slump."

B. Most Men Are Moved by Forces Beyond Themselves; You Can't Change the Course of Wars and Hurricanes.

i. A committee tries to speak for the "Silent Center," but a draft board clerk does better.

The "Silent Center" is the term used to describe that vast middle ground of the populace, those people who go about their own business and do not wish to become engaged in controversy on one side or the other. They are often claimed by proponents of different sides of an issue, but they themselves are not inclined to speak up for one side or the other. They do not form committees, but sometimes committees are formed in their behalf. This occurred after a great many anti-war committees were organized, including committees of professors, doctors, students, clergymen, and even businessmen. Feeling that the Silent Center had been neglected, a group of outstanding Americans formed a committee to speak for them. The new group, called "The Citizens Committee for Peace With Freedom in Vietnam," said in its announcement:

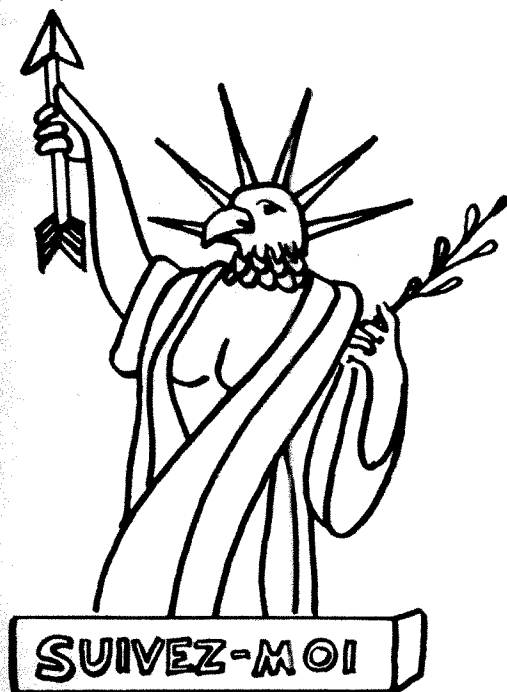
"We believe that the 'silent center' should now be heard.

"Our objective . . . is not to suppress the voice of opposition. Our objective is to make sure that the majority voice of America is heard — loud and clear — so that Peking and Hanoi will not mistake the voices of our dissenters for American discouragement and a weakening of will."

The committee said, again speaking not just for itself but for the tongue-tied citizens of the Silent Center, "We strongly support our commitment in

Vietnam and the policy of noncompromising, although limited resistance to aggression."

Representing the Silent Center on the new committee were General Omar Bradley (ret.) and former Senator Paul Douglas (co-chairmen), former Presidents Eisenhower and Truman, AFL-CIO president George Meany, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, well-known Negro writer Ralph Ellison, well-known white writer James T. Farrell, and many other well-known representative Ameri-



cans from different fields. The committee's announcement did not say how it knew the feelings of the Silent Center, nor did it refer to a survey published the week before by the Gallup poll which showed that 46 percent of the people questioned felt it was a "mistake" for America to have become involved in the war in Vietnam, an increase of 22 percent over the past two years. This of course did not mean that all those Americans *opposed* the war, for many who feel it was a mistake in the first place also feel that since the mistake has been made by their own government, the mistake has to be supported. However, even that sort of support would seem a lesser kind than the strong approval of the war policy expressed by the committee.

To see if I could learn a little more about the committee and its contacts with the Silent Center, the day after the announcement of its formation I called the telephone number of the Washington headquarters. The phone was answered by a pleasant female voice that said "Peace With Freedom." I asked to speak with one of the staff members, and the voice said with some surprise, "Oh, this is just an answering service."

She said there might be some people in the office later in the day, but I was already disillusioned. On the other hand, it seemed appropriate. If you try to reach the Silent Center, you ought to expect to get an answering service.

The committee was probably presumptuous in trying to give voice to the Silent Center, for by its very definition the support of that section of the populace lies in its silence, its quiet acceptance of what the authorities may ask it to do, its sense of the irrelevance and even inappropriateness of ordinary people presuming to support or oppose great issues of public policy. Voting is one thing, an anonymous and silent act itself, but once the people have voted, is it not up to those elected to determine great policies, and is it not the duty of the electorate to follow?

I felt that I gained a much better sense of the Silent Center from talking with a clerk for a draft board in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Miss Lucy Folkema, a petite lady with short blond hair and a neat blue suit, said she had worked for the Selective Service System for ten years and is now chief clerk of Local Board 42 of Grand Rapids.

I mentioned some of the anti-war demonstrations by University of Michigan students at the local draft board in Ann Arbor, and I wondered if any sort of protests had occurred here, or whether there was much resistance to the draft.

"It's different here than in Ann Arbor," Miss Folkema explained. "There have been the big demonstrations there, but you see, Ann Arbor has a different element of people. They have a large university there, and there are many different groups of people. In Grand Rapids, we're mostly a little Dutch community, and we have some Polish — of course, they're all Americans. Grand Rapids is a good community for raising a good, solid, concrete citizen.

"We have a lot of good institutions here in Grand Rapids," she said, "that help make it a good area to live in. There's Grace Bible College, and Calvin College, for instance. You get youngsters who have strong religious convictions. They're well aware that wars have been going on ever since biblical time, and will keep going on."

There will be wars and rumors of wars, and this particular war of the moment in Vietnam is like most wars for the mass of people — part of the order of natural disaster, like flood or famine, illness or accident. They survive it as best they can, and would no more presume to alter it than to alter the course of a hurricane. These people are not without conscience, or dignity, or passion; what they lack is any notion that it is possible or even proper for ordinary humans to effect massive change in the course of great nations and their policies.

They are not the movers of history but those who are moved, by forces above them — gods, or politicians.

♦ ♦ ♦

With Johnson in the Front Pew, Minister Questions War Policy

The political complexities of our involvement in an undeclared war are so baffling . . . that I feel presumptuous even in asking questions.

But since there is a rather general consensus that something is wrong in Vietnam — a conviction voiced by leaders of nations traditionally our friends, leading military experts and the rank and file of American citizens — we wonder if some logical, straightforward explanation might be given without endangering whatever military or political advantages we now enjoy.

Relatively few of us plan even the mildest form of disloyal action against constituted authority. We know the necessity of supporting our leader. . . .

While pledging our loyalty, we ask humbly: Why?

— The Rev. Cotesworth Pinckney Lewis, rector of Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Va., in a sermon as reported by the *New York Times*, November 13, 1967

♦ ♦ ♦

ii. A hero who tried not to think about “why” so he wouldn’t go batty; another hero who never came home.

Robert L. Brown came hurrying down the stairs buttoning up a starched white shirt, and invited me to take a seat on the couch in the living room. He called to his mother in the kitchen to ask when his little brother was bringing the car back because he needed it to drive to work. Brown is a produce clerk in the Thrifty Acres Market and also a minister in the Church of the Apostolic Faith, Pentacostal, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He is one of ten children of a Negro family, and he had recently returned from Vietnam, where he served as a medical aide to a rifle company in the 25th Infantry Division, and was awarded the Purple Heart after being wounded by shrapnel and dragging five soldiers out of the line of fire during an action near Pleiku. An account of the battle in *Stars and Stripes* said that Brown “refused to give himself morphine, even though he was in pain because he didn’t want to deprive someone else of it.” He

would not be evacuated until all the other wounded were out of the danger zone.

Brown told me he had refused to enlist in the army because of his religious convictions, but was drafted and given C.O. status.

“I said I would serve my country just as long as I could stay a C.O. and didn’t have to kill anyone,” he explained. “It seems like there’s some law that I wasn’t supposed to be in combat, but I think that’s with the consent of the individual. They asked me if I wanted to go to Vietnam, and I said I wouldn’t volunteer but if the army wants me there I’ll go.”

I asked what he thought about the war after he got there, and he said, “The people there seemed pretty friendly, but you never knew who was who, as far as the enemy. I would say that me and most of the fellas more or less didn’t know why we were there, but we had the idea we were asked to go there, and Congress passed this thing saying we would go. The fellas did their job because they were fighting for their lives.”

He said he sometimes had his doubts. “One morning I woke up and thought, What am I here for? I had to put that outa my mind cause if I thought about it for long, it would have driven me batty.”

Brown didn’t know if others had such doubts, but anyway they didn’t talk about it. “Mostly the guys talked about going home, reminiscing and all that. The army kept us going with good supplies, and good food. We had steaks, fried chicken, veal, mashed potatoes with gravy, and they sent frozen ice cream into the field. We had a hot meal at least once a day, and a change of clothes every



three to five days so we wouldn’t get to feeling grubby. And our mail was always on time. We had packages from home, and that boosted morale too, so with all those things the fellas just couldn’t be defeated.”

I asked how he felt about it now that he was out and back home, and he said, “Well, when it all

boils down, you wonder why we're there. I think it'll go on another nine or ten years. It's the kind of thing where we move 'em out of an area, and then they move back in again."

Brown said it was true that there were good race relations over there, and maybe that would have some effect back home: "I think it gave Southerners a better picture, I think some of them learned not to hate the Negro. I believe quite a few will never forget Negroes who fought next to them. Because of depending on each other that way, they could joke about things they never could if they were in the States."

He said he felt it was true that the service helped Negroes to achieve a better life when they got out: "Some branches train a man so he has a better chance for a job on the outside, and that's good. The thing that gets the Negroes down over there, and the whites too, are the riots. It makes you feel, what's the use. I knew this one Negro man over there who said he was coming back and fight for the Negro cause in the States. He said we were first-class citizens when we were fighting a war, and we ought to be when we got back to our own cities, and he would fight for that whatever it took doing. He said if he could fight for a cause over there and kill, he could do it back home too."

The riots in Grand Rapids occurred after Brown got home from Vietnam, and he said, "It was going on about four or five blocks away. I'm trying to sleep and I hear shots, and even what sounds like machine guns — the same thing I heard in Vietnam, but it's even worse hearing it when you get back here. You figure you've got through it over there, and then you come home and hear it again."

Brown stayed home inside during the riot in his city. He said of his heroic action in Vietnam that "the army brainwashes you — they say take a bunker, and the guys take it even knowing they'll get killed. I got it, too. When they yelled 'Medic' I moved. They stressed it was your job, the men were dependent on you, and when I felt I owed it to my men, it was a good feeling."

The article in *Stars and Stripes* said that instead of carrying a rifle, Brown went into battle carrying a walking stick and a Bible. He has no interest in taking part in the riots or revolts in the States for the cause of the Negro or civil rights or any of those things. His religion is more important to him than politics.

"My feeling is that God set me free, and so I have no limits," he said.

I thanked him for talking with me about these matters, and he called out again to ask where in the devil his brother was with that car. It was almost time for his shift to begin at the Thrifty Acres Market.

What the outcome in Vietnam will be is anybody's guess, but whatever happens, Special Forces men will continue to fight Communism and make friends for America in the underdeveloped nations that are the targets of Communist expansion.

—*The Green Berets* by Robin Moore

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CITATION PURPLE HEART MEDAL

"By direction of the President, the Purple Heart Medal is awarded posthumously to Private First Class Matthew D. Atkins III for wounds received in military operations in Vietnam, against hostile foreign forces, which resulted in his death. This award, first established by General George Washington in 1782, is presented as a tangible expression of our nation's gratitude and everlasting appreciation for Private First Class Atkins' gallantry and devotion in the service of his country. Private First Class Atkins stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have given their lives that our nation's goal of freedom and peace may be maintained."

— Headquarters VI United States Army Corps
The Federal Center, Battle Creek, Michigan

Private First Class Atkins had not wanted to go into the service; like so many other young men, he felt the two years would be wasted and he could accomplish so much more on the outside. He had just bought his own car, and was going to a local college and working at night. Because he had to work to put himself through college he could not be a full-time student and so could not get a student deferment and so was drafted.

Private First Class Atkins' parents live with their other three sons and one daughter in a small house in Grand Rapids, where Mr. Atkins has a civil service job and Mrs. Atkins works at the Fisher Body plant of the General Motors Corporation and is a member of the union bargaining committee. Mrs. Atkins was wearing a sweater and slacks and a pin of the United Auto Workers with a slogan for the current bargaining sessions that said "UAW: United to Win Full Equality." The Atkinses are friendly but reserved people, people who had agreed to speak to a stranger about their son, of whom they are proud, and whose loss can never be remedied or relieved, and thinking this and seeing it I found myself more unable to speak than they were, and so they helped me.

Mrs. Atkins said that perhaps I wondered what her son was like, and she said, "As a child, he had such a big heart, he was always wanting to do some-

thing for someone else. He was the small one of the boys; our eighteen-year-old is five feet, eleven and an all-round athlete. Matthew was the oldest, and he was not big or an athlete but he was always trying to stop kids fighting. He never talked back, and the teachers always complimented him on his citizenship.

"At first he really hated the army," she said, "but I think he changed after being in the service



awhile. When he came home on furlough before going over, he said he didn't mind, and he felt attached to the other guys. I sometimes wondered if he was saying it just for our sake."

Mr. Atkins said that "he got his basic at Fort Knox and was transferred then to Quartermaster school. He didn't have advanced infantry training, only basic, and I felt pretty bad when they put him in a line company in replacement over there after only one week of general training."

Mrs. Atkins said, "After he was there he wrote us that he wouldn't wish it on anybody. The temperature and heat were terrible, and he wasn't used to it. He told us how at Christmas he took candy and apples to the kids, and it was just like giving them a hundred-dollar bill. That made him happy. But he couldn't trust anyone—he said you couldn't tell if people who were friends during the day would be against you at night."

Mr. Atkins said that his own view of the war in general was that "if you ask me if we should be over there I say No. They talk about the Communist threat, but if they wanted to invade us they've got a stepping-stone in Cuba that's a lot closer. And if we're going to fight over there, as an ex-army man myself, I say if you have the

job get it done, don't place all these restrictions on how you can do it."

Mr. Atkins said that right after they heard of Matthew's death "we were very bitter, we thought about moving to Canada. I felt like I only had one child when Matthew was taken, and I felt like 'You're not going to get another one.' But then I began to feel like the boys themselves should be able to choose, they should make the decision for themselves."

Mrs. Atkins said maybe I would like to see some of the letters that Matthew had written, and I said I would, and I copied down a few things from them. So these are a few fragments from the letters of Private First Class Matthew Atkins III, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who died of "wounds received in combat against hostile foreign forces" in South Vietnam:

"I just got back from a 10 day ambush patrol and for the first time got eight hours sleep. . . . I have been sleeping in swamps and on hard ground. . . ."

"Don't worry about me Momma, God has taken good care of me. . . ."

"Don't worry about me Momma, all the Viet Congs in the world couldn't keep me from coming home."

"Right now I'm in a foxhole on guard duty. The wind is blowing very hard and dust is flying everywhere. . . . This wind is too much and it's getting dark. Don't worry about me."

C. Some Elements of the Population Have Been So Subdued That They Serve As "Models" of Successful Pacification.

A less used and more severe meaning of pacification is a definition listed as third choice in the new *Random House Dictionary*: "to reduce to a submissive state subdue." By training and circumstance, people in this condition are the ones most unlikely to rebel against their society. In a different sense, both the American Indians on their reservations and the senior citizens in their "retirement communities" can be seen as different models of pacification.

The Indians have had their land taken from them by the society, and the senior citizens have had their children taken from them by the society (not through death but through that erosion of the concept of "family" that brought about the end of the large home with several generations living together, and meant the beginning of the system of segregation by age). A visit to representa-

tive settlements of these two groups will hopefully provide further insight into the pacification process.

i. "When you're over fifty and you're feelin' sweet sixteen. . . ."

There will be no riots in Sun City, Arizona. The 17,000 people who live there are what Miss Lucy Folkema might describe as "concrete citizens" from all over the country, mainly the Midwest, who have come to relax and reap the fruits of a life of toil and service to their families and communities by basking in the sun and the leisure-life activities of the nation's "first *active* retirement community."

"People say their life is regimented here," said Jerry Svendsen, a blond young public relations man for the Del E. Webb Corporation, builders of Sun City, "but think how regimented *our* lives are, in everyday work. Sure there's a lot of activities, but they can do whatever they want. When a couple comes to Sun City, they throw away their alarm clock."

Mr. Svendsen, a sincere man much beset and troubled by adverse publicity from snide social critics of the planned retirement community, assured me that Sun City "gives people something meaningful to do. There's more than just bridge and golf."

I asked what else there was, and he said, "Lawn bowling, horseshoes, ceramics, whist, leathercraft, square dancing, pinochle. There's even a rock-heads club. They go out and hunt for rocks."

To qualify for residence in Sun City at least one of the couple must be over fifty years old, and they must not have any school-age children living with them. They must also be able to afford one of the new specially designed homes, whose price range began at \$9000 to \$12,000, but with the demands for the type of home prospective citizens desired they now fall in the \$12,000 to \$25,000 range. The homes are specially designed with ingenious features attractive to the retirement set, such as light sockets placed high enough in the walls so that it is not necessary to bend over to put in a plug, and "gravel lawns" for the man who has too long lived with the nagging necessity of mowing the grass.

We passed some homes with For Sale signs, and Svendsen said, "I'll admit Sun City isn't the answer for *all* retired people. There are forty million people over fifty years old in the country, and there are only three thousand retirement communities. Probably your major reason for moving is loneliness for children. Some people come out and get active, but others get maudlin. Others can't take the warm climate. Some move when they lose a partner."

We passed a rather obese lady riding a large tricycle. There are no children in Sun City.

After the tour, we went to a barbecue dinner that was being held in a restaurant in the shopping center for guests who had come to visit Sun City on the "Vacation Special" program, which allows a couple considering retirement to spend a week in the community for \$75, in an apartment with kitchenette, and including breakfast and the barbecue dinner (not including travel). Svendsen said that 28 percent of the people who had come on the previous month's "Special" had purchased homes.

The restaurant was called The Melody Lane, and was a rather barren room whose walls were relieved on one side with some irregularly placed landscapes, and on the other side with emblems of the Lions, Kiwanis, and other service clubs. There were folding chairs and long tables, like the ones used at a church supper. There was no air conditioning, and outside it was 102 degrees. The guests, accompanied by resident greeters, lined up for the barbecue ladled out on paper plates.

After dinner Jerry served as MC, and first introduced the guests, who received a rousing hand of applause for the states they came from, which included Illinois, Texas, Oklahoma, and New Jersey. Someone pronounced the last state as "New Joisey," and everyone laughed.

Jerry introduced the Sun City Rhythm Ramblers, a band made up of the residents, and then Edna Lee and Harry Lee, who headed the Paws and Taws square dance club. They did a square dance. Then came Larry Armstrong, a "vocalist," and his wife, Marie.

Larry and Marie had come to Sun City as "singles" and are one of the community's love matches, who by their example hold such promise to other "singles" who might want to move there.

"Marie and I met in Sun City three years ago," Larry said, "and we've been singing ever since."

He said there was one song that everyone likes because "it sorta brings us closer to our families" — the children and grandchildren back home. Although the kids were gone, the song said, there was consolation that even though they were far away, they and their parents, in the evening, still have "the same silver moon."

Things like this recalled the fact that Sun City would have been impossible several generations ago, for then it was the custom for older people to live with their children in big "family" houses.

Larry then sang the "theme song" of Sun City, which he had written himself, a jaunty tune whose refrain was "When you're over fifty, and you're feelin' sweet sixteen. . . ."

Jerry had warned the audience that a reporter was present, and that most visiting writers had not given Sun City "the type of publicity" they would

like. Then I had to stand up. After the program several people came up to me to ask me "what I was going to write." One lady said I was too young, it took an older person to write about it. A couple who belonged to the square dance group came up, and the woman asked that I not say anything bad about Sun City. Her husband said, "How could anyone say anything bad about it? There's everything here you could want."

ii. "Being an Indian, I'm slow to think."

One of the most effective pacification programs in history was carried out in the late nineteenth century by the United States Cavalry. The native Indian tribes, descendants of peoples who had inhabited the land as long as 10,000 years ago, were hostile to the new white settlers who were taking over the continent, and these unruly "red-men" naturally had to be brought under control for the sake of progress. In the case of the troublesome Navajo tribes of the Southwest, a humane plan was developed in which the government sent the American cavalry hero Kit Carson to round up the Navajos and take them to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where they would be taught a sedentary agricultural life patterned after the Pueblos, a tribe which had long lived in a state of cultural pacification. The Navajos were uncooperative, and so, according to the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, "to starve them into submission, soldiers killed their sheep and destroyed their cornfields and orchards." Even then, some fled and hid from the pacifiers, and finally the government negotiated a settlement with the Navajos, granting them a large "reservation" in 1868, where most have remained ever since. There are certain parallels with aspects of U.S. pacification in Vietnam, where entire villages sometimes have to be moved to another area, and mountain tribes have been transferred to different sites assigned them by the pacification forces. An important part of the pacification of the native American Indians included the sending of missionaries to teach them that their religious beliefs were primitive and their old customs were inferior and uncivilized. The white settlers also brought the Indians the gift of alcohol, and having been stripped of their land and heritage and herded onto reservations, the Indians took to the civilized intoxicant with a vengeance. This white man's contribution so affected the Indian culture that to this day liquor remains one of the major forces of disruption, illness, and death among the Indians. The white government and its missionaries, civil and religious, also succeeded in instilling a sense of deep inferiority that is still a predominant factor.

Of course the different tribes are in different

stages of advancement today, and in Arizona I heard many white men praise the progress of the Apaches, who had developed a productive timber and tourist industry. One white businessman said in praise of the Apaches' adaptation to modern life, "They were the warriors, now they're the do-ers."

Even among different tribes, of course, "all Indians are different, just like white men," I was told by James Wallace, superintendent of the Phoenix Indian School. The school is a boarding school for children from reservations, and Wallace said it was one of the leading secondary schools in the country. As proof of its excellence he cited the fact that "we are the only high school band from Arizona to be invited to march in the Rose Bowl parade next year. This is an honor not many can achieve, as there are only thirty high school bands in the whole parade."

The Indians have served faithfully in the U.S. armed forces — I heard of no dissent among their youth about the current war — and Mr. Wallace boasted that "in World War II there was no better soldier than the Indian. They are very stealthy you know, they make wonderful scouts."

It is felt that service in the military is as beneficial to Indians as it is to Negroes, giving them training and opening up new horizons for them. Wallace said many ambitious Indians had been placed in factory jobs in recent years, and that they are particularly well suited to such work "because of their finger dexterity. Did you know the finger dexterity of the Indians is higher than that of any other race?"

Mr. Wallace gained his wide knowledge of Indian culture through a career of thirty-three years in Indian education, and is probably typical of the white men who have devoted themselves to this cause. I asked him how he had become interested in the Indians in the first place, and Wallace, a big, loquacious man wearing a white shirt and tie and a large Masonic ring, said he had graduated from Springfield College in Massachusetts and a relative who was a nurse in the Indian service in South Dakota helped him get a job with the Bureau of Indian Affairs at a reservation in that state. "It was 1934," Wallace explained, "and you were lucky in those days to be able to get a job as a ditchdigger."

One evening I went back to the school to talk to Lee Stevens, a young man from the Apache reservation at San Carlos, Arizona, who works at the school as a dorm supervisor and goes to the two-year Phoenix College at night and in summers. Stevens was a serious, intelligent young man, extremely courteous but extremely reluctant to talk very much. I asked about San Carlos and the Indian School, and after long silences a few things would be said, and then Stevens began speaking

a little more freely, and told about his own vocational training, which seemed typical in the irony of its outcome. After high school he went to a vocational training school sponsored by the federal government, and learned how to be a barber. He then, as is the plan in these things, returned to the reservation and opened a barbershop. The only trouble was the Indian men had always cut their own hair and saw no reason to pay money to have it cut in a barbershop. Eventually Stevens left and turned the shop over to a fellow who had received his vocational training as a barber, and was not doing much better the last Stevens had heard. Another young man, however, had been trained as a beautician and opened a beauty shop on the reservation which soon became fairly popular with the women. It seemed, though, that the training of Stevens and his successor in the barbershop was the sort of help too often given by well-meaning programs — training a man to perform a service that is not wanted by his own people.

I was very interested in all this, and was beginning to enjoy the conversation, when a young white man who taught at the school came in, and wishing to be helpful, bombarded me with all sorts of sociological theories, pamphlets, books, statistics, and academic jargon. Every once in a while he would turn to Stevens for confirmation of some point, and Stevens would always politely agree. I tried to get Stevens talking again, but he deferred to the white man, who had much more to say and would answer any question I put. It was all on the order of his telling me that "there are ten sociological variables which influence why Indian students become dropouts."

He also showed me a paper he had written which concluded that the material he had read for the assignment "has been helpful in establishing a more equitable reference with Indian clients."

I said I had better be going, and Stevens walked out to the car with me. I thanked him for his time, and he said, almost spontaneously, though in a quiet, measured manner, "It's very discouraging trying to help the kids here, as a counselor. We try to get them to mix with other groups, to get involved in things outside their own society, and maybe they do just a little. Then they go home to the reservation in the summer, and in three months the parents undo everything you've done in nine months. Most of them only speak their Indian language at home, and they hear the traditional views of their parents, and they come back just as withdrawn as they were before."

He paused and then said, "The Indian problem is a very complicated, difficult thing," and it sounded as if he were talking about a deep and sensitive wound — and he was.

I visited the Salt River reservation outside Phoenix where the Pimas live, a tribe whose heritage is a peaceful one of irrigated farming and native artistry, with a special excellence in weaving and basketmaking. I was taken around the reservation by Mrs. Anna B. Shaw, a silver-haired lady who is editor of *Awathm Awahan* (*Pima Letters*), a monthly mimeographed newsletter. Some of the tribal council members had been reluctant to talk to an outsider, but referred me to Mrs. Shaw, a Pima who has moved in the great world outside and knows how to deal with such matters. Mrs. Shaw, who puts out her paper from a small office in a converted trailer, told me she had lived in Phoenix for many years and taken part in the life of the community. She was invited to join the PTA, and she said, "At first I thought, being an Indian, would I be able to do it? Would I be able to participate and do my duties?"

She found she indeed was able to; Mrs. Shaw seemed in fact a quite remarkable woman, and in addition to putting out the newspaper, was writing up old stories and legends she had heard from her elders, so that they wouldn't be entirely lost, and also having old songs transcribed, some of which were no longer sung after the missionaries came and taught them Christian songs of worship instead. Someone at the University at Tempe was helping her publish the children's stories, and yet all this was told not only modestly but with self-deprecation, punctuated with remarks like "Being an Indian, I'm slow to think."

Mrs. Shaw and I went to a lunch that was served every week on the reservation to raise money for a children's house the people had built, which Mrs. Shaw explained was mainly for children whose parents had too much trouble with alcohol. I was the only non-Piman at the lunch, and the others regarded me with a silent and withdrawn manner that seemed almost bordering on fear. The more sophisticated Mrs. Shaw tried to jolly them up, but not to much avail, and she apologized for their shyness afterward, but said they really didn't know how to act around strangers. She sighed, and said, "That's an Indian for you," a remark that always followed some story or instance of Indian "inferiority."

Yes, these people have been pacified well. I later heard about some young militant Indian men who carried cards that said "Red Power" and distributed bumper stickers that said "Custer Died for Your Sins." Maybe a new spirit of identity and pride will arise in the younger groups — perhaps helped by the new "fashionableness" of the Indians caused by the hippie-cult imitations of them; but in the meantime, it is easy to see that Kit Carson and his associates had done a very thorough job.

III. THE PROBLEMS OF PATRIOTISM ARE FOUND TO BE GREAT IN TIME OF LIMITED WAR; MANY CITIZENS ARE FAITHFUL BUT CONFUSED.



It is out of relations that we come to be. We all have relations of one sort or another — family relations, social relations, community relations, international relations.

— *Nobody Said It's Easy: A Practical Guide to Feelings and Relationships for Young People and Their Parents* by Sally Liberman Smith

♦ ♦ ♦

When I called up the press division of the Department of Defense to say that I wished to visit some U.S. military bases, Assistant Secretary Richard Fryklund said that would be no problem at all. "We've got 'em all over the world," he said. "Just take your pick."

Befitting the role of a supernation, the United States has a million troops stationed in thirty countries around the globe, maintains mutual defense treaties with forty-two nations, and furnishes military or economic aid or both to nearly one hundred different countries. It is the greatest supplier of armaments in the world, with an annual sale of military equipment to underdeveloped countries that totaled \$900 million in the last fiscal year. This figure alone indicates the growing strength of supernation over its super-rival, for the Soviet Union's annual arms sales to other countries run only between \$500 and \$600 million.

In order to bear this super-responsibility, the United States devotes 60 percent of its federal budget (the money supplied by taxation of the populace), or \$75 billion a year, to expenditures for "Defense," which is the term given to all

military production and activity. For the coming year, its generals and admirals would like to have \$93 billion. An outsider might well imagine that supernation exists in an extremely hostile world, surrounded everywhere by threatening enemies, for that would seem the simplest explanation for the necessity of such a vast deployment of arms and men in the cause of national defense.

This tremendous investment in the nation's defense, however, is not so much a drain on the economy as a stimulant to it, directly providing 10 percent of the entire employment of the population and aiding the continuance of what Ronald Steel, a former U.S. Foreign Service Officer, described as "an affluence that could support whole nations with its waste." It should be noted, however, that the really poor people seldom get even the "waste," and that in the midst of the national affluence acute malnutrition was found to be commonplace among the Negroes of rural Mississippi by a team of visiting doctors, and similar conditions exist throughout the rural South and Appalachia.

Ironically enough, some of the waste or spillover of that affluence which springs in significant part from the military-primed economy helps support some of the society's most dissident, anti-military elements, such as the hippies. A concrete example of the "waste" of affluence supporting a protest element within the society is provided by a group of anti-war demonstrators who have kept up a "peace vigil" at the naval ammunitions installation at Port Chicago, a harbor north of San Francisco which serves as the principal loading point for shipment of bombs, napalm, bullets, and other

ammunition to Vietnam. The "vigilers" who picket at Port Chicago live in an informal, cooperative sort of setup in a house in Canyon, California, and they are able to survive on a small budget of contributions from anti-war sympathizers because most of their food is free. They mainly eat what they call "Behind-the-Safeways" food, which is produce rejected because of partial spoilage, such as a brown spot on a head of lettuce, an over-ripe tomato, or a banana turning bad. This food is put out in boxes behind the Safeway Supermarket in San Francisco to be collected and thrown away, but the vigilers pick it up, the women cut out the bad parts and use the rest for meals that provide the main sustenance of the group. As one of the vigilers explained, "This country is so rich, you can live off the scraps from the table."

The effect on the general national affluence if the single biggest item of government spending (defense) were eliminated would obviously be catastrophic, and few responsible men consider such a perilous situation possible. And yet, with their awesome responsibilities, the leaders of supnation must consider every possible crisis, and so, just as one of their theorists has engaged in "thinking about the unthinkable" prospect of total war in a nuclear age, so one of the leading industrialists has considered the perhaps even more unthinkable prospect of total peace. A. Carl Kotchian, president of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, one of the largest contractors of defense spending, explained in a paper on the subject that the possibility of total peace was "so unlikely that we might be tempted to dismiss it as a dream. And yet among the new breed of systems analysts and forecasters in the aerospace industry, no possibility is too unlikely to be considered."

Considering the effects of a hypothesized "collapse" of defense production on Southern California alone, Mr. Kotchian said it would be "an economic setback of the first order. Fortunately, it will not bring collapse. Given the conditions of gradual disarmament extending over a period of fifty years or more, there will be no earthshaking strains on the Southern California economy."

While it had to be admitted that total peace was eventually possible, "perhaps in one hundred years, perhaps even in fifty," Mr. Kotchian could confidently add, "but certainly not tomorrow or the day after tomorrow."

Even an end to the Vietnam War would of course not mean an end to the basic defense production of the nation. Everett Hayes, a public relations official of Lockheed, pointed out to me that supplies produced for that war might decrease in volume if the war ended, but such equipment would still be produced because it was not be-

ing made for that war alone; the production of helicopters, for instance, would continue and be further developed because "those are not just for use in Vietnam; they are part of what is necessary for the time we live in — the time of limited war."

This condition of nonpeace, a state of perpetual war preparedness, is the premise on which the conduct of nations is now based, the framework which men regarded as "reasonable" seek to operate within rather than to modify. Some men accept this situation not only because they feel it is the only possible arrangement for the survival of the most powerful nation in the world, but also because they feel it is the one which is on balance the most beneficial to the society as a whole. The recently published "Report from Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace," purportedly drawn up by a "Special Study Group" secretly appointed by the federal government, reached the conclusion that peace was in fact neither feasible nor desirable. Of course the "Report" was only a spoof; and yet its logic and conclusions were so "realistic" that it was taken at face value by many readers, including reviewers for some serious journals, as well as some government officials. A State Department official who read the book confessed to an interviewer that "I got further than I like to admit before I was certain that there was nothing at all factual behind it."

Fact and fiction are difficult to delineate, and it is difficult for citizens to know what to think about the era of wars that seem limited in justification as well as in strategy. In the two great world wars they fought before becoming a supnation, the people were sustained by the knowledge that the war was being fought to end all wars, and that made it worth doing, for their children, and their grandchildren, and for the peace and safety of the world. But now they have to learn that the war they are fighting is part of the complex burden of being a supnation, and that it might not bring an end to war at all. That is a hard thing to learn, but some leaders feel the people have learned it. General Omar Bradley (ret.) returned from a fact-finding mission to Vietnam, and he was much encouraged, not only about the way the war was going but also about the ability of the people to understand and accept such wars. The general wrote that

we are a free people, a learning people. As pilgrims we learned to farm. As colonists, we learned the wilderness. As victors, we learned that the end of a great war does not mean peace.

It means, instead, the new kind of war that is limited in aims as well as in area, one that does not necessarily seek an "all-out" victory or ask for all-out support and sacrifice from the citizens. This

sort of war is frustrating not only for the "dissenters" but also for the "patriots," and having considered the problems and attitudes of the former group, we should now give attention to those of the latter.

It must be emphasized that the term "patriotism" is being used here in its most commonly accepted sense, which is more narrow than the dictionary definition of the word as "devotion to country." It is perhaps unfair but nonetheless true that citizens who oppose their country's policy in time of war are classed according to the basis of their opposition. That is, if a loyal citizen is opposed to the policy on the grounds that the country should *withdraw* from the war, he is thought of as a "dissenter." If another loyal citizen opposes policy on the grounds that the country should *increase* the war effort, he is considered a "patriot," along with those citizens who support the policy of the government as it is being carried out. If the "patriotic" type of critic becomes extreme in his demands that the war be extended and escalated, even to the point of charging that the government's own leaders are holding back because they are disloyal or duped by subversive elements, he still does not become a "dissenter," nor does he lose his status as a "patriot." Rather, he is reclassified in popular terminology as a "superpatriot."

Using this common conception of the term, we shall now look at some of the dilemmas of patriotism in a time of limited war.

A. The Home Fires of Patriotism, With Limited Fueling From the Government, Burn in Varying Degrees of Intensity.

- i. A call to arms is issued for fighting the enemy at home as well as abroad; survival measures include storing up on "beans" (lots of them).

"FELLOW-AMERICANS! We are at WAR! This war has been forced upon us by the declaration and designs of Anti-God Communism. In war there is only one alternative to Defeat — and that is VICTORY! So let's get on with it then — VICTORY — not only in Vietnam — but VICTORY OVER ANTI-GOD COMMUNISM the world over and MAY GOD BE WITH US!"

— BREAKTHROUGH
P.O. Box 3061, Detroit, Michigan

J. Donald Lobsinger is a quiet, intense young man who lives with his parents and works as an

accountant in the finance section of the Department of Parks and Recreation of the city of Detroit, Michigan. In his off hours, Lobsinger is the founder and leader of a militant anti-Communist movement called Breakthrough, which most dramatically carried its message to the public in a protest against the performance of the Moscow Symphony Orchestra at the Detroit Art Institute in October of 1966. On that occasion, Breakthrough members passed out leaflets saying "Soviets! Go Home! Russian Communist Orchestra Not Welcome Here! Not While Our American Boys Are Being Killed by Russian-Armed and Russian-Supplied Communist Forces in Vietnam." But it was not the picketing or distribution of leaflets that focused public attention on the protest. The real drama occurred when Lobsinger and three of his followers leaped to the stage of the Art Institute auditorium during the concert, waving banners and shouting to the audience, as Lobsinger recalled the message, "Why applaud murderers of our boys, murderers of Christians?" This guerrilla action at least temporarily halted the performance until the Breakthrough demonstrators were led off stage by police and the musicians were persuaded that they could continue without further interference.

Lobsinger and his group had continued their campaign against Communism at home and abroad, and after the Detroit riots they had organized rallies to alert citizens to the Communist guidance of the uprisings and instruct the populace on how to prepare for the next outbreaks, which Breakthrough warned would be a Communist bid for a complete take-over of the nation. Lobsinger hired a hall with a 300-person capacity for the first of these public sessions, and he said that more than 800 others came who had to be turned away. This response proved, Lobsinger said, that the people of the city "are not buying the story of the riot as it's being told in the press and by government officials," and that "the people are frightened, and they have a right to be."

After the first public meeting, and before a series of others were scheduled to meet the demand for similar riot-defense instructions, Lobsinger was invited to address a luncheon meeting of the Friendship chapter of the Detroit Lions Club, and I received permission to attend this gathering. The Friendship chapter meets each Tuesday at 12:15 P.M. at the Golden Galleon, a restaurant-bar which provides the Lions with a private room off the main dining area for their weekly functions. I arrived before Mr. Lobsinger, and explained to one of the Lions that I had come to hear the speech. The Lion said, "Do you have a gun?" and I assured him I did not, and the Lion explained that a lot of people didn't like Mr. Lobsinger.

Cleared of intent to assassinate, I was allowed to

take a seat at a long table seating eighteen men, was bought a drink by a hospitable Lion on my right, and observed the few Lion ceremonials that followed the luncheon special of beef stew or veal cutlet. The chairman finally introduced Mr. Lobsinger, and said that Breakthrough was "an organization I am familiar with, and very much in favor of." He said the speaker would discuss the "recent civil disorders in Detroit."

Mr. Lobsinger, a thin, dark-haired man who spoke calmly, with great sincerity and a sense of intense urgency, said the half hour allotted him was hardly enough to explore the subject but he would do his best.

"What happened in Detroit this summer was not a 'riot,'" he said. "It was merely a training exercise by Communist-trained and Communist-equipped guerrillas, as part of a violent revolution. . . . When the *real* riot comes, it will be far worse than what happened this summer."

He said that citizens must take their own steps to prepare for the coming uprising, because "the last one showed that citizens can't safely depend on government officials for their protection and defense. If American people want to preserve their freedom, they have to face this."

There were two main things that citizens could do to get ready for the next outbreak: (1) "arm" and (2) "prepare for survival." Lobsinger said, "You have just seen the preliminaries, and the next one will be a revolution. Utilities will be cut off, the lights, the water system." He passed out a mimeographed sheet which contained "Suggestions for Survival During a Period of Prolonged Civil Disorder." It said that each family should have, as a minimum for survival, a month's supply of food and essential items on hand. Among the suggested supplies listed were:

Beans (lots of them) . . . Lots of canned foods . . .
Brewer's Yeast (one bottle) . . . Pet food (if needed for pets) . . . canned milk (evaporated) . . . Whiskey (medicinal purposes) . . . Coleman stove (operates with kerosene) . . . Toilet paper . . . Soaps . . . First Aid Book . . . Hair-cutting tools. . . .

The instructions asked citizens to "organize your own block and make sure that every family has a ONE MONTH supply of food. . . . Should a neighbor be discordant or uncooperative, let him be. BEWARE OF THOSE WHO OPPOSE SUCH PREPARATION."

Again stressing that the citizens could not depend on their government to defend them, Lobsinger said, "In the riot last summer the mayor said on the radio that 'life is more important than property.' That meant that the life of a looter was more important than the property of a law-abiding citizen.

"The reason the thing went so far was that gov-

ernment officials were either too cowardly to enforce the law, or this was part of a conspiracy to make it necessary to bring in federal troops, so people will get *conditioned* to look for federal troops, and feel they need them." He said this was part of a trend toward "federal control of our individual lives."

In the question period following the talk, someone asked if there wasn't a fella some time back who warned us against this Communist business, a man named Gerald L. K. Smith. Lobsinger said, yes, there was such a man, but he had tried to put all the blame on "just one race, and that wasn't right." Lobsinger said you shouldn't try to blame the Jews, as Smith often did, nor even should you blame the Negroes, "as a race."

"Most Negroes are loyal Americans," he said. "Many soldiers killed in Vietnam are Negroes, and many here oppose the black terrorists, but those loyal Negroes will be the first victims. They will be terrorized into submission."

Lobsinger said that when the real revolution came it would hit many cities through the nation all at once, and even if the government wanted to defend the citizens, there wouldn't be enough troops. "The men and children will be slaughtered," he said, "and the women will be raped. The women will be the reward for the terrorists."

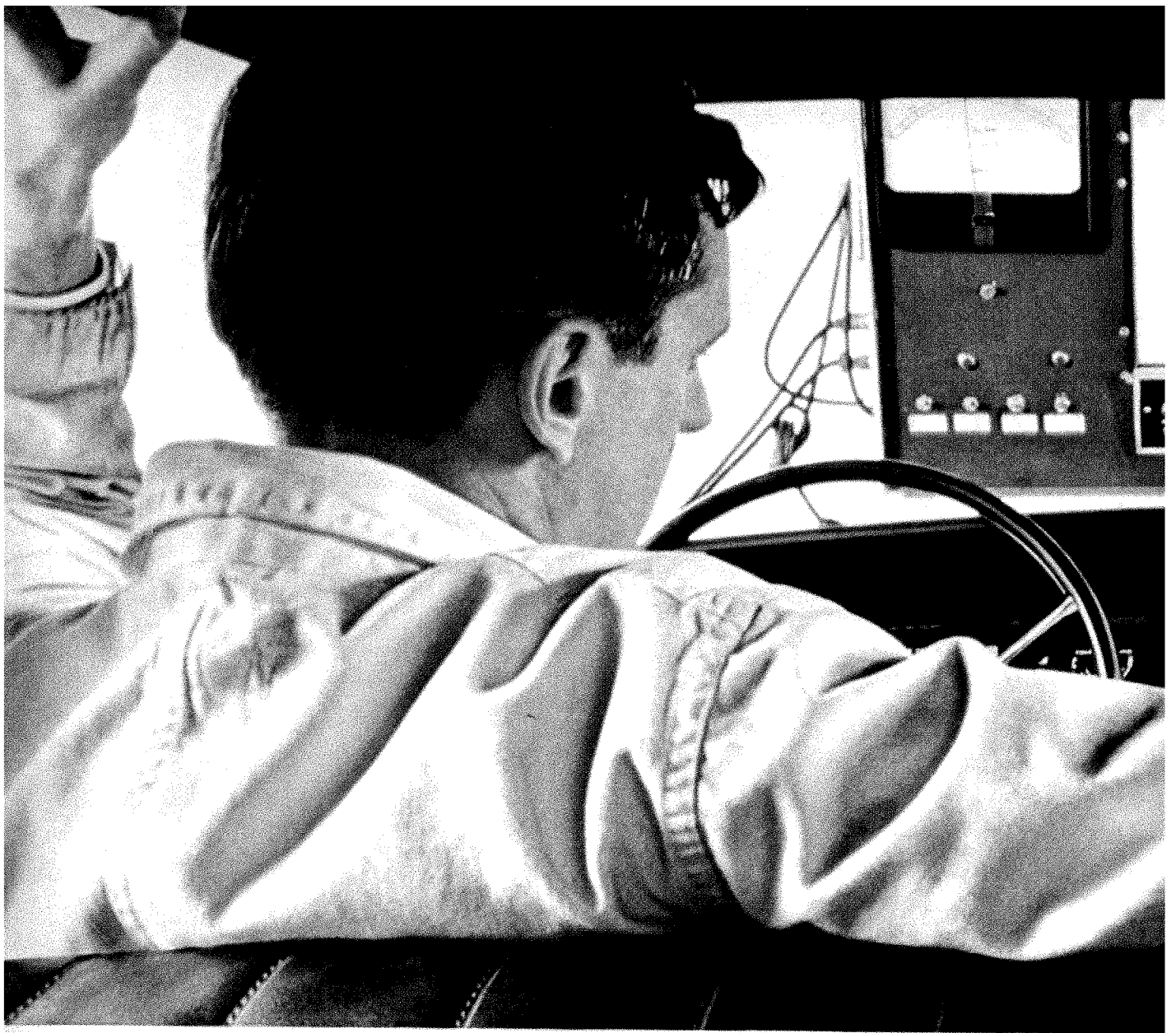
Someone asked what could be done about allowing the *right* people to purchase firearms. The questioner said the manager of a sporting goods store told him that one day nine Negroes came in and bought high-powered rifles. Lobsinger said this was indeed a dilemma, but "the terrorists will get weapons one way or other. We have to be opposed to laws requiring registration of firearms, because we have to let loyal, decent citizens have a chance to arm for their own protection."

After the meeting broke up I stood around waiting to talk with Lobsinger, and one Lion in a short-sleeved sport shirt nodded at me, and said, "We're way ahead of him." I asked what he meant, and the man said, "He says to 'arm.' Hell, on my block we're already armed."

When most of the Lions had left, Lobsinger sat down with me at a table where he had piled some of his leaflets, and said he'd be glad to answer any questions. I asked how he first became interested in the cause of anti-Communism, and he said he was stationed in Germany when he was in the service, and he went to the eastern zone of Berlin once on a leave and "saw the hopelessness on the faces of the people." He felt for a long time there must be something people could do to fight Communism, and three years ago he formed Breakthrough. He didn't necessarily believe that the U.S. government was infiltrated with traitors, but that on the record of the past twenty-five years it

The Canadians
must like us,
to send us their
finest whisky





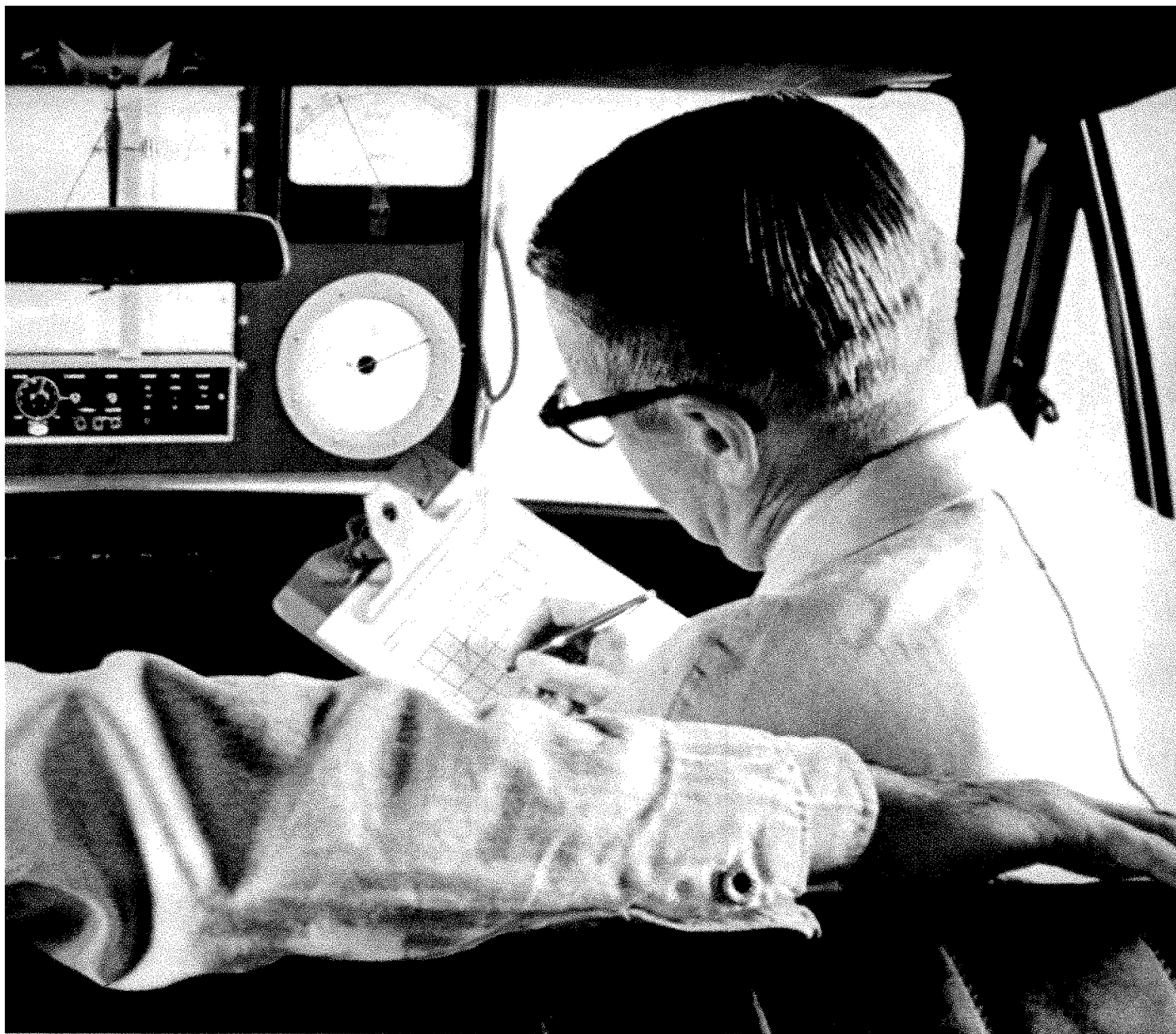
It's not a new way to drive. It's a new

The driver is a scientist from our Esso Research laboratory. The man next to him is a Chrysler Corporation engineer. They are part of a new joint research effort aimed at finding ways to eliminate air pollution from automobiles.

They're travelling along at 20 mph. Now they're accelerating to 30 mph...40 mph...50 mph.

The car isn't moving an inch. It's in a laboratory. Where scientists from Chrysler and Esso Research can drive the way you might drive on a crowded highway. Where they analyze the effect of different driving patterns on air pollution. Where they study new engine devices and fuel changes. How these devices and changes affect one another. And how they cut down on air pollution.

Air pollution from cars concerns all of us. And Jersey and Chrysler figure that by pooling their technological knowledge they'll help find solutions to it a lot faster.



new way to look at the air pollution problem

One thing they're studying is how to burn gasoline more completely. Unburned gasoline vapors can cause pollution. All of Chrysler's 1968 cars have engines designed to cut down on unburned gasoline coming from the exhaust — and on carbon monoxide, as well.

Chrysler has redesigned its carburetors to promote better combustion.

And our affiliate, Humble Oil & Refining Company, has a new gasoline that helps your whole engine work better—by keeping your carburetor, intake manifold, crankcase ventilation valve and other important parts free of deposits.

Esso Research and Chrysler scientists are studying how to keep gasoline from evaporating from your gas tank and carburetor and escaping into the air. They're working to find the best combination of fuel formula and fuel system.

They are studying catalysts that can change pollutants into nonpollutants. They're working on better ways to get the air and fuel into the combustion chamber. And better lubricants to make all these things keep working better.

These are some of the ways Jersey and Chrysler are attacking one of today's many sources of air pollution.

It's not an easy job. But the solutions will be coming. And two heads are better than one.

**Standard Oil Company
(New Jersey)**

Dickel



& Dickel



& Dickel

Try one drink of Dickel at your favorite bar. If you like it, buy the pint for an "in home" test. And then perhaps you'll come all the way to the fifth.

George Dickel had only one rule about selling his Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky. Just taste it, he'd say. And all the rest was up to you—"because there's no arguing about taste."

George Dickel Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky. Gently, through 10 feet of sugar maple charcoal, then aged until it's smooth as a Tennessee drawl. It just might spoil you for anything less. **Approximately \$7.00 a fifth and \$4.50 a pint.** Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.

**Gentlefolks'
Drinkin' Whisky**

certainly seemed the nation's leaders lacked the will to fight Communism, maybe because our own system had become so socialized, and so much like the Russians'. He said Breakthrough was criticized for its demonstration at the Moscow Symphony performance, but he asked, "Could you imagine us having a Nazi orchestra perform here during World War II?" He said we were supposed to be in a war against Communism, and therefore shouldn't it be an all-out war? He showed me a leaflet called "Victory in Vietnam" his group had put out, which said that the United States must get on the offensive and that "to win — we must abandon the absurd notion that Soviet Russia is a potential ally"; and it urged the United States to support the return of Chiang Kai-shek to the mainland of China.

Lobsinger talked calmly, and with evident conviction. I knew that among respectable, responsible people in Detroit he was considered a "crackpot," and his disruption of the Moscow Symphony was still joked about by sophisticated citizens. It occurred to me, however, that in fact a performance by a cultural delegation from an enemy with whom the country was engaged in all-out war, such as Nazi Germany in World War II, would indeed never have been tolerated. Certainly Americans had been told by their government that Communism was a worldwide conspiracy, that Russia as its leader was the principal enemy of the United States, that Chiang should return to his rightful rule on the Chinese mainland. If emphasis of those positions had been shifted, or played down, or no longer mentioned, how was Mr. Lobsinger to know that he should no longer believe them? If indeed, as the government said, the United States was fighting in Vietnam to stop the spread of Communism, why should loyal citizens applaud and entertain the representatives of that enemy conspiracy? At the least, it might be said in behalf of Mr. Lobsinger's sanity and sincerity that being a patriot had become a very complicated business.

ii. A molder of limited war policy defends it with limited rhetoric; it is found that there are "hawk do-gooders."

"I was born on July 4, 1776. . . . The Declaration of Independence is my birth certificate. . . . I am a nation.

"You can look at me and see Ben Franklin walking down the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm . . . you can see Betsy Ross with her needle. . . .

"I am Babe Ruth and the World Series. . . ."

The words were spoken by a single strong voice, and in the background the United States Navy Band Sea Chanters hummed "My Country 'Tis

of Thee." When the recitation was concluded, the guests in the large banquet room of the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington joined in a standing ovation. The guests were members and their wives of the National Defense Executive Reserve, a group of more than 2500 executives from private business and professional life who are recruited and trained by the federal government "to step into key federal war jobs in an emergency." As the NDER explains the reason for its need, "In today's world the United States enjoys no geographical protection. The full fury of nuclear war could strike without warning, or limited war could demand full mobilization of the Nation's resources." Executives with expertise in the appropriate field are chosen to be ready for emergency service in government departments ranging from Defense to Agriculture, for tasks which, in the case of the latter department, would include "assessing attack effects on agricultural resources; and estimating needs for and claiming manpower, materials, equipment, supplies, and services."

The executive reservists had come to Washington to be briefed in operations of the departments to which they would be assigned in an emergency, and were concluding their two-day conference with the evening banquet, which featured entertainment by the Sea Chanters, the U.S. Marine Band, and a speech by General Maxwell Taylor (ret.), one of the architects of the nation's Vietnam policy. The mood of the evening was highly patriotic, not only because of the nature of the organization and its responsibilities of service to the nation, but also because of the reaction to the anti-war March on the Pentagon, which had taken place just two days before the conference. The Navy Sea Chanters made indirect reference to that event after they sang:

America you command and we'll obey
Whatever it may be . . .

and one of their number stepped to the microphone and said, "These words make good sense these days. We believe in them, and we feel that the Americans who do believe in them outnumber by ten to one or twenty to one those *others* who get most of the coverage in the press." Those "others" and their latest demonstration were also a topic of conversation at the table where I sat. The wife of one NDER staffer summed up the feelings of many present concerning that subject when she said, "I don't see why we have to pay so much attention to a bunch of snotty-nosed kids."

The traditional all-out patriotism of the entertainment and conversation, however, was somewhat in contrast to the main address by General Taylor, which was not the old-fashioned type of inspirational glory-and-flag rhetoric, but exempli-

fied the new style of "limited war" oratory. Calm and reasoned, unemotional and legalistic in presentation, the essence of the appeal for support of the war policy was not so much that it was a great and noble cause, but rather that it was, under the circumstances, just about the only thing the nation could do. The title of the speech, representative of its tone, was "Alternatives in Vietnam," and the conclusion was that there weren't any.

General Taylor said that there was disagreement about what we were doing in Vietnam, but that "our policy is clear. . . . We have an objective and a strategy. The strategy is designed to attain the objective."

This was the sort of cool, logical thinking that reasonable men would find difficult to quarrel with, and set the tone of an appeal to reason rather than emotion. The general went on to state the "objective" as being "the independence of South Vietnam and its freedom from attack. We only want the people allowed to guide their own country in their own way. We stand for the cessation of Communist aggression from the North and the right of self-determination. . . . That is our overall objective."

The general did not make any mention of the containment of China for the security of the United States as part of the objective, and a reporter at my table whispered, "He's out of date—he evidently didn't hear Rusk last week, or he's using an old speech." Secretary of State Rusk had recently made his much publicized statement that the U.S. military action in Vietnam was necessary to halt the aggression of China, which represented a threat to U.S. and world security, citing the specter of "a billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons" in the near future. The Rusk statement was criticized for raising "the old yellow peril," or fear of Orientals on a racial basis, a charge which was vigorously denied, and in the following weeks Administration officials turned the criticism around by suggesting that *withdrawal* from Southeast Asia would be a "racist" policy; as the Vice President put it, if the nation forsook its presence in Asia and concentrated its defenses in the West, it would mean that the United States really only cared about people whose "names and skin color are more like our own." Some critics of the Rusk statement charged that the government had changed its rationale for the war from the aim of defending South Vietnam against aggression to the aim of containing Chinese aggression in the interest of U.S. security, a charge the Administration denied by saying that *both* those aims were the reason for the nation's participation in the war, and always had been, but the first reason had simply been emphasized more often.

General Taylor at any rate did not mention anything about containing China, but presented

in orderly fashion the different alternatives to the present U.S. policy that had been suggested, considered the effects of each one, and then gave reasons why he felt they would not be effective. Most of the arguments defending the policy had been made many times, but the general did seem to have a new argument against U.S. withdrawal. He said that this would have a very bad effect on the United States at home, for when France withdrew its troops from Vietnam, "the outcome" on France itself was "Gaullist authoritarianism." Though the general didn't say so, the implication seemed to be that De Gaulle had seized power in some military coup and was running France without constitutional government, an implication that was strengthened when the general said that if the United States, like France, withdrew from Vietnam, "we would have serious changes in our whole method of government"—evidently as France had supposedly had under "Gaullist authoritarianism."

General Taylor went through the range of alternatives from withdrawal to escalation, eliminating all as unsound, and concluded that any of the proposed changes would be "more serious than staying on our present course." The audience rose to applaud this reasoning. The speech was limited to Administration logic, and lacked any sign of passion, but there seemed to be an emotional carry-over from the performance of the Navy Sea Chanters and the U.S. Marine Band. The evening may have provided a workable formula for future limited-war celebrations: talk softly, but carry a big brass band.

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War Mothers Plan Convention in City

American War Mothers who were organized in Indianapolis in 1917 will celebrate their 50th anniversary beginning Sunday at the Sheraton-Lincoln. . . .

A memorial service will be conducted Monday, and Tuesday will be awards night for hospital volunteers and membership. "American War Mothers a Go-Go" on Wednesday evening, will be followed by a formal banquet and installation of officers on Thursday.

—The Indianapolis News

◆ ◆ ◆

Asking support for a war policy on the ground that, as General Taylor stated, alternatives to it would be "more serious," in the sense of worse for the country, is not the most glamorous sort of

appeal to patriotism, and yet many citizens respond to it, out of a sense of duty and loyalty if not out of passion or deep conviction.

The government begins with an automatic base of support, an instinctive assumption on the part of most citizens that their own country's behavior must be right in relation to any country it opposes. Beyond a belief in the national "rightness," many people hold to the concept of loyalty expressed in the phrase "My country right or wrong, my country." This is a fairly common sentiment, expressed in family terms by the old saying "Blood is thicker than water," or, in G. K. Chesterton's parody of unquestioning national allegiance, "My father drunk or sober, my father."

This sort of responsive loyalty is one of a number of important "built-in" elements of support that the government can count on. One of these significant built-in factors is the death of the nation's own men, and in this war, as in others, that is a self-perpetuating element. Mathematicians could probably work out an equation for this principle, showing that the more men who are killed in a war, the more difficult it is for the government to call a halt to the war without an "honorable" — that is, victorious — solution. The deaths incurred in the war become in a sense a justification of the war's continuance.

This common and quite human reaction was explained by a sophomore college student who wrote in an essay for her English class that "I have a cousin and a few friends over in Vietnam fighting now. One of my friends met his death there. . . . As I see it, if it was important enough for him to die for, then who am I to protest? On the contrary, there is now good reason to fight. Namely, to give his death a significance."

"That these honored dead shall not have died in vain . . ."

Another kind of patriotic support in the era of limited war might be called the "progressional involvement" concept. In a sense this concept matches the government's step-by-step measures of escalation that promise to bring the conflict to a satisfactory conclusion, and then when the measures fail, the escalation seems impossible to abandon without disaster and becomes its own justification. Many newspaper editorial pages have followed this route, and the feeling about it in one case was explained by Jack Spalding, editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, in discussing what he termed the rather "hawkish" stand of his paper. "We were for escalation," he said, "for escalation as a means of bringing 'em to the bargaining table. But it sure as hell didn't. We were optimistic then, but now I'm not. I don't see any end to it. Debate about our being there is over, at least among the people I talk to. We've gone too far to change things. There's no

sense looking back, no sense debating the philosophical aspects of it. That should have been done ten years ago."

Remarking on the new and unfamiliar atmosphere attendant on a limited war, Mr. Spalding observed that "in the last few months two friends of mine have lost sons in Vietnam, and I have two nephews in uniform. It gets to you that way, but except for that it still doesn't feel like we're in a 'real' war."

Ray Tardy, a Negro veteran of the European and African theaters in World War II, who has conceived and executed some particularly effective and imaginative social and educational programs as director of the poverty program in Grand Rapids, Michigan, said that "there's been no all-out movement for patriotism in this war. Myself, I keep a box of American flags in the house, and I give 'em to the kids to play with, so the flag and its meaning gets imprinted on them. On flag days, we don't see enough flags out. We've been giving them away free for people who will fly them — we'll come over and put one up for anyone who wants one."

When I talked with Tardy one late summer Sunday afternoon in his living room, a Detroit Tigers game was on television, and he illustrated his own feelings by saying, "We've got a team in Washington, and we have to back 'em the same way as I have to scream for Sparma [the Tigers pitcher in the game] and the Tigers. Right now, the Tigers are losing, and I don't like it. That's a Michigan team, that's *my* team. Same way with the team in Washington [the federal government, not the American League Senators]. When anyone talks to me about the war, I tell 'em real quick — Johnson is your man, our man. If an election changes it, that's a different story. If someone else is elected, then *he's* our man."

Many supporters of the war do not have the "team" spirit that Tardy does, but share his feeling that it is necessary to fight "over there" in order not to have to fight on his nation's own ground. "One thing I learned personally in World War II," Tardy said, "was that if you had to resort to war, have it away from home."

Completely aside from such interests in defense and protection of homeland, there is another strong element in the support of the war which might come under the general heading of the American



Christian Missionary Tradition, a strain in the society that is connected with some of the nation's first expansion outside its own continent. It was not any base political reason that motivated President McKinley to annex the Philippine Islands in 1898, but rather a message direct from God in which the Almighty told McKinley that it was America's duty "to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them, as our fellowmen for whom Christ died."

UN Secretary General U Thant has spoken of the sense in which the U.S. involvement in Vietnam seems to be a "Holy War Against Communism," and if God has not directly spoken this time to the President on the matter, the missionary zeal has been a part of this as of all other wars engaged in by the United States. Shortly after President Johnson ordered the bombing of North Vietnam, he said in a speech at Catholic University that "what America has done, and what America is doing now around the world, draws from deep and flowing springs of moral duty, and let none underestimate the depth of flow of those wellsprings of American purpose."

The sense of moral and religious rather than political purpose for the war in Vietnam was articulated in a column called "The Chaplain's Corner," in the February, 1967, issue of *The Green Beret*, "a publication of the 5th Special Forces Group (Abn), Vietnam." The Reverend Charles J. McDonnell, Chaplain (CPT), U.S.A., wrote, in an attempt to answer what was evidently a question troubling some of the men fighting in Vietnam: "Is It Worth It?" The Reverend McDonnell explained: "Why are we here? It is because God commands us to help our neighbor. He said, 'Whatever you do for these my children, you do for Me.' We are here because we love our families. We are here because it is where we belong. . . ."

Many citizens deeply believe that it is the duty of the country to spread its "way of life," as embodied in government as well as economics and religion, to less favored peoples of the earth. That is one reason why the holding of democratic elections in South Vietnam seemed terribly important as a justification back home for the U.S. involvement there, in spite of the fact that, as Senator Robert Kennedy pointed out, the victors received only 34 percent of the vote, from the roughly three fifths of the country not under Viet Cong control, and with no candidate allowed to run who was sympathetic to or even "neutral" toward the National Liberation Front, whose leaders as well as most of its members are South Vietnamese. No matter; the important thing, at least to the United States, was that South Vietnam was getting a form of government modeled after that of the

United States. This was one of the prime accomplishments in what Vice President Humphrey has called America's program of "nation-building" in Vietnam.

The sincere belief that their country is bringing a better way of life to the Vietnamese people is one of the things that sustains many soldiers in their service there, and the evidence which they bitterly experience in the lack of appreciation or the hostility of many of the people can be justified by the fact that they don't know what's good for them, that their very opposition only proves the backward condition from which the Americans are engaged in uplifting them. James Lee Barrett, a talented young Hollywood screenwriter, went to Vietnam to gather material for writing a screen treatment of the John Wayne *Green Berets* movie, and among the many things that impressed him over there was the attitude expressed by one officer who told him that "these people don't want to be free, but by God, we're going to *make* them free!"

"To me," Barrett said, "that's a new and exciting concept."

While he was in Vietnam Barrett was in areas of combat, and he found something else exciting which also seemed involved in the very reason for the war being fought. Barrett is an honest and intelligent man, and this factor he spoke of is something that is rarely if ever discussed or admitted, not because it isn't true but because it isn't popular or acceptable or even thinkable to most people, even those who may have experienced or felt it. "I tell you," Barrett said, "being over there in that kind of danger, where a grenade might get you while you're sleeping because there's usually some Vee-Cee in every outfit, and the fighting and getting shot at, it's *exhilarating*. I really believe that men don't want peace. If they did, they'd have it. Men want war."

I later recalled this conversation when I heard the young civil rights defector at the SCLC conference in Atlanta use the same word — *exhilarating* — to describe the coming wars in the streets of the cities. This element of satisfaction, even relief, in violence and danger is always wrapped up in other rationalizations, which does not mean that the more polite and acceptable explanations for armed conflict at home and abroad are not also valid and sincere, but that this unmentionable factor is there too, a part of human behavior that men prefer not to think of as human.

The mission of *making* people free, of bringing to them by force, if necessary, a better way of life, is not only a sincere but also a justifiable motive to the believer, and this is an important factor to many of the men who serve in this particular war. Frank Naylor of Wichita, Kansas, served as a naval officer in Vietnam and is now chairman of the Vietnam

Veterans Committee of the American Legion, and gives talks about the war at clubs and colleges and civic groups in his area. Naylor said many people in the States didn't have an understanding of the war, and he stressed that "most people don't realize how much the men over there do on their free time. Some of them work fourteen hours a day and then go to some village to help the people build new buildings, improve things, show them better methods of getting things done."

I asked if the men didn't get discouraged by the feeling that these efforts weren't always appreciated, that the people sometimes regarded them as intruders and enemies despite all their efforts, and Naylor said this indeed was occasionally discouraging.

"In other wars," he said, "the people fully supported us when we liberated them, but that's not always true in this war. That makes things more difficult, because we have to get the people to appreciate the kind of government and the kind of life we're talking about. The people in the city are dependent on free enterprise, and so they know they've got something to lose if the Communists win, but in the countryside, where they've never known any other way of life, a lot of them have reached the point where a full stomach is their prime concern."

So in many cases the people must be mentally as well as militarily liberated. There is no doubt of the commitment and devotion of the many men who fight or work fourteen hours a day and then volunteer to help some village, and this phenomenon, this belief in the rightness of fighting in order to bring a better or "American" way of life to an often ungrateful population, indicates an interesting personality type that has been little recognized in the society of supnation. All students of Americana are familiar with the much-maligned "do-gooder," the idealistic sort of person who wants to help his fellowman, who grieves for the poor and downtrodden and devotes himself to the improvement of their condition. This "do-good" impulse, which often is expressed domestically by service in settlement houses and federal poverty projects and church work in the slums, was given an international outlet through the Peace Corps, which enabled the "do-gooders" to express themselves in foreign lands and show by their own example that many Americans had the best interest of the other peoples of the world at heart. But surely it is this same principle that in a different sense drives those men who wish by military as well as social means to uplift the native, to enlighten

the poor foreigner who doesn't even *want* to be free but has to be forced into that exalted condition. There are in America, unrecognized and unsung, devoted men of action and idealism who might be honestly described as "Hawk Do-Gooders." They will make you free, even if it kills them (and you, too, in the process.

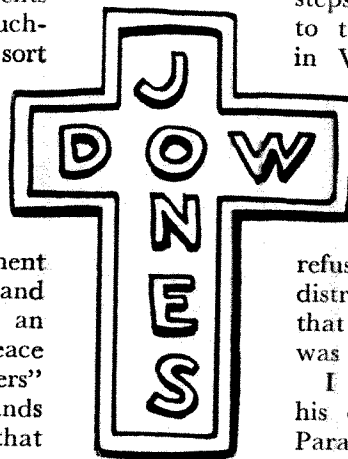
iii. At last, the war gets a movie.

One of the most dramatic means of promoting home-front patriotism is the war movie—the action-packed picture which stirs sympathy for and confidence in the nation's troops as they battle the evil, wily enemy on land, sea, and air. World War II was the greatest war for movies, but even when that great war was over and the country took on a whole new set of enemies, there were "cold war" movies showing the intrigues of Russians as they brought the captive nations under the rule of godless Communism, and then there were Korean War movies, and then as the front of the cold war shifted to Asia, there were Chinese Communist "anti-war-of-liberation" movies, showing the ruthless take-overs of small countries and the efforts of a handful of Americans to stop them, like Marlon Brando as the ambassador in *The Ugly American*. There was even a movie about the Berlin Airlift. To meet all of these challenges to the nation's security, Hollywood and the stars pitched in and made movies dramatizing the "human" as well as the political side of these new conflicts.

But there haven't been any movies about the war in Vietnam.

When John Wayne, a surefire box-office attraction whenever he puts on any sort of uniform and steps before the cameras, acquired the rights to the best-selling book about the war in Vietnam called *The Green Berets*, he had trouble finding a major studio that would contract to distribute the film. Batjac Productions, owned by Wayne, bought the rights to make *The Green Berets* into a movie, and after several refusals from major studios, found a distributor. The word in Hollywood was that the subject—the war in Vietnam—was "too controversial."

I went to see Wayne's son Michael in his office at Batjac Productions on the Paramount Studio lot in Hollywood, to find out more about the origins and plans for the making of the first Vietnam War movie. Michael Wayne is an affable young man in his early thirties, and he greeted me in the office where he sits at a desk in front of a rather sparsely



furnished bookcase, whose volumes included *The Liberal Establishment* by M. Stanton Evans, *Prayer Can Change Your Life*, and *Who's Who in America*. I asked about the reluctance of Hollywood to make any movies about Vietnam, and Wayne bit off the end of a cigar, got up from his desk, and paced back and forth while he talked about the problems.

"There's some reticence in people's minds about the war — about whether we should be there or not," he said. "I guess in foreign countries they



feel even stronger about whether they like the U.S. being in Vietnam, and that's been one of the reasons no one has done such a movie yet. The distributors are afraid the foreign grosses would be badly hurt, and that's a big part of it. The foreign market has become increasingly important. For instance, in a John Wayne picture today, 50 percent of the gross comes from the foreign market, while fifteen years ago it was only 25 percent."

Despite the potential handicap of the foreign reaction to a movie about Vietnam, Michael Wayne felt that there were many factors of positive appeal. "This war has not been exploited on the screen before," he said, "and the Green Berets are a brand-new unit that's never been seen before. You see, this is a war for men's minds, so these guys are trained not just to kill but also to give medical aid, teach people how to plant crops, provide sanitation — that's why they've been so successful.

"Also there's a whole new type of military equipment used in this war that hasn't been seen in movies — exotic new weapons that are very interesting, very picturesque."

Wayne said that "the story we're doing won't be political, but we do hope after people see it that they'll see we're doing some good over there."

Mike Wayne had been to Vietnam himself to get the feel of the place, and he was greatly impressed with the work that the U.S. troops were doing there. He said it wasn't just a matter of killing, but also of building, and he had been particularly moved by the sight of the "Statues of Liberty that our men have built in the villages." I said I hadn't heard about this, and he buzzed for his secretary to bring in some snapshots he had taken in Vietnam. He shuffled through them and handed me a small photograph which indeed showed a model replica of the Statue of Liberty, standing in the middle of what seemed to be a

little square in a small Vietnamese village. He said our men had built "hundreds" just like that, and I agreed it was certainly a unique accomplishment.

Going into the historical background of the conflict, Wayne said, "These people over there have been under the Chinese and under the French, but our troops are the first soldiers they really like.

"Who is it up in the North? Is it Ho Chi Minh, or is he the Chinese? No, he's the one in the North. He sent down two million terrorists who murdered every leader in South Vietnam. It was the same as if they'd come here and killed every senator, congressman, mayor, governor, everything. Then they were going to hold these elections, but of course they'd have been rigged, with all the real leaders murdered, so we stepped in and we're going to stay until they can have those elections.

"Dad was one of the first actors to go visit Vietnam," Michael said. "He felt it was his duty to go. He spent four or five weeks touring Special Forces camps, and visiting hospitals, and he got a real feeling for the people. The feeling of the people is fantastic — they gave Dad a Montagnard bracelet, and some brass things. Dad says the morale of our own troops is higher than in World War II or in Korea."

He smiled, and said, "Just to give you an example . . ."

He opened his desk drawer and pulled out a silver cigarette lighter that he said one of the men in Vietnam had given his dad. He handed me the lighter, and told me to read the inscription. It said "5th Special Forces Group."

"Now," said Wayne, "turn it over."

I turned the lighter over, and on the other side, engraved in large gold letters, was a two-word slogan. I looked up at Wayne, who was smiling in approval. The gold-lettered inscription said:

FUCK COMMUNISM

B. The Administration Defends Itself and Tries to Be Patriotic — but Not Too Patriotic.

The Administration has set itself the difficult task of trying to maintain support for its war policy without stirring up too much emotional patriotic sentiment, but of course it must endorse and praise the patriotism of the men who fight and die. It must resist the arguments of patriots who wish to "win" the war by escalating further than the

Administration wishes to escalate at any particular time, and yet must not appear unpatriotic in this refusal.

It is obvious that this is very complicated, and the President often expresses the wish that people would realize that the Administration has access to more information than the public, and the public should trust its government to do the right thing. This attitude was critically appraised by the *Washington Star* as the "Daddy Knows Best" philosophy, and it is not acceptable to most of the press and the people. So the Administration must meet the press and face the nation, and sometimes send its representatives into the countryside to try to explain things.

i. The Vice President returns from Saigon and reports to the Grocery Manufacturers of America; in personal conversation he explains how "we catch hell both ways."

The Vice President has served as one of the principal pleaders and salesmen of the Administration policy, speaking and shaking hands and parrying questions with the well-known enthusiasm that he brings to all his tasks, a seemingly indefatigable campaigner whose pep and energy led one Washington reporter to describe him privately as "a natural cheerleader."

In his role as cheerleader for the Vietnam policy, Vice President Humphrey had gone on a mission to Saigon and other Southeast Asian capitals and returned to tell the public how well things were going. He made his first report on his findings at a luncheon meeting of the Grocery Manufacturers of America, who were convened at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

I accompanied the Vice President and his party on this trip, and followed in the wake of the Humphrey entrance to the luncheon, which was marked by a rousing version of "Minnesota, Hats Off to Thee." Mr. Humphrey was led to the speakers' table on a stage overlooking the ballroom, and I made my way to a table in the audience with a few empty seats. The other guests at the table were lady grocery manufacturers with large swoopy hats, one of whom wondered why I wasn't eating. I explained that I had flown up from Washington with the Vice President's party, and we were served something on the plane. "I guess they were vice presidential sandwiches," I said, and a pretty lady arched her eyebrows and said, "Really? What were they — baloney?"

This sort of hostility was not expressed by the majority of the audience when the Vice President gave his address, but neither was there great enthusiasm. The Vice President recounted all the

different aspects of progress he had seen in Vietnam, but the listing of them did not produce any applause. The speech was only twice in forty or so minutes interrupted by applause, and then it was not unanimous, and at one point was almost requested, when Mr. Humphrey said he had assured the men in Vietnam that the "overwhelming majority" back home supported them. When there was no response, he said, "And I think you do," and then finally most of the audience joined in applause, but even some people at the speakers' table sat with folded hands.

What seemed to be the principal reaction to the report on the war was expressed by some of the grocery manufacturers who were talking among themselves at a reception for the Vice President following the speech. One manufacturer said, with a tone of resignation, "I guess what he said in there will be our policy for a while." A man standing beside him said, "Well, I agree with it. It's just like in business. You come to a certain point, you've invested so much, and you just can't back down. You've got to go ahead with it."

Back aboard Air Force Two, the sleek silver Jetstar that carries the Vice President on most of his government duties in the United States, Mr. Humphrey stretched, looked out at the panoramic view of Manhattan below, and said, "That's really a sight for a country boy like me."

On one of the Jetstar trips I sat in the back compartment, which has two facing seats on each side of the aisle, with a collapsible table that can be set up between the seats for dining or looking over papers and notes. I wrote in my notebook on this table while the Vice President answered questions with interest and enthusiasm, occasionally looking across at what I was writing and pointing to some statement or figure he wished to emphasize.

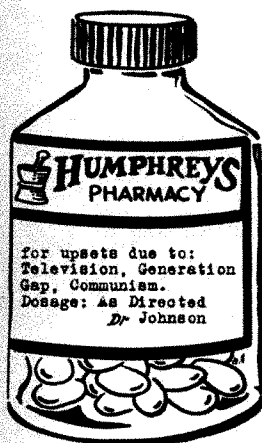
I asked what he felt the reasons were for the widespread dissent about the war, and he began by citing the influence of television, saying that this was "the first time people have seen a real war, live, in their living room."

He also placed great emphasis on the Generation Gap. "This new young generation has never known a depression or a war, and it hasn't learned about these things from hard experience," he said.

The young generation phenomenon, Mr. Humphrey felt, "isn't just limited to anti-war feeling about Vietnam. It's a more general kind of self-indulgence. And it isn't limited to young people in America; it's also true of young people in Europe."

In his speech to the grocery manufacturers, Mr. Humphrey had said "as an old dissenter" he was not opposed to dissent, but asked those who dissented to consider the effects on the men fighting in the war, and the possible effects on the morale of the enemy as well as of our own troops. I asked

him what he felt were the proper limits of dissent, or ways of expressing it, and he said: "We have a permissive society, and dissent is part of our education. But I don't see how you can have an organized society if, for instance, the citizen can decide he won't pay taxes for the war, or for any



other policy he doesn't like. When I lived in Minneapolis, I paid taxes for things I didn't like at all, but if you're going to have a government, the citizen has to pay his taxes."

I asked about the draft resisters, and Mr. Humphrey said, "I have respect for young men who are real C.O.'s, who are opposed to all wars because of killing and the cruelty of war, but I don't respect a guy who says he will fight,

for instance, in India, but he won't fight in Vietnam."

I asked about the criticism from older people, intellectuals and former government men who surely did not criticize the war because of "generation" misunderstanding. The VP said, "Well, part of that criticism is just anti-Johnson. But some of it is based on a sincere belief that we ought not to be in this war, and they are able to put up a pretty good case."

"I think we've got to be careful," he said, "not to dampen dissent because we don't like what people are saying. As long as they give the other fellow a chance to be heard. Now, the ones who just holler and walk out and won't listen to the government's position, they're just hooligans."

Mr. Humphrey seems much less rigid on those matters when discussing them in conversation than he does in his speeches, which include some of the Administration's hottest attacks against dissenters. Also his appraisal of the Vietnam situation is less rigid in conversation than in the rhetoric of public oratory. Before the grocery manufacturers he had said that the enemy in Vietnam was not "a bunch of indigenous Robin Hoods," and emphasized the necessity of halting Communist aggression. A listener might have drawn the inference — in fact, a belief widely held in the United States — that all of the U.S. opponents in Vietnam were Communists, and that a lot of them weren't even Vietnamese (not being "indigenous"). In our conversation, however, while expressing his belief that "the NLF is a creation of Hanoi," Mr. Humphrey said, "There's no doubt that there are non-Communist elements in the Viet Cong. There are

some strong nationalist elements, people who are just unhappy with things in their country and have been unhappy for a long time."

I asked Mr. Humphrey how he answered the dissenters who urged an enlargement of the war rather than a withdrawal from it, those patriots like Donald Lobsinger who couldn't understand why the nation was fighting Communism and at the same time giving aid to some Communist nations and trading with Communist nations.

The Vice President nodded, and said he knew that this was a difficult thing for people to understand. "We see this war in Vietnam not as a great war," he said, "but as a struggle with Communism in a limited area. We're trying to confine the struggle to that one area, and at the same time, by using restraint, we're trying to carry on normal relations with the rest of the world."

Mr. Humphrey pointed out that while many conservatives wanted the government to decrease its spending and efforts in the war on poverty and escalate the war in Vietnam, on the other hand many liberals wanted the government to spend less on the war in Vietnam and much more in the war on poverty. "So you see," he said, "we catch hell both ways."

Despite these problems, the Vice President was not altogether discouraged about the state of the nation, and in fact felt that much of the unrest and dissent was an indication of the deep changes through which the society was moving.

"We're moving out of segregation and discrimination in race to an era of real equality. We're moving to attack the roots of poverty, to eliminate it altogether, and that's as great a change as the move from the mercantile system to the industrial system. It's like what happens in an airplane — when you have a period of turbulence in passing from a high pressure area to a low pressure area. That's inevitable. I think twenty years from now we may look back on this time and be amazed that there wasn't more turbulence than there is."

ii. The Secretary of State reveals that as a young man he picketed against sending scrap metal to Japan.

The Department of State is housed in a large beige building that might be mistaken for a hospital. Inside the glass doors of the main entrance, a uniformed guard at an oval desk checks credentials, and the visitor who is admitted passes into a vast, anonymous lobby and then boards an elevator. The office of the Secretary of State is itself large and austere, featuring a mammoth desk. Across from the desk on the other side of the room

is a couch flanked by two chairs, and when I visited the Secretary he invited me to take a seat there, and came over himself to converse in that slightly less formal situation than a confrontation across his giant desk.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk is a tall, balding man with something of the aura of a headmaster who has dealt with many sensitive problems and handled them all to the satisfaction of the board of trustees. If some men in public life are said to "exude" a certain quality, such as charm, or enthusiasm, or militance, it might be said that Dean Rusk exudes . . . composure.

Discussing the reasons for the anti-war sentiment in the nation, the Secretary said that "part of it is television. For the first time, people see the war on TV, right in their own living room."

He also feels that television as well as other media of information is "more accessible to protesters." "I can give a lecture, as I did recently, with 14,000 people in the audience, and if there are three people with a picket sign in the audience, they are singled out by the TV cameras. In this particular case, in the television coverage, I got 'equal time' with the picket sign."

Secretary Rusk said he was certainly not against dissent, or demonstrations, "as long as they aren't trying to take the platform away from you, using tactics like storm troopers." Demonstrations and picketing were certainly not wrong in themselves, and in fact Secretary Rusk said, "When I was young, I participated in demonstrations myself. I picketed against sending scrap iron to Japan before World War II."

He said he felt another reason for the anti-war feeling being greater and more apparent now than during the Korean War was that "there is a much more organized effort by the Communist 'Apparatus' on a worldwide scale."

He said he didn't mean to imply that all the people who participated in demonstrations were Communists, but that the work of the Communists "explains some of the hard-core protest, demonstrations where real incidents occur."

In addition to television and Communism, the Secretary said he felt the protest against the war was also, in part, due to the "Generation Gap."

"World War II is twenty years away now, and World War I was twenty years before that. A lot of years, and a lot of answers get forgotten. And some people now aren't old enough to even remember them. I have to pinch myself to realize that young people who are freshmen and sophomores in high school now were only six years old when I became Secretary of State.

"The young people who haven't experienced any other war feel that the war in Vietnam is something that is all fresh and different, that it has

nothing to do with other crises. A lot of the arguments I hear now against the war are the same ones people used in the thirties, the same sort of things people said to me in the thirties in arguing against arming or preparing for a war against Germany."

It could be, the Secretary said, that the country today was undergoing a great cyclical change, back to isolationism. But he felt that if that was what they wanted, if they wanted to change the course of the nation's policy, it should be done and would be done through national elections.

Despite the vociferous protest and complaints about the war, both from those who wished to end it and those who wished to escalate it further, Secretary Rusk felt that neither of these positions represented a significant feeling among the populace at large. There were disagreements about policy, about the way of conducting the war, the Secretary felt, but "there we're talking about a middle part of the spectrum, in a national sense."

As the situation looks from his vantage point in the State Department, "We don't see any real pressure to pull out or to have a bigger war."

Conclusion: In the face of great domestic controversy on the nation's foreign policy, the Secretary of State has not lost his composure.

♦ ♦ ♦

A FLASHBACK

It was midnight in Manhattan, Sunday, April 16, when the telephone rang in the fashionable East Side apartment of Lem Jones. Sleepily, Jones answered, then came alert with a jolt. It was the Central Intelligence Agency calling from Washington.

"This is it," Jones' Agency contact told him. The invasion had begun. The CIA man dictated the first communique, to be issued to the world by Jones in the name of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. Jones took it down in long-hand on a pad.

"Before dawn," the CIA man dictated slowly, "Cuban patriots in the cities and in the hills began the battle to liberate our homeland from the despotic rule of Fidel Castro and rid Cuba of international Communism's cruel oppression. . . ."

—*The Invisible Government*
by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross

♦ ♦ ♦

Just as Washington, in the sense that the city means the "Government," is a kind of illusion to the rest of the country, a place about which one

reads and hears rumors and which seems essentially too complicated and mysterious to understand, so in all those aspects the rest of the country seems an illusion to Washington. And just as the citizen may finally decide the best thing is to assume that despite all that the critics and the pundits and prophets of doom may say, the government is really not too far out of line, so official Washington may come to adopt a similar conclusion about the country.

If many disturbing things seem to be going on in the country, well, these things cannot be denied by Washington, but they can be explained — explained in a way that makes them seem not really relevant, not really an indication that Washington is pursuing the wrong policy, even though it may be unpopular among some elements. Take the war in Vietnam, which has stirred more protest and discontent than any war in at least a century. The government cannot deny this, but it can explain it by such factors as Television, the Generation Gap, and sometimes, the Communist Apparatus. It is significant that these explanations have nothing to do with the possible validity of the opposition, and in fact not only avoid that matter but discount it by the nature of the explanations.

Washington does what it thinks is best for the country, just as parents do for their children, and like a hardworking parent who has worked and slaved and sacrificed and is not appreciated by the children, so Washington is hurt and feels misunderstood when the country doesn't love it. From time to time the President invites a small number of reporters in to talk informally and off the record in what is called a "backgrounder," and reporters who have attended say the President gets especially upset about how the press emphasizes the negative things and doesn't talk about all the good things the government has done. The President names many of the good things, and then in mock seriousness says to the reporters, please don't mention those things, those things are a secret. The President's staff has prepared him a memo about how all Presidents are criticized during a war, and how most wars are unpopular, and the President read this rather lengthy document to one group of reporters at a backgrounder, going from George Washington to himself, and including even Buchanan, who is not much remembered for anything, much less that he suffered criticism during a war.

The outsiders seldom understand, and being in high government position is indeed an inside phenomenon, with one of the strongest mystiques of any in the world, sustained and strengthened by the feeling of power; and men are as unlikely to give up power once they have had a taste of it as

they are to give up sex after having had a taste of it.

James Thomson, who served in government, in the White House and in the State Department, under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, speaks of what he calls "the effectiveness trap" for men in government:

"This is the trap that keeps men from speaking out, as clearly or as often as they might, within the government; and it is the trap that keeps men from resigning in protest and airing their dissent outside the government. The inclination to remain silent or to acquiesce in the presence of the great men — to live to fight another day, to give on this issue so that you can be 'effective' on later issues — is overwhelming."

To lose one's effectiveness is of course to lose one's power, or one's contact with it.

This is not just at the highest levels, but it comes to most men who get a taste of it. I felt it in a young man who served on the staff of an important Administration official, and who said that in his boss's realm, he was responsible for staying close to developments in Africa and Southeast Asia, or as he explained it, "I have the unwashed part of the world." I asked how he happened to "get" this part of the world for his work, and he said he had wanted it; it wasn't by accident, he had arranged it; or as he put it, "I architected it."

We talked about Vietnam, and he admitted there had been many miscalculations. He admitted, as had President Eisenhower, that at the time of the French withdrawal from the country, Ho Chi Minh was the principal political hero in Vietnam, South as well as North (divisions created as a temporary expedient by the Geneva agreements), and that the United States hoped to build up a popular government in the South by aid to Diem and his followers. Despite advances and reforms made by Diem and the governments succeeding him, the administrator said that the popular support of a majority of the people had not yet been gained, and it was probably unwise for the United States to make major commitments of troops in a situation where such support did not exist to begin with. Having made the commitment, the United States, of course, had to stick with it, the young man felt. However, he speculated that the Vietnam experience had been a "lesson" in this sense, and that the United States would not again make a major troop commitment in a situation in which popular support did not initially exist. Therefore, if only in this educational aspect, he felt that the Vietnam experience had been useful.

These were things that never would be said in public, for the public would not understand. As the President has often explained, in asking people to think before they dissent, the government has access to information that the public does not.

C. Young Men Are Trained for Limited War; Death Is Within the Limits.

i. Counterinsurgency enters the high school ROTC curriculum; Mao is not consulted.

In the corridors of Shortridge High School in Indianapolis was an assortment of homemade "recruiting" posters urging students to join the Reserve Officers Training Corps, a program offered in secondary schools and colleges throughout the nation which gives male students academic credit as well as preparation for a commission in the armed services upon college graduation. The posters in the corridors at Shortridge at the beginning of the fall semester bore slogans such as "Feel the Draft Coming On? Sign Up for ROTC," and "If You Have to Go, Be in the Know."

These were appeals not so much to the patriotism of the students as to their personal interest, a theme which fits in with the prevailing approach to such matters throughout the nation. I asked the director of the school's ROTC program if the Vietnam War had in any way helped stir recruitment for his corps, and he said, "What helped us most was when we explained to the students that joining the ROTC didn't mean they'd be drafted. A lot of them thought if they joined, they would have to go right in the army after high school graduation, and we explained that this wasn't the case at all. In fact, as long as they're in the ROTC they're not subject to the draft. Now they understand that it will help them when they have to go in the service, when they get out of college. If you have four years of ROTC in high school, then you only have to have two years instead of the full four in college to get a commission when you graduate."

The fall recruitment drive had just barely saved the unit at Shortridge from extinction, for the U.S. Army, which reimburses the local school boards for the salaries of the program's instructors through the army retirement plan, requires a minimum of 100 students enrolled in the corps of each school. In the past academic year the Shortridge unit had only 88 members, and would have been dissolved if more than the 100 minimum weren't enrolled for the current year. In the face of this threat of extinction, the special "recruiting campaign" was launched, featuring the posters in the corridors, stories in the school paper, and a talk to the student body by the principal urging boys to take the course and enumerating the benefits it offered. In addition to all this, the director of the program said that "perhaps most

important of all was the aid of Mrs. Horowitz, the mother of Cadet Captain Stephen Horowitz, a senior who is executive officer (the highest-ranking cadet) in the unit this year. Mrs. Horowitz talked to students and also talked with the mothers of students, and this helped a great deal."

As a result of all these efforts, spearheaded by the mother of Cadet Captain Horowitz, the unit was able to enlist 110 students out of an approximate male enrollment of 1400 in the school and "hoped for 135" before the final closing of class schedules.

Master Sergeant Jerome Baker, who heads the ROTC program at Shortridge, said he had taught the course before in the Chicago public school system, where the enrollment minimum was not such a problem because "it's compulsory in the Chicago high schools for boys to take either ROTC or gym, and so you always have a good enrollment. You always get 200 to 300 students, as there are always some who prefer ROTC to running around a track or throwing a ball around."

In Indianapolis, where the course is voluntary, Sergeant Baker said that the biggest high school in the city had the largest unit: 300 students out of a male enrollment of roughly 2500.

While I was talking with Sergeant Baker the class bell rang, and a dozen students had assembled in the ROTC classroom. The sergeant said they would have drill today, and he instructed Cadet Captain Clarence Hudson to march the men outside to the football practice field alongside the school building. It was early in the semester, and the men had not been issued their uniforms yet, so Cadet Captain Hudson faced a unit that must have been as motley in appearance as the home militiamen that George Washington once had to whip into shape. Undisturbed, however, by either

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Grove, 1961

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Fawcett, 1963

BETWEEN THE LINES

New American Library, 1966

his shaggy troops or the squeals of a girls' gym class that was being held about fifty yards away, Cadet Captain Hudson conducted his instructions with dignity, putting the unit through basic drills and then testing their knowledge of military technicalities such as "What are the freedoms of the position at ease? Who can define the position of attention?"

I stood off to the side with Sergeant Baker, who explained to me that the ROTC program included not only drill instruction but map-reading, the military code of conduct, respect for the flag, and military history from the American Revolutionary War to Vietnam. He said beginning this year there would also be a course in "Counterinsurgency." I asked if Mao Tse-tung's writing on guerrilla warfare would be used, and he laughed and said, no, "The U.S. has developed its own materials, based on the experience of the Rangers and the Special Forces. Naturally, the course in counterinsurgency will mainly be theory," he explained. "I mean, we can't have a kid injured by someone jumping out of a tree on him."

When I asked about his own army career, Sergeant Baker, a pleasant and very modest man, mentioned only that he had fought in Korea and was captured and held prisoner for twenty-seven and a half months. It was almost time for the class to end, and I walked back into the building with Sergeant Baker, following Cadet Captain Hudson's marching troops. It was a bright, warm autumn afternoon, squeals were still coming from the girls' gym class, and such things as imprisonment and counterinsurgency seemed terribly remote. In a way they were, and in a way they were not at all.

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Vietnam's War-Ravaged Children

... How would you like it if one of your children came crawling into the house covered with blood, screaming in pain: "I was hit by a hand grenade, Mommy"?

... It is estimated that one million Vietnamese children have been wounded in this war. More than a quarter of a million children have been killed.

— Look, April 18, 1967

◆ ◆ ◆

ii. A cordon and search mission is staged at a Vietnamese village in Virginia.

The village of "Lang Suon Doi," with its thatched-roofed huts, its idle peasants, and its flagpole flying the colors of the National Liberation Front, looked

serene and safe beneath the cloudless sky. But then, all at once, the silence was shattered by the rattle of machine guns, the snap of rifle fire, and the deeper pounding of artillery. Clouds of smoke, pink and white and gray, puffed out of the surrounding landscape, and after the crescendo of sound had subsided, a deep voice announced through a loudspeaker system: "Welcome to Fort Belvoir's version of that colorful land, infested with Vee-Cee — South Vietnam!"

There was laughter and some scattered cheers and whistles from the wooden bleachers where several hundred young men in the khaki garb of the United States Army, some wearing black helmets with the insignia of Officers Candidate School, had been assembled for an afternoon of instruction concerning the type of guerrilla warfare they would encounter when they went to fight in Vietnam. The bleachers were set up on a hill that overlooked the simulated Vietnamese village, where lessons of ambush, patrol, and "counterinsurgency" were acted out in a sort of pantomime accompanied by an instructional narrative from officers who had served in Vietnam.

Major Bagdonas and Captain Quantock narrated a lesson on "ambush" in which a humorous, inept squad showed how *not* to go on patrol, and were all mowed down, while an efficient, serious squad showed how to do it right, and all survived. After the ambush lesson there was a coffee break, and Major Bagdonas explained that this program of instruction had been going on for the past year, and that there were other "Vietnamese villages" at other army bases throughout the country, similar to the one here at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

After the coffee break, Lieutenant Ellis of the artillery was master of ceremonies for the staging of one type of counterinsurgency, the "cordon and search" of an unfriendly village. The lieutenant explained that the villages in Vietnam were basically divided into three different types: (1) "friendly toward us," (2) "friendly toward us but controlled predominantly by guerrillas," and (3) "unfriendly toward us and controlled predominantly by guerrillas." It was important, he said, to determine beforehand which kind of village was being approached, because "we don't want to go in firing and shooting up a friendly village."

The demonstration about to take place in the simulated village below, however, was an example of a cordon and search operation in an unfriendly village. This had been determined by an advance patrol, and the lieutenant explained that "it didn't take too much smarts for them to figure out this was an unfriendly village. For one thing, the Vee-Cee flag was flying from the village flagpole, and on the village bulletin board were pictures of May-O and Ho-Chi-Minh."

Having established the hostile nature of the village, the U.S. patrol surrounded it, stationing gunners on the ridge overlooking it, and out of the woods came soldiers moving stealthily toward the main gate. In the meantime, the villagers themselves (played by soldiers and WAC's wearing levis and old clothes) had seen the approaching troops and were scrambling around under the instructions of their "chief," who was identified by a big straw coolie-style hat, and immediately established himself as a comic character to the audience. It was well that the advancing troops moved stealthily, for they discovered the main gate to the village was booby-trapped, and demolition experts set off the bomb while the soldiers lay flat and safely on the ground. Once inside the village the different "teams" of the U.S. patrol went into action.

The "population control team" took the villagers over to one corner, where they were searched for weapons and then questioned by the "interrogation team" for information. In the meantime, the "search team" was going into each hut, accompanied by the chief (who kept bowing and shuffling and getting a lot of laughs) as well as the head of the family, or "Papa-San," so that "we can't be accused of looting." In one house, the search team finds some weapons, and in another hut some "documents." The lieutenant explained that "for all we know, they could be any kind of documents — but they could be helpful to us." In the third hut, the search team found an actual live Vee-Cee, who shot one of the soldiers and tried to escape, but was shot himself. The soldier was only wounded, but the Vee-Cee was killed. Another Vee-Cee was discovered hiding in a tunnel, and so the "Mighty Mite" was called in. The lieutenant explained that the Mighty Mite was a machine that poured gas into the tunnel, thus forcing out any Vee-Cee who might be hiding in it.

After these incidents, the civic action team went around giving soap and candy, and medical supplies for "sores and colds." The psychological team took down the pictures of May-O and Ho from the bulletin board and put up "literature that we hope will encourage the people to come over to our side."

There was some quiet groaning and snickering from the troops sitting behind me in the bleachers, and one guy said, "Yeh, they're probably putting up a picture of LBJ." Another guy laughed and said, "Sure, that'll do it." There was some more snickering and someone said "shee-it."

The process of pacifying the village was completed with the U.S. soldiers taking down the Vee-Cee flag and putting up a flag of the government of South Vietnam, which one of the psychological team had brought along for just such

an occasion. "Now," said the lieutenant, "the job is complete — they have converted this from a Vee-Cee village to a predominantly friendly village."

It seemed awfully simple, not only to me but to many of the men in the bleachers behind me. Beneath the groans, there were loudly whispered comments like "ka-rist," and "shee-it," and after one cynical snort one soldier said, "Yeh — and then they lived happily ever after."

♦ ♦ ♦

... In my 56 years in the Army, I have never seen better fed men, in peace or war. Ninety percent of the meals served to American personnel are hot. It is commonplace, according to some men I talked with, to have a helicopter hover over an embattled unit and lower what my wife termed "a businessman's breakfast" — fruit juice, two soft-boiled eggs, buttered toast, marmalade and hot coffee.

— "My Visit to Vietnam," by General Omar N. Bradley, *Look*, December 14, 1967

♦ ♦ ♦

iii. Cookies and comfort await the soldiers who pass through "the revolving door to war."

The USO lounge at the San Francisco International Airport was labeled "Our Revolving Door to War" by the Burlingame (California) *Advance Star*, and through it go many of the troops on their way to and from Southeast Asia. In charge is Mrs. Evelyn Marks, an attractive brunette lady who is a veteran at organizing charity and volunteer programs for hospitals. The "limited war" and its attendant controversies have made difficulties for Mrs. Marks, and she said that in her own efforts to bring entertainment and publicity to the lounge, "We stress that we're not saying the war is right or wrong — we just say, well, the boys have to do it, so we try to be nice and make it easier for them. On that basis, we try to enlist the help of people, whatever they think about the war itself."

Mrs. Marks found that similar explanations were



sometimes necessary in her own social life, when people learned of her work at the USO lounge and interpreted it as an endorsement of the war. "I'm very unpopular at dinner parties," she said. "I don't know anyone who is *for* the war, but since it's going on, someone has to help the boys."

This was indeed a new kind of wartime atmosphere, Mrs. Marks acknowledged. "I grew up in a flag-waving war, World War II," she said. "These boys today have it doubly hard because they're not getting that kind of public support. I tell the boys, 'Every generation has its war, and it just so happens your generation has an unpopular one!'"

Despite the unpopularity of the war, Mrs. Marks had been successful in gathering support for the boys and the lounge that serves them. She said that last Christmas a disc jockey named Jack Carney had started a "cookie-lift campaign," and all over the area, schools and churches had "cookie drives," and helicopters picked up the cookies and brought them to the lounge. So great was the response, in fact, that Mrs. Marks said, "We had to store thousands of pounds of cookies."

Performers who passed through had always come back enthusiastic, she said, even though they might have been reluctant at first: "You know, when they get to Vietnam, it's 'wall-to-wall' Americans over there, and they feel right at home. Efreim Zimbalist, Jr., told me he was 'lukewarm' about the war before going over, but 'red hot' when he got back. As Bob Hope said, 'You can't look at that sea of faces over there appreciating what you're doing for them, and not be moved by it.'"

There was satisfaction for Mrs. Marks too in seeing the boys and seeing some of the good effects the service has on them. "We get a lot of recruits who come in on their way to basic training," she said. "You know, they come in sloppy and with long hair and what have you. And when they come back after basic their backs are straight and it's 'Yes, sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'am' — the transformation is marvelous. I said to one colonel, 'How do you do such a wonderful job with them?' and he smiled and said, 'It takes us eight weeks to do what the parents couldn't do in eighteen years.'"

Mrs. Marks said the boys not only came back in better condition from basic training, but also from Vietnam.

"They look so good when they come back. Before going over they look apprehensive. When they look that way, we try to introduce them to some boys who have already been over, and get them chatting. When they see these boys who've come out of it and are well and whole, it makes them feel much better. When they're waiting here before going over, it's as if they're sitting in a doctor's office. They need to be reassured."

Two men wandered in looking slightly lost, and Mrs. Marks jumped up and greeted them with "Hi, Soldier!" and got some cookies and coffee for them. Both had been in Vietnam, and one who said in a drawl that he came from West Virginia mentioned that he had signed up to go back over. Mrs. Marks looked to see if I was listening, and then she asked him why he was going back, and he said, "Well, I have a good job over there, and the pay is real good." Mrs. Marks came back to where I was sitting and whispered, "Did you hear that? People don't believe that the boys want to go back, but you just heard it — they do."

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Honorary Skinny Dragon Briefs Sailors on Duty in the Pacific

"You know what I'm gonna tell you guys!" he shouted. "I'm not gonna tell you not to pick up girls. I'm gonna show you how! I'm gonna shock you guys. I'm gonna give you a dose of cultural shock," and throws out advice that could keep many a young sailor out of trouble, advice Dave says it took him nearly decades to acquire. . . .

Dave's title is: "Head, Area Orientation Section, General Military Training Branch, Education and Training Division of the Bureau of Naval Personnel."

— The Washington Star, November 13, 1967

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iv. The nation honors those who die in its service; more room is needed to bury them.

Small, oblong, olive-drab military buses waited at the gate of Arlington National Cemetery and carried men, women, and children up the winding road to the small amphitheater where the Veterans Day ceremonies would be held in honor of those who died in the nation's wars. The citizens who came were mostly middle-aged or older, except for little children who came as part of families. The children were well scrubbed and dressed as if for Sunday school, and there was some of the feeling of going to church but also a kind of holiday atmosphere, partly provided by the fun of riding up the hill in the little buses.

Dignitaries of different veterans organizations and of the federal government sat on the open stage, and to the side of these honored guests six torches, representing freedom, burned with small orange flames and thick black smoke that rose and drifted in the autumn air.

The Honorable Paul H. Nitze, Deputy Secretary

of Defense, delivered the main address, as the personal representative of the President. He spoke in a tone of reverence and respect for those who served their country and who "sleep beneath these grassy slopes."

"It is not they who are unknown but we — they are known for what they did, for why they died. We have yet to prove how we shall serve. Shall we live for others as they did? Shall we do our onerous duty as they did?"

"There are thousands who lie here as there are hundreds of thousands who lie across the nation and the globe. . . .

"There is littered on history's shore many a shipwrecked state. . . . The Romans said, 'If you want peace, prepare for war.' Yet Rome came to neglect that rule. . . .

"We see freedom as a flame — that is why we bear torches. It must be fueled — with our sacrifices, with our resolve.

"There are those who cannot distinguish between dissent and divisiveness. The totalitarian temptation is to read dissent as a disloyalty to duty. There is a divergence of views and may there always be. . . . But let those who would be our adversaries abroad inspect our ledger of loyalty. This Republic is ready to meet its responsibility, cost what it may."

The Navy Sea Chanters sang an anthem called "Once to Every Man and Nation," and then the Reverend Harold B. Fay, National Chaplain of the Veterans of World War I of the United States, delivered the Benediction, asking God to "bless our nation until the end of time. . . . We ask in the name of thy son and our saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Men and women bearing flags of different veterans groups marched down the center aisle and out of the amphitheater, while the U.S. Navy Band played "It's a Grand Old Flag."

They marched out onto a grassy slope, and then broke ranks, some folding their flags and some still holding them unfurled while snapshots were taken by friends. The flags were of mauve and orange, of gold and blue; of green and scarlet and cream and purple. There was one that said: "Ellen Spencer Tent #1, Daughters of Union Veterans, 1861-65,"

and others that said: "Wac Vets," "Gold Star Mothers of America," "George Mason Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution." There was an old straight-backed man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and holding a flag that said "Spanish War Veterans," and there were two gray-haired ladies, one with an American flag and one with a flag that said: "Widows of World War I," and they wore gold capes that billowed behind them as they walked across the slope, bearing their banners.

The colors of the flags were joined by the colors of the season, and the vivid air was swept with dry leaves of burnt gold

and brown and scarlet, floating and coming to rest across the hills that bore the small white identical markers of the graves, row on row, lining the quiet landscape as far as the eye could see — graves, graves, graves.

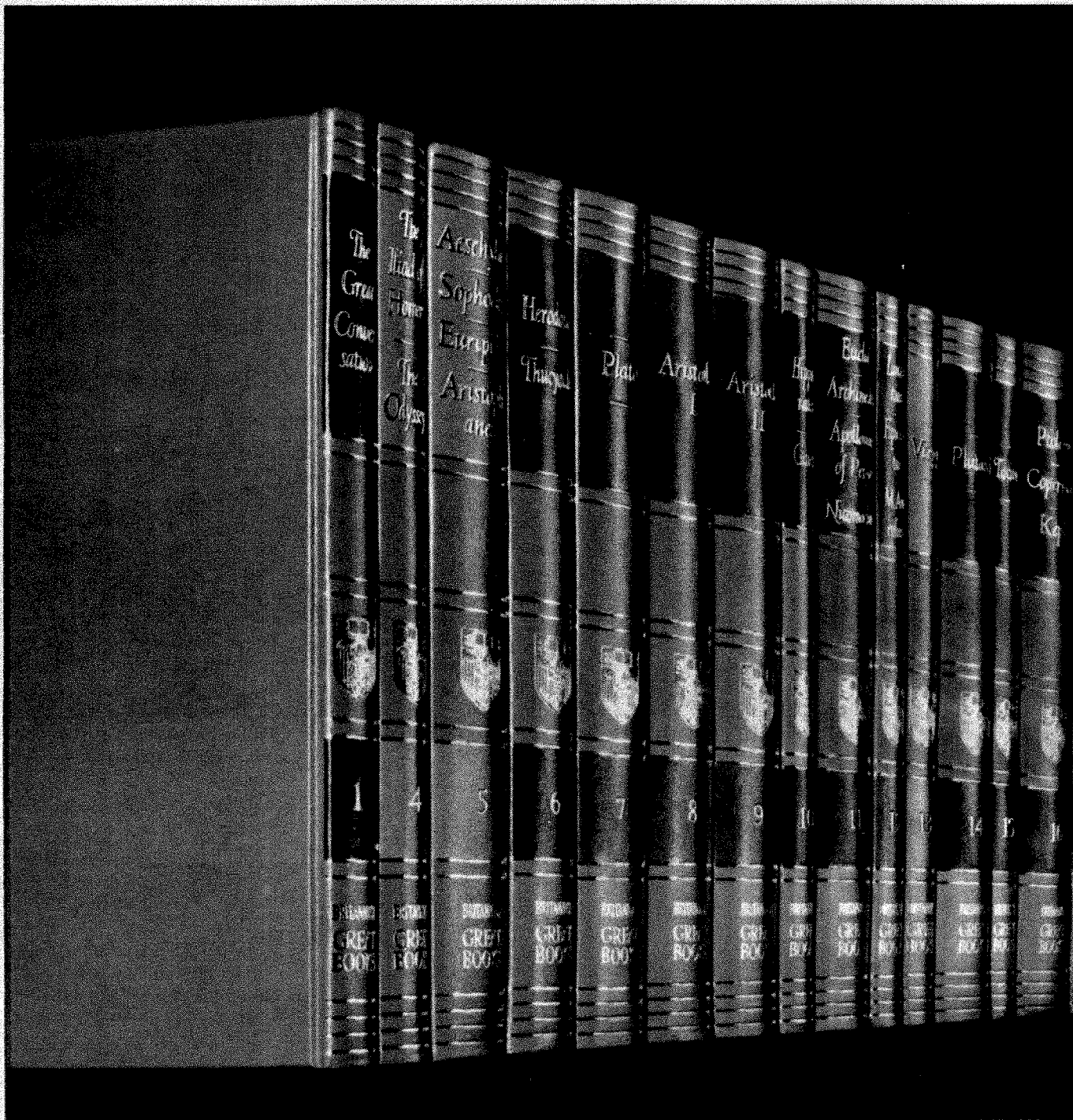
The cemetery, in fact, is nearly filled, and only Medal of Honor winners, men killed in action in Vietnam, and high Cabinet officials and their families are allowed the honor of burial in these hallowed grounds. The government began "phasing out" the national cemeteries several years ago, but its "phase-out" plan did not take into account the increased demand for burial room created by the war in Vietnam. Thus far 16,000 Americans have died in that limited war, and the number rises each day. More land is needed for the nation to bury the men who die in its service. More bodies are on the way.



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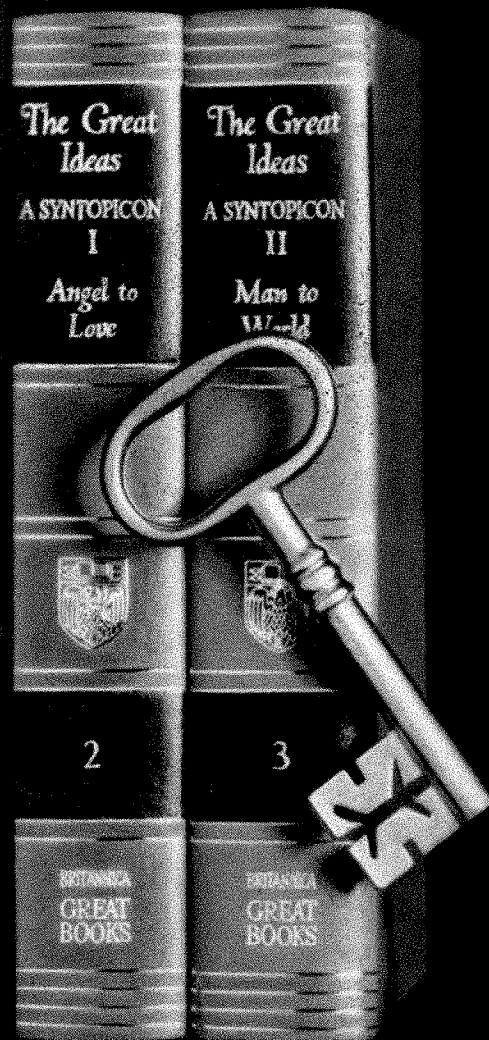
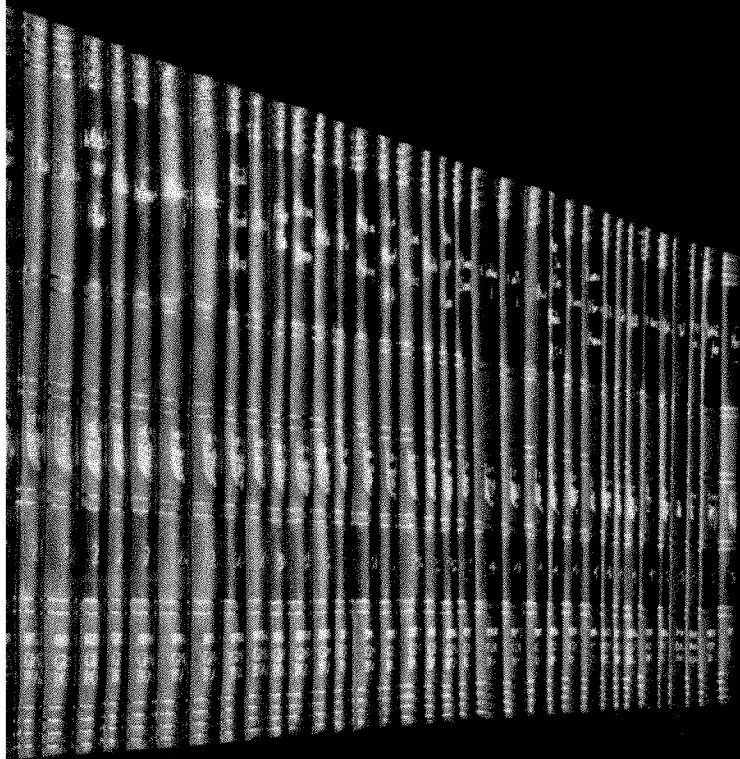
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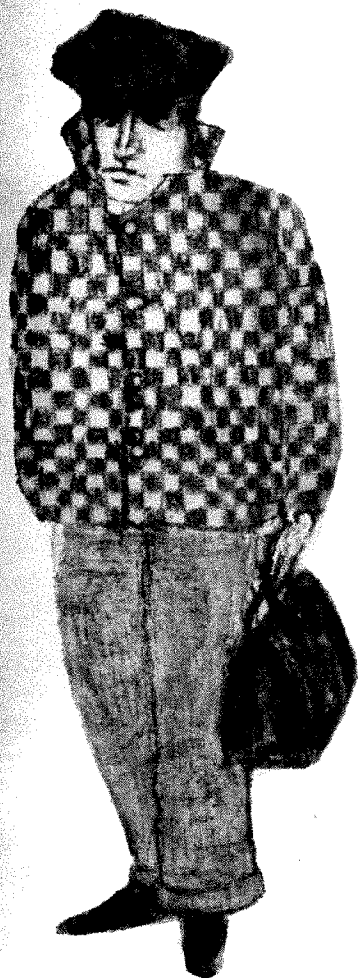
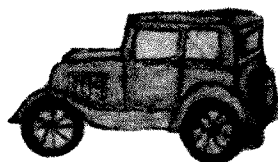
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In the Ring

by Jack Kerouac



My jewel center of interest when I think of sports as is, or as we say in the academic circles, *per se*, which means "as is" in Latin, is that sight I had one time of a young teen-age boxer hurrying down the street with a small blue bag in which all his fundamental things were packed: jock-strap I guess (I know), trunks, liniment, toothbrush, money, vitamin pills mayhap, T-shirts, sweat shirt, mouthpiece for all I know, under the grimly drab lamps of New England on a winter night on his way to, say, Lewiston Maine for a semifinal lightweight bout for 10 bucks a throw for all I know, or for (O worse!) Worcester Massachusetts or Portland Maine, or Laconia N. H., to the Greyhound or Trailways bus a-hurrying and where his father is I'll never have known, or his mother in what gray tenement, or his sister or brothers in what war and lounge — With a nose not yet broken, and luminous eyes, and meaningful glance at the sidewalk 'pon which he pounds to his destination the likes of which, whatever it ever became, shall never be visited on any angel that was fallen from heaven — I mean it, what's the sense of knocking your brains out for a few bucks? — I saw this guy outside the little training gym my father ran in Centerville, Lowell Mass., about 1930, when he first introduced me to sports by taking me in there to watch the boys hammer away at punching bags and big sandbags, and if you ever see an amateur heavyweight whacking away full-fisted at a sandbag and making the whole gym creak, you'll learn never to start a fight with any big boy you ever do meet in any bar from Portland Maine to Portland Oregon — And the young pug's name on the street was probably Bobby Sweet.

I was 8 at the time and soon after that my big fat cigarsmoking Pa (a printer by trade) had turned the place into a wrestling club, organization, gymnasium, and promotion, call it what you will, but the same guys who were boxers the year before were now wrestlers; especially old Roland Bouthelier, who was my father's unofficial chauffeur 'cause my father couldn't drive his 1929 Ford himself his legs being too short, or him having to try to talk too much while driving, and Roland being also a young friend of the family's (about 22) and a worker in his printing plant to boot — Now Roland was a wrestler and my sister Nin (10) and

I always beseeched him to show us his muscles when he came in the house for occasional supper and certainly for holiday suppers and he always obliged and Nin hung from one biceps and I hung from the other, whee . . . What a build! Like Mister America. One time he swallowed his tongue and almost choked at Salisbury Beach. He had a touch of epilepsy. During his youth there, my father was his friend and employer and protector. No capitalism involved, as tho a two-bit wrestling promoter and a one-bit printer could be a capitalist in a city of 100,000 people and him as honest as the day pretended to be long.

So I remember the time in about 1931 when I heard Roland being given sincere instructions in a dressing room smelling of big men sweat and liniment and all the damp smells that come from the showers and the open windows, "Go out there etc.," and out comes me and my Pa and we sit right at ringside, he lights up his usual 7-20-4 or Dexter cigar, the first match is on, his own promoted match, it's Roland Bouthelier against wild Mad Turk McGoo of the Lower Highlands and they come out and face each other; they lean over and clap big arms and hands over each other's necks and start mauling around and pretty soon one of them makes a big move and knocks the other guy down on the soft hollowly bouncing canvas, "Ugh, OO," he's got a headlock around Roland's head with his big disgusting legs full of hair, I can see Roland's face (my hero) turn red, he struggles there, but the guy squeezes harder and harder. This was before wrestling matches had begun to be fixed? you say? Well Roland had just got his instructions to lose the match in the first minute and then in the next minute if possible, to make time for the semifinal and the main match. But I saw his face turn red with French-Canadian rage and he suddenly threw his legs out and shot himself out of the leg hold and landed on his behind and leaped up in one acrobatic move on his feet, turned, and took the Turk by the shoulders and shoved him against the ropes, and when the Turk bounced back he had him direct in the stomach with a Gus Sonnenberg head charge and knocked the guy so hard back against the ropes the ropes gave and the guy tilted over and landed at some used cigars under the

apron of the ring, where he lay gazing up with bleary nonunderstanding eyes. So naturally the referee gives the count, slow as he can, but that guy is slow coming back in; as soon as he crawls thru the ropes Roland's got him by the neck and throws him over his shoulder, the poor guy lands slam on his back, Roland's on top of him and pins his two shoulders down, but the guy wriggles out and Roland falls on his behind, clips him with his two sneakered feet, knocks him over on his stomach, jumps on his back, gives him the Full Nelson (which means both arms under the other guy's armpits and twined around to join at the neck), makes him hurt and weep and cry and curse and wince awhile, then, with one imperious angry shove, knocks him over again to his back (one big biceped arm) and pins his two shoulders down and he's gone and thrown the match, so to speak, which he was supposed to lose, out of angry real wrestling fury.

I'm even in the showers afterward listening to my Pa and the men give Roland hell for making them lose all that money, Roland says simply, "OK but he spit in my face in the leg lock when he had me down there, I wont take that from nobody."

A week later Roland is driving me and Pa, my ma and my sister to Montreal Canada for a big Fourth of July weekend where Roland is going to be introduced to the most beautiful little French dolls in town, my elder cousin girls. He turns and looks at me in the back seat as we're passing Lake Champlain, yells in French, "Are you still there, Ti Pousse?" (Lil Thumb?)

About this time too my Pa takes me and my ma to see every big wrestling match which happened at the time (dont ask my why, except Lowell must have been a big wrestling town) between the two world champs, Gus Sonnenberg of Topsfield (or thereabouts Massachusetts, originally from Germany) and the great Henri DeGlane, world's champion from France — In those days wrestling was still for keeps, dont you see — In the first fall Gus Sonnenberg rushes off the ropes with a bounce and does his famous head-into-belly rush that knocks DeGlane right over the ropes upside down bouncing and into my mother's lap . . . He is abashed, says, "I'm

sorry, Madame," she says, "I dont mind as long as it's a good French man." Then on the next play he pins Sonnenberg down with his famous leg stranglehold and wins the first fall. Later on, in the incredible cigarsmoke which always made me wonder how those guys could even breathe let alone wrestle (in the Crescent Rink in Lowell) somebody applies a wrenching awful hellish leg-spreading hold that makes some people rush home in fear and somebody wins, I forget who.

It was only shortly after that that wrestling matches began to be fixed.

Meanwhile in this Crescent there were boxing matches and what I liked, besides the action, and since I didnt gamble, being 10 and not caring about money bets then as even now, I saw some marvelous aesthetical nuances connected with indoor fight sports: heard: smelled the cigarsmoke, the hollow cries, the poem of it all . . . (which I wont go into just now).

Because now there's no time for poetry anyway. The only way to organize what you're going to say about anything is to organize it on a grand and emotional scale based on the way you've felt about life all along. Only recently, now at age 45, I saw I swear the selfsame young pug with the sad blue bag a-hurrying to the bus station in Massachusetts to make his way to Maine for another dreary prelim bout, with no hope now but maybe 50 bucks, and maybe a broken nose, but why should a young man do things like that and wind up in the bottom pages of smalltown newspapers where they always have the UPI or AP reports of fights: "Manila, Philippines, Jose Ortega, 123 of San Juan Puerto Rico, outpointed Sam Vreska, 121, Kearney, Nebraska, in ten rounds. . . . Hungry Kelly, 168, Omaha, Nebraska, kayoed Ross Raymond, 169, Ottawa, Canada, in round 2." You read those things and you wonder what makes them so eagerly helpless in the corner when their seconds are sponging their reddened nose. Well never expect me to go into the ring! I'm too yellow! Could it say in the lexicon of publishing stories that Grass Williams outpointed or kayoed Gray Glass in the fifth? in Beelzabur Town? I say, God bless young fighters, and now I'll take a rest and wait for my trainer's bottle, and my trainer's name is Johnny Walker.

Come to the Ship, Leggatt, Honey?

by Charles R. Larson

Mr. Larson teaches English and African Studies at the American University in Washington, D.C.

College freshmen are much more sophisticated than I was ten years ago when I entered a university. Today my freshmen know everything there is to know about sex, clinical and unclinical, normal and deviational. They've been weaned on Miller, Burroughs, Harold Robbins, and *Candy*.

During the second week of the fall semester, in a newly organized freshman English seminar "realistically" concerned with the search for identity, the selection happened to be Joseph Conrad's "Secret Sharer." I was particularly impressed with the erudition of the students. During the second class, almost everyone had something vital to say. Everyone, that is, except for one young man who seemed to be so concerned with taking notes that his pen never stopped scratching at a large yellow pad. At the end of the period I wanted to try to round off the discussion, but something made me ask if anyone had anything else he wanted to say.

"I think you've missed the whole point," a pretty seventeen-year-old co-ed told me. She had bright red hair, and the card on the table in front of her said Miss LePage.

"How?" I asked, glancing at the young man sitting across the table from her. He was still scribbling on his yellow pad of paper. His pen looked as if it would never stop.

"They're queer."

"Who?" I asked, looking for a reaction from the class. There was none.

"The Captain at least — Leggatt too. It's not so clear."

"How do you know?" I asked her, wondering how she'd come up with such an interpretation. There were four more minutes before the bell would ring.

"The pajamas," my red-haired co-ed replied, "sharing the pajamas. That's where the title comes in — that's what they're really sharing."

"Tops or bottoms?" another student asked, perking up a little, looking at me as if I hadn't heard of homosexuals.

"It doesn't matter," Miss LePage replied. "The point is they're always whispering to each other, sharing pajamas, hiding from the others on the ship."

I fumbled with my copy of "The Secret Sharer," nervously wondering how I had overlooked such an obvious interpretation.

"The Captain's the queer one," Miss LePage continued. "Leggatt only puts up with it until he can get away from the ship." There were a couple of snickers from the class. "That's why he left the *Sephora* — they were all queer on that ship. Leggatt killed one of the crew who'd made advances toward him. Remember, Leggatt was on his first voyage; his father was a minister."

"That's right," the young man sitting next to Miss LePage agreed. I looked at the boy with the yellow pad. There was an audible noise from his fountain pen whenever Miss LePage wasn't speaking.

"Don't you see it, sir?" she asked me, looking at the rest of the class. Several other students nodded their heads.

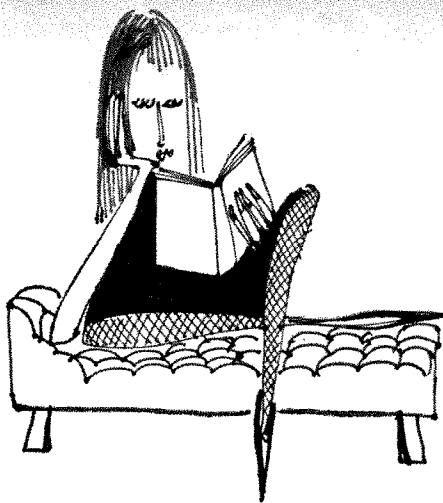
"Go on," I said, "I'm listening."

"Well, there isn't much else. It's all fairly obvious — it's in my paper there — that sitting on the john in the bathroom and all that. Poor Leggatt trying to get away from the Captain. How'd you like to spend all that time sitting on the john?"

"Bit of an inconvenience," I muttered, feeling sweat break out on my forehead. Everyone in the class was looking at me, waiting to hear what I'd say.

"It's the Captain," Miss LePage continued. "Why else do you think the crew hates him? They happen to be fairly normal on his ship. Unfortunately, Leggatt swims to the wrong ship — that's the irony of it all — where the Captain's queer. But this time he knows he'll have to put up with it or he'll lose his neck. So he waits till he can swim ashore and has to sit in the john all day long so he won't be discovered. The crew would probably kill him. It's purely Freudian. No reason to tell the crew that their Captain's queer — they already know it. Why do you think he was up there on deck alone in the first place? With the ladder over the edge just in case some nice young man happened to be swimming by. How terribly convenient."

The bell rang. I looked at the



boy with the yellow pad. His right hand was covered with black ink, and it had run all over the pad and the table.

"Well, that's all very interesting, Miss LePage," I said, getting up from the table. "We'll continue this next time." I edged my way around the room, managing to leave before any of the students. I wanted to get back to my office and have another look at Conrad's story before my afternoon class when I'd be doing the book again. And I wanted to read Miss LePage's paper; see how far she'd erred.

It was all fairly obvious, all there in concise English prose. Leggatt, the Captain, the pajamas and the whispering, sitting on the john all day long — which was better than what happened at night — proper footnotes, minimum of errors, one comma splice, one misspelled word. All clear except for the end, the last page, which was missing from her paper. It ended, "Thus Leggatt's search for identity leads him into the depths of human perversions, but the waters of the sea act as a baptismal . . ." and there the sentence was broken.

I was distressed. I wanted to find out how Miss LePage had ended her paper. It was impossible to give her a grade unless I had the last page. She'd completely ignored so many facets of Conrad's tale — the "floppy hat" for instance — used only those aspects which could be twisted to fit her own demented scholarship. I knew she couldn't explain the function of the hat, but I had to wait until Monday to find out what else she'd written.

Monday I was early, but Miss LePage was late, and I had to wait until the end of the period, after a discussion of Miller's *Death of a*

Salesman, before I could speak to her. Did she think Willy Loman was queer? No, but Biff and Happy were obviously sexually incompetent. What had happened to the last page of her paper on "The Secret Sharer"? She'd found it in her typewriter but forgotten to bring it to class. She'd bring it the next time. Could she explain the meaning of the hat floating in the sea at the end of the story?

"Of course, it's perfectly obvious. Leggatt didn't want to keep anything that reminded him of the Captain. He'd left it floating in the sea purposely. It was a woman's hat," Miss LePage confessed.

"A woman's hat?"

"Of course, a bonnet, so it would keep the sun from his eyes. A mere fetish. Belonged to the Captain's aunt. The Captain was a transvestite."

How I Stopped Smoking and Had Fun Doing It

by Milford Poltroom

Mr. Poltroom says he is the editor and publisher of the WRETCHED MESS NEWS, West Yellowstone, Montana.

All previous systems for stopping smoking have attempted to remove a most enjoyable habit without replacing it with something equally pleasure-giving. I was the first person who envisioned the application of the "something else instead" principle to these systems, and I helped finance fourteen different research teams, each headed by one or two high-priced psychiatrists who were asked to "discover or create a habit that man can use to replace smoking that will provide every bit as much fun as smoking itself." I am proud to reveal, for the first time anywhere, the results of their labors to date.

The Eskridge Hypothesis: "St. Louis Blowup"

Dr. Robert Eskridge of Palos Verdes, California, advances the theory that man's smoking habit is nothing more than an outward evidencing of his basic instinct to blow up St. Louis, Missouri. The lighting of the cigarette is thus merely a psycho-subliminal igniting of the bomb fuse. The exhaled smoke is a dream-wish representation of the ash-darkened skies ("the ash wish") hanging over the ruins of "the garden spot of the Midwest." Crushing

the cigarette butt in the ashtray symbolizes the destruction of the Gateway Memorial Arch, while the ashtray itself represents Busch Stadium.

Based on this hypothesis, the easiest way for mankind to rid itself of the cigarette habit is simply to wipe out St. Louis, Missouri. Dr. Eskridge's fellow psychiatrists wholeheartedly agree that this proposed solution would end the smoking problem in urban St. Louis.

Dusenberry's Hypothesis: "Doing Something With Your Hands"

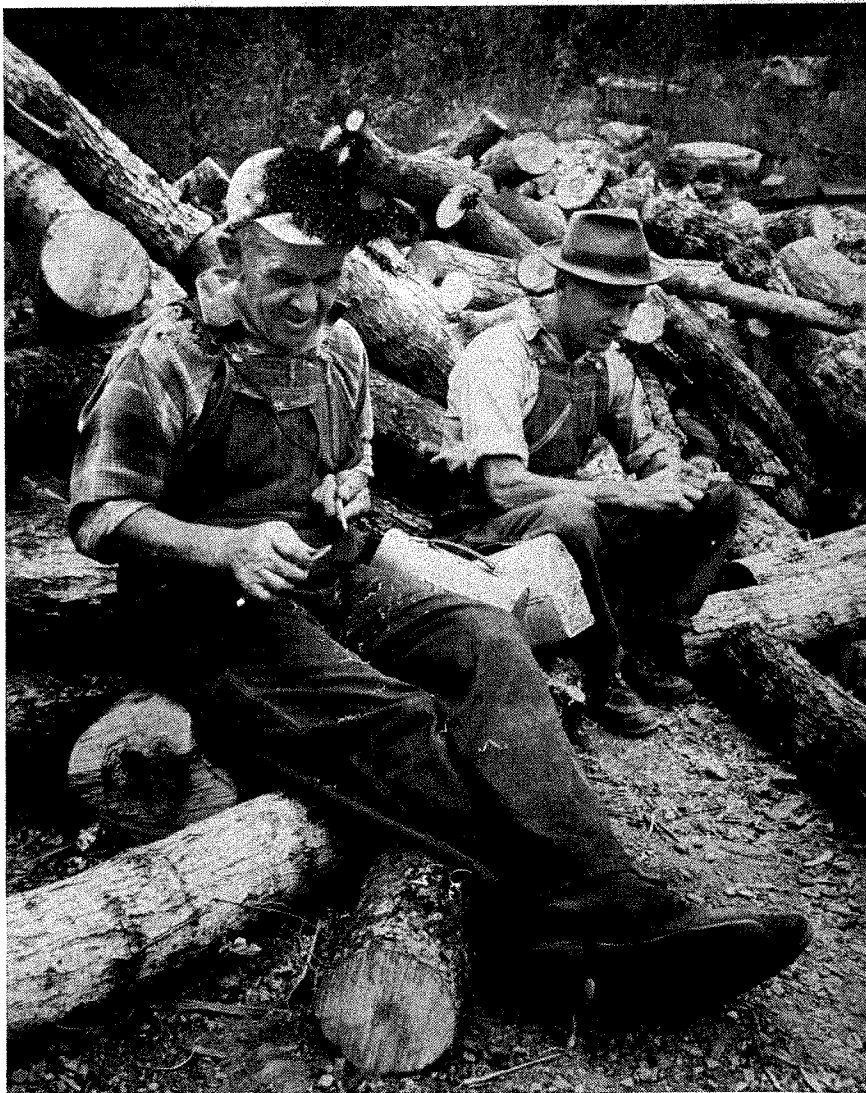
Dr. Garland Dusenberry of Lynchburg, Tennessee, theorizes that people find it necessary to do something with their hands at frequent intervals; some, in fact, feel a compulsion to do things with their hands almost continuously ("chain hand-doing").

Of the many solutions to the smoking problem based on Dusenberry's hypothesis proposed so far, the following appear the most promising:

1. *Fulmering* (Dr. Fulmer's Solution). When the subject feels the urge to smoke, he is encouraged to dip one hand into a Fulmerpot, a small portable pot full of pleasantly warm glue into which shredded chicken feathers have been well mixed. While there is little evidence that Fulmering is a universally acceptable alternative to smoking, there is no doubting that it does give people "something to do with their hands."

2. *The Pratt-Bascom Knuckle Smash*. Two chain smokers face each other across a table, with one player placing his hands palms down on the table surface. The other player swings at the hands of the first with a brick, attempting to smash his (or her) knuckles. The first player endeavors to pull his hands away just before the brick impacts; if he does so successfully, he then gets to swing the brick. Further research is planned, just as soon as Dr. Pratt's hands heal.

3. *The Anderson-Beverly Board*. This solution employs a cleverly designed board, made of hardwood and about the size of your average box of hot breakfast cereal. Each Anderson-Beverly board contains ten holes, allowing the subject to push all ten fingers in at once whenever he feels the urge to smoke. Each of the finger holes exerts a tremendous suction, because of an ingeniously designed and completely concealed interior mechanism. Thus endeavoring to extract fingers from the holes



THERE ARE TIMES when the folks in Jack Daniel's Hollow can't do anything but sit and wait. That's why many of us took up whittling.

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CHARCOAL
MELLOW

DROP

BY DROP

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gives the subject "something to do with his hands." Principal drawbacks discovered so far: (a) subjects state it is not always convenient to carry an Anderson-Beverly board about with them at all times, since each one weighs 14 pounds, 9 ounces; (b) subjects state it is impossible to remove fingers from the Anderson-Beverly board without breaking at least one or two knuckles.

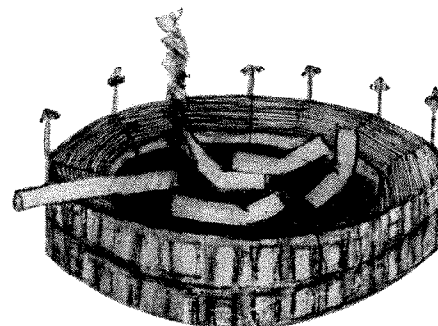
4. *The Tork-Biderman Cure*. The claimed "cure" for the smoking habit offered by Doctors Biderman and Tork is beyond doubt the most complex proposed solution based on Dusenberry's hypothesis. Here raw ground sirloin is mixed with carpet tacks, packaged in memorial urns, and thus supplied to subjects together with accompanying chopsticks, a portable glove compartment, and a rubber hot-water bottle. When the compulsion to smoke strikes, subjects are instructed to take a memorial urn from the refrigerator and then separate the carpet tacks from the ground sirloin, using only the chopsticks. The subject must then place the carpet tacks in the hot-water bottle, and the ground meat in the portable glove compartment.

Dr. Frankelfoot's Hypothesis: "The Smokey Bear-Arson Syndrome"

According to Dr. Frankelfoot of Tucson, Arizona, man's smoking habit is a hangover from his caveman days. Eons ago, man discovered that carrying fire around with him at all times was a good idea. It provided warmth, made it possible to grill and barbecue foods, and also helped scare away saber-toothed tigers. So buried deep down in man's subconscious today is the association of fire and smoke with security. The bigger fire a man builds, according to Dr. Frankelfoot, the more secure he feels. This accounts for the popularity of bigger and bigger cigarettes. ("In another two years," warns Dr. Frankelfoot,

"cigarettes two feet long will be very common.")

By way of supporting evidence for his theory, Dr. Frankelfoot points out that as the use of Fourth of July fireworks by individuals has been banned and suppressed, cigarette smoking has risen in direct inverse ratio. "First it was good-bye to firecrackers and skyrockets," laments the good doctor. "After this, the creation of the automatic foolproof toaster took away just about the last personal contact with smoke and flame other than tobacco. Give man back his fire and blazes with flames, and he will naturally give up foul cigarette smoking," states Dr. Frankelfoot, who strongly advocates making army surplus flame throwers, napalm bricks, and even Fourth of July sparklers available to adults everywhere tobacco is sold. Dr. Frankelfoot also urges that every community post certain sections with signs such as, "Arson Legal in This Area Between 2 and 6 P.M."



Dr. Gumfudgin's Solution

Dr. Ormly Gumfudgin of Pasadena, California, accepts only part of the Frankelfoot hypothesis — the idea that primitive man used fire to scare off saber-toothed tigers and that man's smoking habit today is a symbolic frightening away of his enemies. Dr. Gumfudgin advocates an altogether different solution: shouting. "Man found that making loud scary noises got rid of those dumb tigers just as easily as fire," states Dr. Gumfudgin. "For this reason,

Winter Poem

by Sam Toperoff

I'm going to write a winter poem
about falling snow on sheets of ice
which will be so deep and sharp
and heavy with hidden things
that you'll need a shovel to read it . . .

and an unseasonable day to understand it.

whenever you feel the urge to smoke, if you will just shout certain tiger-repellant words and phrases, your desire to smoke will vanish."

Dr. Hoffhine's Hypothesis: "Breathing While Alive Proves You Are Not Dead"

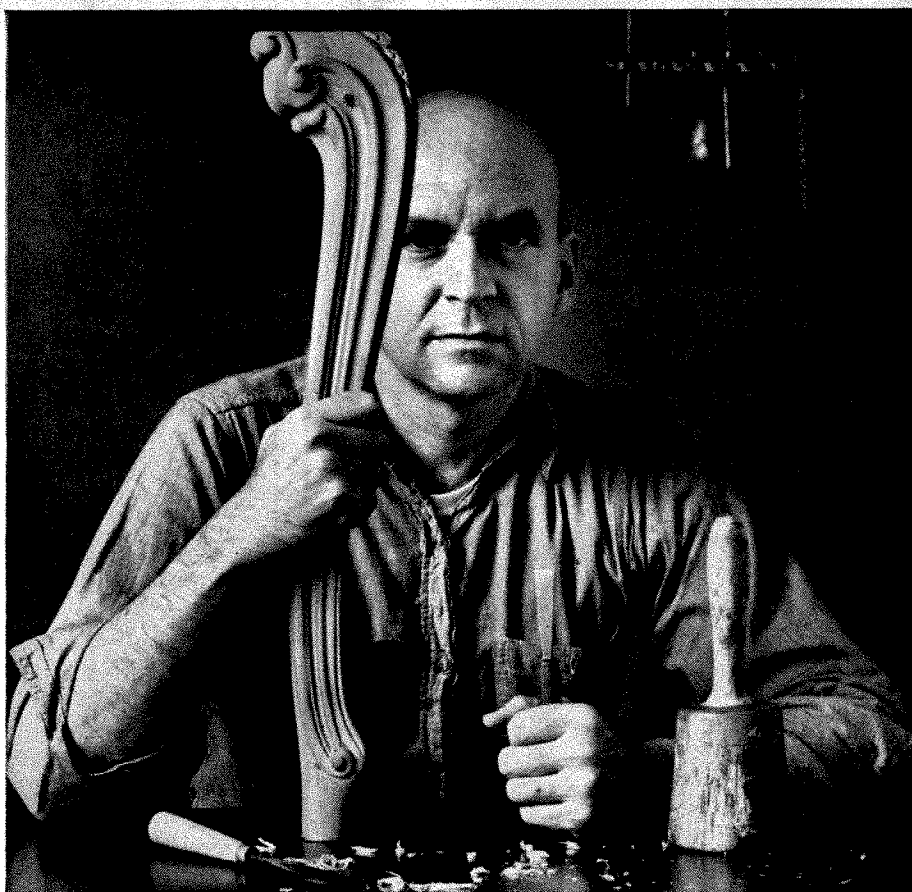
"What is smoking when you come right down to it?" asks Dr. William Hoffhine of Mill Valley, California. "It is simply inhaling and exhaling in exaggerated fashion (faster, deeper, or louder than normal breathing) accompanied by visible evidence (smoke) that further proves you are actually breathing. The whole thing put together is just proving to yourself that you are still breathing and thus not dead as yet."

Based on this brilliant rationale, Dr. Hoffhine has invented his unique Harbubblemica, cleverly fashioned from a B-flat harmonica coupled with an automatic bubble-blowing pipe. The action of playing the harmonica requires exaggerated inhaling and exhaling of the breath, as does smoking, while the merry clouds of shimmering bubbles provide the necessary visual proof that one's lungs are still functioning.

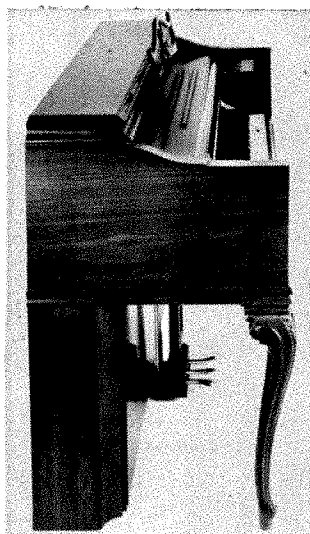
The Work That Lies Ahead

There are a surprising number of other hoped-for cures for the foul smoking habit where research is now just barely under way. One such is Dr. C. Ray Vaughn's theory that the true satisfaction of smoking comes from the smell of something burning, plus the sensation of spitting out smoke. Dr. Vaughn is experimenting with shooting 110 volts through two wires running to the subject's tonsils. Vaughn reasons that the smell of burning flesh plus the exhaling of burning sparks may well remove the desire for tobacco.

Professor J. Sample of Billings, Montana, is presently investigating an entirely different idea. He maintains that the pleasures of smoking are involved entirely with physical sensation. The sensation, he says, produced by inhaling-exhaling smoke, isn't exactly a taste or a smell, but curiously involves both, together with a tickling-rasping sensation at the back of the throat. Sample claims evidence that lightly salted duck feathers (particularly those with the stiffer bristles) drawn over the back of the tongue produce a sensation amazingly similar to that of smoking. Up to now, Sample has not been able to obtain menthol-flavored duck feathers, but hopes to achieve this by feeding ducks mentholated rice.



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The Land of Last Hope

by Axel Hornos



Like all unplanned ventures, our visit to the southern tip of Chile had the added flavor of a jump into the unknown. We had intended to visit the Argentinian side of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia alone, but the intricacies of the tourist agency business had included Punta Arenas at the last minute as a *sine qua non* part of the whole tour.

After a few days in Buenos Aires renewing old ties — my wife and I are former Argentines — early one March morning we set out southward on a transport plane. Soon the pampas unrolled below us, an endless patchwork of cultivated fields fat with greens and golds under the autumn sun. Then the land hardened; brownish hills knifed by deep canyons set the tone for the next four or five hours. It was Patagonia, its windy vastnesses an unhospitable cover for a substratum rich in oil, coal, and other minerals. At times the airplane in its course down the continent flew over the Atlantic, and we saw the coastline as a gray unbroken cliff etched against the dark earth beyond, bringing the gulfs, capes, and peninsulas into sharp relief.

After Río Gallegos we turned southwest, where the hills flattened and meandering rivers left behind patches of green along the shallow valleys. Here and there the red-roofed buildings of an estancia added color to the dark-brown soil. Suddenly a great body of water appeared through holes in the clouds. "We are about to cross Magellan Strait," crackled the pilot's voice over the loudspeakers. One November morning 447 years before, Fernando Magalhães sighted the passage for the first time, calling it "All Saints." As he entered the strait he noticed along the southern shore a number of bonfires, and thus named that region Tierra del Fuego — "Land of Fire." It appeared to us as an indistinct line over the horizon.

Minutes later we landed at the Punta Arenas airport and were met by a huge, jovial young man who introduced himself as Henton Rocamora; he would be our guide and invaluable companion for the next ten days. Expertly he disposed of the customs formalities, and we were soon on our way toward Chile's southernmost town. Considering its remoteness, we were all the more surprised to discover that Punta Arenas is a pleasant, busy city of

70,000, with well-paved streets, handsome banks, theaters, movie houses, social centers, an active ski club, and a first-class hotel, the Caba de Hornos. On the main square, dark and welcoming with shade trees, there is a bronze statue of Magellan high on a pedestal flanked by two reclining Indians. We noticed some people touching the foot of one of the Indians, and on inquiry learned that according to an old belief whoever touches the foot will sooner or later return to Punta Arenas.

The population includes large Yugoslav, German, and English colonies, the reason one finds so many Slavic and blond, blue-eyed people among the olive-skinned Chileans with their coal-black hair and, often, the broad features of local Indians.

Two days later in Henton's comfortable station wagon we began the long trip north toward the land of Última Esperanza, or Last Hope, one of the three departments of Magellan Province. Oddly enough, in that region of frequent rains and fog the sky was a clear blue, the air as crisp as a spring morning's awakening. At first the gravel road took us through an area of wide, treeless valleys dotted with sheep grazing the short grass called *coirón*. Now and then a cluster of poplars added their stiff note; and among the trees we could see the white buildings of an estancia, presided over by the administrator's residence. Nearby was the long shed used for shearing sheep.

A harsh wind began to blow from the northwest, where white-crowned mountains played sentinel over the horizon. Peons on horseback trotted stiffly alongside the road. Their summer work over, they were now checking the wire fences for possible breaks. When in two months winter snows cover the pastures, they will be busy shaving the sheep around the eyes to prevent their being blinded and unable to find food; or they will roam the fields in search of buried sheep. These animals are easy to locate because instinct moves them during snowstorms to seek the protection of the *calafate*, a fruit-bearing shrub common to all Patagonia. If snow covers the *calafate*, the animals' breathing will form a chimney. As a last resource, snow-bound sheep will eat their own wool until rescued.

After lunch in the Hotel Ruben the scenery changed under threatening clouds; occasional squalls turned into wet snow. We crossed rushing streams, drove by small lakes swarming with black-necked swans (and, according to Henton, the home of some of the world's biggest salmon). The mountain slopes were now thick with birches, oaks, larches, and *coihues*, Patagonian trees with round parasitic growths which often develop shapes closer to man's handiwork than to nature's ingenuity.

We reached the bay of Última Esperanza at Puerto Natales, a town of six thousand people mostly of Indian descent—gentle people, hardworking, and happily improvident, employed mainly in sheep shearing, meat packing, and coal mining. At the western end of the bay looms Balmaceda Mountain, the southernmost bulwark of the Patagonian Andes, which at this latitude are broken up by a vast system of inlets, fjords, canals, and bays several hundred miles long.

Late that afternoon we arrived at estancia Cerro Castillo, a number of white buildings neatly lined up along a spacious street; on the front of each building a sign identified its occupant: "Carpenter," "Accountant," "Teacher," "Mechanic," "Electrician," and so forth. One felt that in such a well-ordered community everything must function with chronometric precision; and indeed, as we wandered about the street and stopped to chat with some residents, it became abundantly clear that nothing unsettling ever happened in that contented village. Half a mile beyond, the administrator's building sat in the center of a clump of poplar trees. It is a splendid structure which bears witness to the expensive tastes of its former occupants—former, because not long ago the owners of a number of estancias in the area, appalled by the high cost of their administrators' personal budgets, which included the wages of a butler, valets, maids, cooks, gardeners, and a liveried chauffeur, summarily fired the whole lot and turned the houses into hostels. This is why the land of Last Hope now offers to the traveler several inns; they combine a typically British atmosphere—all administrators were fastidiously British—with modern comfort. The Hostería Pionero del Cerro Castillo is under the care of a young Austrian

couple with a keen sense for simple hospitality; somewhat neglected since the dismissal of two full-time gardeners, the garden is a tumult of lupins, calendulas, poppies, columbines, and oversize white daisies blooming pell-mell among enormous bushes of musk roses.

Dinner that night consisted of noodle soup, Swiss chard omelet, lamb meat with rice—a specialty of the region—and fresh fruit with whipped cream. Later we relaxed in the living room warmed by a generous fire and an abundance of upholstered armchairs in the finest English tradition. In one corner three young agricultural experts were discussing experimental farming; they had tried several hundred types of grass and were comparing their respective properties and advantages. Eagerly they told us that thanks to the new resistant seeds large areas would soon be turned into pastureland. Sturdier grasses meant healthier sheep, thicker wool, expanded opportunities for all. Their eyes were aglow with honest enthusiasm. Then they talked about the fabulous fishing in the lakes and

rivers around the Paine massifs where they would spend the next day with line and rod. Henton Rocamora had organized an excursion to the same area, picnic luncheon and all, for our own party of seven.

The next morning was radiant with early sun, dew, and the clamoring of birds; the hills made long shadows on the awakening valley. As the car sped northward, a panorama of high mountains dominated by the Paine massif unrolled before us. Almost alone, the Paine advances through the eastern spurs of the Andes like a gigantic fortress crenellated with towers and pinnacles. At our passage flocks of great bustards known as *caiques* too clumsily to flight. We turned on a westerly course along Lago Sarmiento, where black-necked swans kept a disdainful distance and *patos a vapor* (steam ducks), which are unable to fly, sped over the surface of the water propelled by rudimentary wings with such violence as to make them resemble the paddle of a side-wheeled steamer.

The road narrowed to a winding roller-coaster path cut here and

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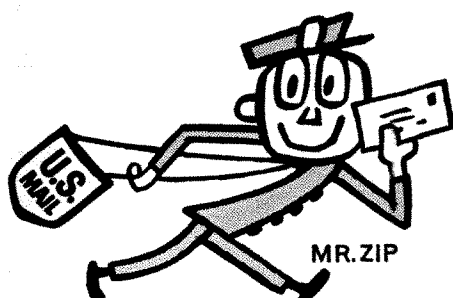
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there by streams. The wind blew with savage force over a stark landscape of ravines and rocky hills. Not far beyond, the snows and towers of the Paine massif played hide-and-seek amid a turbulence of murky clouds. A lone condor flew aloft, its motionless wings spread as if crucified. Suddenly Henton said, "Look! Guanacos!" Two hundred yards to our right a number of those llama-like animals were nibbling at the grass, their tawny-colored bodies silhouetted against the mountain.

By then we had come so close to the Paine massif as to make out in detail its configuration. To the northwest hovers the tallest peak, the Paine Grande, a huge tower 10,000 feet high encrusted with ice that glitters in the infrequent sunlight with different shades of aquamarine. Its base is covered by a mantle of snow which ends abruptly at a sheer wall of ice several hundred feet high. To the east a deep valley links the Paine Mountain with two gigantic pyramids rising almost vertically from the shores of Lake Nordenskjöld, like two monstrous shafts; they are the horns of the Paine. The massif ends in the Almirante Nieto Mountain, famed for its three granite towers, and challenging to mountain climbers.

As we stood on a hill with our backs to the buffeting wind, the great mountain was revealed in all its magnificence. Thick clouds swirled around the upper reaches and rolled down the icebound inclines like gray unfurling waves. A shaft of sunlight briefly burned the three towers into incandescent crissons. Henton shouted against the roaring wind that seldom had the Paine looked so awe-inspiring. We descended toward the Salto Grande del Paine, a churning mass of foamy water that plunges down a precipitous rockbed to form Lake Pehoe. It is in character with the wild mountain and the stern, wind-tormented landscape.

Gasping and numb with cold, we soon repaired to the station wagon, which took us to Estación Pudeto to have lunch. Estación Pudeto turned out to be a small stone house standing by a narrow bridge half a mile below the Salto Grande del Paine. When Henton rapped at the door it was opened by a dark-eyed young man in an old sport shirt and baggy pants. He let us in while shyly apologizing for his unshaven face.

The room was furnished with a wood-burning stove, an open cupboard, and a rustic table flanked by two benches; a portable radio played some popular Chilean tune. As keeper of Lake Grey National Park, Sergio Gallardo prevents stray cattle and sheep from wandering into his territory, watches for forest fires, and in general is responsible for maintaining order inside the park. He lives alone the year round, dozens of miles away from the nearest habitation, connected with the outside world only through his radio and occasional visitors like ourselves. In all seasons and weathers he spends most of the time on horseback (the brown mare we had seen grazing nearby is his only companion), going over his realm, always on the alert. Did solitude weigh heavily on him? He shrugged his shoulders. Well, sometimes. It had been hard at first, but now he had become used to it. He had a faint smile. He couldn't complain after all. There were the mountains and the lakes, and besides, there was his yearly vacation in Puerto Natales, where girls abounded. Yes, everything considered, his was a good life.

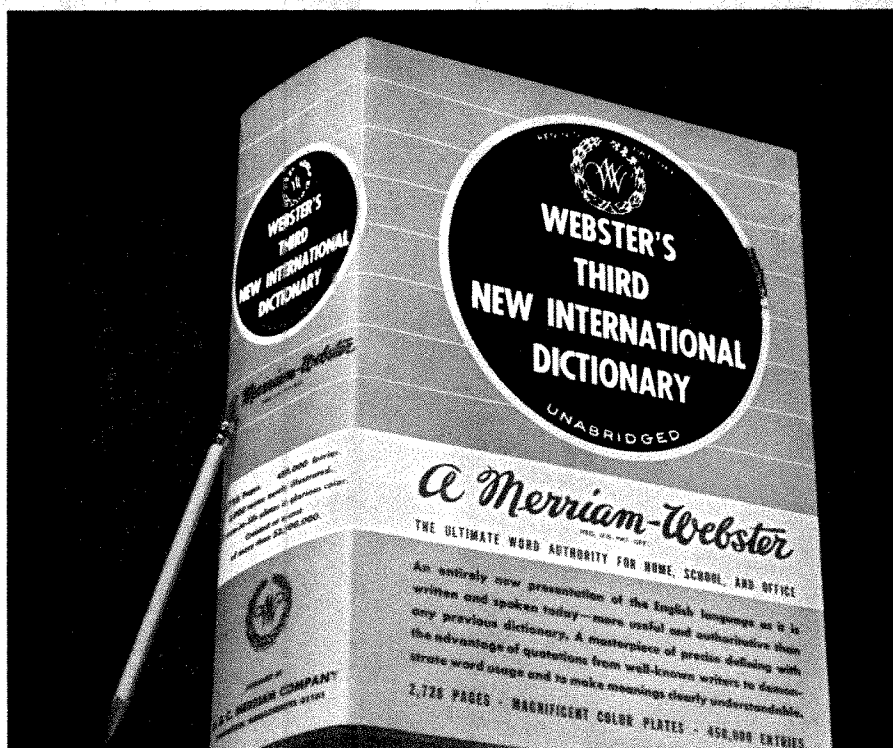
Henton had planned an outdoor picnic, but the wind was now blowing with hurricane force, so we decided to eat inside a shack near the keeper's house. It was a flimsy construction erected a few years ago by the crew that had built the bridge. We could see on the walls traces of a fancy wallpaper used partly as protection against the cold but mainly to put some cheer into the dismal rooms. A few boards became our table, and Sergio Gallardo let us have his benches for seats. As Henton emptied the big box that carried our food his face showed surprise, then bewilderment, then outrage. He swore under his breath. "The fools!" he snarled. "They changed boxes with the other party!" Anxiously we gathered around him: sure enough, there was food for three only. "At least we can have hot soup," said Henton as he pulled out a big thermos bottle. It held hot water. He produced another thermos bottle. "This one must contain coffee," he said hopefully. More hot water, intended no doubt to be used for *mate*, the traditional South American drink sipped from a gourd by means of a sieve-bottomed silver tube. He scratched his head in dismay, then

broke into a bitter laugh. "I can see the faces of the other fellows when they discover the mix-up," he commented sourly. However, by apportioning the cold breaded veal, the ham, the lettuce and tomatoes, and the fruit, we found that no one would really starve, not even Eliberto Togni, a vast man with a walrus mustache who had gallantly pretended a lack of appetite. We began to laugh at our predicament and at Henton's discomfiture. With the help of several bottles of wine we all ended up in good spirits.

Early the following morning, after a copious dinner — courtesy of a chagrined management — and a restful night at the Hostería Pionero del Cerro Castillo, we returned to Puerto Natales, where another excursion organized by the indefatigable Henton awaited us. Under gray skies and a drizzling rain we boarded the *27 de Mayo*, a fishing trawler converted into a pleasure boat for the occasion. Tall, densely forested mountains shrouded in mist loomed ghostlike as we chugged along the Bay of Última Esperanza, actually a fjord linked to the Pacific Ocean by a complex network of canals, saltwater lakes, and other fjords. Sea lions on ledges along the rocky shore mournfully shook their heads at us. By noon we arrived at the end of the bay and landed under a downpour to visit the Serrano glacier, its higher reaches invisible in the fog. A path that wound its way through thick foliage led to a steep embankment. Once at the top the head of the glacier suddenly appeared before us, an eerie expanse of jagged ridges, dark caverns, and wrinkled crags and pinnacles that glimmered with icy blues.

On the return voyage the sun broke through the clouds as we stopped briefly before Balmaceda glacier, the largest of them all. Sweeping down the mountain like a petrified river, it had a massive grandeur that caught our breath. When we approached Puerto Natales in late afternoon a high wind chased the last clouds away. Far to the northwest a becalmed Paine was settling for the night in undiminished majesty. Peace descended upon the elemental, fiercely beautiful world of Última Esperanza.

Two days later we bid farewell to Punta Arenas, the touch of our fingers still warm on the Indian's foot.



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The Conductorial Scramble

by Herbert Kupferberg



Judging by their recent outpouring of records, today's young conductors are well aware there soon will be a number of vacant podiums in the land. The Boston Symphony is looking, the New York Philharmonic is looking, the Chicago Symphony is looking, though its search may not take as long as the others. One of these days Philadelphia may be in the market too, and Cleveland eventually will follow. According to baseball legend, one of John McGraw's second basemen, named Larry Doyle, once enthused: "It's great to be young and a Giant!" Considering the current job opportunities, a musician could be excused for observing that nowadays it's great to be young and a conductor.

No one, of course, is hired as a conductor on the basis of his recordings; it's a little too much to expect the trustees of the Boston Symphony or the New York Philharmonic to sit up nights comparing, say, Zubin Mehta's way with Tchaikovsky's Fourth with Lorin Maazel's. As instructive as such a procedure might be, it would deal with only one aspect of the conductor's qualifications, his musicianship. And while no symphony trustee in his right mind would ignore a conductor's musicianship, it remains a fact of modern musical life that this is no longer the sole, or even the principal, qualification by which a prospective new musical director can be judged.

What seems to be happening is that the very nature of the conductor's job is changing. How else explain the sudden unrest among directors of the top-ranking orchestras in this country, and in Europe as well? Neither Leonard Bernstein nor Erich Leinsdorf, who have announced their intentions of leaving their musical directorships in New York and Boston, is an old man biologically; and on the conductorial age scale they are practically boys. Bernstein is forty-nine, Leinsdorf fifty-six. Toscanini stayed with the New York Philharmonic until he was sixty-nine and with the NBC Symphony until eighty-seven; Koussevitzky conducted the Boston until he was seventy-five. Beecham, Monteux, and others remained with their orchestras into their seventies and even eighties. Until now, conducting has never been regarded as essentially a young man's job.

But the new conductor is going to face a vastly changed assignment

from the old. When Erich Leinsdorf announced his retirement, within eighteen months, from the position in Boston he had accepted so enthusiastically six years ago, he gave as his reason the workload of the job. Other factors apparently were involved as well, but there is no reason to doubt that the position itself has grown increasingly demanding and intractable. And what is true of Boston is equally true elsewhere.

"The fact is," says a woman concert agent well acquainted with a number of young conductors, "that most seasons have grown too long for one conductor to handle. Boston is the toughest, with a long winter season plus Tanglewood, but the others are bad too. The old twenty-six-week season with the rest of the year off is out; now they want a musical director for fifty-two weeks, including touring and summer festivals. Musical directors either have to keep preparing new programs or playing the same things over and over. What we may see is the development of much stronger associate conductors, or even a second conductor of major stature with the big orchestras."

Ronald Wilford of Columbia Artists Management, who manages such outstanding young conductors as Colin Davis, Lukas Foss, Istvan Kertesz, Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, Thomas Schippers, and Stanislas Skrowaczewski, points out that the stability and security of a permanent musical directorship have lost some of their allure. "Conductors today might not want that kind of an arrangement," said Wilford. "Ten years ago they did. Today many prefer the freedom to move around to being wedded to an orchestra. In the last five years fees for conducting in Europe have almost become the equivalent of American fees. Not that money has ever ruled in this business, but some conductors feel there is more stimulation in moving around."

Another factor in the conductorial unrest was spotlighted by a New York personal representative for many top-rank artists. "There's simply too much music today," he said. "The classical hit parade is overexposed on records. The conscientious musical director is under a constant pressure to do new things all the time. Fritz Reiner once said that the job was ninety-eight percent

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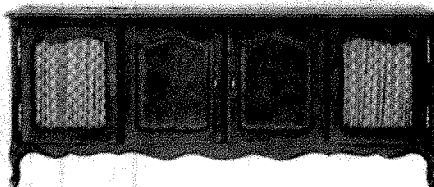
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program-making and two percent conducting. The program-making has just become too much."

A change also has come over the relations between conductors and the men in their orchestras. Union musicians, having fought for years for full-year employment and achieved it with the major orchestras, apparently are finding themselves overworked and overstrained, with resulting tensions between them and the conductor. In addition, conductors find that contract job security provisions and hiring procedures make it difficult to make personnel changes they deem essential; the case of the Metropolitan Opera versus one of its French horn players became a *cause célèbre* and dragged on for years. "George Szell built a remarkable orchestra in Cleveland twenty years ago," says Mr. Wilford. "He did it his way, hiring whom he wanted. Do you suppose if he were starting today he could do what he did then?"

Yet with all this, orchestras like the Boston, Chicago, and New York Philharmonic still are going to have music directors, and there will be no dearth of applicants. Some of the most likely candidates have already been named in this article, and there are plenty of other more or less young hopefuls such as Claudio Abbado, Pierre Boulez, Carlo Maria Giulini, Georges Prêtre, and Georg Solti. The guessing game, which started in New York last November the day after Leonard Bernstein announced his retirement next year, has now spread across the country. Probably even the orchestra trustees don't know whom they want; if they did they would have named them. Instead, both Boston and New York are going to be looking over and listening to the field carefully. The Philharmonic's card of guest conductors through 1969 reads almost like the elimination tourney being staged by the World Boxing Association to pick a successor to Cassius Clay. The young conductorial aspirants will be able to earn while they yearn.

But do they have the experience and repertory required in the big jobs? Some observers are dubious, pointing out that the previous generation of conductors built their reputations brick by brick, many of them learning their trade in the smaller European opera houses and concert halls. But even here there

were exceptions: Leonard Bernstein came to the Philharmonic by way of Tanglewood and Broadway, and Erich Leinsdorf was twenty-six years old when he made an overnight sensation conducting *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera. In the speeded-up modern world, conductors may learn faster than they used to; indeed, they almost have to. Says Mr. Wilford: "The problem isn't finding a conductor with repertory; it's getting the right combination of conductor and orchestra, like Ormandy-Philadelphia, Bernstein-New York, and Koussevitzky-Boston. I think that's what's going to happen during this trying-out period: they're going to wait and see who generates the excitement of the right combination."

Meanwhile, the young conductors go right on making records. For sheer bulk of recent output, thirty-one-year-old Zubin Mehta holds an edge. The Bombay-born conductor, who is said to be known in Los Angeles as "Zubi, baby," has no fewer than six new releases out simultaneously. London Records sent a recording crew to California to enregister his performances, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, of Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* and Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* (CS-6552), Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 (CS-6553), and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and *Circus Polka* (CS-5554). With the Vienna Philharmonic he has done Liszt's *Les Préludes* and several Wagnerian excerpts (CS-6529). Obviously, London is finding that Mehta has a repertory, and presumably it also is finding that his name sells records, which is another consideration that symphony boards of directors do not overlook. RCA Victor has also released Mehta's recording with the Montreal Symphony of two rather inconsequential modern Canadian works, Roger Matton's *Mouvement Symphonique No. 2* and Pierre Mercure's *Lignes et points* (LSC-2980).

The most spectacular new Mehta recording is an operatic album devoted to Verdi's *Aida*, with Birgit Nilsson, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, and Mario Sereni, and the Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus (Angel SCL-3716: three records). These are high-powered singers, every one, but Mehta does more than ride the crest of the vocal excitement; he generates plenty of his own, although the Triumphal Scene

could do with a bit more crispness.

Seiji Ozawa's newest entry is Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, with the Toronto Symphony (CBS-32-11-0036). Ozawa, also in his early thirties, got his first training in his native Japan, and worked four years as Bernstein's assistant at the Philharmonic. With Mehta, he represents a curious phenomenon, the unexpected mastery by conductors of Eastern origin of the Western musical tradition. RCA Victor also makes good use of Ozawa's talents in performances, with the Chicago Symphony, of Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* and Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (LSC-2977).

Pierre Boulez, the French modernist, is represented by two Everest records devoted to what is, for him, typical repertory — a Stravinsky collection including *Renard* and the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* (3184) and Olivier Messiaen's *Seven Haikai* and Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony, Opus 9 (3192). In both he conducts the Domaine Musicale Orchestra.

Most of the other front-runners are represented only by a single release, but they'll be making more. Anyone wishing to get a late line on the new talents can listen to Claudio Abbado's vigorous *Romeo and Juliet* of Prokofiev, with the London Symphony (London CS-6522); Colin Davis' warm and refined *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* of Mozart, with the Philharmonia (Seraphim S-60057); Carlo Maria Giulini's sparkling Rossini Overtures, also with the Philharmonia (Seraphim S-60058); Georges Prêtre's lovely Poulenc record containing the Piano Concerto and the Aubade for Piano and Eighteen Instruments, with the Conservatoire Orchestra (Angel 36426); Lorin Maazel's light and elegant *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* music of Richard Strauss, with the Vienna Philharmonic (London CS-6537); and Georg Solti's *Night on Bald Mountain*, in which Moussorgsky's tone poem is made to sound properly scary, but also is given an unusually beautiful and tranquil ending (London CS-6503).

Incidentally, if anyone is interested, the most brilliant and exciting orchestral concert I've attended so far this season was a program given at Carnegie Hall by a six-year-old group called the American Symphony Orchestra. The feature of the evening was an absolutely stunning

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performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. The conductor was Leopold Stokowski, who will be eighty-six years old on April 18. Now, *there's* an idea . . .

Record Reviews

Boito: Mefistofele (selections)

Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass, and Franco Tagliavini, tenor, with Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Silvio Varviso; London OS-26021

Boito's opera *Mefistofele* is built around a basso, and it has a solid and sturdy one in Nicolai Ghiaurov. But these excerpts present an incomplete structure, for Mephistopheles always needs his helpers, both demonic and angelic, for a balanced musical picture. Ghiaurov, a Bulgarian now ensconced at the Metropolitan Opera, is so good in his great scene of the Prologue in Heaven that one regrets that this interesting work is so sketchily represented here. It would be nice to regard these highlights as a foretaste of a complete recording to come.

Haydn: The Seasons

Karl Böhm conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, with Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Peter Schreier, tenor; and Martti Talvela, bass; Deutsche Grammophon 139254/56: three records

Haydn's oratorio *The Seasons* often turns out to be a tedious work, its charms outweighed by its length. Not so in this superb recording, however, with Böhm leading a warm, genial, lyric performance that makes every moment a delight. The vocal soloists also sing beautifully as Haydn traces in song the passage of nature's changing landscapes. It's nature to single out any one high spot in this beautiful musical journey, but the moment of calm expectancy before the great storm in the summer section is unforgettable.

Bach: Suites for Unaccompanied Cello (complete)

Maurice Gendron, cellist; World Series PHC-3-010: three records

Bach's solo cello suites, forbidding though they seem when played in sequitur and in toto, hold no terrors for French cellist Maurice Gendron. He plunges into them with enthusiasm, warmth, and feeling, as well as superb technical equipment. The result is as animated a recording of

these works as exists, from the first prelude to the last gigue. The recorded sound gives an unusual feeling of live presence. A final attraction is the moderate price of the album, issued in Philips bargain-line World Series.

Strauss: Till Eulenspiegel, Don Juan

Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice

Berlioz: Queen Mab Scherzo from Romeo and Juliet

Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor VIC-1267 (monaural only)

It is good to be reminded from time to time of the miracle of Toscanini, especially of his ability to impart new vitality to thrice-familiar works seemingly by tightening up their inner parts so that they move in perfect precision and order. Sharp wit rather than mere geniality characterized Toscanini's *Till Eulenspiegel*, and his *Sorcerer's Apprentice* and *Queen Mab Scherzo* were masterpieces of orchestral virtuosity. More than most Toscanini reissues, this one is sheer fun to listen to, and its fifteen-year-old sound is ample to convey its varied humors.

Browning: My Last Duchess and Other Poems

James Mason, reader; Caedmon TC-1201 (monaural only)

From the sinister "My Last Duchess" to the breathless "How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix," James Mason is the ideal reader for Browning. He brings not only clear and understandable tones but an actor's insight to these miniature dramatic pictures, which sometimes seem almost Shakespearean in their penetration. This is the second Browning album recorded by Mr. Mason; among the poems included are "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," "The Lost Leader," and "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

Fiddle Faddle and Fourteen Other Leroy Anderson Favorites

Maurice Abravanel conducting Utah Symphony Orchestra; Vanguard-Cardinal VCS-10016

In a world where composers (like most other people) tend to think big, Leroy Anderson thinks small. The result has been an endearing collection of such brief symphonic pieces as "Sleigh Ride," "Fiddle Faddle," "Sandpaper Ballet," "Song

of the Bells," and the like. Their purpose is diversion, and they have been fulfilling it notably at Boston Pops Concerts and similar events for years. Especially pleasurable in this collection are "Syncopated Clock," "Jazz Pizzicato," and "The Typewriter," in which a sixty-word-a-minute man is soloist, and the carriage shifts from left to right in stereo. Mr. Abravanel and his musicians take things a bit seriously at times, but the music's spirit of fun is triumphant.

Canadian Folk Songs

Alan Mills, Raoul Roy, Hélène Bailargeon, Louise Forestier, and others; RCA Victor CS-100: nine records

This is a whopping collection, made jointly by RCA Victor's Canadian affiliate and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. It celebrates the Canadian Centennial and brings together many of the country's leading singers and instrumentalists. As a survey of songs for four centuries it is exhaustive, and as a showpiece for some perfectly charming melodies it is delightful. Many of the songs are tunes that somehow strayed over the border (though in which direction it's not clear) and one may hear such familiar numbers as "Barbara Allen," "Red River Valley," and "Old Chisholm Trail" in somewhat varied forms. Many of the songs, of course, are of French origin, and that language is used as much as English. One can dip into the nine-record album at almost any point and meet either an old musical friend or a new one worth making.

Marche Militaire: An Anthology of French March Music

Désiré Dondeyne conducting the Musique des Gardiens de la Paix; Westminster Music Guild, Volume I MS-145, Volume II MS-146

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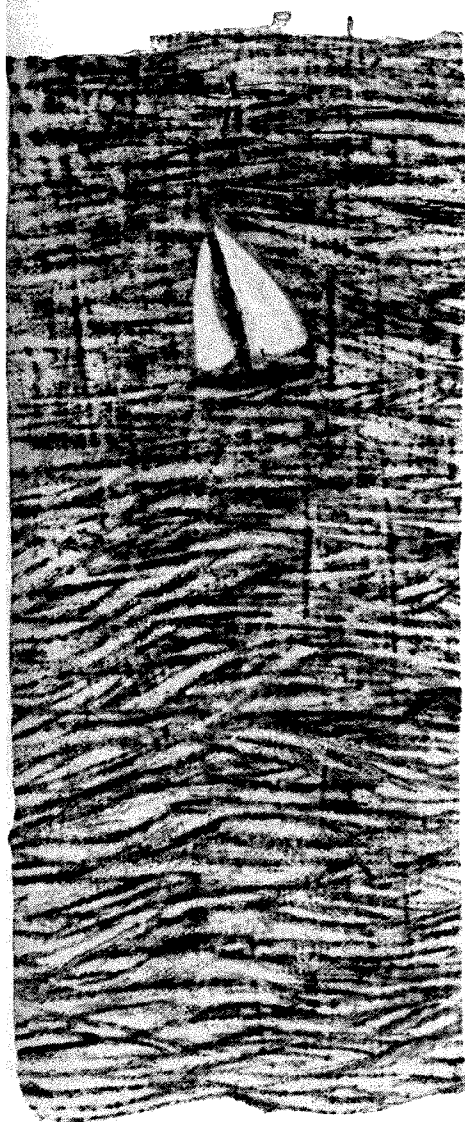
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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



In this mixed-up time of affluence and insecurity it is bracing to read of the Elizabethan hardihood of **SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER**. He steps out of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, a man with one lung who confidently proposes to make the fastest voyage around the world ever made in a small craft, alone. What he may lack in heft he makes up for in reflex and experience: he has repeatedly sailed across the Atlantic in self-steering yachts of his design, and in 1929 he completed the second solo flight, England to Australia, yet he was admittedly terrified at the thought of rounding Cape Horn. Of the eight yachts to have attempted it, six had been cap-sized or somersaulted. "I hate being frightened," he writes, "but, even more, I detest being prevented by fright." How he prepared and pulled through is told in his own words in **GIPSY MOTH CIRCLES THE WORLD** (Coward-McCann, \$5.95).

Saltwater readers will remember the sailing exploits and brave improvisations in this chronicle; what fascinate me are his exploits in endurance and psychology. The *Gipsy Moth IV*, as the numeral indicates, was a boat built to capitalize on earlier voyages and past mistakes, and regardless of expense. On the day of the launching she stuck on the greased ways; her skipper jumped down to lend a shoulder, and when the *Moth* hit the water, the ripples from a passing ferry made her rock fore and aft. "My God," Francis and his wife, Sheila, exclaimed, "she's a rocker!" The *Moth* was a 53-foot ketch, 39.5 feet at the waterline, capable of a theoretical speed of 200 miles a day, using her powerful self-steering gear when her skipper was otherwise employed. During her trials on the Solent there were two developments: she was "horribly tender," lying over as much as 80 degrees, which meant heavy additions to the keel; and in one rough run the skipper skidded on a metal skylight and crashed on his thigh, with pain and partial paralysis which were to trouble him for months.

With his crippled leg, his bottles and tins banging in the cupboards as the *Moth* heels over, Chichester takes his leave of Plymouth on August 27; his boat is light (six skins of mahogany form the hull, the total $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick) and maneuverable with only the mainsail set. In the turbulence of the Channel the skip-

per is seasick (so at times was Nelson), eats little or nothing at the outset, keeps dry in his one-piece deck suit, and has his first good sleep of four consecutive hours on the seventh day.

He coasts too close to Madeira, and in squalls the *Moth* gets out of control; it takes him two and a half hours to jibe, one hour before midnight and an hour and a half afterward, by which time he is weak from fatigue. He dozes, to find on waking that the boat is heading back north. Caught, later, in a sudden night squall the big genny (the size of a room 20 by 30 feet) is blown overboard; with all sails lowered and the boat stopped, he hauls the genny in-board, foot by foot. He revives his spirits with brandy and with John Masefield's thrilling account of the clipper *Bird of Dawning* racing up the British Channel.

The *Moth* enters the tropics, and her naked skipper breakfasts on flying fish, delicious when fried in butter. He logs 194 miles in a day and figures out that he has just made "the longest six-day run by any singlehander." On the evening of September 17, he sits in the cockpit in smoking jacket, new trousers, and black shoes, celebrating his sixty-fifth birthday with a champagne cocktail. After toasting his wife and son, he looks inward: "People keep at me about my age. I suppose they think that I can beat age. I am not that foolish. . . . Our only purpose in life . . . is to put up the best performance we can—in anything, and only in doing so lies satisfaction in living. . . . I see that action appears a necessary ingredient for deep feeling. This sort of venture that I am now on is a way of life for me." In his exploration of solitude he is much more articulate than Admiral Byrd.

But after that lovely evening the sea buffets him. He fights a losing struggle to keep the *Moth* heading, close-hauled; the eggs go bad, and he jettisons fourteen dozen; he worries about his water supply and the rain he had hoped to collect from the mainsail, busts his self-steering gear, nearly breaks a rib and does break a tooth, tries to cement it back and ends by smoothing the ragged edge with a file.

Living at a perpetual angle of 30 degrees, Chichester is schooled in the vulnerability of the *Moth* in the gales he encounters in the Roaring Forties. At Sydney he has a respite and his

boat a professional refitting. But the worst is yet to come and he dreads it. Two days out, the tropical cyclone Diana churns up the Tasman Sea, and a gigantic wave rolls the *Gipsy Moth* right over, until the mast is between 40 degrees and 60 degrees below the horizontal. Chichester is in his bunk when the contents of the cabin are flung down on him, one serrated-edged cutting knife embedding within inches of his head. The recovery must be read in his words; it took days, pumping, picking up, and patching, on a diet of honey and water. It is characteristic that the log simply notes, "January 30. About 22.30. Capsize," and that when he gets through by radio to Sheila in Sydney, he complains of the horrible smell of spilled beer and wet vitamin tablets stuck to the cabin roof but keeps repeating that no assistance is needed.

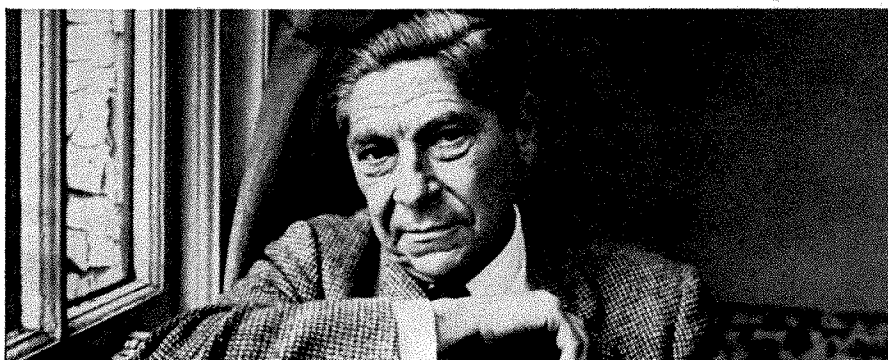
Intrepid, resourceful, and lucky are the right words for this solo voyage of 29,630 miles, which shattered all records. The text is vivid, self-aware, gay, and glorying in the elements.

The unsinkable English

I know of no other people on the globe who have survived the losses the English have taken since 1914 and still have enough gimp to laugh at themselves. The Viennese have turned dour, so have the French. In the face of staggering debts, devaluation of the pound, congested roads, and irresponsible adolescents, "England," so say those witty commentators DAVID FROST and ANTHONY JAY, "is still the world's leading manufacturer of cricket bats, Union Jacks, sheet music of God Save the Queen, souvenir paperweights of the Tower of London, and second class railway carriages." Yes, and I would add, London continues to be the best-dressed capital, owns the handsomest cars, supports forty-five plays to New York's fifteen, has lured the slickest gamblers from Las Vegas and the best chefs from Paris, and treats its home audience to the most intelligent television on the screen. If all this is a delusion of grandeur, who pays the bill?

In their witty book **THE ENGLISH** (Stein and Day, \$5.95) Mr. Frost and Mr. Jay have examined their homeland as if they were irreverent anthropologists from another planet.

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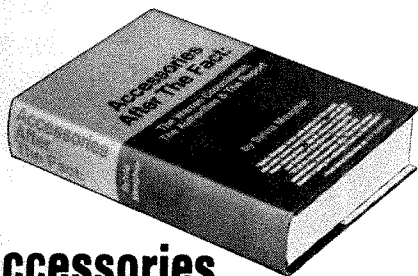
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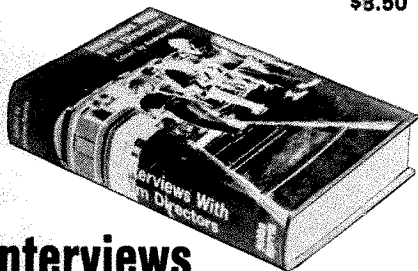
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Interviews With Film Directors

edited by ANDREW SARRIS

The film critic for the *Village Voice* has brought together forty of the world's great film makers to discuss their own work and the art of film. Each interview is prefaced with a brief essay evaluating the director's career; included are photographs of the directors (often at work), and a filmography.

"...the work of Mr. Sarris, with its high standard of selection and the brilliance of its editorial contribution, should come first."

—*Library Journal*

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They are quite aware of what they call the derelict empire with its impotent army and doubtful currency, and of how little these imponderables have dented the Englishman's attitude toward sin, money, women, love, food, politics, and travel. One does not have either to like or detest the English to find this an amusing book.

The authors tell us that five million Britons visit the Continent each year, and that "the barbarity subdued and the difficulty overcome—this is what makes an Englishman's holiday abroad marvelous," as witness these comments: "The only one for sixty people; no bolt on the door, naturally. . . ." "Look at that! They don't even bother to go behind the hedge!" "Everywhere you turn there's someone standing with his hand out for money."

Messrs. Frost and Jay are quite as realistic about the English menu before it was improved by the American invasion and the French chefs: "For us, food was leathery meat, watery greens, leaden suet puddings, stewed tea, pink blanc mange, and tapioca. It was epitomized by the seaside boarding house waitress bending over a customer with the magic words 'Gravy, sir. One lump or two?'" These boys—David Frost is one of the stars of *That Was the Week That Was*—are glib and so clever that one can see why their book was a smash hit at home. But they are not without their serious side. "England," they conclude, "has all the qualifications to play the role of Athens. Why on earth then does she insist on crippling herself without point or purpose by trying to be a mini-Rome?"

BRIGID BROPHY, her husband, MICHAEL LEVEY, and CHARLES OSBORNE have concocted what the English would call "a wicked book," FIFTY WORKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE WE COULD DO WITHOUT (Stein and Day, \$4.95). Their demolition technique is based on two principles: find a defect in a long-revered classic, and then jump on the thing until it is dead; and, second, the most amusing way to push down an esteemed author is to push up a minor writer in his place. But unfair or otherwise, their attack has produced some splendid fireworks, and the fifty works which they have blasted are of such varied assortment that every reader is bound to find among them

some old enemies and smile as they are blown sky-high.

The list begins with *Beowulf*, which is rated "a fine example of primitive non-art." Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* is dynamited for its "punishing length, utter confusion and unremitting tedium . . . and monotonous rhyming verses which run endlessly on . . ." (I agree). *Moby Dick* is "American literature's . . . false prophet in fake biblical prose" (unfair). *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* gets the hand grenade because Lewis Carroll, as they see him, was "kinky about little girls, and he was an extremely dull, humourless man" (partially debatable). Their short rejection of *Huckleberry Finn* betrays a fundamental lack of understanding, and they complain about everything in *Hamlet* except that the play works on the stage. *A Farewell to Arms* is written off because Hemingway had not learned his lesson from Gertrude Stein and did not possess her exquisite choice of words (this is plain silly; see Stein's monumental monotony, *The Making of Americans*). Arbitrary and malicious as they are, the trio are protesting against the thoughtless acceptance of "classics," established by tradition and perpetuated by the reluctance of teachers and examiners to alter a system which everyone has learned to endure.

The drawings and the witticisms in *Punch* are the distillation of English humor, and both have had a propitious influence on the *New Yorker* as the *New Yorker* has had upon them, a reciprocity celebrated by Harold Ross in his entertainment of the *Punch* board in New York. What Bateman's cartoons did to distract his countrymen in the First World War, NORMAN THELWELL's do today. His illustrated books, *Up the Garden Path*, *Thelwell's Riding Academy*, and *Top Dog*, have each seized upon an Englishman's hobby and made it hilarious. And now in THELWELL'S COMPLEAT TANGLER (Dutton, \$3.50), the artist has exposed the foibles and the hazards of the fisherman. They are all here: the coarse fisherman, the poacher, the salmon angler, the dry fly man, "interested only in water as clear as gin—and twice as expensive." Here is the brotherhood and the lack of it; the etiquette which can so swiftly be fouled up by competition. Here is the well-dressed angler who has em-

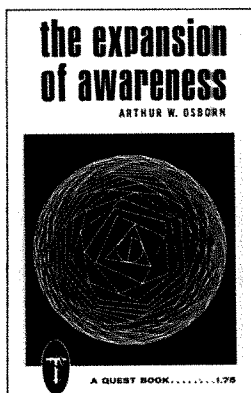
bedded his fly in the back of his new tweed, and the spinner who has lodged his lure in a sheep's wool and is running to catch up. Mr. Thelwell's sense of the unlikely and the absurd is delightfully depicted.

The warm heart in disguise

MRS. BENEKER by **VIOLET WEINGARTEN** (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50) is, as the title implies, a portrait novel, and its success depends on the swiftness and sympathy with which the reader is engrossed in the heroine's life. Mrs. Beneker if you met her at a cocktail party would appear a well-turned-out suburban wife. She is in her late forties, and with her children grown and sex subdued, she has resumed the intellectual curiosity she enjoyed in college. But for all this outward conventionality one could not imagine what goes on in her mind — and this is the fun of the book.

She is a very friendly soul and like most of us wants to be loved; she is given to saying what she thinks; she can neither check nor disguise her impulsiveness; and her recurring problem is how to behave decently in situations where she has been caught off balance. She gets a kick out of Religion G, the course in General Studies which she has been taking at Columbia, and Professor Serota in his sophisticated way makes her feel quite secure in her agnosticism, until her beloved son Tommy is critically injured in a smashup; then her panic reaction drives her to her knees. For her daughter Norah (who has just presented her with her first grandchild) she has achieved an affectionate tolerance, but Tommy baffles her: she puzzles in private over the books he brings home from Harvard, Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* and Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*; she dislikes his girl, Carla, and she cannot understand the apathy which causes Tommy to drop out. She suspects that Mr. Beneker is having an affair, cannot conceal her jealousy, and having shown her hand, cannot find complete assurance in his explanation. Essentially kind, uninterested in things or money, surprising in the help she gives to other women, Mrs. Beneker in her imaginative way is searching for herself, and within the limits of this deft and lively book she proves to be an attractive, very human woman.

"By worldly standards I should have been well satisfied to accept life as I found it. My health has been sound, and as much success as is good for me has come my way. Yet from early years I have experienced a deep sense of dissatisfaction which has forced me to look below the surface of things. It has also so happened that I have been brought into touch with people whose experiences are unusual; some of a "psychic" nature and others with mystical glimpses. Also, for many years I have closely studied the records of psychical research and have made my own investigations and received sufficient evidence to disturb any complacency I might have had that the common-sense world was the only reality. I am constantly meeting people who, while apparently immersed in this world's activities, are not so in reality. They are inwardly groping for some explanation of their existence. They are not what are called "deep thinkers", nor natural students, yet they are thoughtful, well educated, and are burdened with unanswered questions . . ."



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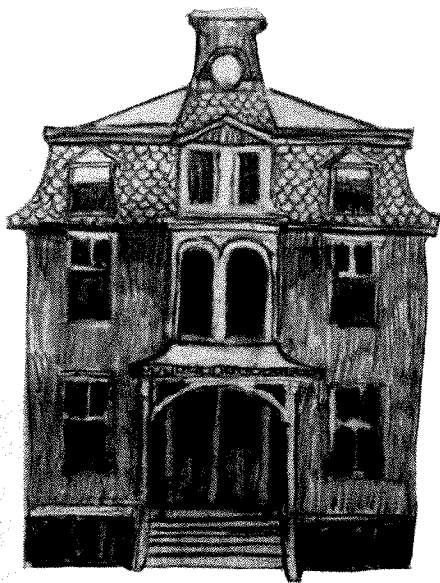
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



ANDREW TURNBULL'S THOMAS WOLFE (Scribner's, \$7.95) is a fully rounded biography of a man who was briefly an American culture hero. Wolfe's two long novels sold well and met with an enthusiastic reception. He died before he reached the age of forty, and his reputation did not long survive him. Turnbull's incisive study assembles the material for an understanding of the man and his era. It rests upon extensive research in widely scattered sources, is skillfully put together, and makes absorbing reading.

The book is particularly enlightening when it deals with Wolfe's personal life. An excellent account of Tom's family background and of his youth in Asheville, North Carolina, reveals, for example, that his parents were not poor or underprivileged but well-to-do by local standards, a curious circumstance in the light of Wolfe's persistent sense of deprivation. Furthermore, he was always successful, favored by his parents, appreciated by his teachers, and recognized for his ability at Chapel Hill, at Harvard, and in the New York publishing world. Yet his attitude remained querulous, as if the world withheld his just deserts.

His financial reliance upon his family was significant, particularly since the aid was grudgingly given. Yet he felt no inner desire for independence, and in his first six months at Harvard, spent more than \$2000, a large sum in the 1920s. It was as if

he valued the support from others as evidence of the validity of his claims upon them.

Wolfe's dependence was also personal. He demanded the affection of older women — his mother, his Asheville teacher Mrs. Roberts, and Aline Bernstein, the New York stage designer eighteen years his senior with whom he conducted an agonizing and tempestuous love affair. Turnbull has disentangled the details of these relationships with care and writes about them with candor.

The book also explains the extent of Wolfe's indebtedness to the men who guided his career. He knew that he had genius and was determined to "force the inescapable fact down the throats of the rats and vermin who wait the proof." But genius for what he was not sure. Nor was he quite certain how the genius would express itself. Already in Asheville and Chapel Hill, therefore, he looked to his teachers to help him do what he believed he was capable of doing.

The quest for some directing influence led Wolfe to Harvard and to George Pierce Baker, whose drama workshop had acquired national fame. Tom made a favorable impression, secured admission to the workshop, and for a time, struck Baker as the most promising of his students. Like many other critics, Baker was prepared to believe in the young man's gifts, and up to a point, worked earnestly with him. But Wolfe's talents were not dramatic; he lacked the sense of form that would make his stories manageable on stage, and Baker retained enough detachment to be able to assess these shortcomings. Without more support than his teacher would give him, Tom abandoned the drama and turned to the novel.

Maxwell Perkins, the Scribner's editor, was prepared to play a larger role in Wolfe's life. Perkins, who had already worked with Fitzgerald, Lardner, and Hemingway, was willing to devote inordinate time to the new writer. The great undigested batches of manuscript came into the publisher's office, where they acquired form and coherence under the pressure of patient criticism. Turnbull's account of the relationship is fair to both men and suggests that Wolfe not only was helped in these exchanges but in them served a personal need of his editor.

Perkins, a proper New Englander

by way of New Jersey, had once told his wife that he would like to be a little dwarf on the shoulders of a great general, advising him what to do and what not to do without anyone noticing. He wished to control without bearing the responsibility for acting, to write without exposing his own emotions. In his mid-forties when he met Wolfe, Perkins hopped to the shoulders of the young giant in whose words he found an instrument with which to say what he could not himself say. And habitual dependence on others left the lonely misfit from North Carolina susceptible to direction.

Wolfe satisfied for other Americans the same need he satisfied for Perkins. The inter-war generation was burdened with self-doubt, unsure of its values, worried about whether it still possessed the vital energies of its forebears. Here came a big man who seemed all energy, who spilled over with things to say, and whose boldness and lack of discipline in revealing himself overrode all narrow conventions. Moreover, his earthiness seemed somehow related to that ancestral vigor in danger of being sapped by the artificiality of modern urban life. For the few years of his creativity, Wolfe supplied his readers with the sense of expansiveness they feared was forever gone from their lives.

Native son

CONSTANCE WEBB in **RICHARD WRIGHT** (Putnam's, \$7.95) deals with another Southerner who came north and whose experiences were the basis of books that also attracted favorable attention.

Life began for Richard Wright in Mississippi, at the nadir of Negro experience of the past century. Segregation, poverty, and violence were the normal features of existence, deliberately used to obliterate hope among the colored people and to keep them permanently inferior. In this milieu a boy in a fatherless family grew up without formal schooling, nursing a terrible concealed anger against whites. A love of reading and the flickering ambition to write, however, set this young man apart from others. At the age of nineteen he escaped to the Northern freedom of Chicago.

Yet Richard knew that he was a Southerner, his personality formed by that culture. But back there he

had never been able fully to be himself. "The South could recognize but a part of a man, could accept but a fragment of his personality, and all the rest—the best and deepest things of heart and mind—were tossed away in blind ignorance and hate." And the warping effects endured. Wright noted, in his inability to understand the whites with whom he now lived, that he was persisting in reading his present environment in the light of the old one.

The intelligent, attractive youth was taken up by people who wished to be helpful. Despite the pervasive effects of the Depression, he got by and continued to read and write. It was probably not surprising, given the temper of the times, that he drifted by way of the John Reed Society into the Communist Party. What is surprising was his slowness to perceive the extent to which the Party used him and exploited his color. The exodus of the intellectuals after the Hitler-Stalin pact in 1939 left him unmoved. "The rightness or wrongness of a given set of tactical actions by the Communist Party does not strike me as being of any great ultimate importance," he wrote at the time.

Ultimately he did defect, although Miss Webb does not make the reasons for the break clear. But habits of thought derived from his association with the Party infused his attitudes through the rest of his life. The Party line was simple. "I can't see white and I can't see black. I see rich men and poor men," declaims a character in one of his early stories. But Wright's personal experience and his best writing recognized that racial problems were, in some respects, deeper than economic ones. The discordance between the two views troubled him through the rest of his life.

Native Son (1940) and *Black Boy* (1945) established Wright's reputation. The one was a novel, the other an autobiography, but the subject matter was the same—the situation of the Southern Negro at home and removed to the North. With that story told, Wright's creativity dried up. Restlessly he shifted his residence from New York to Mexico to France. He agonized over the political issues of the post-war era, and he tried his hand at a variety of media. But he failed to regain the power of utterance which had brought

him fame in *Native Son* and *Black Boy*.

The lavish reception accorded these books, like Wolfe's, reflected the expectations of their audiences. The New Deal era had equipped liberal white readers with a comfortable set of assumptions about the problem of race. Discrimination and prejudice were bad but in time would disappear as social conditions improved and as the Negro rose to the level of the white. Insofar as American literature took cognizance of the Negro at all, it was as a familiar stereotype, favorably as the kindly darky, negatively as the passionate brute. Readers conditioned to the stock characters were shocked by Bigger Thomas of *Native Son*, an authentic man in his fears and hatreds. And *Black Boy*, which hid nothing and qualified little, added to the impact. In these books Wright left to his audience an impression of power, a promise of something important to be said, that had value for people worried about the future of their society. It was his tragedy to be unable to go on to fulfill that promise.

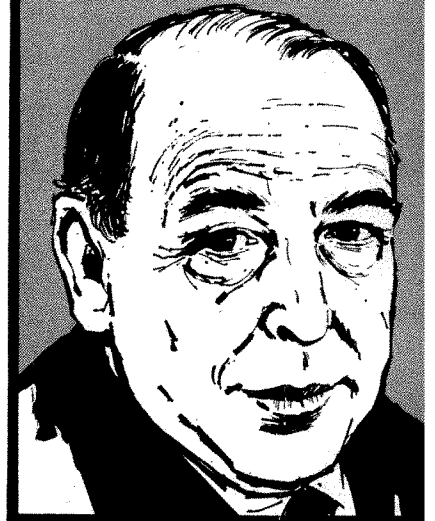
Appeasement

In retrospect, all the hard decisions acquire a deceptive simplicity because we know their outcome. The gratification of Hitler's immediate ambitions at Munich was appeasement because war followed a year later. Vichy's collaboration with the Germans was treacherous because it postponed the Nazi defeat. The men responsible for the wrong choices seem villains or dupes; they become scapegoats who bear the guilt of the disastrous consequences and thus absolve the millions who welcomed peace in 1938 and the French armistice in 1940.

Yet at each critical moment, the future still lay hidden from the statesmen who acted; and each judgment involved a complex weighing of alternatives. We know now that Chamberlain and Pétain were wrong. But we miss the import of their error if we ascribe it to stupidity or malevolence.

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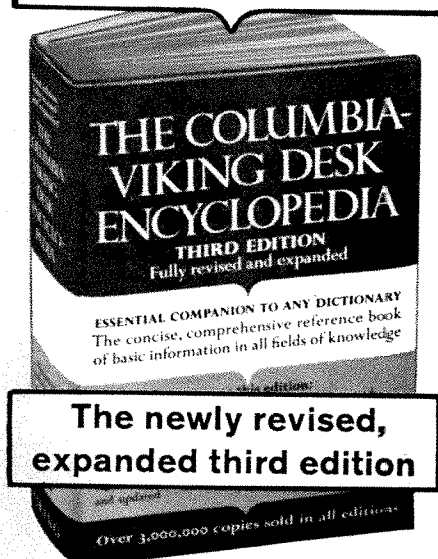


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sideration of a decade of French foreign policy. By a margin of one vote the jury found him guilty, although it recommended a reprieve of the death sentence.

Roy is a skilled journalist and a forceful writer, and his day-to-day account of the trial conveys the excitement of the courtroom drama, the suspense of which is not diminished by the fact that the verdict is known in advance. Brilliantly drawn character sketches bring the pages alive: the old marshal, whose sleepy eyes occasionally lit up with a gleam of cunning—he had lived so much history that no additional events could touch him; Laval—shifty-eyed, loose-lipped, a peasant who, hand on heart, protested his loyalty; Major General Lafargue—bald-headed and bespectacled, his face stamped with the serenity common to fools with a sense of mission; and the jurors—driven by the need to locate responsibility for the blood that had been spilled.

There is more to the book than a story, however. Before he was a writer, Roy was an officer and himself a supporter of Pétain; and as he reviews the judgment of the court and the testimony of the witnesses, he searches his own conscience. Given the circumstances of 1940, was the armistice in the interest of France? What were the demands of loyalty at the moment? De Gaulle, it was said, was Pétain plagiarized. Would the young general have reacted as the old one did? It is evidence of Roy's subtlety as a writer that these questions are not put in the abstract, but emerge from the unfolding story.

The answers also have their own logic. "The fact is," he concludes, "that there was neither innocence nor guilt, but simply a man confronted with political events and tried by politicians. Pétain was neither the Trojan horse of treason nor the savior of France, but simply an old man who tried to ward off the enemy's blows." He did not betray his country, but his decisions, however well intentioned, served it ill.

An analogous conclusion emerges from LAURENCE THOMPSON'S *THE GREATEST TREASON: THE UNTOLD STORY OF MUNICH* (Morrow, \$6.50). This account of the development of the Czech crisis of 1938 draws upon some hitherto unused sources, but contains no startling revelations. Its virtue lies in the clarity of its exposi-

tion and in significant shifts of emphasis that replace the black-and-whites of the conventional story with varying shades of gray.

Thompson spares no sympathy for Hitler, but finds more validity to the grievances of the Sudeten Germans than was usual in the past. "They were fools, like many nationalist leaders, but not, I think, anything worse—if, indeed, there is anything worse." On the other hand, Thompson is rather harsh on the Czechs and particularly on Beneš, who attempted to maneuver through the crisis without sacrificing the interests of the republic he led.

But the main concern of the book is a reassessment of British policy as shaped by Neville Chamberlain. Since 1940, the author of appeasement has been subject to such unthinking and sweeping criticism that an effort to redress the balance is certainly in order. The Prime Minister's position was difficult. He longed desperately for peace. He knew that he could count on nothing but words from the United States, his own people were unready for war, and his military leaders were unwilling to fight. Nor were the French prepared for combat. Thompson therefore concludes that Chamberlain was right to agree to the settlement at Munich.

But if Chamberlain was right, it was for the wrong reasons. He proceeded through his dealings with Hitler deluded by the hope of persuading the Führer that "honesty, straightforwardness and common sense could settle the problems of Europe and prevent war." He did not become aware until too late that the Nazis misread his attitude. In the course of the negotiations, Hitler steadily raised his demands as he gained confidence that the milksop across the table would not resist. When Chamberlain, having wrestled with his conscience and his partners, came back to yield, he was brutally informed: *das geht nicht mehr*; and having conceded so much, how could he fail to give a little more! So that when the deed was done and the Prime Minister told his countrymen, "It is peace for our time," he was unwittingly giving Hitler the signal to prepare the next step in aggression, confident that that too would not lead to war. The price of the miscalculation was 30 million lives.

Chamberlain's fault, like Pétain's,

was political. Both men acted out of a desire to save lives and to spare their countries the damage of war. Both were patriotic and well intentioned. But they failed to take the measure of their antagonist or to reckon the means necessary to halt him. And both were deceived by the hope that peace would come if only they wished it enough.

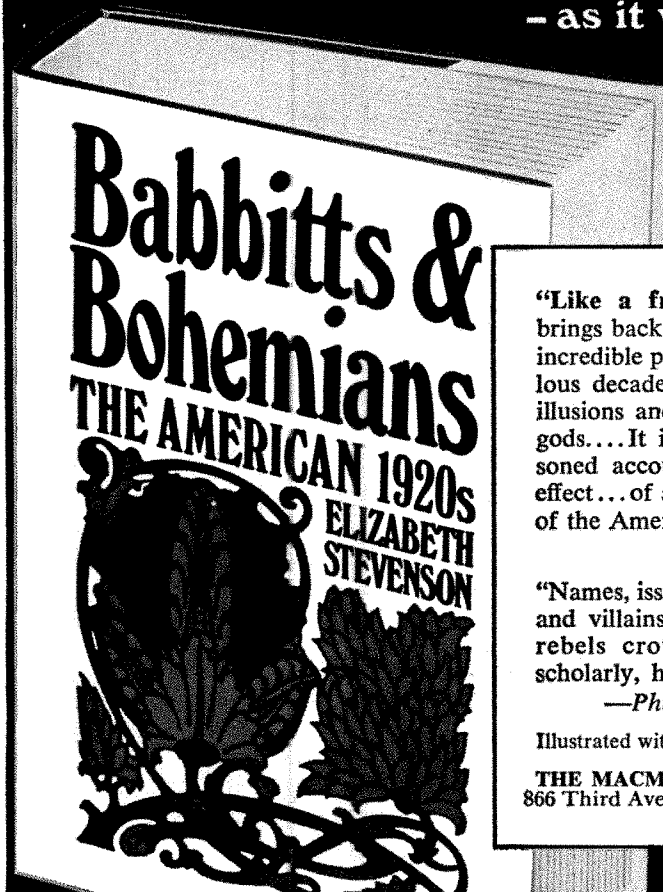
Costs of war

Those who ponder the implications of 1938 and 1940 for the present must take account of the fact that the price of war has changed radically in the past quarter century. The images that disquieted Chamberlain and Pétain were those of the trenches of Ypres and Verdun. They could hardly guess the staggering rise in costs when civilians became victims — any more than we can imagine the potential charges of a future atomic holocaust.

DEATH IN LIFE by **ROBERT JAY LIFTON** (Random House, \$10.00) tells us something about the after-effects of the first use of the new weapons. This is a psychiatrist's analytical study of the survivors of Hiroshima, the product of years of careful investigation. The core of the book is drawn from interviews with the people who had contact with the effects of the bomb, but Dr. Lifton also reaches out beyond the medical records to literature, painting, films, and music for traces of the shock. The results are set down in sober clinical language, which nevertheless does not obscure the author's emotional involvement in his findings.

The study concludes with an imaginative effort to make out the general psychological themes characteristic of all survivors of massive death immersion. Often in the past such people were able to break out of their numbness and contribute to the enlargement of human consciousness. But weapons which are without limit in what they destroy may in the future deprive us of even that consolation. In that sense Hiroshima may be our last chance to learn how to hold back the even more massive extermination it fore-shadows. It is against this somber reckoning of what a great war might cost that one must weigh the little conflicts which are this generation's way of avoiding a nuclear confrontation.

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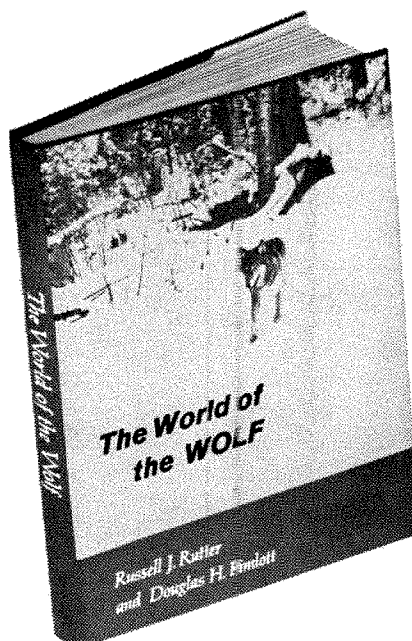
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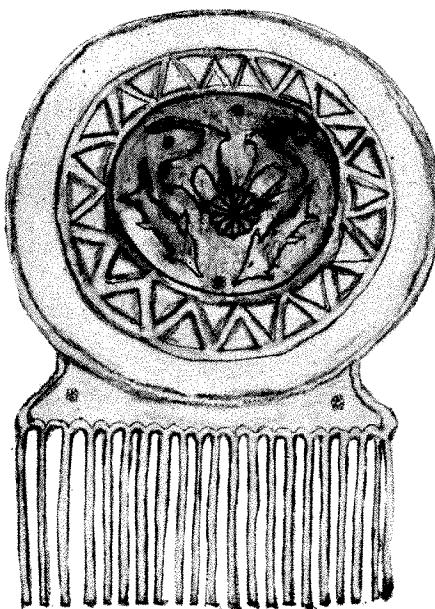
by Phoebe Adams

In **THE HAPPENING AT LOURDES** (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95), **ALAN NEAME** has picked his way deftly between true believers and total skeptics, paying less attention to the girl who saw a vision of the Virgin Mary than to the society which produced both the girl and the subsequent explosion of churches, chapels, curative baths, and miraculous recoveries on the spot where the vision occurred. In the France of 1858, such a vision was not wildly unusual; there had recently been several others. (One rather wishes that Mr. Neame had provided statistics on visions in other countries and of other divine personages during the same period.) There was also an energetic church vs. state row in progress, with the lines roughly drawn between a conservative Catholic-Royalist party (out of office) and a progressive secular-Republican party (in charge). No doubt there were sensible moderates in each group, but as usual, it was the extremists who made the most noise, and Mr. Neame quotes them at malicious length. Both sides were intransigent and authoritarian, and the Catholic party comes off worse in quotation only because it was addicted to circulating pious prophecies of foggy origin and lamentable style. The development of the shrine at Lourdes, therefore, produced two distinct struggles, both quite nasty. One was between the parish priest and a Marian missionary order for control of the shrine and its money, the other between the secular national government and the enthusiastically Catholic portion of the population over whether the place should exist at all. The shrine began, incidentally, quite spontaneously and with no clerical encouragement. The quarrels have been settled, more or less, by the mere passing of time, but they still make interesting reading when reinforced, as they are, by the history of the district and examination of a whole series of papal pronouncements on the status of the Virgin.

Some of this material, as it emerges in the book, looks like excessive scholarship. It is not. Mr. Neame needs all of it to support his

ultimate point. He is arguing that the laconic, practical instructions of Bernadette's vision, seized upon at the time by the conservative party as endorsement of its cause, actually prefigured modern attempts to liberalize church dogma.

THE DORAK AFFAIR (Atheneum, \$4.95) recounts an attempt by two British journalists to discover the truth underlying the Turkish government's disapproval of the archaeologist James Mellaart. Mellaart, of Dutch origin but digging under



British auspices, was a reputable excavator who had worked for several years in Turkey. After his last job, the partial excavation of an 8000-year-old town at Çatal Hüyük, he was refused further digging permits and accused of smuggling antiquities out of the country. Anyone who wishes to follow the example of the journalists, **KENNETH PEARSON** and **PATRICIA CONNOR**, and poke into the antiquities black market, will discover that the Turks have reason to be a bit paranoid about smugglers. Some of their best stuff is turning up where it has no business to be. The odd thing about Mellaart's case is that what he supposedly abstracted — the Dorak Treasure — has not turned up, nor has it ever been seen by anyone but Mellaart. He was indiscreet enough to publish a tale of meeting a girl on a train, observing her antique bracelet, scraping acquaintance, getting invited to her house, and there examining, and sketching, some remarkable objects which the girl said had been dug up years before

at Dorak. Dorak exists, and the street the girl lived on exists; all else in the business is Mellaart's word, for he was unable to photograph the objects. Nor was he equipped to make laboratory tests of their authenticity.

The Turkish authorities, jogged by a xenophobic newspaper, chose to assume that there was in fact a treasure and that Mellaart had somehow removed it from the country. Miss Connor and Mr. Pearson, battling through Turkish red tape and sputtering with justifiable contempt over the habits of the Turkish press, have also concluded that something resembling a treasure existed, but that Mellaart, far from stealing any part of it, was deftly made the fall guy for a smuggling ring which could not sell this very peculiar loot until it had some kind of recognition by a professional archaeologist. Except that nobody gets murdered or even bashed on the head, the story makes the average novel of espionage seem a tame, simple affair.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MY FEAR (Vanguard, \$4.95) describes the ascent of Mount Huntington by **DAVID ROBERTS**, the author, and three fellow enthusiasts. The four chopped and belayed their way up the narrow icy peak, and one man was lost on the trip down. The book is compact, well written, and exceptional for the young author's subtle, unsentimental attempt to define the motives that drive men to climb mountains.

EMLYN WILLIAMS' book on the Moors murders, **BEYOND BELIEF** (Random House, \$5.95), presents the dreary history and semi-slum environment of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley thoroughly, with a dramatist's command of narrative and of detail. The book ultimately reveals nothing to explain the murders. Perhaps no study ever can, but this one is hampered by two restrictions. One is inevitable: Mr. Williams could not communicate with the killers and was forced to resort to reasonable but unprovable conjecture. The other is self-imposed: out of consideration for readers' sensibilities, there is no quotation from the sound tapes of the torturing of the little girl. Possibly quotation would add nothing, but it is human nature to suspect that the clue is hidden in what has not been revealed.



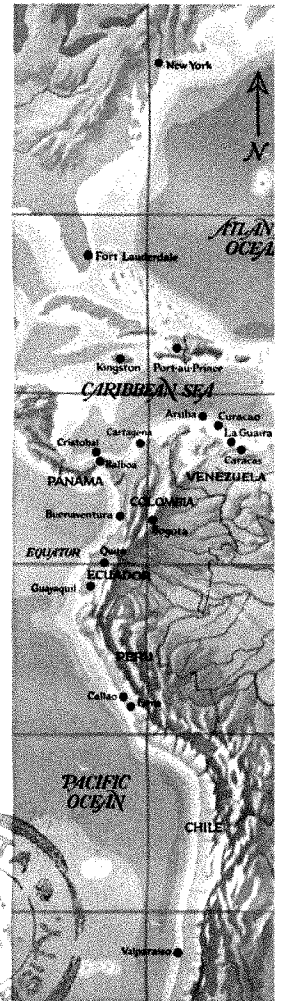
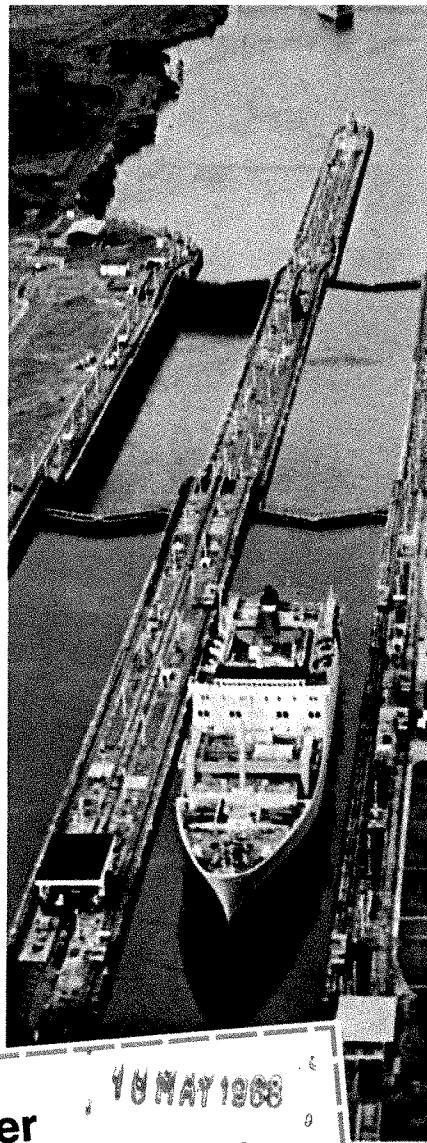
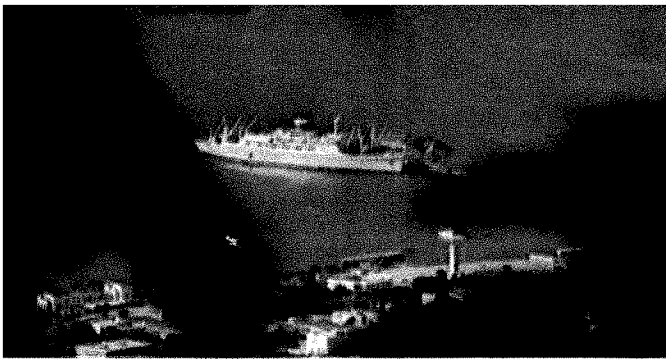
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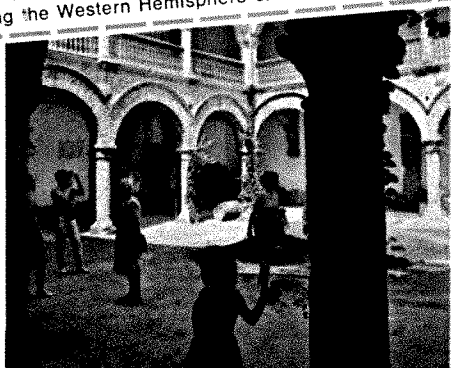
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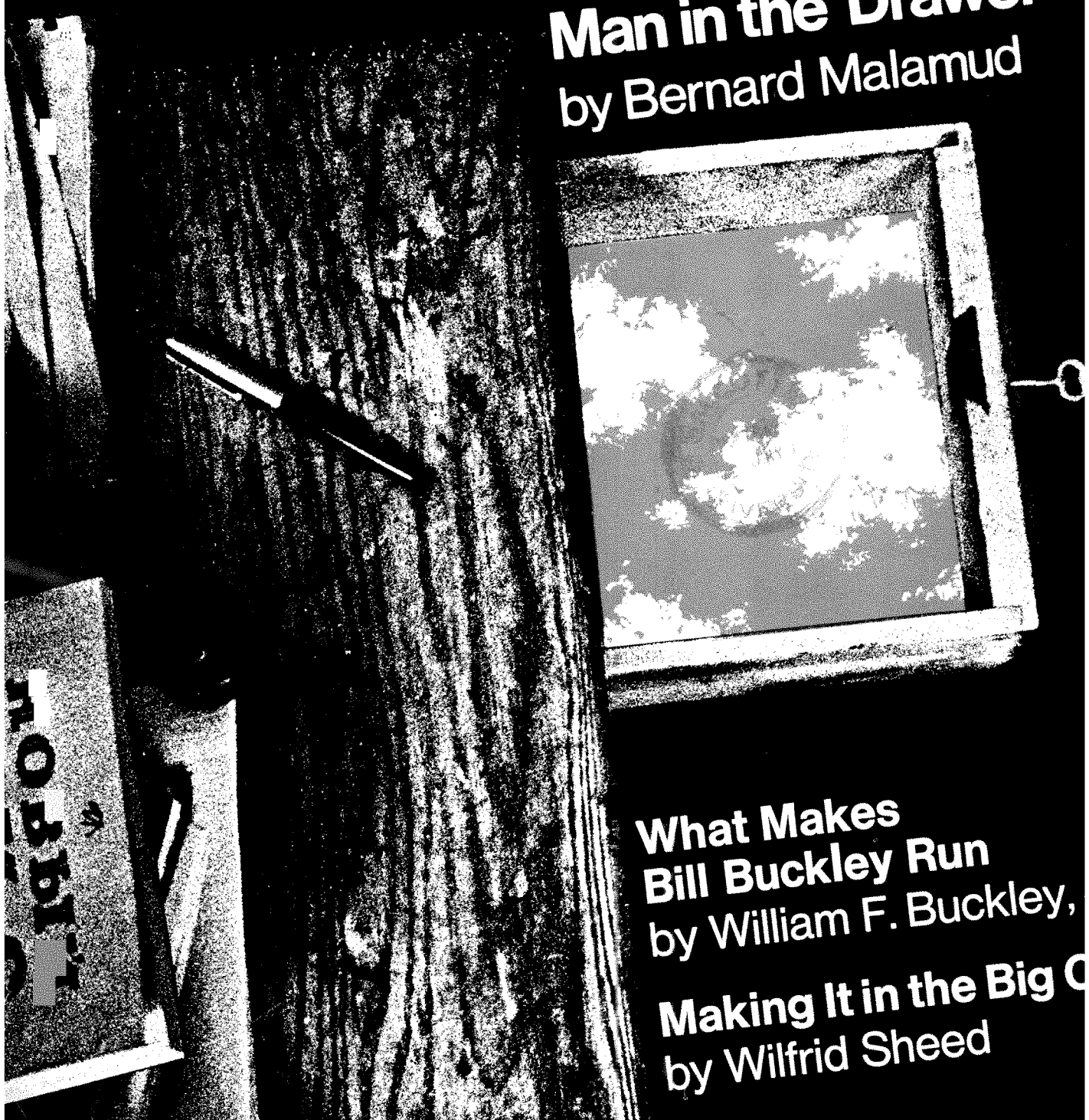
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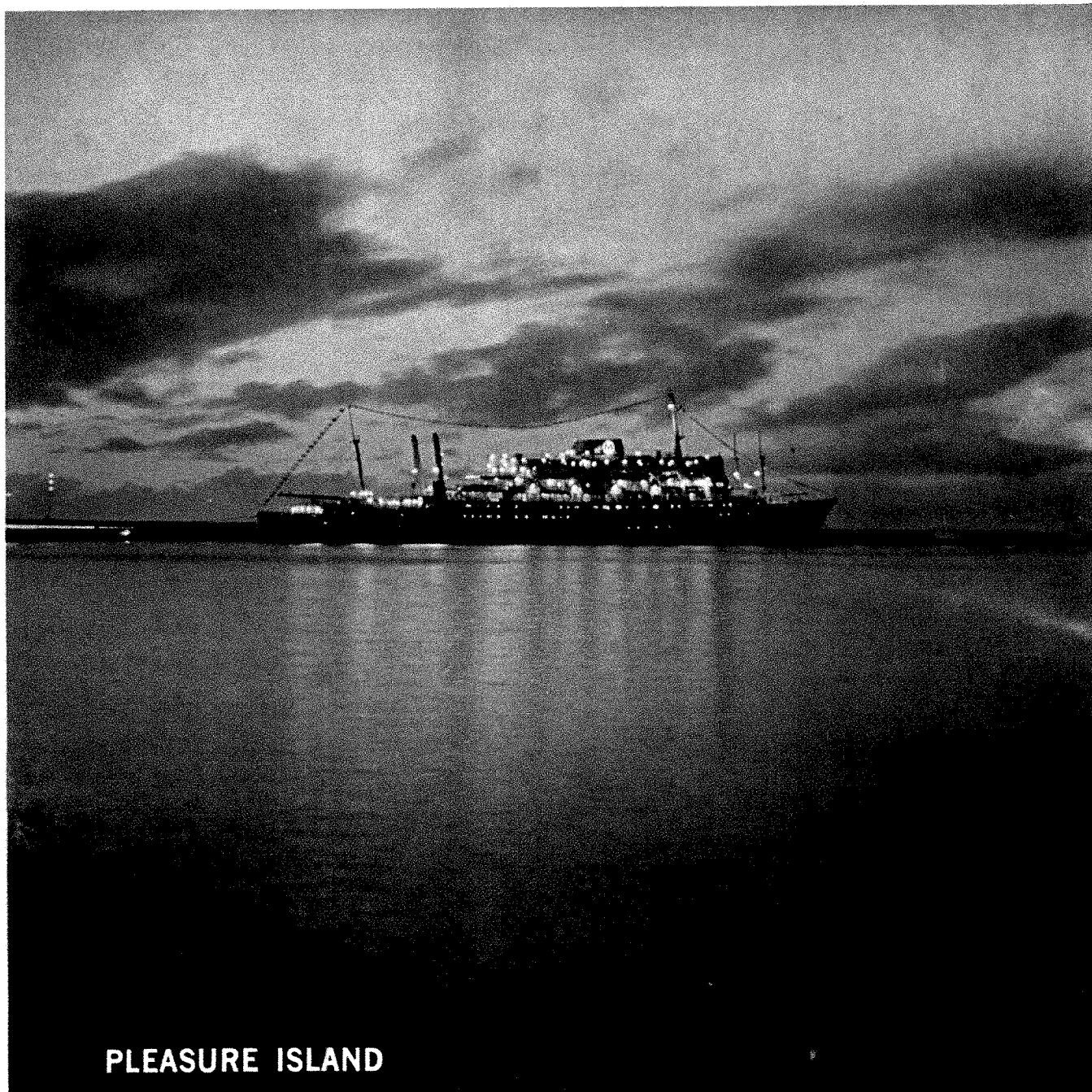
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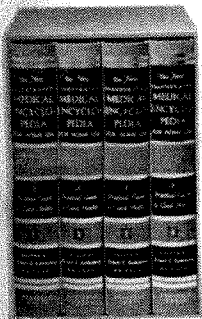
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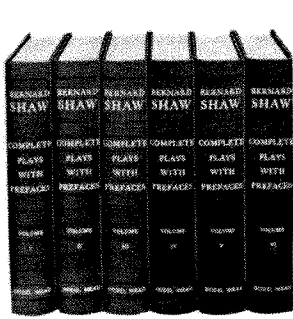
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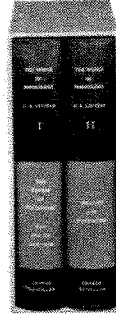
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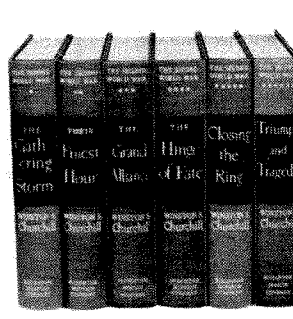
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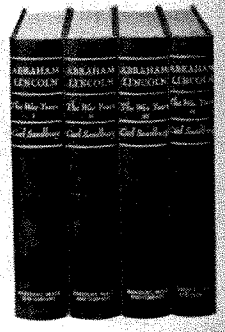
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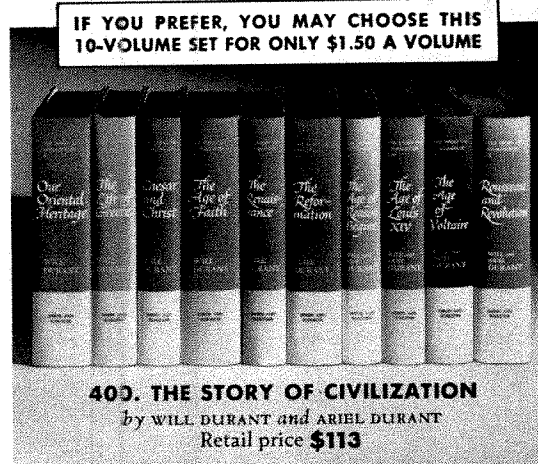
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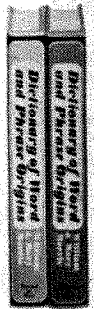


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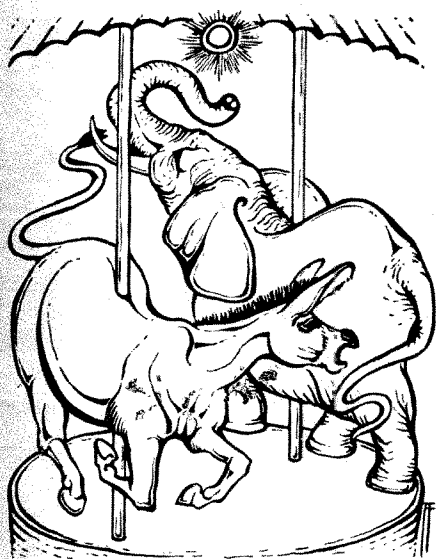
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reports

Washington



Despite all the seeming activity represented in the headlines, crises, presidential messages, and congressional debates, the consuming and somewhat morbid interest in Washington is in the imponderables of the coming summer and fall. Because the power, careers, contacts, and prestige of so many ride on the outcome of the elections, the preoccupation with next November stems from something other than an excess of civic virtue. Every four years, moreover, the machinery of government and the efforts of government workers become still more devoted to keeping the incumbent party in power. Yet this election season is one of rampant unease because of the already nervous condition of the Capital, the dangers of the coming months, and the elusiveness of the electorate.

On this latter point there is, for once, bipartisan agreement. Even

the political professionals here evidence deep uncertainty, if not bewilderment, over how the election may turn and why. There is apprehension within both parties, and for good reason. As the nonpartisan National Committee for an Effective Congress has pointed out, there is a new mood of "anti-partisanship" in the electorate, which stems not from a lack of interest in politics, but from an enlarged awareness on the part of the voters that political parties are "more tinsel than tree."

Counting on trouble

It is a sign of the destitution of the current state of politics that to a major extent each party's program consists of counting on the other to defeat itself. Republican strategists are aware of the historical improbability of turning an incumbent President out of office, but they like to think that Mr. Johnson is working himself out of the job. "He is stockpiling trouble for America, and for himself," said one Republican strategist, trying very hard to look sorry about that. Democratic politicians know that their own party is in deep trouble, but they are relying on the Republicans to produce another kamikaze performance. Democratic leaders like to point out that the Republican candidate will emerge from a pool of blood.

Certain as it seems that the President will run for re-election, and despite the signs that he is giving that he will, it has occurred to more than a few people here — and some of the President's close associates do not deny the possibility — that for one reason or another he will not. In this case, of course, all bets are off. Robert Kennedy has taken himself out of a race against Mr. Johnson "under any foreseeable circum-

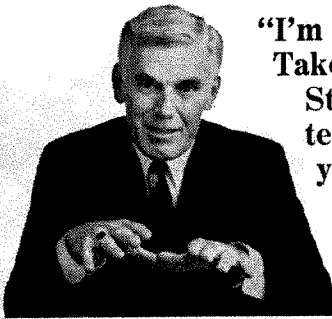
stances." This seemed less than clear, but for the time being, at least, the message was that he would not run against Lyndon Johnson in the period. (At one point, Kennedy's announcement was that he would not run "under any conceivable circumstances," but it is easy to treat the semantics too seriously. If he runs, he runs, and he would not be held by press or public to his earlier disavowals, any more than would Nelson Rockefeller, or than would have, for that matter, William Tecumseh Sherman, had he changed his mind.) The President shares the view of many that his opponent is likely to be Richard Nixon, and if Nixon fails, Nelson Rockefeller.

Unyoung, unblack, unpoor

It is fairly obvious that the issue will be Vietnam, the race/urban crisis, Lyndon Baines Johnson, and the deepening national malaise, but it is a far more complicated matter to determine which of these may be decisive and how. One formulation of the electorate that has been receiving widespread and respectful attention here is that of Richard Scammon, of the Governmental Affairs Institute, a nonprofit research organization. Mr. Scammon is an established expert, possibly the expert, on elections, and a former director of the Census Bureau; moreover, he gives advice to the White House, a fact which adds to the relevance of his views. The Scammon thesis runs as follows:

The essential fact about the 1968 electorate is that it is basically "unyoung, unblack, and unpoor." *Unyoung*: The much advertised youth explosion notwithstanding, the average voter is in his mid-to-late forties. In 1964, three fourths of the votes for President were cast by

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QUIZ A. In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but *not* in the order given below. How do *you* think they were ranked? Good when the cost of living rises; long-term gain; quick profit; dividends.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

ANSWER. People who owned common stock cited the reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

Among non-shareowners, the order was reversed with "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen that over the years, the value of many stocks and many dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

QUIZ B. In order to invest, you should have a steady annual income of at least:

- ☐ \$10,000 ☐ \$20,000
☐ \$30,000 ☐ none of these

ANSWER. The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is influenced by your standard of living, provision for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stock have incomes of less than \$10,000.

QUIZ C. The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the stocks of any American corporation.
 True ☐ False ☐



ANSWER. False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

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QUIZ D. Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1. high-grade bonds | ☐ long-term growth |
| 2. listed common stocks | ☐ fixed dividends |
| 3. preferred stocks | ☐ relative safety |

ANSWER. High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

QUIZ E. The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

- ☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;
☐ they are full-time brokers;
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience

ANSWER. All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.

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Washington

those thirty-five and over; this year, those under twenty-five would not represent more than one in 10 votes, and students no more than one percent or one and a half percent of the electorate. Age, moreover, is probably not one of the "issues" on which people vote. The youth these days may be more articulate, but the fact is that the more vocal among them are only a small proportion; moreover, there are no grounds for assuming that the preponderance of the students and young voters hold to one view, or would vote on one side. There are probably, Scammon notes, more Teamsters than students who will vote in the coming election. *Unblack*: Nobody knows exactly what the Negro population is. It is known that the proportionate election turnout of Negroes is lower than that of whites; of the poor, lower than that of the better off; of the less educated, lower than that of the well educated. In sum, about 90 percent of the electorate is white. *Unpoor*: Although poverty cannot be said to have been eliminated, there have been seven years of economic expansion, and a great many people have moved into or within the middle classes since 1960. Of that 90 percent of the electorate which is white, that which is not rural is also, in the main, not poor.

The old lasso

Therefore, American politics are dominated now as never before by lower-middle- and middle-middle-class whites. Any consensus among this group as to how things ought to be means that's how things are going to be. This is the class that elects Presidents. It was the feeling of this group that Eisenhower was a good man that gave the GOP its first victory since 1932. It was its feeling that Goldwater was the less desirable candidate that elected Johnson. This is the group to which a successful national appeal must be made. Within it, there are many strong Democrats and strong Republicans (labor union affiliation is no longer equated with Democratic), but there is also within it a very large group which, depending on which way it goes, can decide the election.

What, then, might cause this group to swing one way or another?

Not, according to Scammon, Vietnam; at least not Vietnam as a confrontation of policy alternatives. Lyndon Johnson's strategy this year as in past ones will be to get out his old lasso, make the loop as wide as possible, and rope the voters in. He will take up so much space that it will be difficult for an opponent to get to either side of him on domestic or foreign policy. Eugene McCarthy has already found out how hard it is to make an issue of the President's handling of the Vietnam War, no matter how unhappy the country may be over it. This was a major, perhaps the major, factor in Robert Kennedy's decision to stay out. There are simply too many traps on the dove side of the President; would-be hawks will also find the going perilous. Barring continuing military reversals — which would change the politics of the Vietnam issue and could be one of those "unforeseeable circumstances" — the President can produce war news or peace news; he can diminish or intensify the bombing; he can fly to Camranh Bay or to Geneva. He can be as much for peace as any man, but "peace with honor," peace without "tucking tail," peace which does not betray our fighting men, and it is fairly difficult to run an election campaign, where arguments can't get too complicated, against that. It will be difficult for his opponent to vow to end the war without being pressed to explain just how. At that point the Vietnam debate could resemble that over Quemoy and Matsu in 1960; the candidates argue on in exquisite detail about something the electorate only faintly understands, until they realize that no one is listening. (Gavin's theories, as amended, vs. Reischauer's? Kennan's vs. Scalapino's?)

War fever

From time to time, the President suggests to reporters that the country is essentially hawkish, that he could easily generate support by whipping up war fever, and that his restraint is not fully appreciated. There are other sides to this, however, of which the President is well aware. Escalation of war fever makes de-escalation of the war more difficult (viz., Richard Nixon's attack on the Administration for moderation in bombing during the attack on South Vietnam's cities),

and the President, as everyone knows, likes his options. The Administration may well have learned the dangers of self-made rhetorical traps: aggression must not be rewarded, we are fighting for democracy in South Vietnam, we must honor our SEATO agreement, we are defending Honolulu. Moreover, the President understands that the country may be basically hawkish but it does not like war. He is given to telling visitors that the country was solidly behind Presidents in other wars, but tended to turn on them as the war dragged on. Truman at the time of Korea is his favorite example.

George Romney has suggested that most Viet Cong may not be Communists after all, but "disillusioned nationalists," and George Aiken (R., Vermont), one of the most reasonable men in the Senate, has charged that "we made a huge military commitment in that part of the world simply because we did not have the wit, the imagination, or the courage to devise a political strategy to suit a political problem," but there is little reason to believe that the major Republican thrust will be along these lines. More likely is another they-got-us-into-it-and-they-can't-settle-it campaign, with the accompanying motif of they-haven't-been-telling-us-the-truth. Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D., Massachusetts) injected a new possibility, and his brother followed suit, by opposing Thieu and Ky rather than Johnson and Humphrey, by denouncing corruption and privilege in South Vietnam and asking if our boys should die for this. The White House did not take this too seriously at first, and the Republicans might not have the sense to pick it up, but if developed, this could become a powerfully effective tactic, arousing the widespread but yet latent feeling that this country has been had. Some Republicans think the trouble with the GOP's general position on the war — that the President is pursuing the right policy but he should have done it differently — is that it is too sophisticated, and that is, to be sure, one way of looking at it.

Scammon believes that to the extent that Vietnam is the issue on which the voter decides — and he does not think the extent will be great — it will be in terms of what he calls the "personnel director"

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Washington

question: who is the better person to do the job? It certainly did not hurt that Dwight D. Eisenhower pledged in 1952 that he would go to Korea, but far more important was that he was the image of the man that the electorate wanted in charge of the country. In 1956, voters who said they were for Eisenhower because he kept the peace backed him when the Suez crisis broke out a week before the election because he was the kind of man the country needed in time of war. Mr. Johnson is not many people's idea of the most popular boy in his class, but his strategists count on the electorate's capacity to mellow, grow accustomed to his face, and decide that when it comes right down to it, President knows best. The mercurial quality of the polls indicates that this is not at all out of the question.

The outcome of the election is most likely to be determined, however, according to the Scammon thesis, by the intensity of and presidential response to riots. The unyoung, unblack, and unpoor group which decides elections is not overly fond of Negroes to begin with. They are potential George Wallace supporters, which could cause Mr. Johnson trouble in the North. Yet the President would like history to record him, as it might, as the Chief Executive who opened the most opportunities for Negroes, not as the one who presided over a new apartheid.

"They . . ."

While there now are strong indications that an appeal can be made to do something about "the underlying causes" of Negro discontent, if there are continuous riots, if white neighborhoods are threatened, the deal is off. If there is serious, continuing rioting, Scammon argues, the election is in the hands of the President. If the President moves decisively, acts quickly, talks tough, restores order, he wins; if he temporizes, gets into a public argument over the calling in of troops, appears doubtful, afraid, he loses.

It may be nothing more than coincidence that the President's aides are now talking about the need for more firmness in response to rioting. Insisting that riots will not be tolerated and at the same time urging

that the country understand the grievances behind the riots simply will not work, they say. But talking tough and physically quelling a riot are matters of far different magnitude. Suppression cannot be anything but ugly and frightening; the occupation of American cities by federal troops is no one's national dream. Perhaps Scammon is right, and perhaps the President's men are not deluding themselves when they suggest that the public might accept a fifth summer of riots as endemic, inevitable, or nobody's fault. But the President is also the only potential candidate who could be badly hurt by riots.

All of this is predicated on the assumption that there will be riots, but official Washington's knowledge about this is at about the stage of early sorcery. There are a number of theories floating about, each one offered with equal certitude: "they" have learned that riots don't pay; "they" have learned that riots help because they draw attention to ghetto conditions; a riot is a kind of catharsis, so cities tend not to "blow" twice and most have blown once; this summer "they" are coming to the white neighborhoods; "they" know that the whites outnumber them. The fact of the matter is that the government does not have, probably cannot have, credible information. As the President's Commission on Civil Disorders has learned, there are patterns and there are not. As government officials have learned, lists of potential trouble spots can be drawn up, and then all logic is defied by the summer's events. And some ghetto youths delight in scaring the wits out of whites through hyperbolic threats, and particularly enjoy spreading visions of the apocalypse before gullible and ill-disguised federal agents. (Thus Rap Brown, upon his arrest for carrying a gun on an airplane: "If he's [Johnson] afraid of me with my gun, wait till I get my atom bomb.") Still, there is little basis for optimism.

If Vietnam is in fact a wash as an issue, and if the summer is relatively peaceful, then there will be what the professionals call a "normal" election. The lower-middle- and middle-middle-class electorate will be avidly pursued by both parties. But as the Congress' renewed interest in "fair housing" laws shows, both sides are tempted to hedge bets in the event of a close election in

which the Negro urban vote can be crucial. The Republicans will talk about the failure of leadership, credibility, the chaos of the cities, the disarray of the economy, and they will offer to change all that. They will play upon the quadrennial disenchantment of the farmers, the fact that now Aunt Minnie can't go to Rome, and even the debasement of silver currency.

Waiting for lefties

Mr. Johnson will run against beards, draft-card burners, criminals, and rioters, and perhaps Eartha Kitt. If the great unwashed disrupt the Chicago convention, so much the better for him, for the President will capitalize on the anti-dissent dissent ("your enemies are my enemies"). The rejection of middle-class values is not, after all, the preponderant characteristic of the middle class. The Johnson Administration will take to the country with claims of an unprecedentedly long period of economic expansion and an extensive list of legislative achievements. It will point out how many education bills have been passed — an issue believed to be of great appeal to the crucial electorate — and that Lyndon Johnson is providing us with clean meat and fish (the White House would like it understood that Ralph Nader is a myth).

Democratic strategists profess to some puzzlement, even a little hurt, that these achievements seem neither fully understood nor appreciated by the electorate. They talk earnestly, just like everybody else, about the need to *communicate*. But Lyndon Johnson just happens to be the master political craftsman in an increasingly nonpolitical era; the worst thing, in fact, that those disenchanted with Robert Kennedy can think of to say about him is that in taking himself out of the race he "acted like a politician."

The Democratic strategists are correct that their legislative achievements are not fully appreciated. This is not so much because the electorate is against "big government" anymore — a shift which many Republicans do not yet seem to have grasped — but because it cannot sufficiently see, hear, feel, smell, or taste all of the good things that are supposed to have come of all the activity. It is not that Washington is bad, but that it seems remote

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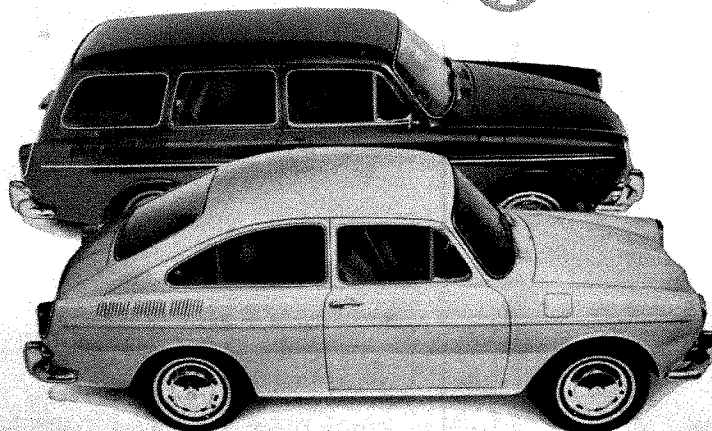
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Washington

and irrelevant. The paycheck is larger, but the beaches are harder to get to and dirtier when we do; the mail doesn't come, the garbage isn't collected, the meat costs more, and teacher is on strike. Medicare was a great issue for the Democrats until it was enacted.

The electorate, it is widely assumed, is little interested in parties or ideologies anymore, but in a more antiseptic element called "problem-solving." Is he a man who will get things done? Will he let us get things done? Robert Kennedy and John Gardner are very different men, but both of them are on to what they sense is a national desire, amounting almost to a collective personal need, to get to work on our problems.

The best of medicines

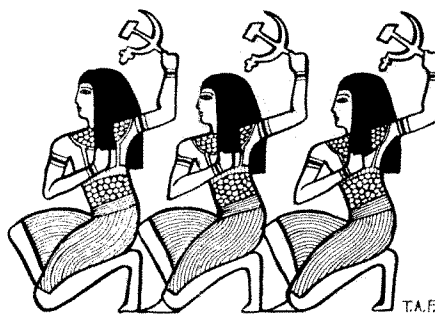
In a speech delivered not long before he resigned in frustration over the Johnson Administration's order of priorities, Mr. Gardner spoke of the need "to restore a sense of community and participation at the local level, which is the only level that will have immediate meaning for large numbers of Americans. We have too long pretended that individuals can live their lives without those ingredients. They cannot. Individuals actively participating in a community where they can see their problems face to face, know their leaders personally, sense the social structure of which they are a part — such individuals are the best possible guaranty that the intricately organized society we are heading into will not also be a dehumanized, depersonalized machine. They are also the best hope for curing the local apathy, corruption and slovenliness that make a mockery of self-government in so many localities. Responsibility is the best of medicines. When people feel that important consequences (for themselves and others) hang on their acts, they are apt to act more wisely. It is not always easy to have that sense of responsibility toward a Federal Government. If we imagine that the Federal Government alone, or Federal, state and local governments alone can solve those problems, and that everyone else can stand by and play sidewalk superintendent, we are deceiving ourselves." In his recent book,

Kennedy deals with the same theme. John Gardner is a psychologist; Robert Kennedy is a politician. Neither has specific remedies for all that ails us, but both have diagnosed the disease of the national spirit. It is a dangerous disease if left untreated for too long; it may get beyond the reach of problem-solvers.

Despite all the professionals' insights about odds and strategies and subgroups, there is a widespread feeling here, based perhaps on nothing but many people's wishful thinking, that unexpected events will yet dominate this political year. If Robert Kennedy runs, he will evoke, with a new twist, the "let's get this country moving again" theme which ignited his brother's campaign in 1960, and which many observers think would make the difference this time. If he does not, and no one else does who can inject this spirit, then it is generally agreed that, barring international or domestic disasters of greater dimensions, the election will be decided according to who the crucial uncommitted electorate thinks looks better — or less bad — on their television screens. In that case, one of those campaign button merchants ought to be able to corner the 1968 market with the slogan "Hobson: Our only choice."

— Elizabeth B. Drew

Egypt



Nationalism is more than ever the dominant theme in Egyptian political life this spring. The consciously expressed concern not to be engulfed in any alien system either of imperialism or of international Communism is insistent and genuine. Soviet military experts are in Egypt only "for specific tasks and for specific periods," writes editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal in *Al Ahram*. They will not be al-

lowed to dominate the state, but, he explains, Egypt is in great need of specific aspects of military training, which Soviet technicians are now providing.

In fact, a Russian version of a Military Assistance Group such as the United States has long deployed in Asia now exists in Egypt. It involves an estimated 4000 officers and engineers. They have come along with the simpler, mostly defensive Russian weapons which have restocked Egyptian arsenals since last summer. When it became apparent that a peasant army could not master the intricacies of sophisticated weapons, and that their officers showed a fatal lack of understanding and initiative in desert warfare, Egypt appealed for basic training as well as arms.

Russia in warm water

The Russian presence is pervasive but not conspicuous. Egypt's defeat provided the opening for the Soviets to move into the planning of defense; for the easy negotiation of landing rights for Russian planes at Cairo West, Alexandria, Luxor, and Aswan, and for port facilities for the Soviet fleet at Alexandria and Port Said. Russia has reached the warm water at last. It is in the Mediterranean to stay.

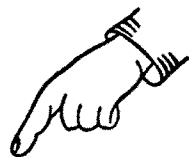
Economic bonds between Moscow and Cairo are also strong. Trade between them has reached an annual figure of \$243 million. Among the items coming into Egypt are 300,000 tons of wheat and much industrial equipment. From Czechoslovakia and East Germany, Egypt has ordered a total of thirty complete flour mills. From the Egyptian side, cotton, rice, textiles, and agricultural products will be exported to the Soviet Union.

Russians have been the all-important partners in the Aswan High Dam, from which cheap power now reaches as far as Tahrir Province, north of Cairo. The High Dam is nearing completion, holding back some 40 million cubic meters of water and altering the society and economy of the Nile region completely. The High Dam Ministry estimates that the dam has already saved \$150 million by preventing flood damage. Much planning has accompanied the dam's building. Development of a new diversified industrial complex at Aswan awaits funds. This is being done under the

Kids under 35: This Ad Is Not for You.

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LOOK



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The list goes on and on. The Street Singer, Garbo, Barrymore, Fred Allen, Harry Richman, Moran and Mack, Jimmy Fidler, Uncle Don, The Mills Brothers, Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell really hate each other?). Just Plain Bill, Annette Henshaw, The Red-Headed Music Maker, Singin' Sam, King Kong, Whiteman, Bing. Hundreds more! "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" If you vas, it's too precious to let any of it get away. Right now, mail the coupon for your copy of *Remember When*. It's the berries.

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Remember when you froze on line outside the Paramount (35¢ before 12 noon) to catch Benny, when he had Gene and Harry and Lionel in the band?

Remember those dreamy boys at the USO, just in from Iwo Jima, and how hard it was to recall what all the service ribbons stood for?

Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat — you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "\$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade, S.A. "It."

Calm your fears — we wouldn't dream of forgetting Wee Bonnie Baker. Babe Didrickson. Bank night. Judge Crater. Starr Faithful. Fibber McGee's closet. Slim and Slam. Goldfish swallowing. Ella Mae Morse. Busby Berkeley. Zoot suits. Miniature golf. Jigsaw puzzles. Fats Waller. Singing song titles. The Ritz Brothers. Two-Ton Tony Galento. "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar." Mark Hellinger. Scott Fitzgerald. Aimee Semple McPherson. Sam Goldwyn. The Traylor and the Perisphere. Listening to the radio ("C'mon, Mom, Joe Penner is on").

The Nostalgia Book Club brings you books of practically no Significance

We promise not to try to improve your mind. All we'll do is brighten your spirits. The past, said some wise man, is all we truly possess. Don't let yours get away from you—forever. The Nostalgia Book Club will keep those happy memories alive.

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It's to our interest to attract lots of members to the Club right at the start. So we've arranged to make your Charter Membership worth more in dollars and more in pleasure: At least three times a year, *Charter Members only* will receive either a free surprise book or record . . . or be offered the same at a price much lower than even the Club discount price . . . or be privileged to buy at a good discount a book available *only* to Charter Members, not to ordinary members.

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I'm over 35 years of age and I'm no dumbbell. Sign me on as a Charter Member of your new Club. I get all the Charter Member privileges described above, such as a special surprise book or record at least 3 times a year; my copy of Allen Churchill's nifty new \$9.95 book, *Remember When*, for \$1 plus shipping; and my free subscription to *Reminiscing Time*, the monthly Club bulletin that describes current Selections and Alternates and brings me memory-jogging words and pictures from yesteryear. I may buy books at 20% to 70% discounts plus shipping, and I need buy only 4 books over the next 2 years, after which I may resign at any time. I am free to reject any Selection on the form provided. If I want the book I need do nothing; it will come automatically.

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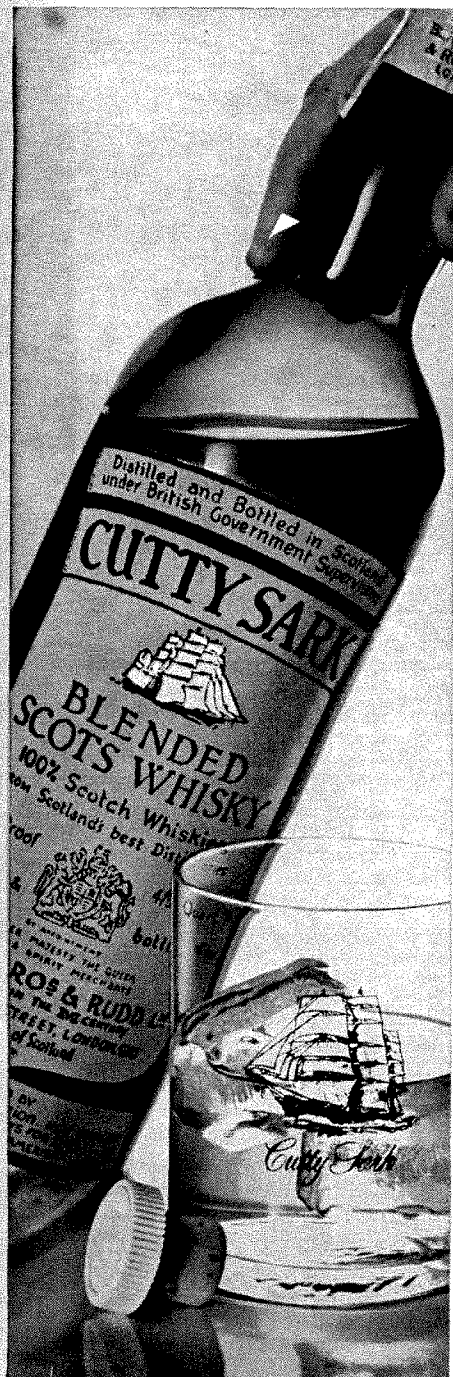
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Egypt

auspices of the Regional Planning of Aswan office, under the governorate of Aswan. It has had as consultants experts on small industry from the Ford Foundation and is now receiving further help from the UN Development Program.

Meanwhile, newly irrigated land reclaimed from the desert already produces two cotton crops or three cereal crops where only one crop was possible after normal Nile floods. Altogether the dam will increase Egypt's arable land by one sixth and its agricultural output by one quarter.

Tough line

In spite of the enormous Soviet financial investment in Egypt over the last ten years, political relations between the two nations are undefined. There is no mutual defense treaty, although in the shock of defeat last summer President Nasser wanted one. Without Moscow's material and political support the effects of the defeat would have been catastrophic for Egypt. Given these, Cairo can maintain a tough line in relation to Israel and reassert some of its influence in the Arab world. That influence survives. In recognition of it the Israelis publicly say that no peace treaty without Nasser's agreement would be worth having.

Soviet diplomats find it impossible, however, to influence Cairo's decisions directly on the Palestine question. They failed to win acceptance of a moderate solution last summer at the UN. They remain unable to alter the government's position on the Suez Canal, or on its hope of re-establishing diplomatic relations with Washington. Rather cautiously they have been comparing Nasser's "bourgeois" regime with that of the more radical Boumedienne in Algeria. *Pravda's* Igor Belyayev in a long article in February wrote: "Even in nationalist Egyptian circles there are fairly open proponents of an all-around rapprochement with the United States. These people try to convince themselves that only the Americans are in the position to solve the Middle East crisis. . . . A very perfidious design is hidden in such claims. It is a question of the most genuine capitulation before imperialism. Carry out the design of the American Lobbyists in Cairo,

and the U.S. would be able to rely on those changes which would favor its monopoly capitalism and reduce to naught the gains of the Egyptian revolution."

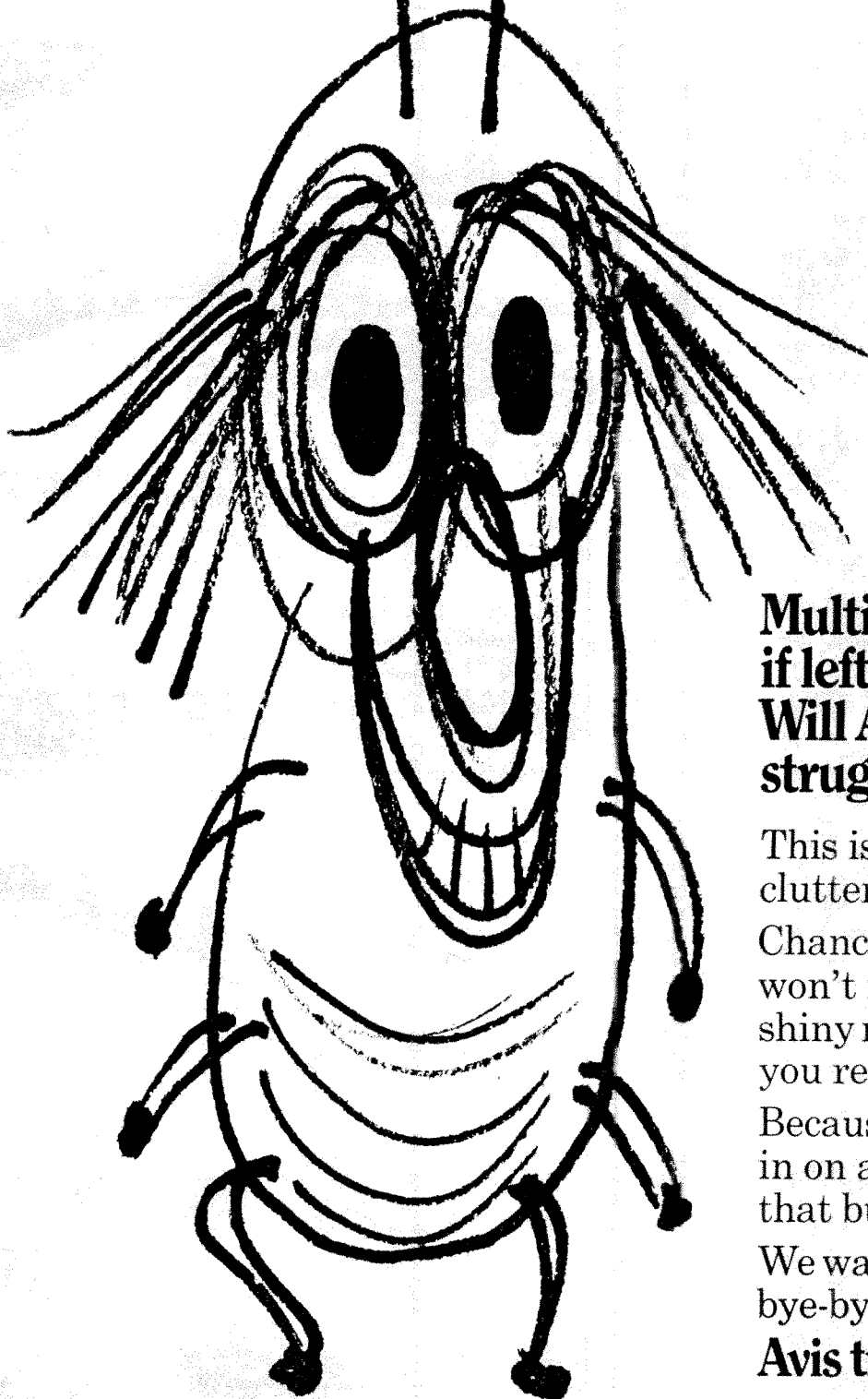
The *Pravda* article reflects a general concern among the Egyptian hierarchy that their posture of non-alignment will be impossible to maintain unless better relations with the West are cultivated. It was for this reason that they were so eager to restore relations with Great Britain last fall. They tried energetically, and have succeeded in retaining their oil contracts with two U.S. companies — Pan American in the Red Sea region, and Phillips Petroleum in the western desert. Within a year of the formation of a joint company with Pan American the Morgan field has reached a production of 100,000 barrels a day, thus offsetting the loss of the Sinai fields captured by Israel. This oil is now being processed at British Petroleum's refinery at Aden, pending the complete restoration of the Suez refineries damaged in October. This spring Egypt's third productive field at El Alamein will add 30,000 barrels a day.

Official interpretation of the value of these finds emphasizes their political aspect. As the government spokesman, Dr. Mohammed H. El-Zayyat, put it, more Egyptian oil will help Egypt to resist pressure from any side, to remain independent. In terms of money, oil income helps to rescue Egypt from the near bankruptcy brought on by Suez Canal closure and loss of tourism.

Political traffic

These economic developments add a new dimension to Egypt's future. It ceases to be a have-not country and can anticipate means of carrying out its ambitious industrial plans. Planning is now in the hands of Dr. Abdel Moneim Kaissouny, one of the country's ablest financial figures. His re-emergence in the cabinet is a sign of the regime's desire to re-establish itself in the international financial marketplace. One of the most promising projects under discussion between Egyptian planners and a British engineering firm is for a large oil pipeline to bypass the Suez Canal. The pipeline would have an initial capacity of 50 million tons a year and would link the Gulf of Suez with Port Said or Alexandria. It is asserted that use of the line

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Egypt

would be less expensive than enlarging the Suez Canal to take giant modern tankers.

Aside from the technical advantages of a new pipeline, its construction would diminish the symbolic importance of the canal. Nationalization of the canal made President Nasser a hero in the Arab world in 1956. It has always carried a heavy freight of political traffic. It was for this reason that Israel fought to use it. The amount of Israeli flag-shipment which could use it is small, but the sensitivity of both countries on this issue is acute.

Thus when Egypt started under United Nations auspices to survey the canal in January in order to free fifteen ships blocked there since last June, Israel insisted on being consulted at every step. When it became obvious that Egypt could physically clear the canal at its northern end without Israeli interference, because Israel does not occupy the eastern bank on the last five miles at the northern end, Israel protested. This put it in the position of denying clearance of the blocked ships for its own political reasons. No amount of reasoning or reassurance by United Nations officials and observers that this was to be a onetime operation, not a reopening of the canal to traffic, could budge Israel. Egypt then stopped all attempts to free the ships. It could simply wait until the nine countries involved as owners of the ships exerted more pressure for clearance.

Cairo's credit

In this case Egypt was in the position to claim that a technical service was in the general interest and therefore above politics. This has been a familiar argument in Israel for many years — when swamps in demilitarized zones in the north adjoining Syria were drained, for example, to make them productive. But on the canal, where Israel now patrols the eastern bank for all but the northern five-mile stretch, the Israelis remain transfixed by the prospect of joining in its traffic at last.

On the Egyptian side, it has taken considerable persuasion by international interests to convince Egyptian planners that it is in their best

interest to establish an alternative to the canal. They have accepted the idea and begun to shift their interest to it, encouraged by international petroleum companies in the Arabian Gulf. But before any new large projects can be carried out in Egypt, it will be necessary to re-establish Egyptian credit standing. The government has been trying to reschedule its large debts to foreign commercial banks. Most important is regularization of its standing with the International Monetary Fund, with which it is in default in the amount of some \$50 million. European commercial banks have been more responsive to Egyptian requests for short-term loans than have American banks. Ever since the Yemeni war and its threat to the stability of the Arabian peninsula, American institutions have been increasingly cool to Egyptian appeals for funds.

The men from Moscow

At this stage Egyptian planners must therefore reckon without American help in any field except education. The American presence on the Egyptian scene has never been so slight. Today the small contingent of diplomats who staff the American Interests Section of the Spanish Embassy stick to their technical tasks. They observe the novel activities of a whole new breed of Soviet diplomats who ornament the Cairo social scene. The Russian ambassador, Serge Vinogradov, has become the most sought-after and honored guest at state functions. He is backstopped by about a thousand Russians speaking good English and Egyptian Arabic. The women of the contingent have dropped the uncaring styles of the past for the latest European modes. On the surface they have replaced the banished Europeans of another age.

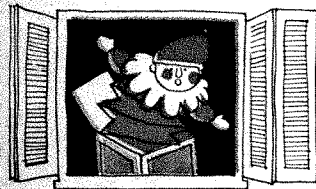
Mr. Vinogradov has easy access to President Nasser, and likes to appear as the President's mentor. Still, government decisions so far have not followed an all-out anti-Western line. And within the Egyptian official family there is known to be much anxiety at the preponderant role assumed by the men from Moscow.

The generation of technocrats which keeps Egypt from civil chaos grew up under British and French tutelage. Their leaders studied at

The child's guide to Paris.

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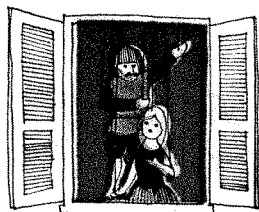


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at: Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche; Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo; Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit; Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44; Comité des Oeuvres d'Etudiants DANton 07-49; Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children arriving in Paris alone is 225-91-88.



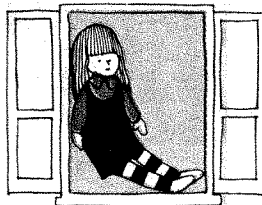
Marionnettes

The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Élysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 77, rue de Bagneux (Thursdays only); and Claude & Daniel Brazillier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.

*By In-Flight Motion Pictures.



Curiosités

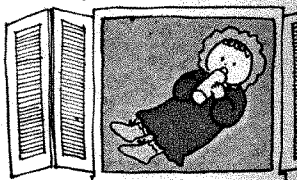
Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun.; Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice; all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and \$55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

Parcs

There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings, nice restaurant.

Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Sc Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaléidoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45.



les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en-l'Île or Fauchon 26, Place de la Madeleine. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, there are close approximations at Le Drugstore Champs-Élysées, and at the Pam Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes dotted around Paris.

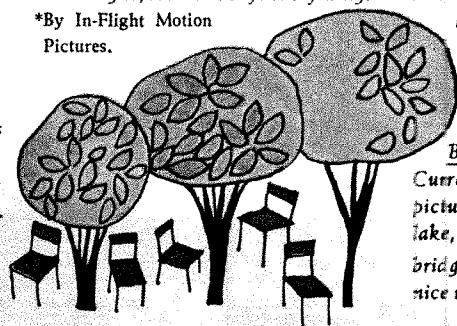
Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît

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Egypt

London School of Economics and the Sorbonne or at Harvard. They are at home in the Western world, are nostalgic for contact with it, and angry that much of it refuses to see the justice of their position on Arab unity under Egypt, and on Israel. They are also weary of responsibility in a hectic period of revolution; and some of them have found a way out by joining international services via the United Nations. Today it is possible for more of these elite to leave if they choose. Late in the fall of 1967 the government decided that Egyptian families could emigrate legally, taking with them their household possessions and some cash. There has been an exodus of both Christians and Muslims in the last six months. Many go to Canada, some to the United States. They represent a new kind of loss for Egypt, of educated and skilled professionals, discouraged with their position and anxious for the future. If the tide of such emigration increases, it will be a sign that the regime can no longer offer

real hope to the educated class. Dr. Kaissouny has underscored the lack of educated manpower in a report on employment prospects up to 1975. He predicts a shortage of candidates for managerial and technical posts of some 30,000 by 1970. The supply of intermediate technical trainees will be short 160,000 candidates. The implications for development of the economy are obvious. Egypt has not yet dealt with the great technological gap exposed by its military defeat last summer. But Russian advisers have not spared feelings in putting much of the military failure down to lack of training. Dr. Kaissouny is saying that there will be as fatal a gap in preparation for industrialization if technical education is not improved and increased. Much United Nations technical help has been sought by the government in this field. UNESCO and the International Labor Organization have helped to set standards and teach teachers of vocational training. There has been help on training for civil aviation, for railway workers, and for industrial management. The UN Development Program is concentrating on

aiding projects for draining irrigated land, a necessity as more acreage comes under perennial irrigation from the High Dam. It is also advising on mineral development of the Aswan region and on new industries which can be developed as the power grid begins to extend across the country.

Such help adds up in the overall development effort. But what strikes the Western observer is the shortage of education for industry in a country which envisions salvation through industrialization. This shortage, plus an artificial one caused by the removal of many talented managerial people for political reasons, threatens the country's economic future. There is as yet no mobilization of talent, much of it still available in the country. The Israeli war does not seem to have had the Sputnik-like effect it might have had in directing energies to Egypt's technical deficiencies.

High cards, paper votes

As time passes without a resolution of the political impasse with Israel, Egypt's terms have not softened. Cairo has made what it considers its best offer. This is for demilitarization of both sides of the Sinai frontier after withdrawal of Israeli forces; submission of the Tiran strait question to the International Court, with open passage meanwhile; return of Palestinians to their land in the West Bank, at least, in exchange for Israeli passage through the canal; and negotiations through the Mixed Armistice Commission, which continues to exist in spite of Israel's ten-year boycott of it. The Egyptians believe they have taken "a giant step" in admitting Israel's right to exist. They say they have been talking directly with Israel through the MAC since 1949, that this is the best way for negotiations to be held, and that they cannot concede more. They do not claim Gaza but are concerned with its refugee population, of whom some 12,000 single males are being sheltered on a small dole in Egypt. There is no work for them, and only a few are qualified for university training.

Even if President Nasser were disposed, on practical grounds, to settle with Israel at peace talks, he could not forfeit his long-standing position as the champion of the Palestinian cause. There are doves

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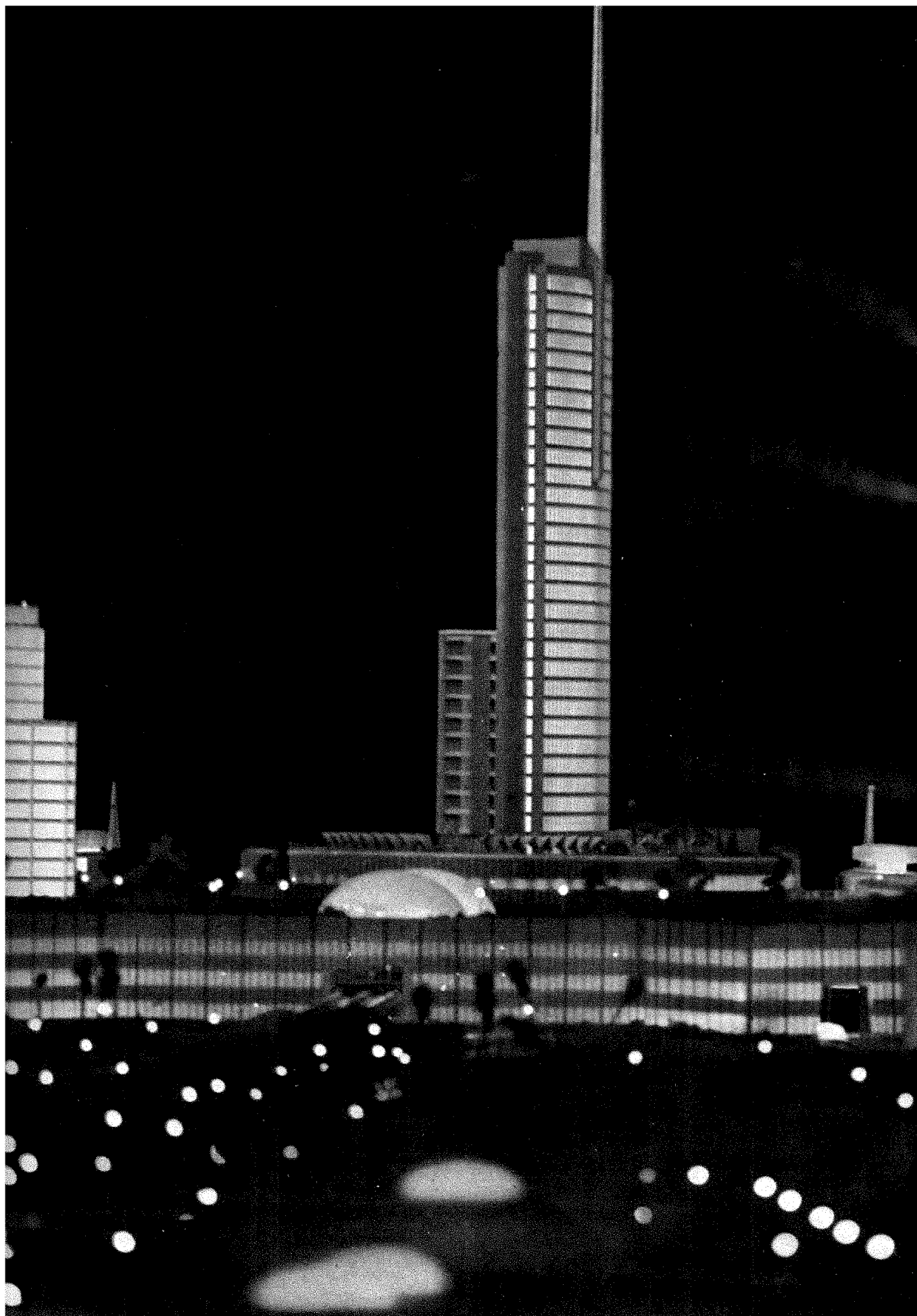
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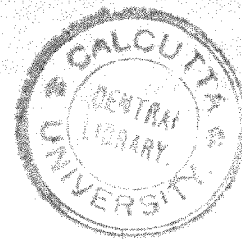
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in Egypt who would like to see an accommodation so that Egypt could concentrate on its own affairs. But they are cornered by the arguments that Israel really represents the United States, and that a settlement means accepting a new form of Western imperialism in the region. The Russians play skillfully on this theme, and Washington, preoccupied with the Far East, has so far failed to clarify any Middle East policy.

The inevitable return of the whole impasse to the Security Council promises little relief for either side. In the long run the Arabs have high cards. But in the short run, Israel, with its strong Western political support and brilliant advocacy, may have the votes. They are paper votes, however, and will not force the direct talks Israel says it wants.

Opening doors

Any conventional interpretation of last summer's Arab defeat would have predicted Nasser's downfall, Egypt's economic collapse, and perhaps the West Bank and Jordan working arrangements with Israel. None of the seers would have guessed that the two oil monarchies under chronic attack from Cairo, Saudi Arabia and Libya, would be sending Egypt a cash subsidy to keep it going all year; or that all the NATO countries of the Mediterranean basin would stand behind the Arabs and keep open the door to the East which Moscow so eagerly rushed to close.

Looking at Egypt today it is possible to see either peace or war ahead. The new Russian weaponry may be largely defensive and may provide the backdrop of defensive power needed before any government can approach a settlement with Israel. The Russians clearly favor a settlement but do not have the power to influence it politically. Somewhat inconsistently, the Egyptians and all other Arabs greatly overestimate the influence of the United States on Israel. It is no exaggeration to say that we have never had less influence in Tel Aviv. This leaves any peace efforts right where they are now, in the hands of the patient and discreet Dr. Gunnar Jarring. If he fails to find an acceptable channel of communication for both sides, the storm signals will go up again all along the Mediterranean shores.

Campaigning



Notes worth saving from a New Hampshire diary:

... Great guilt clings to reporters. They know they help keep America slightly insane.

Norman Mailer

Concord

Fourteen days before the vote, George Romney bowed out. It was a decisive act in an otherwise indecisive campaign. Romney's polls were so bad that even the Nixon people did not believe them. The margins were incredible, six and seven to one against him, so in the end he decided to withdraw. At a cheerful press conference, he warned the moderate Republican governors to hang together lest they hang separately. But to his managers and to others, he still wondered: why did it go so wrong?

Richard Nixon thought he knew. "Perhaps we have seen for the last time the hand-shaking, person-to-person type of campaign," he said at a press conference the next day. "Governor Romney gambled on a hand-shaking campaign. I deliberately went on an issues-type campaign. I think that will be the campaign of the future." What is important, Nixon told the reporters, "is not just winning, but how it's won."

New London

The argument was whether she was pretty or merely sexy or both. The *Baltimore Sun* declared it was mostly sex; I demurred. Anyone

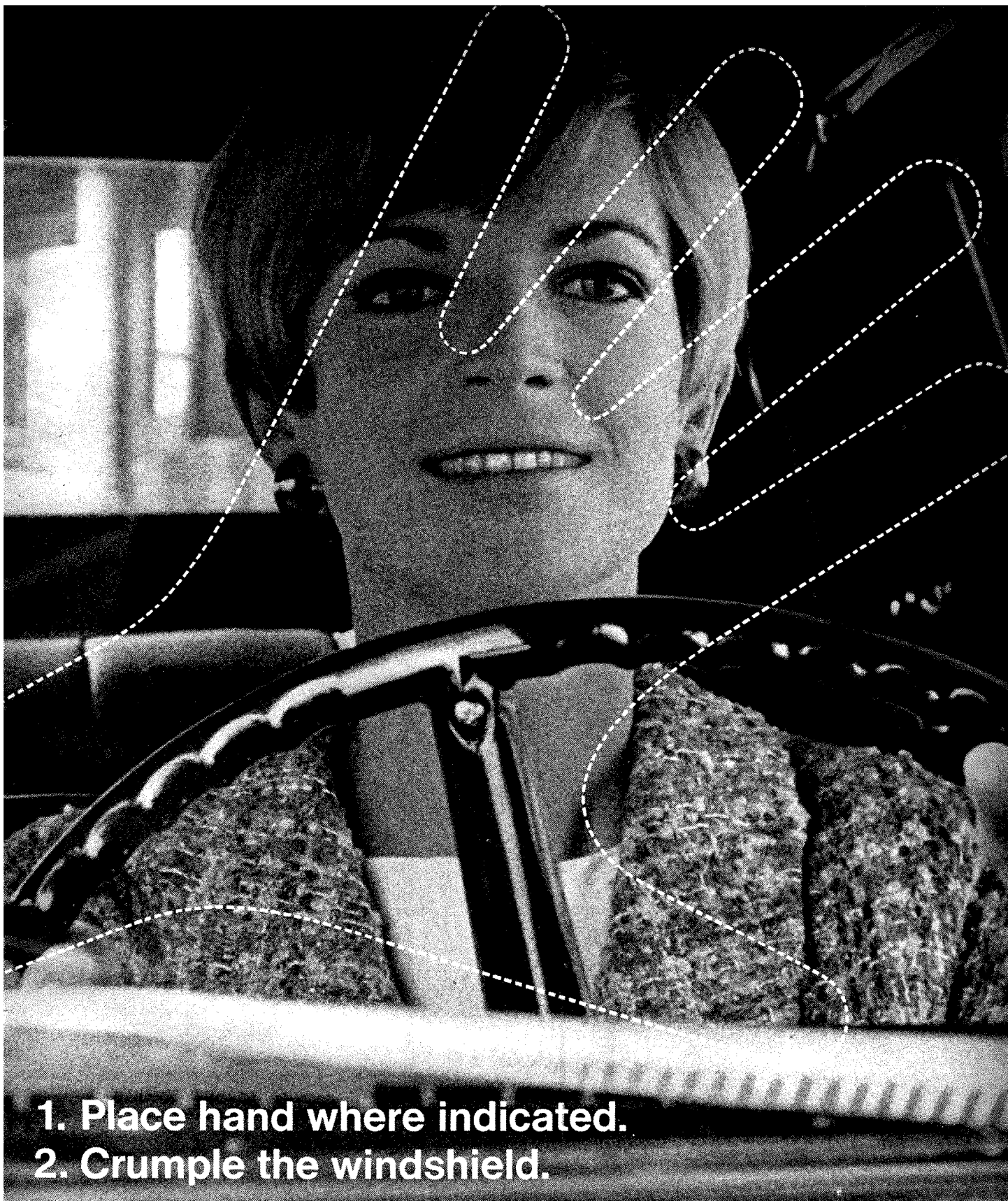
that sexy had to be pretty. She was a Romney Girl, one of a revolving band of half a dozen caped, mini-skirted, tights-wearing college girls who preceded the candidate to meetings at coffee hours and rallies. She had a marvelous look about her — well built with long hair that spilled carelessly into her eyes. She was the prettiest of the six. The Romney Girls were singing the Romney Song, something about Romney making the world go 'round,

The winds atop Mount Washington
Whispering Romney's Right,

when a cameraman for CBS began to tinker with his camera, focusing the long black lens and inspecting the lighting. This was at Colby Junior College, in the auditorium there, and the cameras were set in the middle of the long rows of seats that filed back from the stage and its podium.

The candidate had not yet appeared. George Romney, three-term governor of Michigan, corporation executive, family man, churchman, had just the week before returned from twenty-seven days around the world (fourteen countries; three days in South Vietnam), and was relaxing in the anteroom. He had come to the Colby campus from the slopes of the King Ridge Ski Area, where in the company of the director he had snowplowed three runs down the beginner's slope, and fell as he swept into a stem christie. It was a production for what are now called the media, with all three networks recording the descent and a girl working for the *New York Times* taking down quotes. The pictures received very good play the next day. In all, a useful exercise.

So the candidate was still offstage as the girls were singing, warming up the crowd. The television cameras were working and the *Baltimore Sun* and I were smiling. The girl we were watching had moved to the front of the jiggling line of six Romney Girls. Her head was held slightly forward of her body, and she smiled widely and frequently. One hand held a tambourine, and that tambourine always seemed to be covering, or at least distracting, the face of the girl to her left. Even in the back row, thirty seats away, we could hear her voice above the others, tinkling the Romney Song, and her body swinging in a modest



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Maybe one should. But, meanwhile, we urge you to buckle up every time you get in the car. (And to get everybody else to buckle up, too.) Because we keep seeing what happens to people who don't. And there's only one thing worse than working with unpleasant statistics: being one.



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An unfair comparison between

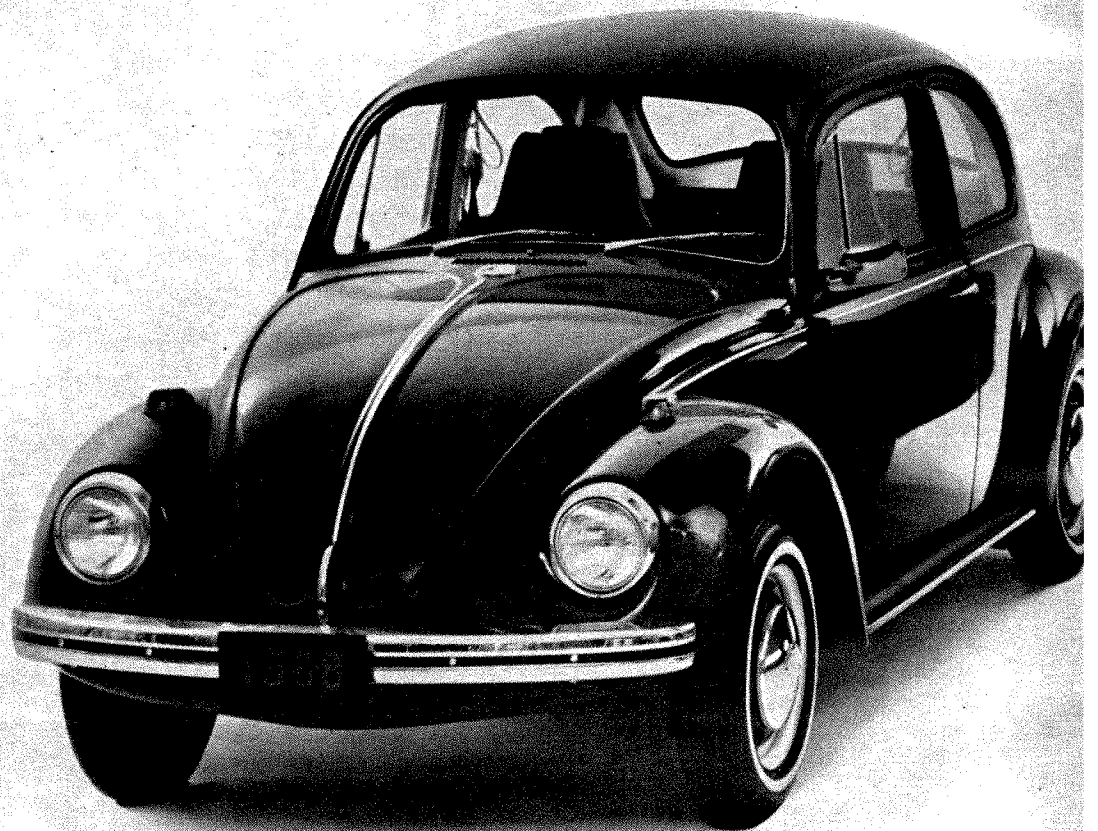
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Questions

FREEDOM, WHO NEEDS IT? the virtues of individual liberty and the price that has to be paid for it, by **Richard Rovere**, the accomplished essayist and Washington correspondent of the *New Yorker*.

Issues

YOU CAN'T ACT WITHOUT GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY, a telling dissection of Jean-Paul Sartre's (and others') fashionable hypocrisies about individual guilt, by **Jacques Ellul**, distinguished French professor of the history of law and social history.

Personalities

SOREL'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, a new candidate for parlor game popularity. **Edward Sorel**, one of America's most effective caricaturists, applies just the right twists to quotations and to persons in a marriage of pen and wit that will have many readers joining in. Picture the picture to go with the slightly unfamiliar quotation "God is bread." Or, "It is better to have bombed and lost than never to have bombed at all." You've got the idea.

Quirks

THE AEROSPACE BONUS BOYS brings the pertinent zaniness of **Bob and Ray (Elliott and Goulding)** back into the *Atlantic*, a hilarious insight into the way the electronic and space industries canvass the campuses and each other's personnel rosters for the specialists who confound the unconfoundable.

Also Letters

Walt Whitman as viewed by **Justin Kaplan**, author of the brilliant *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*.

Lytton Strachey and the success of his excesses, surveyed by **Louis Kronenberger**.

Fiction by **Gabriel Garcia Marquez** and **George Armah**; poetry by the late **Randall Jarrell**; and a timely survey of Washington's strange custom of government-by-commission from **Elizabeth Drew**.

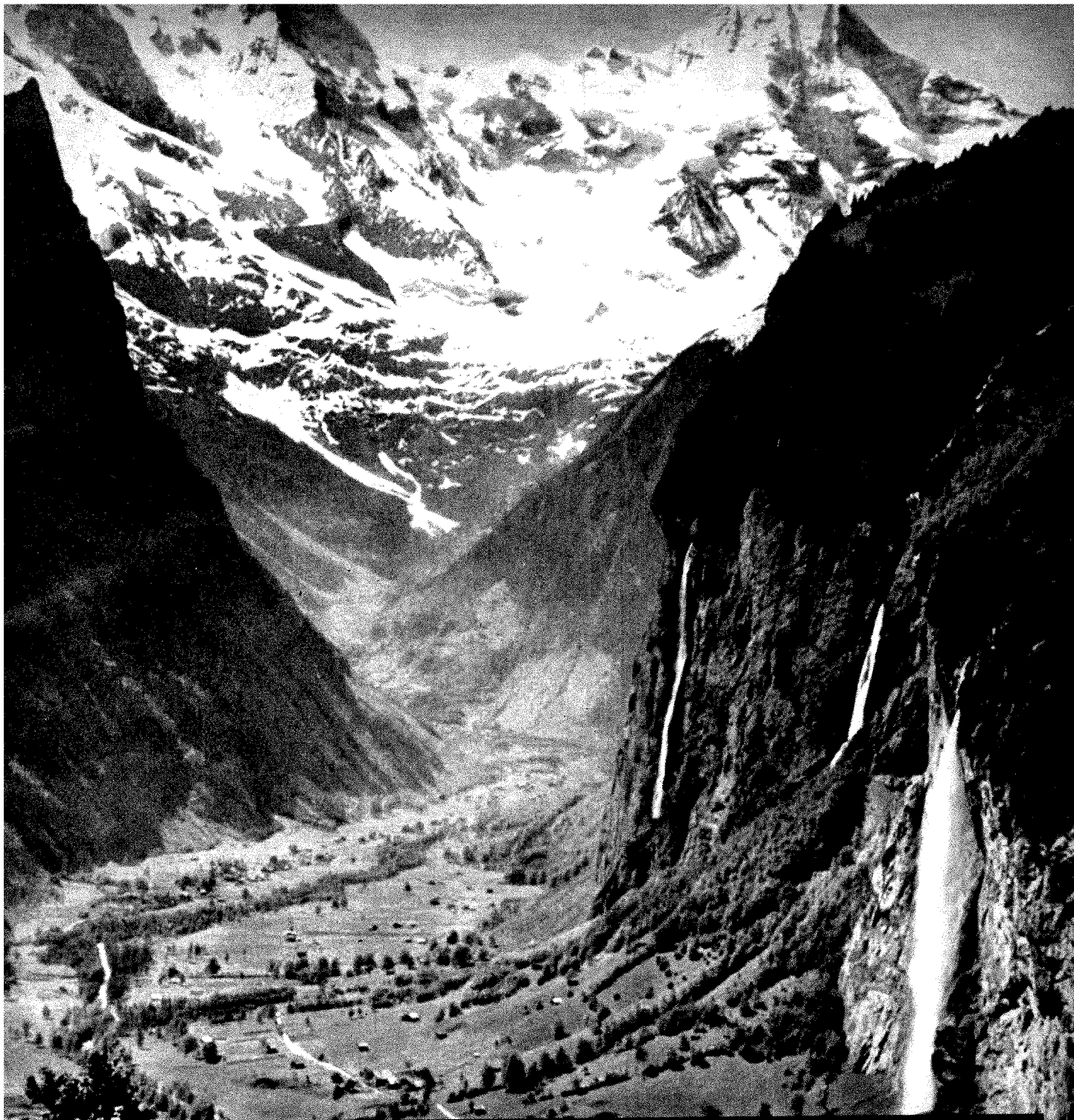
Campaigning

shake. Now she was looking straight into the CBS camera and smiling. She had been bitten. She was looking straight into a nonlinear future. Farewell Brett Ashley, Natasha, Hester Prynne. Enter Betty Furness. The girl wanted to be on television.

As the rest of us. You can watch their faces working as the cameras pan over the audience. It is best seen at close quarters, when George Romney is speaking earnestly of the decline of American morals. He talks about this in living rooms all over New Hampshire, and the national press is squeezed into living rooms along with the voters. The hostess is sitting near the front, and her shy, nervous eyes are darting about between Romney and her neighbors.

He was late arriving, and the hostess was certain that he would not come; she would be embarrassed in front of her neighbors, whom she had asked to her living room to listen to a candidate for President of the United States. But he arrives and makes his way among the women, nodding and smiling, ruddy and hearty, joking about the cold, looking like a President ought to look, looking in Excellent Health. The women wait for the speech. Some of them have brought their husbands.

The national press has heard it all before. They call it BOMFOG — brotherhood of man, fatherhood of God. "I am not here as a politician, but as a concerned American . . ." It is a stock talk, ten minutes, rarely more, and questions. Pencils come out during the question period because Romney has had trouble with language in the past. Once he said he was brainwashed in South Vietnam, and the remark almost put him out of the running for keeps, almost made his candidacy a joke, which is the worst thing that can happen to a candidate for office in American politics. When there are indications he will say something different, the pencils come out and the television lights go on. Abruptly he mentions, apropos of nothing, the Supreme Court. Blink! The lights go on. It is an excruciating white light, necessary for the sixteen-millimeter-film cameras. The lights do not illuminate the entire room, just that part of it to which they are directed. Romney pauses for an



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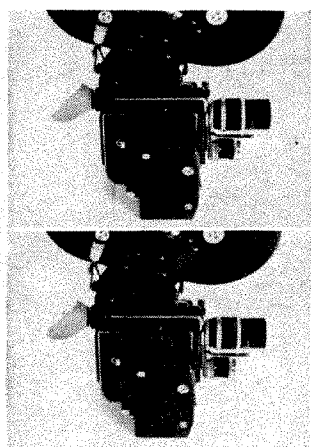
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instant, and the only sound is the gentle grinding of the camera wheels, a whirl like a dentist's drill before it is placed on a molar. It is the only sound in the room. The strobe light plays over the faces of the people standing and seated before Romney. The camera follows the light, and the people know this. It is serious business, so they cannot smile or wave as the camera passes by them. They must behave as if the camera were not there. To do otherwise would be to mock the ceremony, to transform George Romney into Johnny Carson, to turn a campaign for the presidency into the *Tonight Show*. They try to watch the television man as well as the governor, and in the process their eyes and minds go blank. Romney is blotted out as thoroughly as if he were speaking to a parlor full of the deaf and the blind. He notices none of this, of course, being experienced in front of cameras; and the light is in his eyes also, and he cannot see the audience. The camera records, then moves on. The light extinguished, people blink their eyes as when they have come into a dark room from the sunshine. Romney ends on a note of exhortation: the imperative to halt the decline in religious conviction, family life, moral character, personal responsibility. Then he nods and it is over, and shaking hands, he leaves. A woman awkwardly picks her way through the folding chairs and to the side of one of the television correspondents. "When will it be on?" she asks.

Portsmouth

Nixon moved as effortlessly as a tango dancer, gliding to rhythms dimly reminiscent of some other, faraway ballroom. "Interest rates," he'd said, "are the highest in 100 years." He spoke of a new coalition of voters in America, high-minded citizens who would forget partisan politics and vote for "what's good for America."

How could Romney counter that? The search for a theme became desperate but essential. His managers knew this, particularly the astute and enormously likable William R. Johnson, the young Hanover lawyer who was running the Romney show in New Hampshire. Johnson spoke

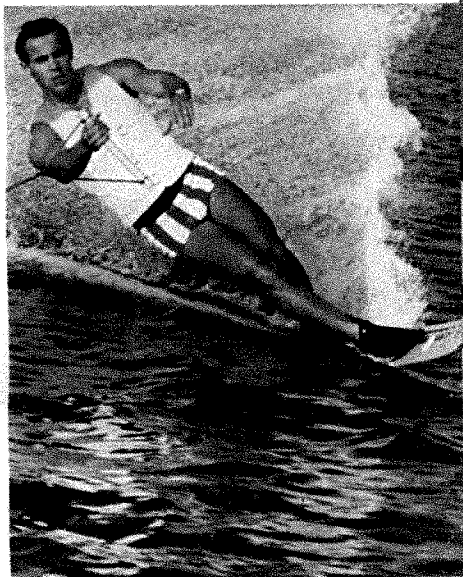
one night of a groping Romney, "struggling to find the words . . . the theme to the campaign." It wasn't working then, and Johnson knew it, but he felt that somehow it might be made to work. Somehow Romney would make a relevant connection between the theme of "excessive concentration of power" — in Romney's obscure formulation a matter which appeared to be more a reference to stalemates in collective bargaining than an analysis of America's industrial situation — and the feeling that the nation was in moral decline.

Anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear knew the latter, and knew that the electorate knew it, too, but how could it be expressed in the language of 1968? It was not enough to say that there was a decline in family life, religious conviction, and the rest. Not nearly enough. What could a President do to somehow give the nation a sense of itself, and where it ought to go? Romney, a Mormon St. Paul in twentieth-century Babylon, was not approaching it right. Even the elderly Republicans who came to sit on the parlor sofas in the presence of the television cameras to hear him, and largely agree with him, knew that. The trouble, as a Manchester lady put it, was that Romney did not, ah, convey *brains*. "Do you think he's *smart*?" she asked.

To a degree, whether Romney found his theme depended on the response of the people of New Hampshire. The national press, newspapers, magazines, and television had a certain influence, but no one knew how much. In any case, the people were guarded in their response.* Themes are not found in

* He delivered an excellent speech on Vietnam, the old nemesis, in Keene, but the press tended to pass it by. It was an extremely sophisticated analysis of the Vietnam situation, in which he said the war was in stalemate, the Saigon government corrupt, the American military following a life and a momentum of its own, and the only reasonable solution a political one. But it was a difficult speech to handle in a daily newspaper. The form does not permit a reporter to note in the lead paragraph that a speech is "extremely sophisticated." And Romney being Romney, the document was largely ignored.

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Campaigning

vacuums. What was the mood of New Hampshire?

Exeter

The problem, as a perceptive colleague put it, was that George Romney had only one speed, of about the velocity and excitement of a Mack truck: solid, durable, dependable, slow. It handles the same for a suburban matron or an electronics technician as it does for a pensioner. Or for the boys at Exeter Academy.

It passed understanding why he was booked into the hall in the first place. Bill Johnson, campaign manager, admitted it was a mistake, but had an idea that the campaign might pick up some weekend recruits. Schoolboys work very hard for campaigns once they are enthusiastic. But it seemed no one had asked if the preppies would find George Romney, churchman and moralist, congenial. Of course, they did not, and it was more than a matter of that school's "negoism," an Exonian phrase dating from the early fifties which combines in about equal parts snobbery, nihilism, and coolth. Someone should have known about negoism.

It was not only that he used the phrase "when I was your age," a concept which stirs approximately the same hostilities in adolescents as its reverse does in adults, but he used the occasion to speak at length on national fiscal and monetary affairs, particularly inflation. The disaster was preceded by a short warm-up talk from the governor's wife, Lenore; the snickering began then, during a long anecdote about the certain failure of Communism in Southeast Asia.

There is something about the younger generation which fails to respond when a politician describes his public policy as one of "call a spade a spade, and let the chips fall where they may." The youngsters tend to view this as something more than a slightly mixed metaphor. They view it as cheating, so they tend to laugh behind their hands. The snickers become titters when the politician says that "this nation will not be destroyed from without, it will be destroyed from within." Of course the titters become snorts of laughter when a man earnestly de-

clares: "I have seen young women of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen become expert plasterers . . ." Or, devastatingly, "50 percent of the crime in this country is committed by youngsters sixteen years old or younger." This is on the threshold of black humor, and the Exeter boys understand that. There were boys in that room who had read Regis Debray, and George Romney had not. Let alone Frank Harris, or all those memoirs of Victorian gentlemen.

But let the public man dwell on President Johnson and his war policy, and the young audience, many of whom hold draft cards or are about to hold draft cards, come alive. "We can help the Vietnamese, but we cannot win the war for them" — rapture. "But we are not going to walk out" — clapping, with faintly audible groans.

Dwell on the war, or on the perfidy of the Johnson Administration, and the Exeter boys are in your pocket. But talk about the economy — "a financial mess . . . has been building for nineteen years" — and the faces become blank. Talk about morality, and the smiles come. Can anyone who has a girlfriend who has taken LSD, who bops to Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, who thrills to the slaughter scene in *Bonnie and Clyde* be moved by the historical imperative that "it was just a matter of time before the country [America] and the principles of freedom would sweep the earth?" Or that the decline in American family life was a harmful menace?

Doubtless not. But they are still decently polite at the better New England prep schools, so when George Romney finished, the boys gave him a big hand.

Antrim

There is a surreal, only-American scene here, with the candidate standing before a lectern in the middle of a basketball court. The students are arrayed in front of him, seated on risers. There are four hundred of them, perhaps a few more. He makes the speech, asks for questions. Loudly applauded before he spoke, he was given an ovation when he finished. But during the speech, the students did not seem interested. There are no banners protesting the war. A student, asked about it, said

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Campaigning

that at Nathaniel Hawthorne, everybody talked about the war but no one did anything about it. He was very polite. The candidate is pleased with the reception. So are his managers. Could it be — is it *possible* — that all the talk about protest, about sex revolutions, about drugs and the rest happens only at Berkeley or Harvard or CCNY or Duke? Who at Nathaniel Hawthorne was reading Regis Debray? Is there a ~~new~~ revolution in the revolution?

Manchester

We billeted at inns. This particular inn, the nicest of all of them, served giant martinis and huge steaks and slabs of beef. A guitarist sang folk songs in a self-consciously Early American atmosphere in the bar. This would come at the end of a long day watching New Hampshire through a green-tinted window of a Continental Trailways bus, debarking when the candidate did, and trooping into the house to assess the crowd and ask one or two stupid questions. New Hampshire is beautiful in winter, ten-foot icicles hanging from eaves, the houses white and beautifully clean against the snow. The impression then, in early 1968, was of order and tranquillity. The state was at peace, and never mind Saigon or the Negro revolution.

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One assessed what one had seen. The towns blurred, one into another, and what was said in Hampton was no different from what was said in Raymond. Both towns the same, the candidate the same, the ideas the same, the news dispatches the same.

Green-tinted New Hampshire slipped by, and with it the assessment. There was no assessment. The objective was to keep everyone slightly crazy. I thought of the ideal dinner party, certain to plunge to the heart of the matter. Bonnie and Clyde. Ho Chi Minh. George and Lenore Romney, left to right. That was decided shortly after midnight. Then we paid the score, and went to bed, first calling our offices to find out if anything had happened in the world that day.

Goffstown

Eugene McCarthy moves with the slow step of a priest, a smiling ironic man whose wit dances with Irish twists. What is he doing here? No one knows what he is doing here, least of all the candidate himself. He says he is here giving expression to his opposition to the war. Here in Goffstown, amid the black-robed Benedictine friars of St. Anselm's College, he begins an excursion into mainstream politics. He talks about what the Administration has been doing in South Vietnam.

It is a pleasure to watch a politician in full possession of an audience, a delight to listen to an intelligent man ad lib his way through political rhetoric. The audience is with him, and he with them, in a kind of natural rhythm and harmony. As Eugene McCarthy leaves center stage, his eyes are glistening. A dozen rounds of applause, six of laughter, and a standing ovation at the end.

"Dean Rusk . . . Dean Rusk," he'd said, "has denounced dissension — in one of his more original phrases — because it causes joy . . . in . . . Hanoi."

The journalists, of course, did not forget to count the house, and duly noted the next morning that most of the audience were "kids"; nonvoters. That became an explanation of sorts, at the very least, confirmation that the McCarthy crusade would not get out of hand and actually influence anything. He was, and is, a much criticized man, not at all the white knight his fervid supporters

suggest. His record on the Finance Committee of the U.S. Senate is not unblemished.

But he is civilized and natural, with the kind of style that appeals to people who loved Adlai Stevenson. He had conviction. McCarthy knew the Administration had been playing false with the country, and now he was saying so; he was the only Democrat who was, in a way that somehow made emotional sense. But mostly he was civilized and natural. In these days, in these times, what more can one ask?

But his press was bad. The press likes professionals.

Dover

By late March there had come to the campaign a peculiarly cloying sense of irrelevance, of a ritual exercise played on a side court. In the mornings as the journalists assembled over coffee and the Manchester *Union-Leader*, the talk was of General Giap and the struggle at Khesanh, not of McCarthy, Romney, or Nixon. There were endless discussions of the effects of the Tet offensive.

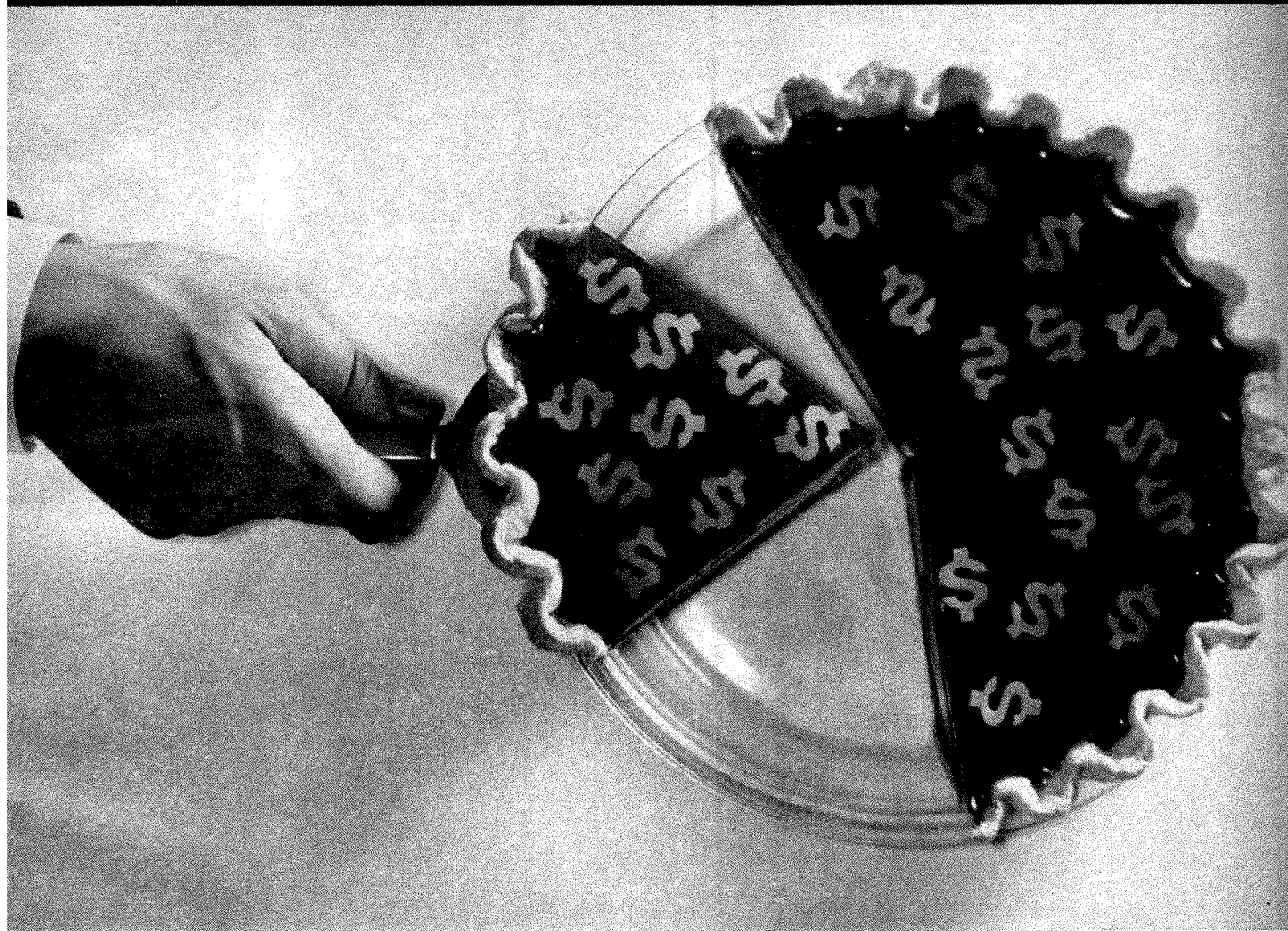
Was it not somehow tasteless, in the safety of New Hampshire, for the politicians to be declaiming on the war? The Marine perimeter grew tighter, and Colonel Lounds jauntily told newsmen: "I've got a lot of Marines." And Lounds's unspoken correlative: "And they are ready to die."

It was time for tonight's Nixon meeting. The Dover high school gymnasium, smelling of sweat and rubber shoes, was packed literally to the rafters with supporters who threw balloons and lofted signs saying: "Nixon's the One." He was introduced without embarrassment as "the next President of the United States" — a phrase no master of ceremonies for a Romney or a McCarthy performance had been able to bring himself to utter — and the overflow crowd of 1000 beat its palms and cheered. Nixon rose, a trim six-footer, scarcely any gray in the jet-black curly hair, his deep blue suit of a carefully neutral cut. He is indisputably a professional.

Girls and well-groomed young men pass out Nixon literature. He has spent twenty years in public life, one throwaway says, "eight of them at the very center of power," a period which was "followed" by a

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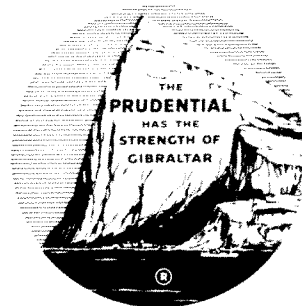


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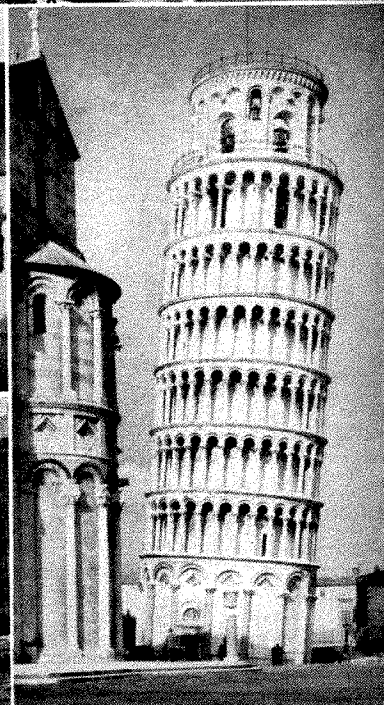
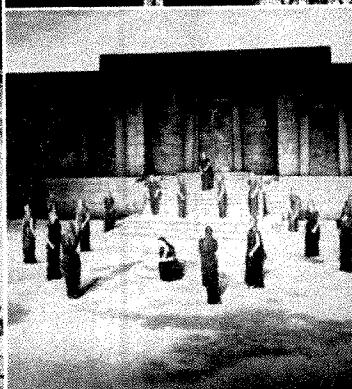
But he seems to speak of another time and place. "If you take the United States out of the world," he says, "the rest of the non-Communist world would be living . . . in . . . sheer . . . terror." It has been some time since we looked at it like that, what with the coming to power of Fidel Castro, and the death of John Foster Dulles, and the irruption of a land war in Asia. Kosygin, Nixon concedes, is a different man than Khrushchev: "When Kosygin comes to the UN, he does not bang his shoe on the table." So the Communists have changed, he says, "but only insofar as the tactics —"

All the old gestures and phrases are there: "Let me simply say this," as the long pianist's fingers play with an imaginary spool of thread. Well, he is different. A new man. He speaks more easily, more confidently; watch him now, as he edges his position on the Vietnam War a trice to the left. A liberal columnist walks away from a private meeting convinced of Nixon's intelligence and of his viability as a candidate who can win against Lyndon Johnson. He is alright . . . he has changed . . . there is a New Nixon. Perhaps the columnist is right. In the sixty-minute speech at Dover, Richard Nixon mentioned the Eisenhower Administration only once.

—Ward S. Just

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. Ward S. Just, a Washington POST correspondent recently returned from Vietnam, is covering the 1968 campaign. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.



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letters

Advice to a draftee

SIR: Thank you for printing the letter by Leo Tolstoy in your February issue ("Advice to a Draftee"). His few words do bear, indeed, a terrible relevance to America in 1968.

Editorially you have, of course, been objective by following the Tolstoy letter with Mr. Wyzanski's essay ("On Civil Disobedience"), which recommends that Americans today, like Thomas More, postpone taking a stand until an "issue" is "squarely presented." It is unbelievable that a "thoughtful" man would not carry his argument to its logical conclusion—that by consenting at all, in the beginning, we become part of what we give our consent to. If we cannot morally approve of the Vietnam War, what moral right do we have to resist it, individually, at any point along the way once we have entered into the participation of it.

A. C. WILLERS
New York City

SIR: The *Atlantic* exists for that — to print "Advice to a Draftee" by Leo Tolstoy. A few years ago I taught *War and Peace*, and I keep thinking how this piece would have made a conference with Tolstoy himself. It is an addition to our understanding.

HELEN RANE MILLER
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Tolstoy's argument for refusing to do military service is based on his definition of military service: "to kill all those one is ordered to kill." According to Tolstoy, being a soldier is like joining a gang of robbers.

Tolstoy's ideas about military service are often untrue today. The Geneva conventions, the Nuremberg trials, and some recent U.S. Army courts-martial have made it clear that if a soldier is ordered to

kill a civilian or commit any other war crime, it is his duty to disobey that order. Also, soldiers are often more like policemen, who fight robbers to protect a community, than robbers. When a man decides whether or not he should join an army, his decision should depend basically on whether the army is like the policemen or the robbers.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bethesda, Md.

On civil disobedience

SIR: While I substantially agree with the thoughtful spirit and tone of Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.'s article, "On Civil Disobedience" (February *Atlantic*), I am compelled to respond.

His advice is evidently that each of us should "bide his time until he personally is faced with an order requiring him *as an individual* to do a wrongful act." (Italics mine.)

I would agree that such patience, fortitude, and resolution as are required for "waiting your turn" are virtuous on their face. However, it is not morally, politically, or socially worthy to wait your turn under such circumstances, principally because it does nothing to alleviate any condition which may necessitate disobedience. Unsupported individual action, on cue from and at the convenience of the establishment, permits the continuation of even the grossest injustices, because authorities are neither politically nor morally obliged to deal seriously with problems brought by individuals.

Whose establishment would not utterly drool over the prospect of taking on its dissenters one at a time?

DENNIS ANSON
Gainesville, Fla.

SIR: Morality, we learn from Judge Wyzanski, is to swallow one's burning convictions as long as it is someone else who is dying in a dirty war and one's own comfort and individualistic conscience are not threatened. After all, sin can be committed only by individuals; a nation is not responsible, and silence in the face of our national "sin" is prudent for the participatory democrat. He will not be judged for his omissions as long as he keeps his own hands clean. For the bolder, commitment within reason is admirable, as long as it is limited to differences of *opinion* that don't threaten established patterns

of *action*. Society is to be preserved from malicious examples of law-breaking so that it need not confront the greater issue of the violence its laws perpetrate. Ethical rebellion is good only if it can be reasonably confident of success in thwarting the evil it protests and rallying the majority to its side.

There is much to be said for a lively awareness of the complexity of this moral question and an openness to the fallibility of one's own judgment. But will moral evasion serve these ends?

JILL WHITNEY
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: Mr. Wyzanski overlooks the fact that when Socrates swallowed the hemlock it was only his own life which was being needlessly and wrongfully sacrificed, not the lives of innocent and unwilling victims half a world away!

RUTH H. POWELL
Townshend, Vt.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski's argument draws an intriguing but deceptive parallel between individual acts of civil disobedience and what he terms "rebellion." By refusing to answer the call to induction, an individual makes a conscious and deliberate choice to violate what he believes is an unjust law.

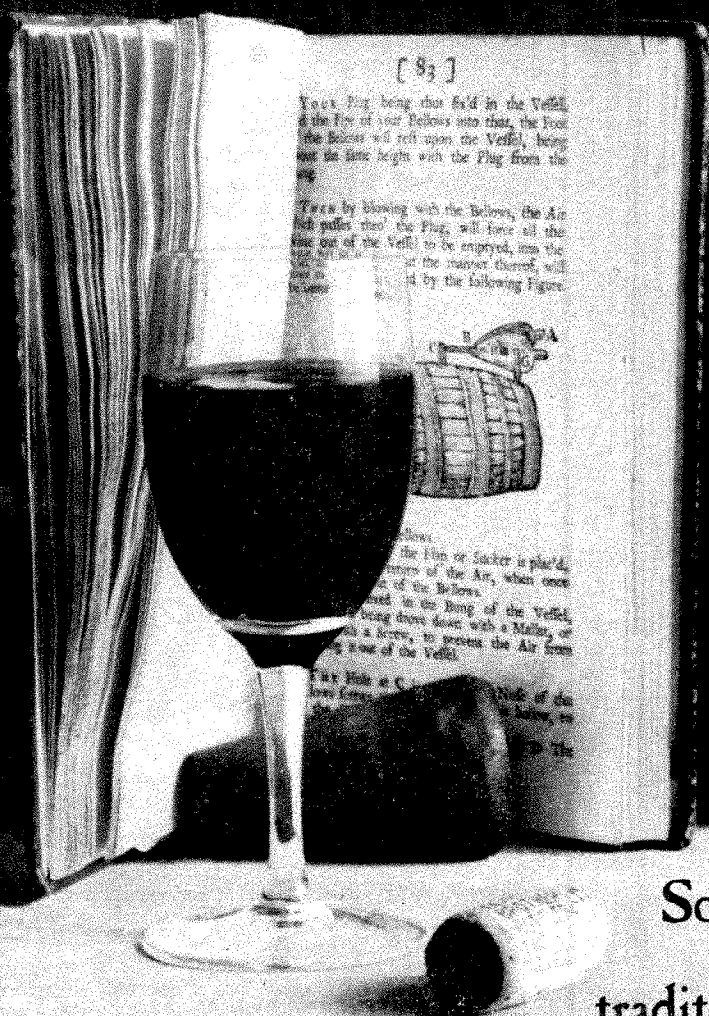
But this decision does not constitute a revolutionary act against the government and the social order, it is a private choice which he will implement by some form of non-violent resistance. Such behavior is not likely to "spawn tyranny, not freedom" unless the government responds tyrannically or sanctions violence against these individuals by other citizens.

H. T. WILSON
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SIR: In his essay Judge Wyzanski defines civil disobedience factually and clearly, but then to criticize this position he takes refuge in unsupported rhetoric. To wit:

"Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical, in the sense that it is responsive to a deep moral conviction, there are unfortunate consequences." (Really? Of what sort? And are they more unfortunate than when men rigidly adhere to laws they recognize as immoral?)

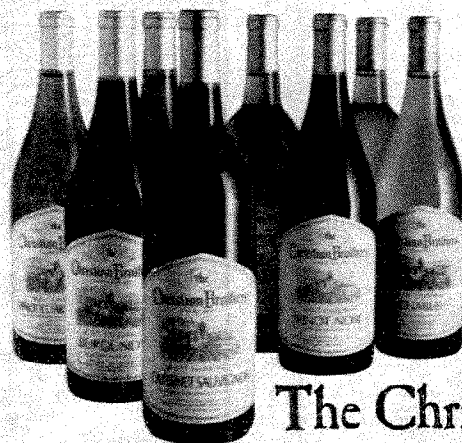
"He himself becomes more prone



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to disobey laws for which he has no profound repugnance." (Unsupported hypothesizing and probably untrue. There are mighty few Quakers in jail except for civil disobedience; and did Sir Thomas More become a flagrant lawbreaker after his refusal?)

"He weakens the fabric of society." (Is it not either a blatant *non sequitur* or a frightening omen of our doom when those who yet respond to the voice of conscience are the ones charged with the destruction of our society?)

BERT HANSEN
Princeton, N. J.

SIR: I thank God for the legal solace offered by Judge Wyzanski. It's comforting to know that under the rules laid down by the Nuremberg Tribunal, I cannot be held personally responsible for the crimes committed by my country in Vietnam. But being of German extraction one thing worries me: what about the guilt that history may impose upon an entire nation. Whose "delayed civil disobedience" permitted a Nazi regime to solve the Jewish problem? A great many of my kinsmen still are plagued by this judgment, even though I know of no one who personally gassed or incinerated a single Jew. How does Judge Wyzanski propose that I avoid this judgment?

RICHARD G. ZIMMERMAN
Columbus, Ohio

SIR: The thoughtful and insightful analysis by Charles E. Wyzanski deserves the most careful reading, and yet I am still troubled by anguish and doubt. To quote from his essay: "Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical . . . there are unfortunate consequences. He himself becomes more prone to disobey laws. . . . He sets an example for others who may not have his pure motives." The example, I fear, was already set. It was set by the very act against which the objectors conscientiously protest.

War by definition is a breakdown of law and order. It is in his passionate opposition to this breakdown that the conscientious objector is attempting to bring us closer to the real meaning of a more lawfully ordered existence for all of us.

To argue that to do so needs a policeman and that our presence in Vietnam is a police action in the

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interest of law and order is one of those sanctimonious pieties that obscure the real issues.

Nor can I lightly dismiss the lessons we learned or should have learned at the Nuremberg trials. Such dismissal based on the grounds that "no unprejudiced observer is likely to see the American government in its involvement in Vietnam as in a posture comparable with that of the Nazi regime" is to appeal to an easily misunderstood meaning of comparability. Our way of life is indeed incomparably superior to the Nazi regime, but this fact in itself hardly provides us with all the virtue that is needed to justify an act of war.

ROBERT B. BRUNNER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski differentiates between the acts of civil rights workers and acts of war demonstrators by claiming that the former did not constitute acts of civil disobedience because the Supreme Court upheld their claims, whereas the acts of the latter do constitute civil disobedience because the Court has not, and he supposes shall not, rule likewise.

Am I to understand that I must refrain from action until the Court rules? If the acts of the civil rights workers were not acts of civil disobedience owing to the Court's ruling, then logically they never were acts of civil disobedience.

Likewise, if I exercise my faith in the eventual goodness of the Court, I shall suppose that the Court one day shall rule upon my claim; thus my acts will not constitute civil disobedience, and hence logically they do not now. He asks me to refrain from these acts because he "supposes" the Court shall not rule in favor of my claims; unless the judge writes a second article proving himself a seer, I shall be unable to align my actions with his suppositions.

STEPHEN J. AGETSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: As one who is Over Thirty, abhors disorder, and fears violence, one who has not been disobedient, civilly or otherwise, I found Mr. Wyzanski's article very appealing at first. For here was a man of power and sympathy, with some sense of history, who had apparently been searching his conscience. What he found there and offered to the

rest of us was a concept of "delayed civil disobedience," which meant "waiting until an issue is squarely presented to an individual and cannot further be avoided."

This idea was reassuring to me, for whom the thought of deliberately breaking the law is disquieting, to say the least. Surely the point at which one's conscience and one's adrenaline would respond simultaneously would be the point at which he was told, as an individual, that he must do something morally repugnant to him. This must be the response of our young men who are receiving induction notices and refusing to go. Surely we should not rend "the fabric of society" for any less pressing reason. Acquiescence to law in a country of laws is not a crime.

Or is it? I think we must realize that the great majority of us middle-class Over-Thirties are not likely to be presented with a direct *positive* challenge to our morality. No shrewd politician is going to present the source of his power with too upsetting a choice. What he will expect is that, in return for peace and quiet, we will look the other way on items that are embarrassing or do not appear to affect us directly.

To me, it seems a great folly to presume (as our present Administration apparently does) that history will be so kind as to furnish us with an exact replica of the situation in Europe thirty years ago. In present-day America assuredly "no unprejudiced observer" is going to see storm troopers, imprisonment of Jews, or extermination camps. But what would an "unprejudiced observer" see, if we could find one? Would he see, not extermination camps, but the computerized extermination of an entire country on the pretext that it is for its own good? Would he see language perverted as when a South Vietnamese village was bombed in order to "save" it?

Without the benefit of hindsight, I wonder at what point in Nazi history Mr. Wyzanski would have felt that "his deepest obligation . . . [was] to do his utmost to eradicate . . . [the] evil."

MARY JEAN HADDIN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski's excellent article "On Civil Disobedience" has a minor error of fact in it that does not mitigate its importance.

In discussing Lincoln, he writes: "Would not President Lincoln have invoked our recollection not of 1860 or 1861 but rather of 1863 when, the battle of Gettysburg having made a change of policy practical, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation?"

The fact is that Lincoln issued the proclamation six months *before* Gettysburg (the proclamation, January 1; the battle, July 1-3). Indeed, a preliminary emancipation proclamation was issued by Lincoln in 1862. The difference in dates indicates that Lincoln freed the slaves not only for practical political reasons but for personal moral reasons too.

However, the point made by the author is still valid, for the emancipation was linked to the military situation. The real threat to the Union that was sundered by Southern racists cannot be considered in any way analogous to the vague threat of Asian Communism to the United States. Judge Wyzanski is eminently sound in underscoring this in his larger view that young men of conscience who find Vietnam a war of the absurd may reach a point, such as receipt of induction notice, when resistance is historically justified.

HERBERT MITGANG
The New York Times
New York City

Mr. Mitgang, and several other sharp-eyed ATLANTIC readers, have caught Judge Wyzanski and the ATLANTIC on the wrong battlefield. The Emancipation Proclamation followed the Battle of Antietam in September, 1862, and became law on January 1, 1863.

— THE EDITOR

What's wrong with graduate schools

SIR: The argument of Christopher Jencks and David Riesman ("Where Graduate Schools Fail," February *Atlantic*) for greater flexibility in graduate curricula presumes that outside experience, such as political activity, can substitute for at least some classroom training. Most responsible people, I think, would agree that extracurricular or non-academic experience complements in-class training. But to suggest that a student should be scholastically rewarded for "what he has become" out of class is sheer foolishness, since schools and universities exist solely to provide access to information that cannot be more easily ac-



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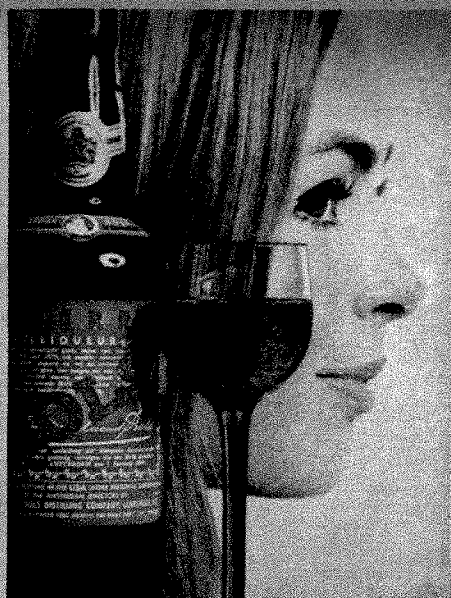
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quired through outside activities. Jencks and Riesman also plump for a more interdisciplinary approach to problems. One trouble with this view is that the interdisciplinary approach tends to become nondisciplinary. To say anything meaningful in even one discipline requires years of training in specialized techniques. Even though a wide perspective may seem desirable, I, for one, would rather speak cogently within a narrow range than trivially within a wide one. Generalization versus specialization is the issue, Jencks and Riesman's blather about "aggregating specialized skills" to the contrary notwithstanding.

JOHN R. HANSON II
*University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Penn.*

SIR: My colleagues and I in graduate school here at Michigan State University were enthralled by the perspective of Mr. Jencks and Mr. Riesman on graduate study. Even the most socialized among us could not seriously find much personal significance of subjective value in our grand professional game. We are in it for money, prestige, or simply as the last step in an educational process.

Unless we accept a Ph.D. program in a normal discipline, say economics, we run the very real risk of being arbitrarily branded as incompetent in academic life.

GEORGE L. METCALFE
*Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.*

SIR: Jencks and Riesman have performed a useful service by demanding that graduate schools and academic men become more relevant to the needs of our society. But they ignore what seems to me a more pressing issue: how to make relevant people more academic.

Many people not permitted to teach or supervise research under present rules and customs have expertise of interest to, even demanded by, students. This expertise is demonstrated by the accumulation of responsibility, authority, and influence rather than by the acquisition of degrees and the creation of bibliography. Moreover, most of these experts have had considerable experience teaching; they have trained and supervised many junior colleagues, individually and in groups.

From my own government service,

for example, I know many men and women better equipped to teach and even to stimulate research about bureaucracy, contemporary history, and the arts of acquiring income and equity than many of the well-read but comparatively inexperienced scholars who have licenses to teach graduate students.

DANIEL M. FOX
*Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR: Thanks for publishing the article by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman. I'm a graduate student in sociology and found the authors' comments most appropriate. They say, for example, that a "sociology student cannot get credit for union-organizing in the South." I find my professors doubting my serious interest in sociology because of my extracurricular work with civil rights, anti-war, and anti-academic-bureaucratic issues. This is now happening at Tulane University here in New Orleans, and has already caused me to switch from political science to sociology at the loss of a year's credits.

JAMES LEGLER
New Orleans, La.

SIR: I enjoyed your perceptive article by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman on today's graduate education. Probably the authors have a host of ideas about the reasons why, for example, a graduate student may be exposed to the danger of "devoting himself to problems of no consequence to anyone."

Let me suggest one possible interpretation of this problem: a subtle social pressure exhorts the scholar of the humanities to assume the role of a scientist, to do the work of pure research, and not be subject to assessments of the practicability of this research.

If one sets out to be a scholar and is thus obliged to be a "scientist" and engage in "pure research," but neglects or ignores the all-pervading meaning that the scientist-discoverer finds in his work, then the axiom of pure research is liable to be corrupted into an exhortation to engage in any sort of inquiry, so long as it meets the requirement of non-applicability.

JUDY CLARK
*Department of History
Northern Illinois University
De Kalb, Ill.*



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A. Aubrey Bodine,
from his book,
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Watson's double helix

SIR: "The Double Helix" by James D. Watson (January and February) is a brilliantly written, fascinating, and ultimately tragic document. The layman may not be fully aware of the almost incredible implications of the statements made on page 109 of the February issue. It should be known that scientists in order to obtain support for their research activities are *required* to apply to agencies, mostly governmental, and to submit the most detailed proposals for the scrutiny of experts in their own field. The proposals are *required* to contain ideas, plans of attack, often unpublished leads, and frequently prognostications of the expected results. They represent the most vulnerable side of the investigator, and any suspicion that they are being used to benefit the referees or their friends strikes a mortal blow at the systems currently used to evaluate their merit.

Yet in this story, Perutz, as a member of a committee appointed to scan such a proposal, took the report of the Randall group to his Cambridge colleagues Crick and Watson, "as soon as . . . [he] saw the sections by Rosy and Maurice." As the author remarks, "Rosy, of course, did not directly give us her data." It was, in fact, stolen from her as surely as if her laboratory files had been burglarized.

H. R. CATCHPOLE
College of Medicine
University of Illinois
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: The most laudatory aspect of J. D. Watson's baldly honest article is its humanity. Intense human feeling like his is routinely omitted from scientific writings, its importance in scientific achievement grossly underestimated; indeed, even its very existence is frequently denied.

Regardless of learned opinion concerning the "objectivity" of Watson's description (of the discovery of the structure of the DNA molecule), the supremely relevant fact is that his "subjective" account is pure truth. This article, in my humble opinion, represents a unique piece of raw data for historians, philosophers, and sociologists of contemporary science.

LYNN MARGULIS
Department of Biology
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Perhaps it is time to add, to our laws concerning the conservation of matter and energy, a new law regarding the conservation of enlightenment.

Consider your February issue. On page 117, J. D. Watson ends his recounting of the discovery of the DNA structure; on page 134 ($17 + 17 = 34$; is some higher symmetry at work here?) Mr. Weeks warns of the danger of "fallout" produced by atomic generating plants.

That such plants produce radioactive wastes which are not easily safely disposed of is widely known; to call these wastes "fallout," thereby inviting a (conscious or unconscious) comparison to nuclear weapons, is not informed or responsible journalism. All marks on paper are not writing; all nuclear technology is not bomb technology.

STEVE MULAN
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: A name and its misspelling: J. D. Watson's consistent orthographic error in the name of I. Fankuchen (he had it Fankucken, thus confusing the scientist with his dentist brother) gives me an opportunity to add a vignette of a curious man to Dr. Watson's brilliant story of DNA.

Dr. Fankuchen, who was for many years professor of applied physics at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, gave birth to the main theme of the double helix: the quest for biological function in molecular structure. As a graduate student in the late 1930s he believed that establishing the three-dimensional structure of proteins would lead directly to substantial description of the living mechanism. That belief led him to the laboratory of J. D. Bernal in Cambridge, where he and Bernal teased out the structure of the tobacco mosaic virus that played so crucial a part in Dr. Watson's thinking, and where he was mentor to two future Nobelists (Perutz and Hodgkin).

As so often happens in science, pioneers fall behind or take different trails. Fankuchen gave up active research in proteins because the main tool for the investigation, the computer, was not available to him. He did, however, act as goad to most of the active researchers. He attracted David Harker to Brooklyn for a massive assault on ribonuclease, a project that has just paid off in the

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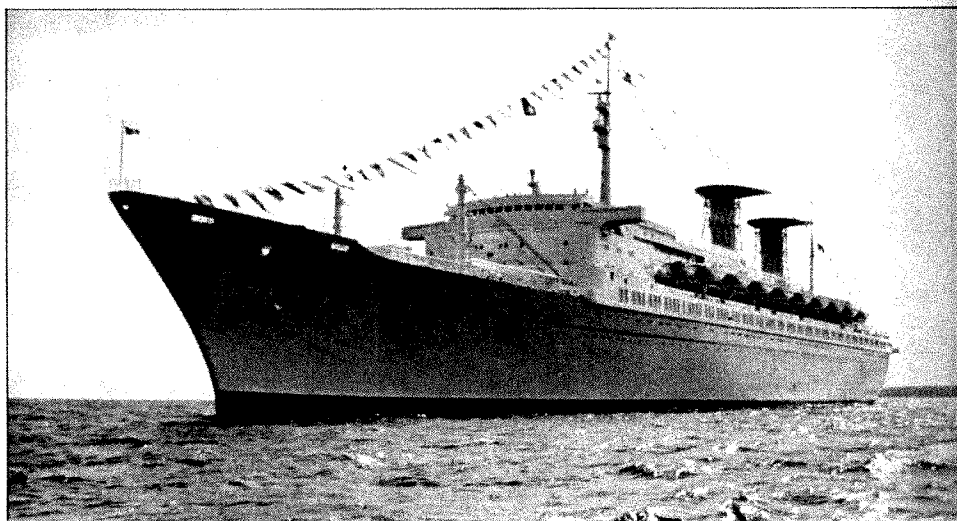
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structure of that protein. Fankuchen turned to low-temperature X-ray work and to teaching. And what a teacher. He could and did lecture for seven hours at a time without flagging and without losing the interest of his hearers. He marched up and down this country like Johnny Appleseed, sowing, instead of apples, the ideas of X-ray crystallography. He taught hundreds of crystallographers, including me.

As an editor of the great X-ray journal, he scoured submitted papers for an error or for silliness. From the petty it earned him no love; from the great he won thanks and admiration. His toughness extended to the politics of science. He stood up to Sir Lawrence Bragg on more than one public occasion. Perhaps that is why he never entered the National Academy of Science; he was too irritating to the establishment, too determined to do the right thing for science.

Fankuchen died in 1964 at the age of fifty-nine.

EARL UBELL
*Science editor, WCBS-TV
New York City*

Advice and consent

SIR: In the December *Atlantic* you printed a report from Poland by the Bonn correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, Donald R. Shanor. It is a pity that a serious and interesting magazine as yours should print this kind of rubbish about Party functionaries in Soviet limousines, surrounded by a "dozen motorcycles with flashing blue lights," a "display of power," and so on.

The only person moving around Polish cities in a similar way was the French President Charles de Gaulle. But as far as we know in Poland — and we are supposed to know — he is still not a Communist Party functionary . . .

GRZEGORZ JASZUNSKI
Warsaw, Poland

SIR: I found Alfred Kazin's "Solitary Expert: The Case of George F. Kennan" (January *Atlantic*) objectionable for several reasons.

What I found most repellent was the contempt Mr. Kazin invariably displayed in referring to our State Department and Foreign Service. I will admit the existence of deficiencies in the performance of some of our Foreign Service Officers (as

well as our Army, Agriculture, and Space officials), but it seems to me puerile and unfair to treat the Department as a monolith and to ascribe ready-made labels to all its members.

I have visited over thirty U.S. embassies throughout the world and consular posts as well. I have found our ambassadors and consuls eager, alert, and well informed. I have seen their families living under difficult conditions but sharing in local national activity and sending their children to local schools.

Perhaps those who differ from Mr. Kazin "were never very interesting minds to begin with," or is it that he and George Kennan constitute an elite who can only be understood by "more subtle minds than Dean Acheson."

JOHN S. MONAGAN
*House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.*

SIR: Diana Trilling's article on British television ("An American Looks at British Television," February *Atlantic*) repeats a bit of fashionable mythology that just isn't supported by the facts. The British system of picture scanning is not superior to ours. The system in the United States uses 525 lines per picture frame, at 30 frames per second. The British, for years, used 405 lines, at 25 frames per second. More recently, the British have been phasing in the 625-line system, on BBC channel 2. All other things being equal, the 625-line system should look better than the 405-line system — but neither is better than our own system of 525 lines at 30 frames per second. In fact, our system turns out to have an edge, in that it uses a higher frame rate (related to our use of 60-Hz power lines instead of the 50-Hz lines prevailing elsewhere), which reduces the effect of flicker in the video image.

Miss Trilling does not differentiate between the two British systems, but if either "looks better" than ours it's not our system that's to blame. It may be that British receivers, produced in less quantity and at higher cost, may be as a class better than ours, or at least the set or sets that Miss Trilling views here. The technical compromises of mass-produced TV sets often can limit their ability to come up to the full potential of the system. This should

not be too hard to understand. How many radios or phonographs, besides those built to hi-fi standards by the audio components industry, come up to the full sonic potential of FM broadcasts and microgroove records?

As to programming, it's not that they have more high-quality material than we do, it's just that they don't have all the trash that we do. I am not defending our excesses, vulgarities, and inanities — but in the total mix of what's available on TV, including the offerings of the UHF-educational channels, it becomes a matter of selection by the adult viewer. Perhaps it also comes down to the establishment theory of culture or the free-choice theory. On one point, Miss Trilling is right. She says: "It is difficult to persuade the English that their television is superior to ours in America." To be sure — because they know it isn't.

NORMAN EISENBERG
*Audio-video editor, High Fidelity
Great Barrington, Mass.*

SIR: It has been brought to my attention that my article, "An American Looks at British Television," implied a more direct tie between British TV and the government than actually exists. The British Broadcasting Corporation is government-established, but it is not, as I said it was, government-run. Its programs, both commercial and noncommercial, are entirely under the control of the producing companies, which, in turn, are answerable to the Independent Television Authority.

Too, the employees of the BBC are paid, not by the government, but by the corporation which, through the agency of the Post Office, collects fees from the licensing of sets.

I regret the error in my understanding of the complex organizational setup of British television, and I should appreciate it if you would bring this correction to the notice of your readers.

DIANA TRILLING
New York City

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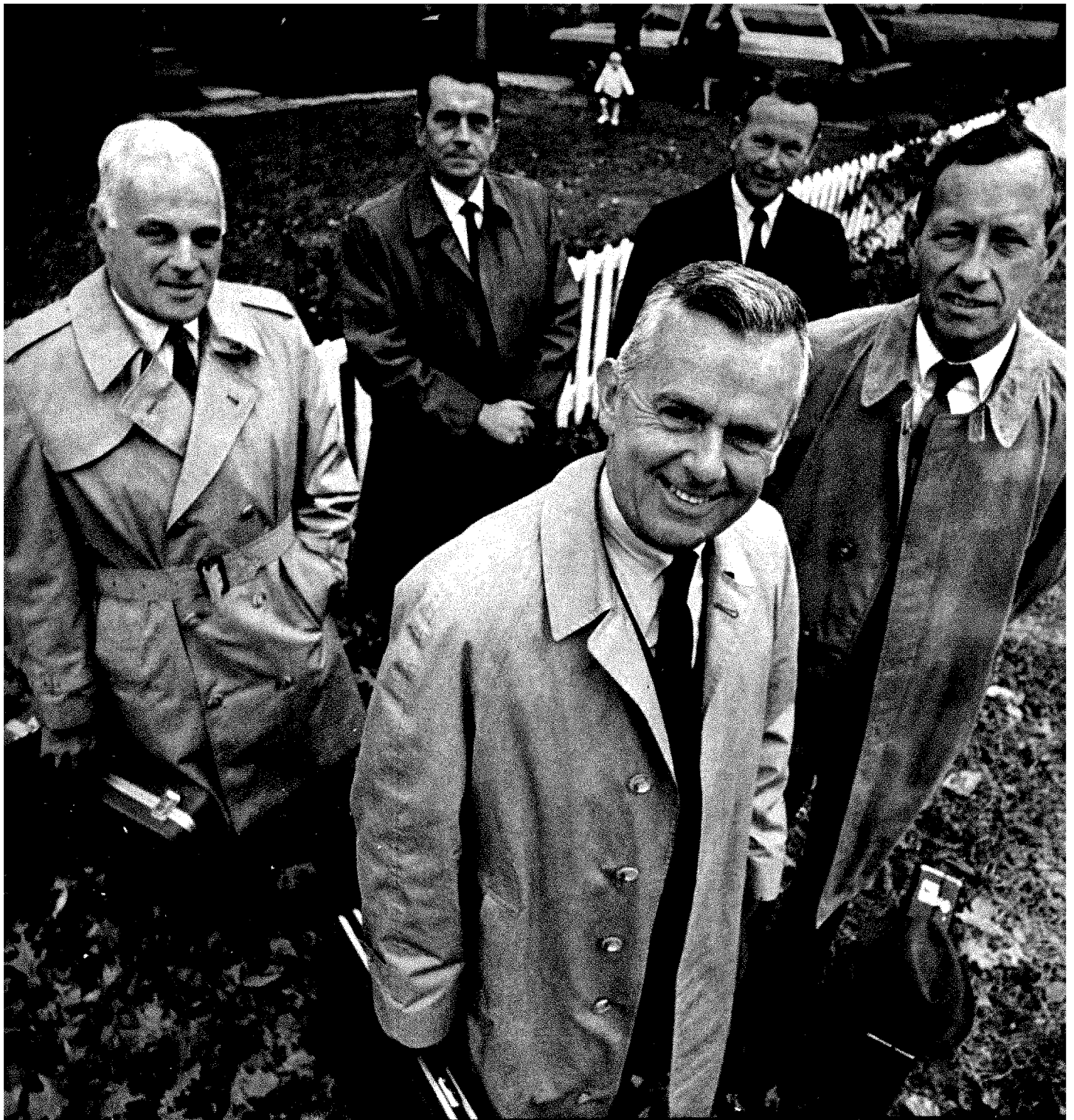
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 **THE EQUITABLE**

HOW COULD VIETNAM HAPPEN?

An Autopsy

BY JAMES C. THOMSON, JR.

From the beginning of John Kennedy's Administration into this fifth year of Lyndon Johnson's presidency, substantially the same small group of men have presided over the destiny of the United States. In that time they have carried the country from a limited involvement in Vietnam into a war that is brutal, probably unwinnable, and, to an increasing body of opinion, calamitous and immoral. How could it happen? Many in government or close to it will read the following article with the shock of recognition. Those less familiar with the processes of power can read it with assurance that the author had a firsthand opportunity to watch the slide down the slippery slope during five years (1961-1966) of service in the White House and Department of State. Mr. Thomson is an East Asia specialist and an assistant professor of history at Harvard.

As a case study in the making of foreign policy, the Vietnam War will fascinate historians and social scientists for many decades to come. One question that will certainly be asked: How did men of superior ability, sound training, and high ideals — American policy-makers of the 1960s — create such costly and divisive policy?

As one who watched the decision-making process in Washington from 1961 to 1966 under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, I can suggest a preliminary answer. I can do so by briefly listing some of the factors that seemed to me to shape our Vietnam policy during my years as an East Asia specialist at the State Department and the White House. I shall deal largely with Washington as I saw or sensed it, and not with Saigon, where I have spent but a scant three days, in the entourage of the Vice President, or with other decision centers, the capitals of interested parties. Nor will I deal with other important parts of the record: Vietnam's history prior to 1961, for instance, or the overall course of America's relations with Vietnam.

Yet a first and central ingredient in these years of Vietnam decisions does involve history. The ingredient was *the legacy of the 1950s* — by which I mean the so-called "loss of China," the Korean

War, and the Far East policy of Secretary of State Dulles.

This legacy had an institutional by-product for the Kennedy Administration: in 1961 the U.S. government's East Asian establishment was undoubtedly the most rigid and doctrinaire of Washington's regional divisions in foreign affairs. This was especially true at the Department of State, where the incoming Administration found the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs the hardest nut to crack. It was a bureau that had been purged of its best China expertise, and of farsighted, dispassionate men, as a result of McCarthyism. Its members were generally committed to one policy line: the close containment and isolation of mainland China, the harassment of "neutralist" nations which sought to avoid alignment with either Washington or Peking, and the maintenance of a network of alliances with anti-Communist client states on China's periphery.

Another aspect of the legacy was the special vulnerability and sensitivity of the new Democratic Administration on Far East policy issues. The memory of the McCarthy era was still very sharp, and Kennedy's margin of victory was too thin. The 1960 Offshore Islands TV debate between Kennedy

and Nixon had shown the President-elect the perils of "fresh thinking." The Administration was inherently leery of moving too fast on Asia. As a result, the Far East Bureau (now the Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs) was the last one to be overhauled. Not until Averell Harriman was brought in as Assistant Secretary in December, 1961, were significant personnel changes attempted, and it took Harriman several months to make a deep imprint on the bureau because of his necessary preoccupation with the Laos settlement. Once he did so, there was virtually no effort to bring back the purged or exiled East Asia experts.

There were other important by-products of this "legacy of the fifties":

The new Administration inherited and somewhat shared a *general perception of China-on-the-march* — a sense of China's vastness, its numbers, its belligerence; a revived sense, perhaps, of the Golden Horde. This was a perception fed by Chinese intervention in the Korean War (an intervention actually based on appallingly bad communications and mutual miscalculation on the part of Washington and Peking; but the careful unraveling of that tragedy, which scholars have accomplished, had not yet become part of the conventional wisdom).

The new Administration inherited and briefly accepted a *monolithic conception of the Communist bloc*. Despite much earlier predictions and reports by outside analysts, policy-makers did not begin to accept the reality and possible finality of the Sino-Soviet split until the first weeks of 1962. The inevitably corrosive impact of competing nationalisms on Communism was largely ignored.

The new Administration inherited and to some extent shared the "*domino theory*" about Asia. This theory resulted from profound ignorance of Asian history and hence ignorance of the radical differences among Asian nations and societies. It resulted from a blindness to the power and resilience of Asian nationalisms. (It may also have resulted from a subconscious sense that, since "all Asians look alike," all Asian nations will act alike.) As a theory, the domino fallacy was not merely inaccurate but also insulting to Asian nations; yet it has continued to this day to beguile men who should know better.

Finally, the legacy of the fifties was apparently compounded by an uneasy sense of a worldwide Communist challenge to the new Administration after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. A first manifestation was the President's traumatic Vienna meeting with Khrushchev in June, 1961; then came the Berlin crisis of the summer. All this created an atmosphere in which President Kennedy undoubtedly felt under special pressure to show his nation's mettle in Vietnam — if the Vietnamese, unlike the people of Laos, were willing to fight.

In general, the legacy of the fifties shaped such early moves of the new Administration as the decisions to maintain a high-visibility SEATO (by sending the Secretary of State himself instead of some underling to its first meeting in 1961), to back away from diplomatic recognition of Mongolia in the summer of 1961, and most important, to expand U.S. military assistance to South Vietnam that winter on the basis of the much more tentative Eisenhower commitment. It should be added that the increased commitment to Vietnam was also fueled by a new breed of military strategists and academic social scientists (some of whom had entered the new Administration) who had developed theories of counter guerrilla warfare and were eager to see them put to the test. To some, "counter-insurgency" seemed a new panacea for coping with the world's instability.

SO MUCH for the legacy and the history. Any new Administration inherits both complicated problems and simplistic views of the world. But surely among the policy-makers of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations there were men who would warn of the dangers of an open-ended commitment to the Vietnam quagmire?

This raises a central question, at the heart of the policy process: Where were the experts, the doubters, and the dissenters? Were they there at all, and if so, what happened to them?

The answer is complex but instructive.

In the first place, the American government was sorely lacking in *real Vietnam or Indochina expertise*. Originally treated as an adjunct of Embassy Paris, our Saigon embassy and the Vietnam Desk at State were largely staffed from 1954 onward by French-speaking Foreign Service personnel of narrowly European experience. Such diplomats were even more closely restricted than the normal embassy officer — by cast of mind as well as language — to contacts with Vietnam's French-speaking urban elites. For instance, Foreign Service linguists in Portugal are able to speak with the peasantry if they get out of Lisbon and choose to do so; not so the French speakers of Embassy Saigon.

In addition, the *shadow of the "loss of China"* distorted Vietnam reporting. Career officers in the Department, and especially those in the field, had not forgotten the fate of their World War II colleagues who wrote in frankness from China and were later pilloried by Senate committees for critical comments on the Chinese Nationalists. Candid reporting on the strengths of the Viet Cong and the weaknesses of the Diem government was inhibited by the memory. It was also inhibited by

some higher officials, notably Ambassador Nolting in Saigon, who refused to sign off on such cables.

In due course, to be sure, some Vietnam talent was discovered or developed. But a recurrent and increasingly important factor in the decision-making process was the *banishment of real expertise*. Here the underlying cause was the "closed politics" of policy-making as issues become hot: the more sensitive the issue, and the higher it rises in the bureaucracy, the more completely the experts are excluded while the harassed senior generalists take over (that is, the Secretaries, Undersecretaries, and Presidential Assistants). The frantic skimming of briefing papers in the back seats of limousines is no substitute for the presence of specialists; furthermore, in times of crisis such papers are deemed "too sensitive" even for review by the specialists. Another underlying cause of this banishment, as Vietnam became more critical, was the replacement of the experts, who were generally and increasingly pessimistic, by men described as "can-do guys," loyal and energetic fixers unsoured by expertise. In early 1965, when I confided my growing policy doubts to an older colleague on the NSC staff, he assured me that the smartest thing both of us could do was to "steer clear of the whole Vietnam mess"; the gentleman in question had the misfortune to be a "can-do guy," however, and is now highly placed in Vietnam, under orders to solve the mess.

Despite the banishment of the experts, internal doubters and dissenters did indeed appear and persist. Yet as I watched the process, such men were effectively neutralized by a subtle dynamic: *the domestication of dissenters*. Such "domestication" arose out of a twofold clubbish need: on the one hand, the dissenter's desire to stay aboard; and on the other hand, the nondissenter's conscience. Simply stated, dissent, when recognized, was made to feel at home. On the lowest possible scale of importance, I must confess my own considerable sense of dignity and acceptance (both vital) when my senior White House employer would refer to me as his "favorite dove." Far more significant was the case of the former Undersecretary of State, George Ball. Once Mr. Ball began to express doubts, he was warmly institutionalized: he was encouraged to become the inhouse devil's advocate on Vietnam. The upshot was inevitable: the process of escalation allowed for periodic requests to Mr. Ball to speak his piece; Ball felt good, I assume (he had fought for righteousness); the others felt good (they had given a full hearing to the dovish option); and there was minimal unpleasantness. The club remained intact; and it is of course possible that matters would have gotten worse faster if Mr. Ball had kept silent, or left before his final departure in the fall of 1966. There was also,

of course, the case of the last institutionalized doubter, Bill Moyers. The President is said to have greeted his arrival at meetings with an affectionate, "Well, here comes Mr. Stop-the-Bombing . . ." Here again the dynamics of domesticated dissent sustained the relationship for a while.

A related point — and crucial, I suppose, to government at all times — was the "effectiveness" trap, the trap that keeps men from speaking out, as clearly or often as they might, within the government. And it is the trap that keeps men from resigning in protest and airing their dissent outside the government. The most important asset that a man brings to bureaucratic life is his "effectiveness," a mysterious combination of training, style, and connections. The most ominous complaint that can be whispered of a bureaucrat is: "I'm afraid Charlie's beginning to lose his effectiveness." To preserve your effectiveness, you must decide where and when to fight the mainstream of policy; the opportunities range from pillow talk with your wife, to private drinks with your friends, to meetings with the Secretary of State or the President. The inclination to remain silent or to acquiesce in the presence of the great men — to live to fight another day, to give on this issue so that you can be "effective" on later issues — is overwhelming. Nor is it the tendency of youth alone; some of our most senior officials, men of wealth and fame, whose place in history is secure, have remained silent lest their connection with power be terminated. As for the disinclination to resign in protest: while not necessarily a Washington or even American specialty, it seems more true of a government in which ministers have no parliamentary backbench to which to retreat. In the absence of such a refuge, it is easy to rationalize the decision to stay aboard. By doing so, one may be able to prevent a few bad things from happening and perhaps even make a few good things happen. To exit is to lose even those marginal chances for "effectiveness."

Another factor must be noted: as the Vietnam controversy escalated at home, there developed a *preoccupation with Vietnam public relations as opposed to Vietnam policy-making*. And here, ironically, internal doubters and dissenters were heavily employed. For such men, by virtue of their own doubts, were often deemed best able to "massage" the doubting intelligentsia. My senior East Asia colleague at the White House, a brilliant and humane doubter who had dealt with Indochina since 1954, spent three quarters of his working days on Vietnam public relations: drafting presidential responses to letters from important critics, writing conciliatory language for presidential speeches, and meeting quite interminably with delegations of outraged Quakers, clergymen, aca-

demics, and housewives. His regular callers were the late A. J. Muste and Norman Thomas; mine were members of the Women's Strike for Peace. Our orders from above: keep them off the backs of busy policy-makers (who usually happened to be nondoubters). Incidentally, my most discouraging assignment in the realm of public relations was the preparation of a White House pamphlet entitled *Why Vietnam*, in September, 1965; in a gesture toward my conscience, I fought — and lost — a battle to have the title followed by a question mark.

THROUGH a variety of procedures, both institutional and personal, doubt, dissent, and expertise were effectively neutralized in the making of policy. But what can be said of the men "in charge"? It is patently absurd to suggest that they produced such tragedy by intention and calculation. But it is neither absurd nor difficult to discern certain forces at work that caused decent and honorable men to do great harm.

Here I would stress the paramount role of *executive fatigue*. No factor seems to me more crucial and underrated in the making of foreign policy. The physical and emotional toll of executive responsibility in State, the Pentagon, the White House, and other executive agencies is enormous; that toll is of course compounded by extended service. Many of today's Vietnam policy-makers have been on the job for from four to seven years. Complaints may be few, and physical health may remain unimpaired, though emotional health is far harder to gauge. But what is most seriously eroded in the deadening process of fatigue is freshness of thought, imagination, a sense of possibility, a sense of priorities and perspective — those rare assets of a new Administration in its first year or two of office. The tired policy-maker becomes a prisoner of his own narrowed view of the world and his own clichéd rhetoric. He becomes irritable and defensive — short on sleep, short on family ties, short on patience. Such men make bad policy and then compound it. They have neither the time nor the temperament for new ideas or preventive diplomacy.

Below the level of the fatigued executives in the making of Vietnam policy was a widespread phenomenon: *the curator mentality* in the Department of State. By this I mean the collective inertia produced by the bureaucrat's view of his job. At State, the average "desk officer" inherits from his predecessor our policy toward Country X; he regards it as his function to keep that policy intact — under glass, untampered with, and dusted — so that he may pass it on in two to four years to his successor. And such curatorial service generally

merits promotion within the system. (Maintain the status quo, and you will stay out of trouble.) In some circumstances, the inertia bred by such an outlook can act as a brake against rash innovation. But on many issues, this inertia sustains the momentum of bad policy and unwise commitments — momentum that might otherwise have been resisted within the ranks. Clearly, Vietnam is such an issue.

To fatigue and inertia must be added the factor of internal confusion. Even among the "architects" of our Vietnam commitment, there has been persistent *confusion as to what type of war we were fighting* and, as a direct consequence, *confusion as to how to end that war*. (The "credibility gap" is, in part, a reflection of such internal confusion.) Was it, for instance, a civil war, in which case counter-insurgency might suffice? Or was it a war of international aggression? (This might invoke SEATO or UN commitment.) Who was the aggressor — and the "real enemy"? The Viet Cong? Hanoi? Peking? Moscow? International Communism? Or maybe "Asian Communism"? Differing enemies dictated differing strategies and tactics. And confused throughout, in like fashion, was the question of American objectives; your objectives depended on whom you were fighting and why. I shall not forget my assignment from an Assistant Secretary of State in March, 1964: to draft a speech for Secretary McNamara which would, *inter alia*, once and for all dispose of the canard that the Vietnam conflict was a civil war. "But in some ways, of course," I mused, "it is a civil war." "Don't play word games with me!" snapped the Assistant Secretary.

Similar confusion beset the concept of "negotiations" — anathema to much of official Washington from 1961 to 1965. Not until April, 1965, did "unconditional discussions" become respectable, via a presidential speech; even then the Secretary of State stressed privately to newsmen that nothing had changed, since "discussions" were by no means the same as "negotiations." Months later that issue was resolved. But it took even longer to obtain a fragile internal agreement that negotiations might include the Viet Cong as something other than an appendage to Hanoi's delegation. Given such confusion as to the whos and whys of our Vietnam commitment, it is not surprising, as Theodore Draper has written, that policy-makers find it so difficult to agree on how to end the war.

Of course, one force — a constant in the vortex of commitment — was that of *wishful thinking*. I partook of it myself at many times. I did so especially during Washington's struggle with Diem in the autumn of 1963 when some of us at State believed that for once, in dealing with a difficult client state, the U.S. government could use the leverage of our economic and military assistance

to make good things happen, instead of being led around by the nose by men like Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee (and, in that particular instance, by Diem). If we could prove that point, I thought, and move into a new day, with or without Diem, then Vietnam was well worth the effort. Later came the wishful thinking of the air-strike planners in the late autumn of 1964; there were those who actually thought that after six weeks of air strikes, the North Vietnamese would come crawling to us to ask for peace talks. And what, someone asked in one of the meetings of the time, if they don't? The answer was that we would bomb for another four weeks, and that would do the trick. And a few weeks later came one instance of wishful thinking that was symptomatic of good men misled: in January, 1965, I encountered one of the very highest figures in the Administration at a dinner, drew him aside, and told him of my worries about the air-strike option. He told me that I really shouldn't worry; it was his conviction that before any such plans could be put into effect, a neutralist government would come to power in Saigon that would politely invite us out. And finally, there was the recurrent wishful thinking that sustained many of us through the trying months of 1965-1966 after the air strikes had begun: that surely, somehow, one way or another, we would "be in a conference in six months," and the escalatory spiral would be suspended. The basis of our hope: "It simply can't go on."

As a further influence on policy-makers I would cite the factor of *bureaucratic detachment*. By this I mean what at best might be termed the professional callousness of the surgeon (and indeed, medical lingo — the "surgical strike" for instance — seemed to crop up in the euphemisms of the times). In Washington the semantics of the military muted the reality of war for the civilian policy-makers. In quiet, air-conditioned, thick-carpeted rooms, such terms as "systematic pressure," "armed reconnaissance," "targets of opportunity," and even "body count" seemed to breed a sort of games-theory detachment. Most memorable to me was a moment in the late 1964 target planning when the question under discussion was how heavy our bombing should be, and how extensive our strafing, at some midpoint in the projected pattern of systematic pressure. An Assistant Secretary of State resolved the point in the following words: "It seems to me that our orchestration should be mainly violins, but with periodic touches of brass." Perhaps the biggest shock of my return to Cambridge, Massachusetts, was the realization that the young men, the flesh

and blood I taught and saw on these university streets, were potentially some of the numbers on the charts of those faraway planners. In a curious sense, Cambridge is closer to this war than Washington.

There is an unprovable factor that relates to bureaucratic detachment: the ingredient of *cryptoracism*. I do not mean to imply any conscious contempt for Asian loss of life on the part of Washington officials. But I do mean to imply that bureaucratic detachment may well be compounded by a traditional Western sense that there are so many Asians, after all; that Asians have a fatalism about life and a disregard for its loss; that they are cruel and barbaric to their own people; and that they are very different from us (and all look alike?). And I *do* mean to imply that the upshot of such subliminal views is a subliminal question whether Asians, and particularly Asian peasants, and most particularly Asian Communists, are really people — like you and me. To put the matter another way: would we have pursued quite such policies — and quite such military tactics — if the Vietnamese were white?

It is impossible to write of Vietnam decision-making without writing about language. Throughout the conflict, words have been of paramount importance. I refer here to the impact of *rhetorical escalation* and to the *problem of oversell*. In an important sense, Vietnam has become of crucial significance to us *because we have said that it is of crucial significance*. (The issue obviously relates to the public relations preoccupation described earlier.)

The key here is domestic politics: the need to sell the American people, press, and Congress on support for an unpopular and costly war in which the objectives themselves have been in flux. To sell means to persuade, and to persuade means rhetoric. As the difficulties and costs have mounted, so has the definition of the stakes. This is not to say that rhetorical escalation is an orderly process; executive prose is the product of many writers, and some concepts — North Vietnamese infiltration, America's "national honor," Red China as the chief enemy — have entered the rhetoric only gradually and even sporadically. But there is an upward spiral nonetheless. And once you have said that the American Experiment itself stands or falls on the Vietnam outcome, you have thereby created a national stake far beyond any earlier stakes.

Crucial throughout the process of Vietnam decision-making was a conviction among many policy-makers: that Vietnam posed a *fundamental test of America's national will*. Time and again I was told by men reared in the tradition of Henry L. Stimson that all we needed was the will, and we

would then prevail. Implicit in such a view, it seemed to me, was a curious assumption that Asians lacked will, or at least that in a contest between Asian and Anglo-Saxon wills, the non-Asians must prevail. A corollary to the persistent belief in will was a *fascination with power* and an awe in the face of the power America possessed as no nation or civilization ever before. Those who doubted our role in Vietnam were said to shrink from the burdens of power, the obligations of power, the uses of power, the responsibility of power. By implication, such men were soft-headed and effete.

Finally, no discussion of the factors and forces at work on Vietnam policy-makers can ignore the central fact of *human ego investment*. Men who have participated in a decision develop a stake in that decision. As they participate in further, related decisions, their stake increases. It might have been possible to dissuade a man of strong self-confidence at an early stage of the ladder of decision; but it is infinitely harder at later stages since a change of mind there usually involves implicit or explicit repudiation of a chain of previous decisions.

To put it bluntly: at the heart of the Vietnam calamity is a group of able, dedicated men who have been regularly and repeatedly wrong — and whose standing with their contemporaries, and more important, with history, depends, as they see it, on being proven right. These are not men who can be asked to extricate themselves from error.

THE various ingredients I have cited in the making of Vietnam policy have created a variety of results, most of them fairly obvious. Here are some that seem to me most central:

Throughout the conflict, there has been *persistent and repeated miscalculation* by virtually all the actors, in high echelons and low, whether dove, hawk, or something else. To cite one simple example among many: in late 1964 and early 1965, some peace-seeking planners at State who strongly opposed the projected bombing of the North urged that, instead, American ground forces be sent to South Vietnam; this would, they said, increase our bargaining leverage against the North — our “chips” — and would give us something to negotiate about (the withdrawal of our forces) at an early peace conference. Simultaneously, the air-strike option was urged by many in the military who were dead set against American participation in “another land war in Asia”; they were joined by other civilian peace-seekers who wanted to bomb Hanoi into early negotiations. By late 1965, we had ended up with the worst of all worlds: ineffective and costly air strikes against

the North, spiraling ground forces in the South, and no negotiations in sight.

Throughout the conflict as well, there has been *a steady give-in to pressures for a military solution* and only minimal and sporadic efforts at a diplomatic and political solution. In part this resulted from the confusion (earlier cited) among the civilians — confusion regarding objectives and strategy. And in part this resulted from the self-enlarging nature of military investment. Once air strikes and particularly ground forces were introduced, our investment itself had transformed the original stakes. More air power was needed to protect the ground forces; and then more ground forces to protect the ground forces. And needless to say, the military mind develops its own momentum in the absence of clear guidelines from the civilians. Once asked to save South Vietnam, rather than to “advise” it, the American military could not but press for escalation. In addition, sad to report, assorted military constituencies, once involved in Vietnam, have had a series of cases to prove: for instance, the utility not only of air power (the Air Force) but of supercarrier-based air power (the Navy). Also, Vietnam policy has suffered from one ironic by-product of Secretary McNamara’s establishment of civilian control at the Pentagon: in the face of such control, interservice rivalry has given way to a united front among the military — reflected in the new but recurrent phenomenon of JCS unanimity. In conjunction with traditional congressional allies (mostly Southern senators and representatives) such a united front would pose a formidable problem for any President.

Throughout the conflict, there have been *missed opportunities, large and small, to disengage ourselves from Vietnam on increasingly unpleasant but still acceptable terms*. Of the many moments from 1961 onward, I shall cite only one, the last and most important opportunity that was lost: in the summer of 1964 the President instructed his chief advisers to prepare for him as wide a range of Vietnam options as possible for postelection consideration and decision. He explicitly asked that all options be laid out. What happened next was, in effect, Lyndon Johnson’s slow-motion Bay of Pigs. For the advisers so effectively converged on one single option — juxtaposed against two other, phony options (in effect, blowing up the world, or scuttle-and-run) — that the President was confronted with unanimity for bombing the North from all his trusted counselors. Had he been more confident in foreign affairs, had he been deeply informed on Vietnam and Southeast Asia, and had he raised some hard questions that unanimity had submerged, this President could have used the largest electoral mandate in history to de-escalate in Vietnam, in the clear expectation that at the worst

a neutralist government would come to power in Saigon and politely invite us out. Today, many lives and dollars later, such an alternative has become an elusive and infinitely more expensive possibility.

In the course of these years, another result of Vietnam decision-making has been *the abuse and distortion of history*. Vietnamese, Southeast Asian, and Far Eastern history has been rewritten by our policy-makers, and their spokesmen, to conform with the alleged necessity of our presence in Vietnam. Highly dubious analogies from our experience elsewhere — the “Munich” sellout and “containment” from Europe, the Malayan insurgency and the Korean War from Asia — have been imported in order to justify our actions. And more recent events have been fitted to the Procrustean bed of Vietnam. Most notably, the change of power in Indonesia in 1965–1966 has been ascribed to our Vietnam presence; and virtually all progress in the Pacific region — the rise of regionalism, new forms of cooperation, and mounting growth rates — has been similarly explained. The Indonesian allegation is undoubtedly false (I tried to prove it, during six months of careful investigation at the White House, and had to confess failure); the regional allegation is patently unprovable in either direction (except, of course, for the clear fact that the economies of both Japan and Korea have profited enormously from our Vietnam-related procurement in these countries; but that is a costly and highly dubious form of foreign aid).

There is a final result of Vietnam policy I would cite that holds potential danger for the future of American foreign policy: *the rise of a new breed of American ideologues who see Vietnam as the ultimate test of their doctrine*. I have in mind those men in

Washington who have given a new life to the missionary impulse in American foreign relations: who believe that this nation, in this era, has received a threefold endowment that can transform the world. As they see it, that endowment is composed of, first, our unsurpassed military might; second, our clear technological supremacy; and third, our allegedly invincible benevolence (our “altruism,” our affluence, our lack of territorial aspirations). Together, it is argued, this threefold endowment provides us with the opportunity and the obligation to ease the nations of the earth toward modernization and stability: toward a full-fledged *Pax Americana Technocratica*. In reaching toward this goal, Vietnam is viewed as the last and crucial test. Once we have succeeded there, the road ahead is clear. In a sense, these men are our counterpart to the visionaries of Communism’s radical left: they are technocracy’s own Maoists. They do not govern Washington today. But their doctrine rides high.

Long before I went into government, I was told a story about Henry L. Stimson that seemed to me pertinent during the years that I watched the Vietnam tragedy unfold — and participated in that tragedy. It seems to me more pertinent than ever as we move toward the election of 1968.

In his waning years Stimson was asked by an anxious questioner, “Mr. Secretary, how on earth can we ever bring peace to the world?” Stimson is said to have answered: “You begin by bringing to Washington a small handful of able men who believe that the achievement of peace is possible.

“You work them to the bone until they no longer believe that it is possible.

“And then you throw them out — and bring in a new bunch who believe that it is possible.”

AFTER THE WAR

BY W. S. MERWIN

When the war is over

We will be proud of course the air will be

Good for breathing at last

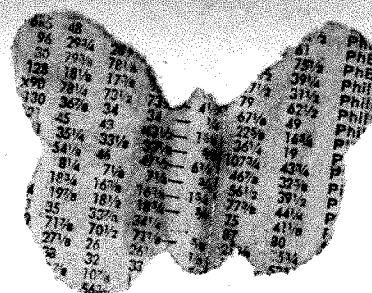
The water will have been improved the salmon

And the silence of heaven will migrate more perfectly

The dead will think the living are worth it we will know

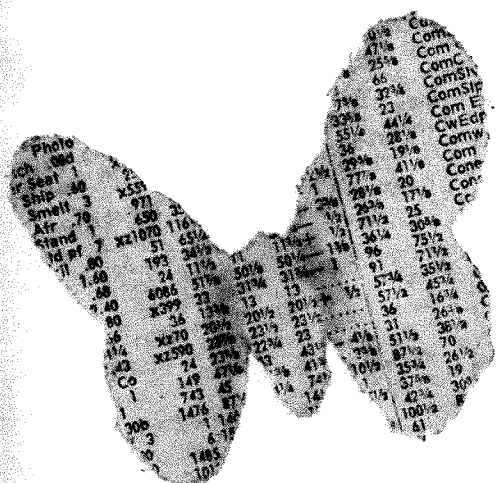
Who we are

And we will all enlist again



If Something Happens to Me, Whatever You Do,

Don't Sell My IBM



by "**ADAM SMITH,**" who is not 245 years old but is instead a pseudonymous chronicler of the mystification and mores of Wall Street. Next month Random House will publish his book **THE MONEY GAME**, from which these comedies of the investment life are taken.

NINETY percent of investors don't *really* care whether they make money or not," I postulated to my friend Harold the Psychiatrist. "They say they do, and that, of course, is the name of the game, but my downtown savants say that they don't. What do you suppose they are in it for?"

"I haven't a clue," said Harold the Psychiatrist, over his corned beef sandwich at lunch. Harold the Psychiatrist and I occasionally retire to a little coffee shop near his office on the West Side of Manhattan. "Practically all of my patients are in the market, and it means something different to each of them. They're not seeing me because they're in the market, but people who can afford a psychiatrist can also afford a broker, and money is part of the *Geist*. I'm working on their personal problems. Why don't I loan them to you, and you can talk to them about the market."

I began going to lunch with some of Harold the Psychiatrist's patients, and eventually with some of their friends — also patients somewhere — until I was the lunchtime Boswell of the set that takes taxis at midday to see their doctors. First they would talk to Harold — or whomever — for an hour, and then they would come to the coffee shop and talk to me. I would like to be able to report some learned conclusion, but when I group my notes they begin to take on a strange tone, as if

Danny Kaye were attending Freud's Wednesday Evening Association: "Und zo, zen I began to notice in zis patient strange symptoms: ven she took off her chooze . . ." Therefore I will let you come to your own conclusions.

A. CUDDLING COMSAT

"I don't really know anything about stocks," said the bright-eyed pretty thing across the table. "But I love the market. All the men I know love to talk about the market, and if a girl can listen to them about the market, it makes them feel good."

"So you talk to the men you go out with about the market," I said. (I picked this technique up from Harold. You never really have to say anything, you just agree gently with what was said and maybe form a question a tiny step forward from that.) "That's where you find out what to buy."

"Sometimes," said the bright-eyed thing across the table. "I came out about even on those. Some of them went up, and some of them went down. Right now I only have one stock, and I thought of that one all by myself."

"You thought of that one all by yourself." (You begin to see the technique. It helps if you have a pipe and go *mmm*, as well.) "And what is the stock you had yourself?"

"Comsat," said the bright-eyed thing. "What do you think of Comsat?"

"What do *you* think of Comsat?" I said, with the proper turnback technique.

"I just love it," said this pretty girl. "I got it, well, right when it started, practically the first day. And it's grown and grown. I just love it."

I wanted to know what was so lovable about Comsat.

"It's satellites, you know," said the girl, stirring her Tab. "And rockets, and the *future*. I got it when it was 22, and now it's 70, and it was all my idea, by myself. Every time they fire off one of those satellites, I think, That's mine, that's my baby."

"Do you know anything about the prospects for Comsat? What kind of money it's making, or could make?"

"No. I don't care. I don't understand that anyway. I just love Comsat, and I'll never sell it. I don't care if it goes down."

"You don't care if it goes down?"

"No, I wouldn't care. I won't ever sell it. Someday it would come back up. It's too well behaved to stay down; whenever it goes down, it comes back up, anyway."

"The men you go out with — what do they think of your Comsat?"

"Oh, they all have other stocks, but Comsat is really something you can't disapprove of."

"A noble institution."

"Yes, and it was all my idea."

About a month after this lunch, which I had mentioned to Harold, I got a call from him.

"I thought you might like to see her again," Harold said. "She just had another one."

So the bright-eyed girl and I met again at the coffee shop.

"McDonnell Douglas," she said. "What do you know about McDonnell Douglas?"

"What do *you* know about McDonnell Douglas?"

"I think it's very exciting. They're in missiles and jets and things like that."

"What happened to Comsat?"

"Nothing happened to Comsat. I still love Comsat. I always will. But you know, you don't want to have just one, all alone."

B. I WANT TO BE LOVED FOR MYSELF

I didn't meet Edward in the coffee shop, I met him at his club in midtown. Edward has a management consulting business that does very well, and whatever he was seeing a doctor about has no relevance here. Edward was interested enough in the market and in the vocabulary everyone picks up from those taxi trips to the shrink to explore his own market experience.

"I started with a big problem," he said.

"You started with a big problem," I went along.

"Yes, you see I inherited a couple million dollars' worth of Avon Products."

"I can see where that would be a problem."

"I haven't told you the problem yet."

"Sorry."

"I knew I was going to inherit this money, so I went to work at a bank, to learn how to handle money. I was quite young, just out of college, and just learning the securities business. And Avon had had a big run, and all I had was Avon. I got very nervous. Against the advice of the bank, and of the investment counselor who handles the family's funds, I sold out a big chunk of it. You know what happened then."

"I know, it went up tenfold, probably, since you sold it."

"I felt very dumb about that, and I felt bad because it was the family stock; my grandfather was in the company."

"You could have bought it back."

"That never occurred to me. I don't think I ever even thought of it. You see, Avon is the family stock. But it isn't mine. I found one while I was working at the bank; in fact, I found a couple. Schering was one, in the 50s. I took it to all the members of my family, but none of them would buy a share. I bought a big chunk of it, and I did very well with it, very, very well. And I've had others."

"You've done just as well with your own choices as you would have holding the Avon," I suggested.

"I don't know," Edward said. "I never totaled it up. I don't want to. The point is, somehow there was no way of *me* participating in Avon. It was already there. What I really enjoyed was doing the work on a company, checking with the management, finding out all about the company and its problems, making up my mind, and then telling everybody about it. That way, it would be my stock."

"Do you still do this?"

"No, I don't really have time. I do dabble just a bit here and there, but mostly the bank does it for me. They've come up with some real winners this year. They had Leasco at 30 and Mohawk Data in the 20s."

"Don't you get a kick out of that?"

"It's nice to have the money, but my business is doing very well and I really don't care — at least I don't care the way I did when I picked them myself and convinced people to do the same and then watched them go up."

Later, over dessert, Edward said, "You know, if you meet a girl and she's ready right away to hop into bed with you, you might as well be some sailor ashore from Venezuela; she doesn't even know who you are. You want to take her out to

dinner, to talk to her, to have her get to know you. You want at least a little give and take, a little resistance. Then it means something. Right?"

The bright-eyed girl might not have been conscious of what Comsat meant to her, but Edward was more perceptive about what the market had been to him. Maybe that is why he got out of it.

C. WAS I DUMB! WAS I DUMB! KICK ME!

You would never have known it, but Arthur actually did very well in the market, I suspect over every vibrating impulse in his body.

"Are you in Solitron?" he asked me.

"Are you in Solitron?" I asked him back, using Harold's stone-wall questioning technique.

"I am," Arthur said. "I bought it at 60 on the old stock, so that's 30 on this stock."

"Brilliant," I said. "You made eight times your money."

"Yeah," Arthur said sadly. "I remember the day this guy called me up about it. I was going to buy 300 shares, but it looked too high. So I only bought 200. Was I dumb!"

"You're doing all right," I said.

"Every time it goes down, I feel better," Arthur said. "Isn't that silly? I get nervous when it goes up, and I feel better when it goes down."

"But you don't sell from nervousness," I said.

"I can't," Arthur said. "My Solitron is margined to buy my Ling-Temco-Vought. I bought that around 50."

"Fantastic," I said. "You almost quadrupled your money on that one."

"Yeah, but I did something really stupid," Arthur said. "I sold half of it at 100. Somebody should kick me. I'm so dumb I make myself sick sometimes. I just got too nervous watching it go up, and it never went down enough so I could relax."

"Too bad about that," I said.

"Did you catch Burroughs?" Arthur asked.

"Did you catch Burroughs?" I asked.

"I missed it completely," Arthur said. "I was in my broker's office, and he told me to buy it; it was around 50 then, so it's more than doubled. And I didn't buy a single share. Boy, did we miss a good one there."

"Why didn't you buy Burroughs?"

"I don't know," Arthur said. "I already had a computer stock, and I thought another one would be too much. I remember, I wrote a note to myself, Buy 500 Burroughs. Just think, I lost a profit of 80 points on each 100. \$8000. Incredible! I lost \$40,000 by not buying Burroughs!"

"What was the computer stock you had?"

"Oh, I bought some Control Data just before that."

"But Control Data tripled! It's tripled since then!"

"How could I have missed that Burroughs when I was so close to buying it?" Arthur mourned. "I'm so stupid! Somebody ought to kick me!"

Arthur, as you can see, had all the winners in the market, and had probably seen his money increase 500 percent. But he didn't feel very good about it. If the stock went up, he should have bought more, so he was stupid there; and if it went down, that proved he was stupid there. Some people go to all the trouble of actually losing the money just to have that sheer wallowing joy of losing, but Arthur only talked it.

"When a stock goes down, I feel that's where it probably *should* go," Arthur said, "and when it goes up, the higher it goes, the more I feel it's going against its natural tendency."

"You've done very, very well," I said, "so you must be under a terrible strain."

"It's terrible," Arthur agreed. "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

I suppose some people are only really happy with motherly sympathy, and sometimes it gets hard to find a reason for mother to be sympathetic, if things go too well.

D. IBM AS RELIGION: DON'T TOUCH, DON'T TOUCH

Here are some short notes from a broker who happens to be on Harold's circuit, all sworn and attested to be true.

Once upon a time there was a very astute gentleman we will call Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was so astute that many, many years ago he invested in a company called International Tabulator, which was a predecessor of IBM. Mr. Smith had great faith in the company, which in due course became IBM, waxed fat, and prospered. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith had issue, and the children grew up to be nice children. Mr. Smith said to them, "Our family owns IBM, which is the greatest growth company in the world. I invested \$20,000 in IBM, and that \$20,000 has made me a millionaire. If something happens to me, whatever you do, don't sell my IBM." Mr. Smith himself never sold a share of IBM. Its dividends were meager, naturally, and so Mr. Smith had to work hard at his own business to provide for his growing family. But he did create a marvelous estate. Eventually he became a grandfather, and he made gifts of the stock dividends of IBM to his grandchildren. And at family Thanksgiving, he counseled: "If anything happens to me, whatever you do, don't sell IBM."

Mr. Smith died, and divided the IBM among his children. The estate sold only enough IBM to pay the estate taxes. Otherwise the children fol-

lowed their father's dictum, and never sold a share of IBM. The IBM grew again, made up for what had been amputated to pay estate taxes, and each of the children grew as rich as Mr. Smith had been because the IBM kept growing and growing. They had to work quite hard at their own businesses, because their families were growing and their only money was in IBM. They followed their father's dictum and never sold a share. Only one of them even borrowed on his IBM, to get the down payment for a heavily mortgaged house. And the faithful children were rewarded by seeing IBM multiply and grow. Mr. Smith's original \$20,000 has become millions and millions.

The Smiths are now in their third generation of IBM ownership, and this generation is telling the next, "Whatever you do, don't sell IBM." And when someone dies, only enough IBM is sold to pay the estate taxes.

In short, for three generations the Smiths have worked as hard as their friends who had no money at all, and *they have lived just as if they had no money at all*, even though the various branches of the Smith family all put together are very wealthy indeed. And the IBM is there, nursed and watered and fed, the Genii of the House, growing away in the early hours of the morning when everyone is asleep. IBM has been so good to them that even after divisions among children and rounds of estate taxes they are all millionaires or nearly so.

Presumably the Smiths will go on, working hard, paying off their mortgages, and watching their IBM grow with joy, always blossom, never fruit. It is a parable of pure capitalism, never jam today and a case of jam tomorrow, but as any of the Smiths will tell you, anyone who has ever sold IBM has regretted it.

E. CAN I TELL ROSALIND? CAN I TELL HARRIET?

The gentleman who supplied this one works in the Street and trades actively.

"My grandmother," he said, "is the very picture of a Norman Rockwell sweet old lady. Gray hair and little old glasses and a black dress and those little-old-lady shoes. As you know, my grandfather was in the Street, and he left my grandmother well provided for with trusts and whatnot. In spite of having been married to my grandfather for fifty-two years, she really doesn't know a stock from a bond. One night she tells me she wants to open an account with me. I tell her I am not in her kind of stocks — she must own Jersey at \$1 a share — but she wants to do it anyway. I tell her she mustn't tell anybody; the other members of my family certainly wouldn't approve.

"So we open an account, and I tell her the next swinging stock I am about to buy. She gets a very

conspiratorial air about her. 'Wonderful,' she says. 'Can I tell Rosalind?' Rosalind is her buddy. Grandma is seventy-nine, Rosalind is eighty-one. I tell her sure, she can tell Rosalind. 'Can I tell Harriet?' Harriet is her other buddy; Harriet is eighty-three. All these ladies are well provided for, the Morgan bank is managing the trusts their husbands left, their children are well provided for, the grandchildren come to see them on Sundays sometime, and here they all are chasing hot computer leasing stocks.

"Well, things roll along, and the ladies do very well. Then I come across a real find. It's a small electronics company with good earnings, not much stock out, and for some reason nobody has found it. 'Oh, how exciting,' says my grandmother, when she buys the stock. Grandma is now used to making five for one on her money. 'Can I tell Rosalind?' she says, with that secret, conspiratorial air. I picture these sweet old ladies in Schrafft's, having an afternoon soda in their black dresses and black shoes, and I say she can tell Rosalind.

"As I said, there isn't much stock around, and all of a sudden I find it hard to buy. The stock is 24 asked, and I reach for it and I get 200 shares, and it moves up to 28, zingo. I call the dealers, I scout around — the stock keeps moving away from me. Somebody else is accumulating it! Zingo, it's 33! Very discreetly, on little cat feet, I pad around the Street, but nobody has heard of it; my information is very good, somebody is indeed accumulating it, but nobody knows who.

"You guessed it, it comes to me in a flash. Grandma has told Rosalind and Harriet, and each of them has told two other friends, and a bunch of sweet old ladies in Schrafft's is accumulating a massive position and upsetting my game completely. So I am quite irritated when I call her. These ladies have buying power just a bit bigger than the Bank of England.

"'Grandma,' I say, 'I said you could tell Rosalind. One friend. *Rosalind*. You're chasing this stock away from me.'

"'Adele and Dorothy wanted some too,' Grandma says.

"'Lay off my stocks,' I say. 'You shouldn't even be in this kind of stock.'

"'Why not?' Grandma says. 'I have to own growth companies. I'm getting a stake together for my old age.'

"I let the reference to old age pass. 'The Morgan bank is doing a very good job,' I say.

"'I looked up those stocks the Morgan bank manages,' Grandma says. 'Boring. They never move.'

"'Now listen!' I say, my voice rising. 'If you and your friends don't lay off, I'll never tell you another stock!'

"Don't say that, don't say that," says Grandma, her voice querulous.

"Then behave," I say.

"When you're eighty," Grandma says quietly, "it gets lonely. I bore you all, I know that. And I want my friends to call me. This is the most fun in years. Don't take my stocks away."

"What could I say?"

F. THEY MAKE ME DO EVERYTHING WRONG

"A broker," said this Mr. Thatcher, "is a true parasite. He is the most overpaid individual in the world. He doesn't produce anything. He doesn't make shoelaces, he doesn't tell you the law, he doesn't make the traffic move. He just takes orders, like a clerk, and for this — do you see the size of those commissions? Fantastic! When trading gets light, the brokers scream, they want to raise the commissions. But when the trading goes from five to ten million shares a day, do we hear the commissions are being reduced? We do not. The brokers just sit there piling up money."

"You're not happy with your broker," I ventured.

"The one I've got now," said this Mr. Thatcher, "is no more a thief and no less a thief than the rest of them. The jails aren't big enough to hold all the brokers who should be in them. Take information. When a broker gets a piece of information, does he call me right away? No. First he buys some himself, then maybe he calls me. Of course, when I want to talk to the bastard, half the time I can't get him on the phone."

"He's busy."

"He's busy all right, the lousy tout. And take selling. You think they tell you when to sell? Never. First they sell themselves, then you watch the stock going down day after day, you can't get them on the phone, finally you get them, they say, 'While the outlook near term is uncertain, long-term holdings need not be disturbed.' They suckered me in with that a couple of times, but no more. That means, 'I sold last Tuesday, Charlie, and I forgot you were still in that dog.'"

"You haven't done too well in the market, I gather."

"I've done just as well as anybody else, you can't believe half of what people tell you. Especially brokers. Did you ever hear a broker say 'I don't know' when you ask him a question? No. He's always got an answer. 'Why is my stock going down?' Profit-taking, he says. 'Why is the market going down?' Taxes are going up, he says, or the President is having a press conference this after-

noon, or there is a war somewhere. They can never tell you anything straight, they're so used to lying.

"Take my Syntex. I should have sued the lousy thief who put me into that. This was on the last swing. The stock has a good move, from 80 to 110. I tell this lousy tout, I say, I want to sell if it's going down. He says the future looks good. The stock drops to 70, I'm actually losing money. At 70 all of a sudden he sees the problems, the stupid lousy tout. He wouldn't let me sell at 110, but at 70 he makes me sell.

"Well, naturally, I canned that guy. But the next broker was no better. First he touts me into a couple, they barely move, he touts me out again. Then I give him one I heard at the country club, United Fruit isn't making bananas anymore, something like that. The stock is 28, at 35 the lousy tout makes me sell. The stock goes right on to 55, but the lousy tout makes me sell. Then he makes me buy some piece of junk he's touting."

"It sounds like you need a better broker."

"There's no such thing. They're all lousy touts hustling commissions. They're always right a little, and then they tout you out of what you know is right."

"You ought to follow your own impulses."

"That's all very well, but I'm a busy man."

"It sounds like you ought just to use a broker to execute orders, not for any kind of advice."

"I should. I should. I'd be a rich man today if the lousy touts didn't always make me sell at the wrong time, or buy the wrong stock."

The list of roles investors play could go on and on, but an archetypal origin of the species is missing. Perhaps, as the savants say, the investors are in the market for something else. I have a friend who runs a small clearinghouse shop, and this is what he says: "I don't care whether they're big investors or little investors. If they make a little money, they're happy; if they lose a little money, they're not too unhappy. What they want to do is to call you up. They want to say, 'How's my stock? Is it up? Is it down? What about the earnings? What about the merger? *What's going on?*' And they want to do this every day; they want a friend, they want someone on the telephone, *they want to be a part of what's going on*; and if you gave them a choice between making money, guaranteed, or staying in the game, and if you put it in some acceptable face-saving form, every last one of them would pick staying in the game. It doesn't make sense, or the kind of sense you expect, but it makes a nutty kind of sense if you see it for the way it is."

THE RIGHT TO DIE

by Bernard Bard and Joseph Fletcher

When life "is not good, it deserves neither protection nor preservation." That is the proposition examined in the following pages by a grieving father whose son was born a mongoloid, and a distinguished moral philosopher who attempts to put the issue into ethical perspective. Mr. Bard is a veteran education writer for the New York POST and author of THE SCHOOL LUNCHROOM: TIME OF TRIAL. Professor Fletcher, author of MORAL RESPONSIBILITY: SITUATION ETHICS AT WORK and other books, teaches pastoral theology and Christian ethics at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A FATHER SPEAKS

MY SON, Philip, was born at 11:20 A.M. on December 2, 1962, at Booth Memorial Hospital, Flushing, New York. The pediatrician, Dr. F., a youngish man given to bow ties, met me in the corridor of the maternity floor. It was a boy, five pounds, thirteen ounces, he said, but added: "I'm not totally satisfied."

The vital organs were functioning normally, said the doctor, but there was something about the facial features, the extra-wide bridge between the eyes, the poor muscle tone, the weakness of the stomach muscles when the infant cried that showed abnormality.

"This is something we'll have to watch carefully, to see how the baby develops in the next twenty-four hours, or three to four days," said Dr. F. "But for the moment, the outlook is for an individual without a long life-span and not great mental development in the years ahead. Please call me by tomorrow."

My wife was still under anesthesia. I went out to buy flowers, and was in her room when she awakened. "How is the baby?" were her first words. I said he was fine. She smiled and went back to sleep.

I visited the nursery that afternoon and again that night. My baby was in a warmer. The nurse on duty assured me it was not an incubator, just

a temperature-control device. I had been worried because Philip was premature, born four weeks ahead of schedule. But the nurse told me his weight was good. He looked beautiful. His face seemed round and healthy-looking. I detected none of the unusual facial configurations Dr. F. had mentioned. I began to grope for reassurance. I stopped another nurse to ask how my son appeared to her. "Fine," she said. "Don't let the warmer worry you."

At three the next day, I sat in Dr. F.'s office, on a residential side street a mile from the hospital. He closed the door, and began, quietly, to recite some of his observations. The ears were set back too far on the head. The hands and feet were stubbier than normal. There was an in-turning of the final joint of the pinky fingers. There was a fold over each eyelid. There was a scruff of fat at the back of the neck. The hands and feet flexed back too far under pressure, but did not reflex. "The child is almost double-jointed." And the tongue was too large for the mouth.

The features and symptoms suggested hypertelorism, a word I immediately recognized as associated with mental retardation. The word for the infant's overall appearance and condition, said Dr. F., was mongolism. "All signs point to it." But still Dr. F. did not want to make his diagnosis

final. He assured me tests could be taken, hip X rays and chromosome counts. And he could consult with the chief of pediatrics at the hospital. "How sure are you?" I asked. "Is there perhaps a fifty-fifty chance you are wrong?"

No, said Dr. F., the odds were more likely ninety to ten that he was right. Few such children, he continued, live beyond the teens. Those that do survive into adulthood are incapable of reproduction. The outlook for "normal" mental development was about nil, he said, and only fifty-fifty that the child would be able to care for his own bodily functions, and not much more.

"Parents make either one of two decisions," said Dr. F. "Either they take the child home, and give him as much care as possible. Or, where there is another child at home, as in your case, the decision is sometimes made to institutionalize the mongolian child. Some parents take the child home for several months, or years, and then place it in a nursing home or training school."

That night I met Dr. L., the chief pediatrician at Booth. He emerged from the nursery, where he had just concluded his examination, and was still wearing his surgical mask and gown. "Wait till I shed this," he said. "I'll meet you in the father's waiting room."

There was no doubt at all about the diagnosis, said Dr. L. No tests were necessary. All the classic symptoms were present. The child, he said, would be vulnerable to heart trouble "of a severe sort," perhaps at age one or two. He would be peculiarly susceptible to digestive ailments and respiratory troubles. Life would, according to medical experience, be short. Mental development would be arrested at the age level of two or three.

Dr. L. said many parents institutionalize mongolian children, "particularly when there is another child at home, a normal child." But he declined firmly to offer any advice.

Two days after Philip was born, I gave Peggy the entire story. Until then she had only known there were symptoms that troubled the doctors. She tried to nurse, but the baby was too weak. Dr. F. ordered Philip be given a bottle in the nursery. I told my wife that I felt it best to have the baby cared for away from home, that this was a decision the doctors had not attempted to influence in any way, but one in which they concurred as the best. Dr. F. said, "He will grow up among children like himself, not aware that he is different."

In point of fact, the physicians I consulted said it was better to experience heartache now than to know a cumulative, greater anguish later on. To take the child home, one doctor said, would trap the family in "an irreversible situation." Peggy agreed, and said weakly: "Take me home."

Through friends, I learned in the next few days of a private sanitarium in Westchester County, said to be rated one of the best in the state. I called and found my son could be accepted immediately. The institution, I was told, was run "as a hobby" by a pediatrician with a flourishing practice with normal children.

He was a specialist in mentally retarded children. The price, to families receiving welfare assistance, was \$160 a month. I was one of these. My income, in the middle range, had forced me to apply to the Nassau County Department of Public Welfare for aid in meeting the costs of institutional care.

Now, among close friends, I began to tell our story. I learned that there are such tragedies in many families. The sister of a neighbor, I learned, cares at home for a mongolian boy of fifteen. He is virtually helpless, still wears diapers. The mother has suffered three miscarriages because of the strain of lifting him.

A friend from my high school days told me of a cousin with mongolism, a woman of thirty-eight with the mind of a four-year-old. "I see her once in a while at a family social function," he said. "It's impossible to exchange more than a few words with her. Her mother's greatest fear is that she will be left alone, with no one to look after her, after the mother dies." The parents, I was told, were determined to have no more children for fear mongolism might strike again.

Another friend told of another mongolian child being raised at home. The mother has said openly: "I want to outlive him by just one day, so that I can know a single day of freedom." The child is in his teens. He often wanders away and gets lost in the neighborhood. The police bring him home.

On the weekend following Philip's birth, I visited the sanitarium which had been recommended to me. It was a large old mansion, constructed of brown and buff-colored stones. The premises looked solid, formidable, and cold; the design was turn-of-the-century; there was a small sign over the front entrance. The neighborhood was neat and partly residential.

Mrs. C., the chief nurse, gave me the admissions forms. I paused, conscious of her watchful eyes, as I answered each question—father's name, mother's name, age of infant, weight, and so on. My feelings of guilt were overpowering. I felt I was abandoning my child. My mind returned to the hospital nursery. The other infants now there would come into homes made ready to receive them. My child was forsaken.

"Would you like to look around?" asked Mrs. C. We went first to a room containing the newborn. Nine infants were in cribs, some asleep. Most were awake. There was no whimper, no cry. The babies were almost motionless. They lay as if in a

trance. Their faces showed no expressions. Most showed the telltale facial characteristics of mongolism — eyes widely spaced, slight deformities of the ears, round, fat cheeks.

We passed down a corridor. Mrs. C. told me to wait while she closed a door. "The children in there have oversized heads," she said. "It might disturb you. We keep them together." On we went, into other rooms containing other children — mongoloids, brain-damaged; some were blind in addition to being mentally retarded. Some of the children seemed too large to be languishing helplessly in a crib; others seemed pitifully small.

In one room was a girl of four, wearing a red playsuit. She lay on her back in the crib, staring blankly into space or at the ceiling. She was the age of my older son, Stephen, but half his size. "Mongolian," said Mrs. C. She affectionately tickled the child's stomach to bring on a playful mood. But there was no response, no laughter, no smile. The face was void. For my child, I told myself, there would be a crib here. It was a thought beyond total understanding or complete acceptance.

In her office, Mrs. C. listened as I told her of my feelings. It was not for this, I said, that we wanted another baby. We would consider ourselves blessed, I went on, if there had been a miscarriage or a blue baby rather than this. Mrs. C. understood. I asked her how mongoloid children fared. While they live, she said, "they haven't a care in the world — it's the parents who suffer." Heart failure kills many the first year, she said, but with new drugs more and more survive that period. If they do, she said, some mongoloid children live for years.

On the trip home, I prayed for my child's death, cursing and damning myself as I did.

I WENT back to see Dr. F., our pediatrician, who was pleased with the sanitarium and the speed with which arrangements were completed. I raised with him the question of euthanasia in those instances where neurological damage is so severe that no matter how long a child may live, he will be little more than a body — unable to care for the most elemental needs, totally dependent on others for survival.

There was no shock on his face. Mongolism, said Dr. F., was incurable and the cause, usually, of gross retardation. If euthanasia were legal and professionally ethical, he said he would be more inclined to perform it on my child than on children afflicted with other diseases that were on the threshold of new discoveries. But for mongolism, he said, there was no cure and none on the horizon.

Research was concentrating, he said, on birth defects so as to eliminate the prenatal causes of mongolism.

While medicine could not take Philip's life, said Dr. F., nothing would be done to prolong it. No operations would be performed; no miracle drugs would be administered. "Medical emergencies will be met, such as sudden bleeding or choking," said Dr. F., "and the child will be kept warm, fed, and sheltered. Nothing more."

I returned to the sanitarium in a day or two to meet Dr. K., the director. His offices were separated from the institution he ran by a narrow driveway. On one side of the driveway was the sanitarium, with its population of retarded children. On the other was a pediatrician's office, with baby carriages parked at the door. Cutouts of clowns and Humpty-Dumpties adorned the bright yellow walls of Dr. K.'s waiting room. There was laughter, and an occasional shriek, and mothers chased after children intent on mild havoc. At a small table, a group of children read aloud from a picture book.

Dr. K. is a man in his fifties. He has been a specialist in mental retardation among children for thirty years. He has examined every mongoloid child in Westchester County, it is said, either to confirm the diagnosis of other physicians or to contradict them. He spoke of mongolism in scientific terms, the papers he had written on it, the statistics compiled. Nothing, he said, had been discovered concerning precisely what goes wrong during pregnancy to cause the condition, marked by the presence of 47 chromosomes, one more than the normal human complement of 46. The research, he said, was attempting to find what body processes within the mother produce the extra chromosome.

I told Dr. K. that I wanted nothing done to extend my son's hold on life artificially. He assured me he understood. The sanitarium, he said, contains no oxygen. The children are given no inoculations against childhood diseases, unless parents insist. "There are churches on all sides of me," he said. "Every one of these ministers agrees with me that it would not be moral, or serving God's will, to prolong these lives."

At the suggestion of an official in the welfare department, a social caseworker took Philip to the sanitarium next day. I had brought her diapers, nightgowns, blankets, bunting, and bottles for his formula. A few hours after Philip's arrival, Dr. K. called to tell me he had died. "Heart failure and jaundice," he said. "Consider it a blessing." And I remembered what he had told me our first meeting: "Some parents regularly visit their children here. They waste their lives trying to expunge a feeling of guilt that should not be there, instead

of devoting themselves to their normal children. It is for them that they must and should live."

I did not know my son. I do not know his thousands of brothers and sisters, of whom it has been written, "Oh, what a mortal pity He was ever born," and I do not know the parents of these children. I do not speak for them, just for myself and perhaps for Philip. I believe that it is time for a sane and civilized and humane approach to euthanasia.

I do not know how it should be practiced, or what committee should have a voice in the decisions, or what pill or injection might best be employed. I do know that there are thousands of children on this earth who should never have been born. Their lives are a blank. They do not play; they do not read; they do not grow; they do not live or love. Their life is without meaning to themselves, and an agony to their families.

Why?

— Bernard Bard

A THEOLOGIAN COMMENTS

BERNARD BARD is a loving man. He is not a vitalist — which is the label philosophers attach to those who make an idol of life. To them life is the highest good, regardless of the situation. But he loves people too much to absolutize mere biological process. He cares too much for human happiness and peace and kindness and loving concern to subordinate every other consideration to merely keeping breathing a sadly non- or un- or sub-human creature.

I agree with Mr. Bard that we ought to be able to do something about such tragedies, something that he calls "a sane and civilized and humane approach to euthanasia." There is no good reason why he and Mrs. Bard and Stephen and a host of friends and medical and paramedical helpers should quit in dumb resignation to that mysterious, disastrous forty-seventh chromosome.

Out of respect for the Mongols, by the way, and to keep the peace with my own son, who is a specialist historian of Central Asia, I prefer to speak of this pathology as an embryonic anomaly or, specifically, Down's syndrome.

Dr. F. has to act within the law, at least as far as policy goes. Nobody knows for sure what doctors do in practice, sometimes. For example, to stop the pain of terminal patients they sometimes give them rapidly increased doses of morphine in order to reach the fatal, toxic level. And at the other

end of the life spiral, at delivery, they often refrain from respirating "monsters." But our statute and common law — that is, our official morality — is thoroughly idolatrous and vitalistic. It prohibits our ever ending a life directly, except when necessary in defense of one's own life.

In short, the official morality and conventional wisdom are not only vitalistic and idolatrous; they are selfishly so. "All life is sacred, and my life most of all."

It is the sacrosanct notion of life which is challenged by Bernard Bard. He is saying that we are not helpless and hopeless in the face of adversity and suffering. He rejects fatalism. Fatalism attributes cosmic evil (evil not due to human cause or choice) to God, perhaps, or nature, or chance, or to some weird combination of all three, and then it decides that we ought not to do anything about it even if and when we could!

Look carefully at what Dr. K. told him. The "sanitarium" where Philip was taken immediately from the hospital only cares for a Down's case physically, and only in a minimum way at that. They keep no oxygen, give no inoculations against disease. Nothing is done to keep death away. On the contrary, it is welcomed as a friend. Kant once said that if we will the end we will the means, and morally surely he was right. The official morality in this matter is plainly of the primitive taboo order. "Life is untouchable; don't dare the lightning of the gods." This is not rational or responsible.

This policy we can call *indirect* euthanasia, achieved by deliberately omitting to do what is possible to preserve life, thus bringing death about left-handedly. It is really dys-thanasia, not euthanasia; a bad death, ugly and prolonged, rather than a good death, merciful and quick. One morality lets death drag out, willy-nilly; the other shortens it by a morally authentic decision.

Dr. F.'s professed policy, in which death is desired but not devised, is public simply because it has general acceptance. To give him the credit due, Dr. F. did say to Mr. Bard that if euthanasia were legal, he would be inclined to end the lives of grossly retarded infants like Philip. But behind the reigning official morality lurks a religious or taboo morality. In formal teaching Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, at least as far as their moral theologians and ethicists can speak for them, are agreed that we are not obliged in conscience to preserve a life, just so long as we don't do anything directly to end it. Pope Pius XII, in saying so in 1957, added that we may never choose to let sufferers "go" except when extraordinary means would be required to keep them alive. Doctors and moralists, however, cannot agree about what is extraordinary, and even if they could, it would

become ordinary very quickly because of the rapid advances of medical care.

Whether at the start of life, as with fetal and neonatal defects, or later on, in terminal and senile illnesses, the moral problem is essentially the same; if we can justify wanting death to come, is it ethical to sit by waiting fatalistically for whatever blind, brute nature happens to "do" about it?

There are some who object that "the end does not justify the means." This is an old bromide, and basically quite an irrational one. Nothing at all can justify what we do, or make good sense of it, except the goal or purpose which gives an act its character as a "means," or to put it differently, makes it meaningful. Otherwise any act would be random, pointless, non-sense.

The only serious ethical question about means and ends is, "Is the flame worth the candle?" Is the cost of the necessary means proportionate to the value of the end sought? Is the payoff worth the input? This is a decision which depends on the facts in each situation; there are no general formulas, no absolute or universal requirements and prohibitions. In dealing with Down's cases, it is obvious that the end everybody wants is death. What is at issue is the means. Shall it be indirect, by omission, as in the official policy, just letting it all hang on chance? Or shall it be direct, by commission, resulting from responsible choice?

What Mr. Bard is pleading for, on behalf of millions of blameless and miserable people, is *direct* euthanasia. I almost said "honest" or "straightforward" euthanasia. Bard's belief is that it is dishonest or phony to will the end but not the means. I agree with him. Absolute taboos, with their underlying mystique about life, make a farce of human freedom.

All such taboos cut the ground out from under morality because nothing we do lies in the moral order if it is not humanly chosen. The atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945 (tragic and debatable as it was) was morally significant, but the Krakatoa volcanic earthquake off Sumatra in 1883 wasn't. If Philip's life, such as it was, had been brought mercifully to a close, that would have had ethical value; but with its sudden end by "heart failure and jaundice," neither his life nor his death had any moral meaning whatsoever.

PAUSE for a moment to consider preventive abortion, of the kind that so many women underwent during the thalidomide snafu a few years ago. There is no reason in the world (other than the vitalist mystique in its extreme form) why a pregnancy should not be stopped at once if there is a solid ground to believe or even to fear that it

will result in a mentally or physically deformed child.

This is, in a manner of speaking, fetal euthanasia. Mrs. Finkbine was on a morally sound course when she went to Sweden for an abortion after an Arizona court found that our American laws are too vitalistic to allow her to make a morally responsible decision.

Now, then, if through ignorance or neglect or sheer chance (like the forty-seventh chromosome) the damage has not been ended prenatally, why should it not be ended neonatally? To have given birth innocently to a Down's case, when we would not have done so if we had known the truth, does not of itself justify our extending the tragedy. By stubbornly persisting we only compound the evil; we make ourselves "accessories" after the fact of a monstrous accident. We cannot be blamed for what we did not know, but we can be blamed when we do know.

The only difference between the fetus and the infant is that the infant breathes with its lungs. Does this make any significant difference morally or from the point of view of values? Surely not. Life and human *being* is a process, not an event; a continuum, not an episode. It is purely superstitious to assert that life "occurs" at fertilization or nidation or embryonic formation or fetal animation (movement) or birth or at school or voting age.

To be a human is to be self-aware, consciously related to others, capable of rationality in a measure at least sufficient to support some initiative. When these things are absent, or cannot ever come to be, there is neither a potential nor an actual person. To be a person is a lot more than just to be alive — as any student of the human struggle for maturity and well-being knows perfectly well. The fact that a biological organism functions biologically does not mean that it is a human being. There is a difference between a man and a brute. Even if it is a difference only of degree, it is still a difference.

There are many variants or variables situationally, of course. What has been said here is directed only against absolute prohibitions of euthanasia, maintained legalistically and regardless of relative circumstances. On the other hand, however, there is no logic in slipping into the opposite error and absurdity — insisting that euthanasia is always the right thing to do in all cases of retardation! This would simply be a reverse legalism. There is, on the contrary, a strong case to be made for the medical distinctions between idiots, cretins, and morons.

The Kennedy Foundation will no doubt help us eventually to correct the condition of some retardates. Whether we ought to do so or not

should depend on each particular situation. Neonatal intensive-care units in maternity hospitals are having increasing success in overcoming hypoxia (lack of oxygen), hypoglycemia (lack of sugar), bilirubin (a blood chemical causing jaundice and anemia), and infections of the central nervous system. But the core of the moral problem is still the freedom of people to choose, to be responsible, in every situation.

How strange and contradictory it is that people should deliberately assume the responsibility to *initiate* a life, and to control its creation *contraceptively*, but still fail or refuse to *terminate* it, no matter what the actual situation is. Some vitalists, the archaically intransigent ones, flatly refuse to terminate reproductive failures either before or after birth, and in a way perhaps this kind of whole-hog opposition makes more sense than a willingness to do it before respiration (abortion) but not afterward (euthanasia). The archaists at least have a consistent and radical fatalism.

People in the Bards' situation have no reason to feel guilty about putting a Down's syndrome baby away, whether it's "put away" in the sense of hidden in a sanitarium or in a more responsible lethal sense. It is sad, yes. Dreadful. But it carries no guilt. True guilt arises only from an offense against a person, and a Down's is not a person. There is no cause for remorse, even though, certainly, there is for regret. Guilt over a decision to end an idiocy would be a false guilt, and probably unconsciously a form of psychic masochism.

There is far more reason for real guilt in keeping alive a Down's or other kind of idiot, out of a false idea of obligation or duty, while at the same time feeling no obligation at all to save that money and emotion for a living, learning child. The learning child might be a retarded one with a viable potential, or just an orphan in need of adoption.

To "feel" obligation to prolong "life" in the Down's case while failing utterly to see or accept any responsibility in the promising child's case is moral confusion worse confounded. From a human or moral point of view it is irresponsible.

Theologically oriented people often get the idea that life is God's alone, to deal with as He wills or pleases. (They stick to this idea even if they practice birth control! The really *consistent* vitalists are across the board opposed equally to contraception, abortion, sterilization, euthanasia — that is, to any form of human initiative and responsibility whatsoever.) One moralist has said that euthanasia is a "destruction of the temple of God and a violation of the property rights of Jesus Christ." But this divine-monopoly theory logically militates against medicine itself, which is trying to lengthen life and defend it from "nature's" threats.

The belief that God is at work directly or indirectly in all natural phenomena is a form of animism or simple pantheism. If we took it really seriously, all science, including medicine, would die away because we would be afraid to "dissect God" or tamper with His activity. Such beliefs are a hopelessly primitive kind of God-thought and God-talk, but they hang on long after theologians generally have bid them good-bye.

The notion that life is sacrosanct is actually a Hindu idea, although Hindus practice things like suttee. It is not Christian or biblical. If it were, all heroism and martyrdom would be wrong, to say nothing of carnivorous diet, capital punishment, and warfare. The sanctity (what makes it precious) is not in life itself, intrinsically; it is only extrinsic and *bonum per accidens, ex casu* — according to the situation. Compared to some things, the taking of life is a small evil, and compared to some things, the loss of life is a small evil. Death is not always an enemy; it can sometimes be a friend and servant.

Life is sometimes good, and death is sometimes good. Life is no more a good in itself than any other value is. It is good, when and if it is good, because of circumstances, because of the context. When it is not good, it deserves neither protection nor preservation. Our present laws about "elective death" are not civilized. It is high time we had some constructive guidance, perhaps from a model code committee of the American Law Institute. Let the law favor living, not mere life.

— Joseph Fletcher

What Makes Bill Buckley Run

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Rebuffed by the voters in New York City's 1966 mayoralty campaign, the author persists, and this month offers himself to Yale alumni as a candidate for election to the Yale Corporation, in which post he hopes to influence the education of future Elites, and transform, in whatever way possible, the course of instruction in America's private colleges. Mr. Buckley, once chairman of the YALE DAILY NEWS, stirred up the Ivy League in 1951 with his book GOD AND MAN AT YALE, an eloquent objection to nonsecular education at his alma mater. He is an editor, columnist, and television personality widely associated with conservative causes.

Q. Mr. Buckley, last October you suddenly announced your candidacy for membership in the Yale Corporation, and the story broke into the front page of the *New York Times*. Tell us, please, why you decided to run.

A. In fact, the idea wasn't my own, but that of a good friend who is also my lawyer and *National Review's*. He is an alumnus of Yale of great distinction, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, B.A. 1922, LL.B. 1924, former editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, who clerked under Chief Justice William Howard Taft. I mentioned that once to Groucho Marx, in some connection or other, and he was greatly impressed. Overimpressed. It turned out he was under the impression that Mr. Williams had been President Taft's Attorney General.

Q. What was it that your genius lawyer-friend said to you that prompted you to run?

A. What shook me up was Mr. Williams' extraordinary contention that I might just possibly win election to the Yale Corporation. He reasons that many alumni are dissatisfied with various policies at Yale, and that although many of them do not agree with all of my own positions, they do agree that such positions as I tend to take are not vigorously enough defended within the Yale Corporation.

Q. Do you mean to say that some, or even many, alumni will be voting for you who wouldn't be doing so if they thought that your views would prevail?

A. Alas, yes.

Q. Isn't that a little unreasonable?

A. No. It is reasonable to desire that someone within the council of the mighty should put forward the merits of a conservative case, even without committing oneself finally to the merits of that case. A conservative becomes a presence in the

room. This doesn't mean that he overwhelms the majority, but it does mean that the majority have a better opportunity to test their own views. You might even go so far as to say that minority representation is an aspect of academic freedom.

Q. Are you suggesting that if you were elected, yours would be the only conservative voice in the Yale Corporation?

A. No. There are undoubtedly other conservatives among the eighteen regular members of the Yale Corporation. But there isn't anyone else who is identified as a sort of public defender of conservative points of view.

Q. Won't it be rather a bore for the Corporation to have you there at every meeting, nagging, and tattling, and filibustering?

A. I shouldn't think they would find me any more boring than I would find them. Actually, I have every reason to believe that they are very nice people, and therefore that I would find myself among people like myself. As for nagging, I don't believe in it, am temperamentally incapable of it. Tattling? I would of course respect the privacy of that organization, even as I have respected the privacy of others I have belonged to. However, I would not go so far as to deprive myself of the freedom I now have to criticize Yale policies as they are publicly discernible. As for filibustering, I assume that the bylaws of the Corporation provide for limiting the time given over to discussion of pending proposals. If there is no such bylaw, I shall propose one.

Q. Has there been public discussion of your candidacy?

A. Most of it has been conversational. Newspapers throughout the country remarked my candidacy, some of them even commented editorially

on it, but Yale has been publicly silent, at least so far. The *Yale Alumni Magazine*, for instance, has, as of the moment I write, exhibited a most exemplary sangfroid. Not a mention of my candidacy, even in issues which report the social and political doings of the university's white mice. I am very grateful.

Q. You mean there has been no public discussion at Yale of your candidacy?

A. No, I don't mean that. Within a fortnight of my announcement, the student body canvassed its members in two different polls. The first was an open discussion before the Yale Political Union, at which a dozen student speakers arose, some of them to espouse, others to denounce, my candidacy. At the end of the speeches the Union voted in favor of electing me. I attach no significance whatever to this, though it is of course interesting to me that a favorable vote should have followed upon a public *debate* over my candidacy. I like that.

Q. How could the students have known what your views are?

A. Some of them know my views from my writings. One or two of them called me on the telephone while preparing for the debate and elicited answers to several supersensitive questions.

Q. And the other student canvass?

A. Went against me. That was a poll of the entire student body, conducted by the Yale Political Union. Against me were 52 percent of those polled. For me, 36 percent. Don't know, 12 percent.

Q. What was your reaction to that vote?

A. Magnificently political. An editor of the *Yale Daily News* telephoned me before the afternoon of the day the results would be tabulated to ask whether I could be reached for comment at 10 o'clock that night, at which point it would be known whether I had won or lost. I replied that unfortunately I could not be reached at 10 P.M. that particular night, but that — such is my recent education in politics — I was even now prepared to give two statements, one of them suitable for the contingency of my winning, the other suitable if I lost. If the students voted for me, I should be quoted as saying that I had anticipated their *cri de coeur* and was coming fast to the rescue. If the vote was against me, I should be quoted as observing that here was proof of (a) how greatly the students needed my guidance, and (b) how wise Yale's policy is that students are not permitted to vote for Corporation members, not even alumni, until they have been out of college for five years; the presumption being that after five years they will grow wiser. Wise enough to vote for me.

Q. Why, would you say, did the majority of the student body vote against you?

A. In part because it's fashionable to vote against a conservative (ask Goldwater). In part because the publicity given to my candidacy focused on my views of Yale's admissions policy. These views were strenuously misrepresented in the *New York Times*, enough to convince the Yale student who is a graduate of a public high school that were my views to prevail, a graduate of a public high school stands little chance of getting into Yale. The *Times* quoted me as saying: "The son of an alumnus, who goes to a private preparatory school, now has less of a chance of getting in than some boy from P.S. 109 somewhere. There should be a presumption in favor of those who are supporting the University — the alumni."

Q. How does that misrepresent your position?

A. Triumphantly. A few days before announcing my candidacy, I had published a column insisting that the distinction ought to be plain that a positive bias in favor of sons of Yale alumni is not the same thing as a positive bias against graduates of the public schools. My position has been that *all other qualifications being equal*, the son of the Yale alumnus should have preference over the son of a non-alumnus, no matter what school the respective candidates have been attending. In other words, the son of a Yale alumnus who graduates from P.S. 109 should receive favorable consideration over the son of a nonalumnus who graduates from Groton, *assuming* that the two boys are otherwise equally qualified, by which I mean that the two boys achieved roughly equal scores on the college board tests, got comparably enthusiastic recommendations from the headmaster and principal, showed equal zeal for extra-academic pursuits, et cetera.

Q. But, in fact, you must acknowledge the likelihood that in such a case as you mention, it would be the Grotonian who is typically the son of the Yale alumnus rather than the boy from P.S. 109?

A. Yes, I do, but you mustn't jump to conclusions which would betray an inverse snobism. I believe that there shouldn't be a positive bias against any boy merely because his father sends him to Groton. Yet I do believe that something of the sort has got itself spliced into the thinking of some of those who have fashioned Yale's admissions policies. I grant that my conclusions are impressionistic, but to the extent that it is feasible to substantiate them, let me cite two incidents and some statistics.

1. The headmaster of a prominent Eastern preparatory school told me a year ago, in commenting on Yale's admissions policy, that if he were approached by a superbly qualified student who above all earthly things desired to go on to Yale, the headmaster would counsel him to with-

draw from his school and enroll in a public school, whence he could more safely count on attracting the favorable attention of Yale's gathering system.

2. The headmaster of another famous private school reported to class agents his concern over Yale's positive bias against graduates of the preparatory schools and sons of alumni, but on being asked to make public his criticisms, was manifestly afraid to do so — one must assume for fear of incurring the retaliatory displeasure of Yale's admissions office.

3. The figures. In the Class of 1940 the percentage of the entering class at Yale whose fathers were alumni was 29. In the Class of 1950, the percentage was 24. In 1960, 22 percent; in 1966, 20 percent; in 1969, 18 percent; in 1971, 14 percent. Now, there are two explanations for the diminishing percentage of Yale undergraduates whose fathers were Yale alumni. One — and it raises an interesting, intellectual question — is that the academic standards for admission to Yale have been rising at a rate beyond the capacity of the typical son of the typical Yale graduate to keep up with, in which case it is time to ask how come the sons of Yale are failing *their* sons? The other explanation is that sons of Yale alumni are being discriminated against for social reasons, giving rise to the equally interesting question, namely, why does Yale disdain the sons of men who were taught the social values of Yale University?

Q. What do you consider the desirable standard for admission to Yale?

A. The desirable standard is the standard that was explicitly adopted by Princeton University after the Second World War, or at least, specifically acknowledged at that time; a standard from which, by the way, Princeton now appears to have retreated, under the pressures of atmospheric egalitarianism. What a spokesman for Princeton said as recently as 1958 was very simply this: We reserve the right to set academic standards for the freshman class as high as we like. However, having set them at the level we desire to set them, we shall admit into the freshman class the son of any alumnus of Princeton whose academic record and achievement tests indicate that he would graduate with his class, provided he is also qualified on the basis of the normal extra-academic considerations.

Q. Isn't it so that such policies would tend to make the great private universities sort of endogamous, class-conscious havens for the privileged?

A. Yes and no. Yes to that much of what you allege which is desirable and also by the way realistic; no to that much which is undesirable and unrealistic. Neither Yale nor Princeton nor Harvard nor Stanford — nor any university, no matter how fecund its graduates — can procreate,

one wife at a time, fast enough to make for freshman classes composed entirely of alumni sons, so that there is bound to be a biological watering of the freshman class with sons of fathers who were not alumni. When Princeton was meticulously observing the policy of granting preference to Princeton sons provided they could graduate with their class, only about 20 percent of Princeton's entering class were Princeton sons.

I deduce from the figures of the admissions committee that if every alumni son who applied for admission to the Class of 1970 had been admitted, even then the freshman class would have been only 55 percent sons-of-alumni. Suppose that had happened? One has only to imagine the high esteem of the first-rank university whose pedagogy proved so durable and so animating that the majority of the sons of its graduates succeeded in establishing their competitive parity with the very best sons of the very best parents from all quarters of American society.

In other words, the fear that a private university that favors the sons of its alumni will become incestuous and fetid breaks down under scrutiny. It need only be added that such is the diversity even among Yale graduates that if one assumed that the first-born of each one of them had a preemptive right to admission — which is a travesty on what I am recommending — it would not necessarily follow that the cultural or educational effect upon the university would be suffocating. There are as many differences among sons of Yale alumni — cultural, biological, glandular, intellectual — as there are among the sons, if not of any random sample group of American citizens, at least among a random sample group of such parents as in fact constitute the parents of existing freshman classes.

Q. You have elaborated what you consider to be the desirable admissions policy. Suppose you answer the question: why *should* a college favor the sons of its alumni? For purely mercenary reasons?

A. No, not for *purely* mercenary reasons, though "purely mercenary reasons" can be transmuted by the lightest rhetorical legerdemain into "purely altruistic reasons." There are several reasons. Probably the easiest to dispose of is also the most vulgar — which is also the most frequently raised — to wit, your leering question about the mercenary consideration.

Permit me to answer it by asking you a question. Why *should* an alumnus contribute to his alma mater? I recognize one answer to that as pretty convincing: every graduate of every college that paid out more toward his education than the graduate paid in tuition fees ought to feel psychologically indebted at least for the difference.

Suppose that it cost Yale \$12,000 to cope with me, and that as an undergraduate I paid Yale \$6000. There is a debt of honor there, by my figuring, of \$6000. Not, to be sure, a debt to which anyone can lay formal claim. But a debt of considerable moral cogency.

All right. Now, to whom is this debt payable? The automatic answer — to your alma mater — is, upon reflection, unconvincing. At least, it is unconvincing under the existing philanthropical rubric, which is that your subsidy is utterly unrelated to your being a member, so to speak, of the Yale (read Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, what-have-you) family. If your education by Yale was a benefaction which records nothing more than Yale's generic interest in higher education, then the debt that you incurred is repayable to the Cause of Higher Education wherever you spot that cause as marginally most efficient. Indeed, if we measure our debt to our alma mater in the coin of a reciprocated devotion to the cause of education, then we quite reasonably observe the criteria of our own university in distributing our largesse: don't give to the privileged few, give to others. Don't give to Yale, give to Tuskegee. Now, I know very well the case for multiplying the advantages of the few. But the acceptance of the case for the few requires corollary suppositions which existing admissions standards are reluctant to acknowledge, suppositions the disavowal of which requires the conscientious alumnus to ask: Why, then, give money to Yale, at a time when the College of the Ozarks is also wanting? Yale has got itself a gymnasium the yearly maintenance cost of which is more than the Ozarks pays all its liberal arts faculty. Doesn't it then follow that an appeal by Yale for funds, to the extent that it is based on reminding us that we were the beneficiaries of higher education, is an appeal which we can most plausibly respond to — in the context of its existing admissions policy — by addressing our contributions to the College of the Ozarks?

Q. Are you suggesting that contributions to your alma mater should be based on self-interest?

A. You have a faculty for vulgarizing. I am leading up to the point that self-interest isn't necessarily antisocial, no more in education than in commerce. If "good" reasons are "social" reasons, then I say flatly: there are no "social" reasons for giving money to any one top-flight private university. The best reasons for giving support to a university are "selfish": such reasons as that you desire a particular university to maintain the highest standards because (a) it is a university which is committed to taking on your son assuming he qualifies to study in that community, and/or — brace yourself — (b) that university fulfills a particular function, the fulfilling of which endows

the nation in which you live with citizens whose attitudes toward their country are such as indirectly to endow that country, and hence you and your progeny, with the benefit of their education and dedication.

Q. Do you then conceive of Yale and other front-rank private universities as educational watering places for a governing class?

A. I am of course aware that you are not permitted to use the phrase "governing class" in America. What makes the term invidious is its association with the class system, or even the caste system, in such societies as England's or India's. Curiously, there is no opprobrium attached in America to the concept of individual families being associated over the course of generations with public service, loosely viewed. We are proud of the Adams family, of the Lodges, of the Rockefellers, of the Roosevelts. We should also be proud of institutions an exposure to which sets the mind to thinking in terms of a general sense of obligation to society. Instead, we denounce them as havens for the privileged, summon the spirit of Andy Jackson, and reach for our democratic leveling guns.

There are those who so overstate the imperatives of the democratic tradition that they find themselves, in effect, hard at work attempting to fracture the elite. That spirit is of course codified in the progressive income tax that rises, or did until recently, to levels of 91 percent. It is a robust and thoroughly commendable American tradition that there should be instant access to the top for everyone who qualifies, and that there should be ample opportunities to qualify. But recent admissions policies of the large private colleges seem to argue that it is equally important to fracture coalescing classes of governors. The effect of such policies is in part to absorb new members into the governing class, in part to demote others even if they have done nothing to earn that demotion. "You will laugh," I wrote a while ago, and some people did laugh, "but it is true that a Mexican-American from El Paso High with identical scores on the achievement tests, and identically ardent recommendations from their headmasters, has a better chance of being admitted to Yale than Jonathan Edwards the Sixteenth from St. Paul's School."

Any college that wishes to serve within the American tradition should guard against exclusivity for the sake of it. It should never exclude the talented in order to give preferences to its own grossly untalented. But it should not decline to include its own simply in order to multiply opportunity. We should bear in mind that there must emerge a *reason* for the private college if the private college is going to survive. If Yale has no sense of obligation to its alumni, no sense of adherence to any

special traditions, why should it be private? I have no doubt that the state of Connecticut would gratefully accept the gift of the plant, facilities, and faculty contracts of Yale University, which gift would (a) provide the final solution to the problem of financing Yale, and (b) forever allay any suspicion that Yale is undemocratic.

Q. Are you then predicting that the private colleges will disappear — or that they will adopt your approach?

A. The private colleges, as nobody tires of saying, are in crisis. They need more money. Paradoxically, the crisis appears to deepen even as the people become more affluent.

A decade ago, the emphasis had already begun to move from support by individuals to support by corporations. There had been an important test case in 1951 when a stockholder objected to the A. P. Smith's Company giving money to Princeton. The judge ended up authorizing the philanthropy, although on grounds most embarrassing to university officials. The gift was legal, said the judge, because "Princeton emphasizes by precept and indoctrination the principles which are vital to the preservation of our own democratic system of business and government." It being a clear violation of currently understood standards of academic freedom for a college to emphasize anything by precept or indoctrination, the language of the decision was avoided like a litany from a Black Mass. Even so, the universities interpreted the decision as *carte blanche* for corporations to give large sums of money to colleges and universities. Accordingly, in the spring of 1956, the presidents of the large private colleges issued a set of "Guiding Principles for Industrial Gifts." The preamble to the "Guiding Principles" began by remarking such things as "colleges and universities have a deep obligation to society," and then hurried on to discuss "the form of corporate giving most useful to the college or university [cash]." Delicately, the presidents warned colleges and universities against permitting "their names to be used in any related advertising" of their corporation donors, but hastened to grant that corporations obviously deserve the good will that is the natural and appropriate dividend of genuine philanthropy. (The distinction for which they were groping is not altogether clear. Presumably, it is all right to establish a Colgate Chair of Political Economy, but not a Colgate "It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth" Chair of anything at all.) Accordingly, such things as the plain and simple Socony Mobil Professorship of Nuclear Engineering (Princeton) started to crop up.

But we see now, ten years later, that the corpora-

tions couldn't, or at any rate didn't, give enough. So that McGeorge Bundy, who was educated at Yale when Charles Seymour was its president — a gentleman of progressive inclination and humane disposition who warned repeatedly against incurring any dependency on the federal government — now calls for "a drastic increase in government support." Yale has not, then, ceased to have wants. But is she no longer worthy of her past history? Or of the sometime devotion of her alumni? Why?

Q. Well, why? Purely because of this positive bias you speak of against sons of alumni?

A. I think it goes beyond that. There is the sense of mission, clumsily formulated by the judge in the A. P. Smith case who, unwittingly and in a single sentence, challenged root and branch the central presumptions, not to say vanities, of that special kind of academic freedom which is nihilistic in its implications. The conventional argument against Yale, made by its critics, myself included, has been along conservative-liberal lines — the charge, for instance, that not only is Yale in practice distinctly and observably hostile to one point of view (the conservative point of view), and therefore living outside the bounds of true impartiality, but that such partiality as Yale does exercise is intellectually and politically faddish, and very dimly related to the higher ambitions of a great university.

Q. Do you have in mind, specifically, the activities of such conspicuous Yalermen as Staughton Lynd and William Sloane Coffin, Jr.?

A. *Former* Yalerman Staughton Lynd (Yale is not powerless suavely to excommunicate, when the will is finally mustered). Concerning Dr. Coffin, it is true that he is conspicuous, and that although he has a great deal of support among the students and faculty of Yale (which support is of his political opinions and activities, one has to acknowledge, rather than of the Christian fires that rage within his breast), he is not an *official* spokesman for Yale. But the argument that Dr. Coffin's activities are not to be confused with the mind-set of Yale University is not altogether convincing. It was only a very few years ago that official Yale conferred a doctor of laws on Martin Luther King, who more clearly qualifies as a doctor of lawbreaking. It seems to me that even if you accept totally unexamined the most fanatical statements on academic freedom, for instance those in Professor Robert MacIver's book, then you definitely need, for the sake of balance, for the sake of intellectual excitement, for the sake of its survival as a private university, a conservative revival at Yale.

Q. What are you doing to try to encourage such a revival?

A. Running for the Corporation.

MAN IN THE DRAWER

A soft shalom I thought I heard, but considering the Slavic cast of the driver's face, it seemed unlikely. He had been eyeing me in the rearview mirror since I had stepped into his taxi, and to tell the truth, I had momentary apprehensions. I'm forty-four and have recently lost weight but not, I admit, nervousness. It's my American clothes I thought at first, one is a recognizable stranger. Unless he was tailing me to begin with, but how could that be if it was a passing cab I had hailed myself?

He had picked me up in his noisy Volga of ancient vintage on the Lenin Hills, where I had been wandering all afternoon in and around Moscow University. Finally I had had enough of sight-seeing, and when I saw the cab, hallooed and waved both arms. The driver, cruising in a hurry, had stopped, you might say, on a kopek, as though I were someone he was dying to give a ride to; maybe somebody he had mistaken for a friend, whom, considering my recent experiences in Kiev, I wouldn't mind being mistaken for.

From the first minute our eyes were caught in a developing recognition although we were complete strangers. I knew nobody in Moscow except an Intourist girl or two. In the rectangular mirror his face seemed globular, the eyes small but canny — they probed, tugged, doubted, seemed to beg to know — give him a word and he'd be grateful, though why and for what cause he didn't say; then, as if the whole thing wearied him insufferably, he pretended no further interest.

Serves him right, I thought, but it wouldn't be a bad thing if he paid a little attention to the road once in a while or we'll never get where we're going, wherever that is. I realized I hadn't said because I wasn't sure myself — anywhere but back to the Metropole just yet. It was one of those days I couldn't stand my hotel room.

"Shalom!" he said finally out loud. It came forth like a declaration of faith.

"Shalom to you." So it was what I had heard, who would have thought so? We both relaxed, looking at opposite sides of the street.

The taxi driver sat in his shirt sleeves on a cool June day, not more than fifty-five Fahrenheit. He was a man in his thirties who looked as if what he ate didn't fully feed him — in afterthought a discontented type, his face on the worn side; not bad-looking even though the head seemed pressed a bit flat by somebody's heavy hand although protected by a mat of thick uncombed hair. His face, as I said, veered to Slavic: bony, broad cheekbones tapering to sensitive chin; but he sported a longish nose and distinctive larynx on a slender hairy neck, a mixed type, you might say. At any rate, the shalom

A Story by Bernard Malamud

had seemed to change his appearance, even of the probing eyes. He was dissatisfied for certain this fine June day — his lot, fate, himself, what? Also a sort of indigenous sadness hung on him, God knows from where, and he didn't mind if who he was was visible; not everyone could do that or wanted to. This one showed himself. Not too prosperous, I'd say, yet no underground man. He sat firm in his seat, all of him driving, perhaps a little frantically. I have an experienced eye for such details.

"Israeli?" he finally asked.

"Amerikansky." I know no Russian, just a few polite words.

He dug into his pocket for a thin pack of cigarettes and swung his hairy arm back, the Volga swerving to avoid a truck making a turn.

"Take care!"

I was thrown sideways, no apologies. Extracting a Bulgarian cigarette I wasn't eager to smoke — too strong — I handed him his pack. I was considering offering my prosperous American pack in return but didn't want to affront him.

"Feliks Levitansky," he said. "How do you do? I am the taxi driver." His accent was strong, verging to fruity but redeemed by fluency of tongue.

"Ah, you speak English? I sort of thought so."

"My profession is translator — English, French." He shrugged sideways.

"Howard Harvitz is my name. I'm here for a short vacation, about three weeks. My wife died not so long ago and I'm traveling partly to relieve my mind."

My voice caught, but then I went on to say that if I could manage to dig up some material for a magazine article or two, so much the better.

In sympathy Levitansky raised both hands from the wheel.

"Please watch out!"

"Horovitz?" he asked.

I spelled it for him. "Frankly, it was Harris after I entered college, but I changed it back recently. My father had it legally changed after I graduated from high school. He was a doctor, a practical sort."

"You don't look to me Jewish."

"Not particularly, I admit."

After a minute he asked, "For which reason?"

"For which reason what?"

"Why you changed back your name?"

"I had a crisis in my life."

"Existential? Economic?"

"To tell the truth I changed it back after my wife died."

"What is the significance?"

"The significance is that I am closer to my true self."

The driver popped a match with his thumbnail and lit his cigarette.

"I am marginal Jew," he said, "although my father — Avrahm Isaakovich Levitansky — was Jewish. Because my mother was gentile woman I was given choice, but she insisted me to register for internal passport with notation of Jewish nationality in respect for my father. I did this."

"You don't say?"

"My father died in my childhood. I was raised — raised? — to respect Jewish people and religion, but I went my own way. I am atheist. This is inevitable."

"You mean Soviet life?"

Levitansky did not reply, smoked, as I grew embarrassed at my question. I looked around to see if I knew where we were. In afterthought he asked, "To which destination?"

I said, still on the former subject, that I had been a reluctant Jew myself, one might say. "My mother and father were thoroughly assimilated."

"By their choice?"

"Of course by their choice."

"Do you wish," he then asked, "to visit Central Synagogue on Arkhipova Street? Very interesting experience."

"Not just now," I said, "but take me to the Chekhov Museum on Sadovaya Kudrinskaya."

At that the driver, sighing, seemed to take heart.

ROSE, I said to myself, you're really gone.

I blew my nose. After her death I had planned to visit the Soviet Union but couldn't get myself to move. I'm a slow man after a blow; though I confess I've never been one for making up his mind in a hurry, at least not on important things. Eight months later, when I was more or less packing, I felt that some of the relief I was looking for was, also, from the necessity of making an unexpected important personal decision. Out of loneliness I had begun to see my former wife, Lillian, in the spring, and before long, since she had remained unmarried and attractive, to my surprise — these things can slip from one sentence to another before you know what's going on — there was some hesitant talk of remarriage. In which case we could turn the Russian trip into a sort of honeymoon — I won't say second because we hadn't had much of a first. In the end, since our lives had been so frankly complicated — hard on each other — I found it impossible to make up my mind, though

Lillian, I give her credit, seemed to be willing to take the chance. My feelings were so difficult to define to myself, I decided to decide nothing for sure. Lillian, who is a forthright type with a mind like a lawyer's, asked me if I was cooling off to the idea, and I told her that since the death of my wife I had been examining my life and needed more time to see where I stood. "Still?" she said, meaning the self-searching, and implying, I thought, forever. All I could answer was, "Still," and then, in anger, "forever." I warned myself afterward: stay out of any more complicated entanglements.

Anyway, that almost killed it. It wasn't a particularly happy evening, though it had its moments, you might say. I had once been deeply in love with Lillian. I figured then that a change of scene, maybe a month abroad, would be helpful. I had for a long time wanted to visit the U.S.S.R., and taking time to be alone, and, I hoped, at ease to think things through, might give the trip an additional value.

So I was surprised, when my visa was granted, though not too surprised, that my anticipation was by now blunted and I was experiencing uneasiness. I blamed it on a dread of traveling that sometimes hits me before long trips, that I have to make my peace with before I can move. Will I get there? Will I get lost? Maybe a war breaks out, and I'm surrounded by enemies on all sides. To be frank, though I've resisted the idea, I consider myself an anxious man, which, when I try to explain it to myself, means being this minute halfway into the next. I sit still in a hurry, worry uselessly about the future, and carry the burden of an overripe conscience.

I realized that what troubled me about going into Russia were those stories in the papers of some tourist or casual traveler in this or that Soviet city, who is suddenly grabbed by the secret police on charges of spying, "illegal economic activity," "hooliganism," or whatnot. This poor guy, like somebody from Sudbury, Mass., is held incommunicado until he confesses, and then is sentenced to a prison camp in the wilds of Siberia. After I got my visa I sometimes had fantasies of a stranger shoving a fat envelope of papers into my fist and then arresting me as I was reading them — of course for spying. What would I do in that case? I think I would pitch the envelope into the street, crying out, "Don't try that one on me, I can't even read Russian," and walk away with dignity, hoping that would freeze them in their tracks. A man in danger, if he's walking away from it, seems indifferent, innocent. At least to himself; but then in my mind I hear the sound of footsteps coming after me, and since my reveries tend to the rational, two KGB men grab me, shove both my arms against my back, and make the arrest. Not for littering the

streets, as I hope might be the case, but for "attempting to dispose of certain incriminating documents," a fact it's difficult to deny.

I see Harvitz shouting, squirming, kicking his captors, till his mouth is shut by somebody's stinking palm, and he is dragged by superior force, not to mention a blackjack blow on the cranium, into the inevitable black Zis that I've read about and seen on movie screens.

The cold war is a frightening business, though I suppose for some more than others. I've sometimes wished spying had reached such a pitch of perfection that both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. knew everything there is to know about the other, and having sensibly exchanged this information by trading computers that keep facts up to date, let each other alone thereafter. That ruins the spying business; there's that much more sanity in the world, and for a man like me, the thought of a trip to the Soviet Union is pure pleasure.

Right away, at the Kiev airport, I had a sort of fright, after flying in from Paris on a mid-June afternoon. A customs official confiscated from my suitcase five copies of *Visible Secrets*, a poetry anthology for high school students I had edited some years ago, which I had brought along to give away to Russians I met who might be interested in American poetry. I was asked to sign a document the official had slowly written out in Cyrillic except that *Visible Secrets* was printed in English, with "secrets" underlined. The uniformed customs officer, a heavyset man with a layer of limp hair on a small head and red stars on his shoulders, said that the paper I was required to sign stated I understood it was not permitted to bring five copies of a foreign book into the Soviet Union, but I would get my property back anyway at the Moscow airport when I left the country. I worried that I oughtn't to sign but was urged to by my lady Intourist guide, a bleached blonde with wobbly high heels, whose looks and good humor kept me more or less calm, though my clothes were frankly steaming. She said it was a matter of no great importance and advised me to write my signature because it was delaying our departure to the Dnipro Hotel.

At that point I asked what would happen if I willingly parted with the books, no longer claimed them as my property. The Intouristka inquired of the customs man, who answered calmly, earnestly, and at great length.

"He says," she said, "that the Soviet Union will not take away from a foreign visitor his legal property."

Since I had only four days in the city and time was going fast, faster than usual, I reluctantly signed the paper plus four carbons — one for each book? — and was given a copy, which I filed in my billfold.

Despite this incident — it had its comic side — my stay in Kiev, in spite of the loneliness I usually feel my first few days in a strange city, went quickly and interestingly. In the mornings I was driven around in a private car on guided tours of the hilly, broad-avenued, green-leaved city, whose colors reminded me of a subdued Rome. But in the afternoons I wandered around alone. I would start by taking a bus or streetcar, riding a few kilometers, then getting off to walk within a particular neighborhood. Once I walked into a peasants' market where collective farmers and country people in beards and boots out of a nineteenth-century Russian novel sold their produce to city people. I thought I must write about this to Rose; I meant, of course, Lillian. Another time, in a deserted street when I happened to think of the customs receipt in my billfold, I turned in my tracks to see if I was being followed. I wasn't, but enjoyed the adventure.

An experience I didn't appreciate so much was getting lost one late afternoon several kilometers above a boathouse on the Dnieper. I was walking along the riverbank enjoying the sight of the boats and island beaches, and before I knew it, was a good distance from the hotel and eager to get back because I was hungry. I didn't feel like retracing my route on foot — too much tourism in three days — so I thought of a taxi or maybe an autobus that might be going in the general direction I had come from. Nothing doing, though I searched on some of the inner avenues for half an hour. I tried approaching a few passersby whom I addressed in English, or pidgin-German, and occasionally trying "*perdonnez-moi*"; but the effect was apparently to embarrass them. One young woman ran from me a few steps before she began to walk again. I stepped into an oculist's shop to ask advice of a professional-looking older woman, wearing pince-nez, a hairnet, and white smock. When I spoke in English, after momentary amazement her face froze, and she turned her back on me. Hastily

*In this beautifully woven creation, Bernard Malamud demonstrates the ultimate art of fiction-writing: invention out of knowledge. His story of a writer in the Soviet Union struggling for the right to create and to be heard needs no relevance beyond its telling, but receives it anyway from the fresh round of official suppression of intellectuals and trials of writers in Moscow. Mr. Malamud, the author of four novels and two collections of short stories, has twice won the National Book Award (for *THE MAGIC BARREL* and *THE FIXER*, which also won the Pulitzer Prize for 1967). He is writing in Cambridge and teaching at Harvard.*

thumbing through my guidebook to the phonetic expressions in Russian, I asked, "*Gdye* hotel?" adding "Dnipro?" To that she answered, "*Nyet*." "Taxi?" I asked. "*Nyet*," this time clapping a hand to her heaving bosom. I figured I'd better leave. Though frustrated, annoyed, I spoke to two men passing by, one of whom, the minute he heard my first word, walked on quickly, his eyes aimed straight ahead, the other indicating by gestures that he was deaf and dumb. On impulse I tried him in halting Yiddish that my grandfather had long ago taught me, and was then directed, in an undertone in the same language, to a nearby bus stop.

As I was unlocking the door to my room, thinking this was a story I would be telling friends all autumn, my phone was ringing. It was a woman's voice. I understood "*Gospodin Garvitz*" and one or two other words as she spoke at length in musical Russian. In fact, her voice was like a singer's. Though I couldn't get the gist of her remarks, I had this sudden vivid reverie, you might call it, of walking with a pretty Russian girl in a birchwood or thereabouts, coming out on the other side in a field that sloped to the water, and then rowing her around on a small lake. It was a very peaceful business. That was the general picture; but when she was done talking, whatever I had to say I said in English, and she slowly hung up.

The next morning after breakfast, she, or someone who sounded like her — I recognized the contralto quality — called again.

"If you could understand English," I said, "or maybe a little German or French — even Yiddish, if you happen to know it — we'd get along fine. But not in Russian, I'm afraid. *Nyet Russki*. I'd be glad to meet you for lunch, or tea if you like; so if you get the drift of these remarks why don't you say *da*? Then dial the English interpreter on extension 37. She could tell me what's what, and we can meet at your convenience."

I had the impression she was listening with both ears but after a while the phone hung silent in my hand. I wondered where she had got my name, and whether someone was testing me to find out if I did or didn't speak Russian. I honestly did not.

Afterward I wrote a short airmail letter to Lillian, telling her I would be leaving for Moscow via Aeroflot, tomorrow at 4 P.M., and I intended to stay there for two weeks, with a break of maybe three or four days in Leningrad, at the Astoria Hotel. I wrote down the exact dates and later mailed the letter in a box some distance from the hotel, whatever good that did. I hoped Lillian would get it in time to reach me by return mail before I left the Soviet Union. To tell the truth, I felt uneasy all day.

But the next morning my mood had changed, and as I was standing at the railing in a park above the

Dnieper, looking at the buildings going up across the river in what had once been steppeland, I had an expansive feeling. The vast construction I beheld — it was as though two or three scattered cities were rising out of the earth — astonished me. This sort of thing was going on all over Russia — half-way around the world — and when I considered what it meant in terms of sheer labor, capital goods, plain morale I was then and there convinced that the Soviet Union would never willingly provoke a war, nuclear or otherwise, with the United States. Neither would America, in its right mind, with the Soviet Union.

For the first time since I had come to Russia, I felt safe and secure and enjoyed there, at the breezy railing above the Dnieper, a rare few minutes of euphoria.

WHY is it that the most interesting architecture is from Czarist times I asked myself, and if I'm not mistaken Levitansky quivered, no doubt a coincidence. Unless I had spoken to myself aloud which I sometimes do; I decided I hadn't. We were on our way to the museum, hitting a fast eighty kilometers, which translated to fifty miles an hour was not too bad because traffic was sparse.

"What do you think of my country, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?" the driver inquired, turning his head a half circle to see where I was.

"Please watch where we're going."

"Don't be nervous, I drive now for years."

"I don't care for needless risks."

Then I said I was impressed by much I had seen. It was obviously a great country.

Levitansky's face appeared in the mirror globularly smiling, his dark teeth eroded. The smile seemed to emerge from within the mouth. Now that he had revealed his half-Jewish background I had the impression he looked more Jewish than Slavic, and possibly more dissatisfied than I had thought.

"Also our system — Communism?"

I answered carefully, not wanting to give offense. "I'll be perfectly honest. I've seen some unusual things here — even inspiring — but my personal taste is for more individual freedom than people seem to have here. America has its serious faults but at least we're privileged to criticize, if you know what I mean. My father used to say, 'You can't beat the Bill of Rights.' It's an open society, which means freedom of choice, at least in theory."

"Communism is altogether better system," Levitansky replied calmly after a minute, "although is not in present stage totally realized. In present stage" — he gulped for air, swallowed, and did not finish the thought. Instead he said, "Our

revolution was magnificent holy event. I love early Soviet history, excitement of Communist idealism, and victory over bourgeois and imperialist forces. Overnight was lifted up — uplifted — the whole suffering Russian masses. It was born a life of new possibilities for all in society. Pasternak called this 'splendid surgery.' Evgeny Zamyatin spoke thus: 'The revolution consumes the earth with the fire but then is born a new life.'

I didn't argue, each to his own revolution.

"You told before," said Levitansky, glancing at me again in the mirror, "that you wish to write articles of your visit. Political or not political?"

"I don't write on politics although interested in it. What I have in my mind is something on the literary museums of Moscow for an American travel magazine. That's the sort of thing I do. I'm a free-lance writer." I laughed a little apologetically. It's strange how stresses shift when you're in another country.

Levitansky politely joined in the laugh, stopping in midcourse. "I wish to be certain, what is free-lance writer?"

"Well, an editor might propose an article, and I either accept the idea or I don't. Or I can write about something that happens to interest me and take my chances I can sell it. Sometimes I don't, and that's so much down the drain financially. What I like about it is I am my own boss. I also edit a bit. I've done anthologies of poetry and essays, both for high school kids."

"We have here free-lance. I am also a writer," Levitansky said solemnly.

"You don't say? You mean as a translator?"

"Translation is my profession, but I am also original writer."

"Then you do three things — write, translate, and drive this cab?"

"The taxi is not my true work."

"Are you translating anything now?"

The driver cleared his throat. "In present time I have no translation project."

"What sort of thing do you write?"

"I write stories."

"Is that so? What kind, if I might ask?"

"I will tell you what kind — little ones — short stories imagined from life."

"Have you published any?"

He seemed about to turn around to look me in the eye but reached instead into his shirt pocket. I offered my American pack. He shook out a cigarette and lit it, exhaling slowly.

"A few pieces but not recently. To tell the truth" — he sighed — "I write for the drawer. Like Isaac Babel, 'I am master of the genre of silence.'"

"I've heard the expression," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"The mice should read and criticize," Levitansky

said bitterly. "This what they don't eat they make their drops — droppings? — on. This is perfect criticism."

"I'm sorry about that."

"We arrive now to Chekhov Museum."

I leaned forward to pay him and made the impulsive mistake of adding a one-ruble tip. He was immediately angered. "I am Soviet citizen." He forcibly returned the ruble.

"Call it a thoughtless error," I apologized. "No harm meant."

"Hiroshima! Nagasaki!" he taunted as the Volga took off in a cloud of smoke. "Aggressor against poor people of Vietnam!"

"None of that is any of my doing!" I called after him.

AN HOUR and a half later, after I had signed the guest book and was leaving the museum, I saw someone standing, smoking, under a linden tree across the street. Nearby was a parked taxi. We stared at each other — I wasn't certain at first who it was but Levitansky nodded amiably to me, calling "Welcome! Welcome!" He waved an arm, smiling openmouthed. He had combed his thick hair and was now wearing a loose dark suit coat over his tieless white shirt, and yards of baggy pants. His socks, striped red-white-and-blue, you could see under his sandals.

I am forgiven, I thought. "Welcome to you," I said, crossing the street.

"How did you enjoy Chekhov Museum?"

"I did indeed. I've made a lot of notes. You know what they have there? They have one of his black fedoras and also his pince-nez that you see in pictures of him. Awfully moving."

Levitansky wiped one eye, to my surprise. He seemed not the same man, at any rate somewhat modified. It's funny, you find out a few personal facts about a stranger and he changes as he speaks. The taxi driver is now a writer, even if part-time. Anyway that's my dominant impression.

"Excuse me my former anger," Levitansky said. "Now is not for me the best of times. 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,' " he quoted, smiling sadly.

"So long as you pardon my unintentional blunder. Are you perhaps free to drive me to the Metropole, or are you here by coincidence?"

I looked around to see if anyone was coming out of the museum.

"If you wish to engage me I will drive you, but at first I will show you something — how do you say? — of interest?"

He reached through the open front window of the taxi and brought forth a flat package wrapped in brown paper tied with string.

"Stories which I wrote."

"I don't read Russian," I said quickly.

"My wife has translated of them, four. She is not by her profession a translator, although her English is advanced and sensitive. She has been for two years in England for Soviet Purchasing Commission. We became acquainted in university. I prefer not to translate my own stories because I do not translate so well Russian into English although I translate beautifully the opposite. Also I will not force myself — it is like self-imitation. Perhaps the stories are a little awkward in English — also my wife admits this — but at least you can read and form opinion."

He offered me the package as if it were a bouquet of spring flowers. I thought to myself, can it be



some sort of trick? Are they checking up on me because I signed that damned document at the Kiev airport, five copies no less?

Levitansky seemed to read my mind. "It is purely stories."

He bit the string in two, and laying the package on the fender of the Volga, unpeeled the wrapping. There were four stories, clipped separately, typed on long sheets of thin blue paper. I took one Levitansky handed me and scanned the top page — it seemed a story — then I flipped through the other pages and handed the manuscript back. "I'm not much of a critic of stories."

"I don't seek a critic. I seek for reader of literary experience and taste. If you have redacted books of poems and also essays, you will be able to judge literary qualities of my stories. Please, I request that you will read them."

After a long minute I heard myself say, "Well I might at that." I didn't recognize the voice and could hardly understand why I was saying it. You might say I spoke apart from myself, with a reluctance that either he didn't recognize or didn't care to acknowledge.

"If you respect — if you approve my stories, perhaps you will be able to arrange for publication in Paris or either London?" His large larynx wobbled nervously.

I stared at the man. "I don't happen to be going to Paris, and I'll be in London only between planes to the U.S.A."

"In this event, perhaps you will show to your publisher, and he will publish my work in America?" Levitansky was now visibly miserable.

"In America?" I said, raising my voice in disbelief.

For the first time he gazed around cautiously before replying.

"If you will be so kind to show them to publisher of your books — is he reliable publisher? — perhaps he will also wish to put out volume of my stories? I will make contract whatever he will like. Money, if I could get, is not an ideal."

"What volume are you talking about?"

He said that from thirty stories he had written he had chosen eighteen, of which these four were a sample. "Unfortunately more are not now translated. My wife is biochemist assistant and works long hours in laboratory. I am sure your publisher will enjoy to read these. It will depend on your opinion."

Either the man has a fantastic imagination or he's out of his right mind, I thought. "I wouldn't want to get myself involved in smuggling a Russian manuscript out of Russia."

"I have informed you that my manuscript is only made-up stories."

"That may be, but it's still a chancy enterprise. I'd be taking chances I have no particular desire to take, to be frank."

"At least if you will read," he sighed.

I took the stories again and thumbled slowly through each. What I was looking for I couldn't say: maybe a booby trap? Should I or shouldn't I? I thought. Why should I?

He handed me the wrapping paper, and I rolled up the stories in it. The quicker I read them, the quicker I've read them. I got into the cab.

"As I said, I'm at the Metropole," I told him. "Come by tonight about nine o'clock, and I'll give you my opinion for what it's worth. But I'm afraid I'll have to limit it to that, Mr. Levitansky, without further obligation or expectations, or it's no deal. My room number is 538."

"Tonight? — so soon?" he said, scratching both palms. "You must read with care so you will realize the art."

"Tomorrow night, then. I'd rather not have them around in my room longer than that."

Levitansky agreed. Whistling softly through his eroded teeth, he drove me carefully to the Metropole.

That night, sipping vodka from a drinking glass, at first reluctantly I read Levitansky's stories. They were simply and strongly written — I can't say I was surprised, I sort of expected it — and not badly translated; in fact the translation read better than I had been led to think although there were of course gaffes here and there, odd constructions, ill-fitting words surrounded by question marks, taken, I suppose, from a thesaurus. And the stories, short tales dealing — somewhat to my surprise — mostly with Jews and you might say their problems, were good, really moving. The situation they revealed wasn't news to me: I'm a careful reader of the *New York Times*. But the stories weren't written to complain, nothing of the kind. What they had to say was achieved as form, no telling "the dancer from the dance." I finished reading, poured myself another glass of potato potion — I was beginning to feel high, with occasional thoughts of wondering why I was putting so much away — just relaxing, I guess. I then reread the stories with a sense of growing admiration for Levitansky. I had the feeling he was no ordinary man. At first I felt excited, then depressed, as if I had been let in on a secret I didn't want to know.

It's a hard life here for a fiction writer, I thought.

Afterward, having the stories around began to make me uneasy. In one of them a Russian writer starts to burn his stories in the kitchen sink. But nobody had burned these. I thought to myself, if I'm caught with them in my possession, considering what they indicate about conditions here, there's no question I'd be in trouble. I wish I had insisted that Levitansky come back for them tonight.

There was a solid rap on the door. I felt as though I had risen a good few inches out of my seat. It was, after a while, Levitansky.

"Out of the question," I said, thrusting the stories at him. "Absolutely out of the question!"

THE next night we sat facing each other over cognac in the writer's small, book-crowded study. He was dignified, at first haughty, wounded, hardly masking his impatience. I wasn't myself exactly comfortable.

I had come out of courtesy and other considerations, I guess; principally a sense of dissatisfaction I couldn't exactly define, except it tied up in my mind with who I was and wanted to be, issues that disturb me, to say the least, because they sometimes compel me to get involved in ways I don't want to get involved, always a dangerous business.

Levitansky, the taxi driver rattling around in his Volga-Pegasus and amateur trying to palm off a half-ass manuscript, had faded in my mind, and I

saw him simply as a serious Soviet writer with publishing problems. What can I do for him? I thought. Why should I?

"I didn't express what was on my mind last night," I apologized. "You sort of caught me by surprise I'm sorry to say."

Levitansky was scratching each hand with the fingers of the other. "How did you acquire my address?"

I reached into my pocket for a wad of folded brown wrapping paper. "It's right on this — Novo Ostapovskaya Street, 488, Flat 59. I took a cab."

"I had forgotten this."

Maybe, I thought.

Still, I had practically had to put my foot in the door to get in. Levitansky's wife had answered my uncertain knock, her eyes uneasily worried, which I took to be the expression she lived with. The eyes were astonished to behold a stranger, and outright hostile once I had inquired in English for her husband. I felt, as in Kiev, that my native tongue had become my enemy.

"Have you not the wrong apartment?"

"I hope not. Not if Mr. Levitansky lives here. I came to see him about his — er — manuscript."

Her eyes darkened as her face blanched. Ten seconds later I was in the flat, the door shut tightly behind me.

"Levitansky!" she summoned him. It had a reluctant quality: come but don't come.

He appeared at once in apparently the same shirt, pants, tri-colored socks. There was at first pretended boredom in a tense, tired face. He could not, however, conceal excitement, his lit eyes roving, returning, roving.

"Oh, ho," Levitansky said, whatever it meant.

My God, I thought, has he been expecting me?

"I came to talk to you for a few minutes, if you don't mind," I said. "I want to say what I really think of your stories that you kindly let me read."

He curtly said something in Russian to his wife, and she snapped an answer back. "I wish to introduce my wife, Irina Filipovna Levitansky, biochemist. She is patient although not a saint."

She smiled tentatively, an attractive woman about twenty-eight, a little on the hefty side, in house slippers and plain dress. The edge of her slip hung below her skirt.

There was a bit of British in her accent. "I am pleased to be acquainted." If so one hardly noticed. She stepped into black pumps and slipped a silver bracelet on her wrist, a lit cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth. Her legs and arms were shapely, her brown hair cut short. I had the impression of tight thin lips in a pale face.

"I will go to Kovalevsky, next door," she said.

"Not on my account, I hope? All I have to say —"

"Our neighbors in the next flat." Levitansky grimaced. "Also thin walls." He knocked a knuckle on a hollow wall.

I chuckled politely.

"Please, not long," Irina said, "because I am afraid."

Surely not of me? Agent Howard Harvitz, CIA, a comical thought.

THEIR living room wasn't unattractive, but Levitansky signaled the study inside. He offered a slightly sweet cognac in whiskey tumblers, then sat facing me on the edge of his chair, his repressed energy all but visible. I had the momentary sensation his chair might begin to move, even fly off.

If he goes he goes alone.

"What I came to say," I told him, "is I like your stories and am sorry I didn't say so last night. I like the primary quality of the writing. The stories impress me as strong, if simply wrought, and I appreciate your feeling for people and at the same time the objectivity with which you render them. It's sort of Chekhovian in quality. For instance, that story about the old father coming to see the son who ducks out on him. I guess I can't comment on your style, having only read the stories in translation."

"Chekhovian," Levitansky admitted, smiling through his worn teeth, "is fine compliment. Mayakovsky, our poet, described him 'the strong and gay artist of the word.' I wish I was so gay in respect of enjoyment of art and life." He looked at the drawn shade in the room, though maybe no place in particular, then said, perhaps heartening himself, "In Russian is magnificent my style — precise, economy, including wit. The style is difficult to translate in English, which is less rich language."

"I've heard that said. In fairness I should add I have some reservations about the stories, yet who hasn't about any given piece of creative work?"

"I have myself reservations."

The admission made, I skipped the criticisms. I had been looking at a picture on his bookcase, and asked who it was. "It's a face I've seen before. The eyes are quite poetic, you might say."

"So is the voice. This is Boris Pasternak as young man. On the wall yonder is Mayakovsky that I mentioned to you. He was also remarkable poet, wild, joyous, neurasthenic, a lover of the revolution. He spoke, 'This is *my* Revolution.' To him was it 'a holy washerwoman who cleaned off all the filth from the earth.' Unfortunately he was later disillusioned and shot himself."

"I read that somewhere."

"He wrote: 'I wish to be understood by my coun-

try — but if no, I will fly through Russia like a slanting rainstorm.'"

"I bet it sounds magnificent in Russian. Have you by chance read *Doctor Zhivago*?"

"I have read," the writer sighed, and then began to recite in Russian, I guessed some lines from a poem.

"It is to Marina Tsvetayeva, Soviet poetess, friend of Pasternak." Levitansky fiddled with the pack of cigarettes on the table with the cognac. "The end of her life was unfortunate."

"I guess why I really came," I said, "is I wanted to express to you my sympathy and respect."

Levitansky popped a match with his thumbnail. His hand trembled, so he shook the flame out without lighting the cigarette.

Embarrassed for him, I pretended to be looking elsewhere. "It's a small room. Does your son sleep here?"

"Don't confuse my story which you read with life of author. My wife and I are married eight years but without children."

"Might I ask whether the other experience you describe in that same story — the interview with the editor — was that true?"

"Not true," the writer said impatiently. "I write from imagination. I am not interested to repeat contents of diaries or total memory."

"On that I go along with you."

"Also, which is not in story, I have submitted to Soviet journals sketches and tales many times but only few have been published, although not my best."

"Did you submit any of the Jewish stories?"

"Please, stories are stories, they have not nationality."

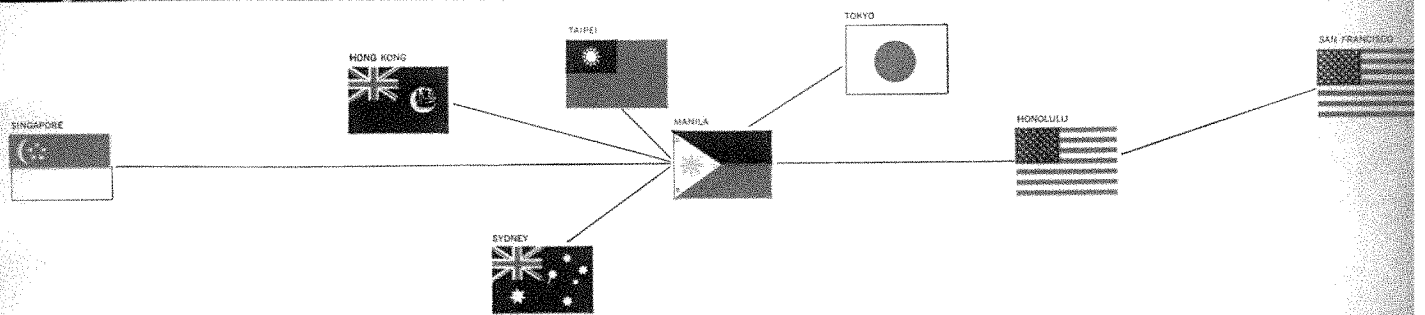
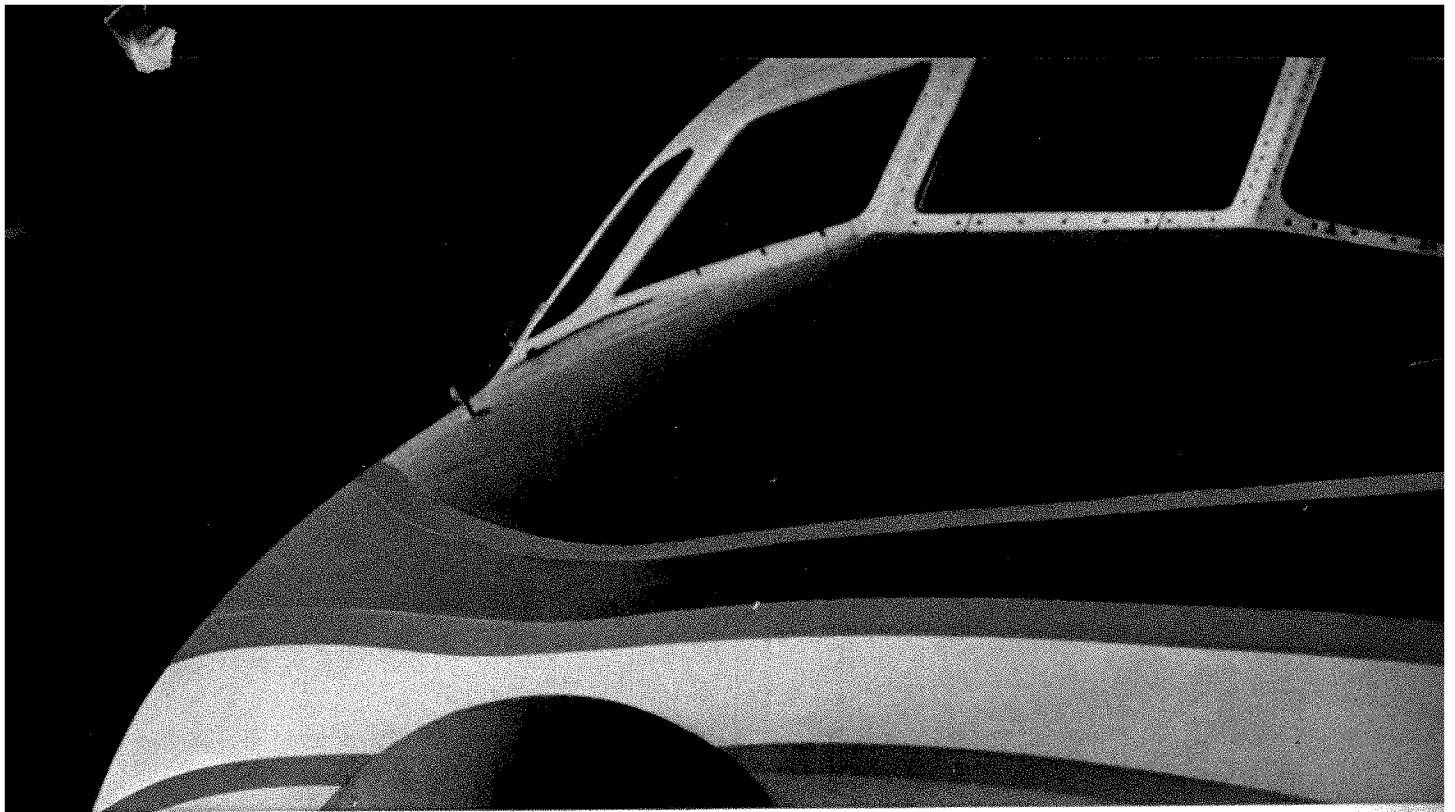
"I mean by that those about Jews."

"Some I have submitted, but they were not accepted."

Brave man, I thought. "After reading the four you gave me, I wondered how it was you write so well about Jews? You call yourself a marginal one — I believe that was your word — but you write with authority about them. Not that one can't, I suppose, but it's surprising when one does."

"Imagination makes authority. My work is work of imagination. When I write about Jews comes out stories, so I write about Jews. I write about subjects that make for me stories. Is not important that I am marginal Jew. What is important is observation, feeling, also the art. In the past I have observed my Jewish father. Also I observe sometimes Jews in the synagogue. I sit there on the bench for strangers. The gabbai watches me, and I watch him. But whatever I write, whether is about Jews, Galicians, or Georgians, must be a work of invention or it does not live."

"I'm not much of a synagogue-goer myself,"



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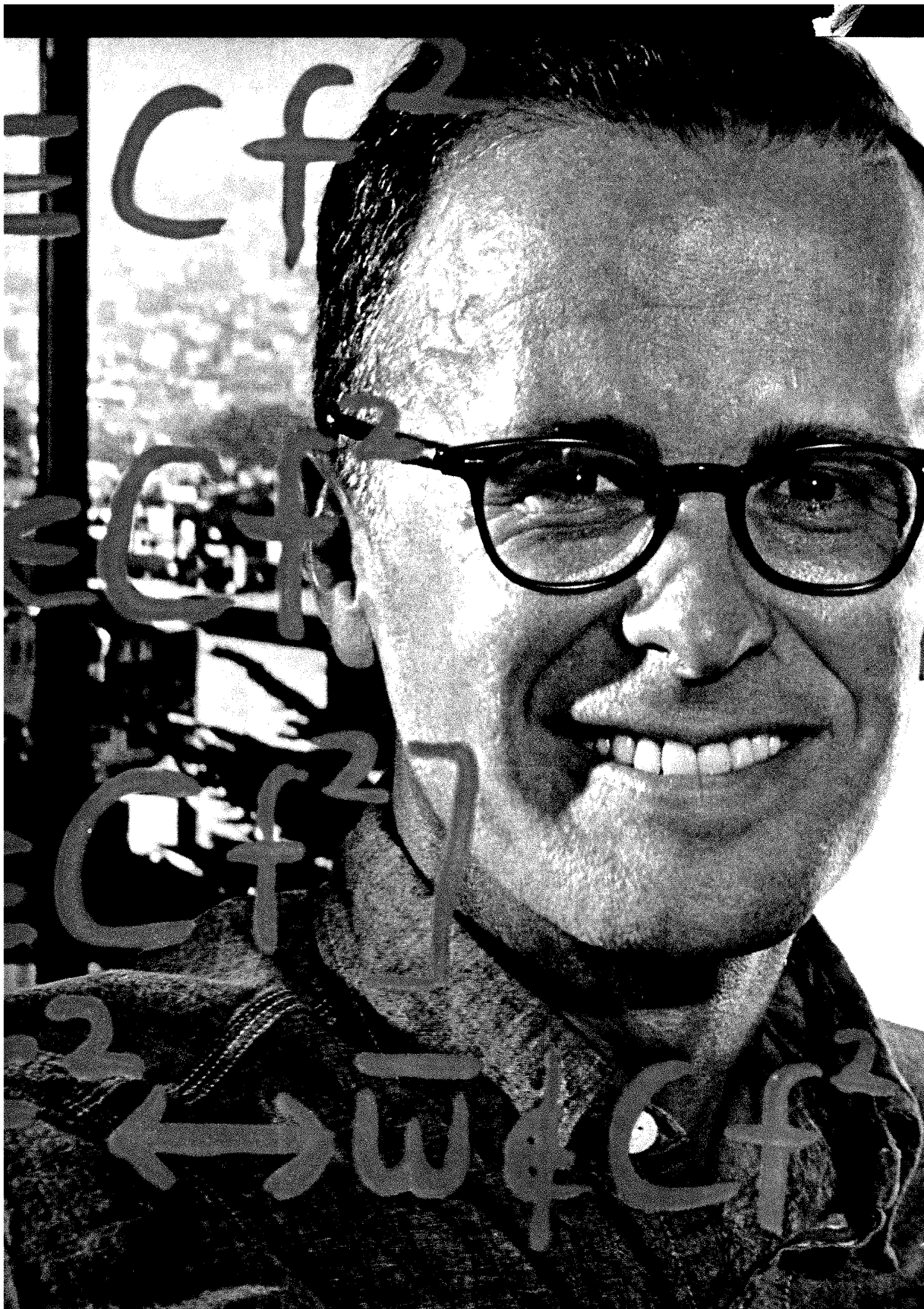
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I told him, "but I like to drop in once in a while to be refreshed by the language and images of a time and place where God was. That's funny because I had no religious education to speak of."

"I am atheist."

"I understand, though, what you mean by imagination—for instance that praying shawl story. But am I right"—I lowered my voice—"that I detect you might also be saying something about the condition of the Jews—er—at the moment?"

"I do not make propaganda," Levitansky said sternly. "I am not Israeli spokesman. I am Soviet artist."

"I didn't mean you weren't, but there's a strong current of sympathy, and after all, ideas come from somewhere."

"My purpose belongs to me."

"One senses, if I might say, an attack on injustice."

"Whatever is the injustice, the product must be art."

"Well, I respect your philosophy."

"Please do not respect so much," the writer said irritably. "We have in this country a quotation: 'It is impossible to make out of apology a fur coat.' The idea is similar. I appreciate respect but need now practical assistance."

Expecting words of the sort, I started to say something noncommittal.

"Listen at first to me," Levitansky said, smacking the table with his palm. "I am in desperate condition—situation. I have written for years, but little is published. In the past, one, two editors who were my friends told me, private, that my stories are excellent, but I violate socialist realism. This what you call objectivity, they called it excessive naturalism and sentiment. It is hard to listen to such nonsense. They advise me to walk but not with my legs. They warned me; also they have made excuses for me to others. Even they said I am crazy, although I explained to them I submit my stories *because* Soviet Union is great country. A great country does not fear what artist writes. A great country breathes in its lungs work of writers, painters, musicians, and becomes more great, more healthy. This is what I told to them, but they replied I am not enough realist. This is the reason that I am not invited to be member of Writers Union." He smiled sourly. "They warned me to stop submitting to journals my work, so I have stopped."

"I'm sorry about that," I said. "I don't myself go for exiling the poets."

"I cannot continue longer anymore in this fashion," Levitansky said, laying his hand on his heart. "I must free from drawer my imagination. I feel I am myself locked in drawer with my poor

stories. Now I must get out or I suffocate. It becomes for me each day more difficult to write. I need help. It is not easy to request a stranger for such important personal favor. My wife advised me not. She is angry, also frightened, but is impossible for me to go on in this way. I am convinced I am important Soviet writer. I must have my audience. I wish to have in someone's mind different than my own and my wife acknowledgment of my art. I wish them to know my work is related to Russian writers of the past, as well as modern. I am in tradition of Chekhov, Gorky, Isaac Babel. I know if book of my stories is published, it will make for me good reputation. This is reason why you must help me—it is necessary for my interior liberty."

His confession came in an agitated burst. I use the word advisedly because that's partly what upset me. I have never cared for confessions of this kind, which are a way of involving unwilling people in others' personal problems. Russians are past masters of this art—you can see in their novels.

"I appreciate the honor of your request," I said, "but all I am is a passing tourist. That's a pretty tenuous relationship between us."

"I do not ask tourist—I ask human being, man," Levitansky said passionately. "Also you are free-lance writer. You know who I am and what is on my heart. You sit in my house. Who else can I ask? I would better prefer to publish in Europe my stories, maybe with Mondadori or Einaudi in Italy, but if this is impossible to you I will publish in America. Someday will my work be read in my country, maybe after I am dead. This is terrible irony, but my generation lives on such ironies. Since I am not now ambitious to die, it will be great relief to me to know that at least in one language is alive my art. Osip Mandelstam wrote: 'I will be enclosed in some alien speech.' Better so than nothing."

"You say I know who you are but do you know who I am?" I asked him. "I'm a plain person, not very imaginative though I don't write a bad article. My whole life, for some reason, has been without much adventure, except I was divorced once and remarried happily to a woman whose death I am still mourning. Now I'm here more or less on a vacation, not to jeopardize myself by taking serious chances of an unknown kind. What's more—and this is the main thing I came to tell you—I wouldn't at all be surprised if I am already under suspicion and would do you more harm than good."

I told Levitansky about the airport incident in Kiev and the paper I had signed five copies of. "I signed a document I couldn't even read, which was a foolish thing to do."

"In Kiev this happened?"

"That's right."

Levitansky laughed dismally. "It would not happen to you if you entered through Moscow. In the Ukraine — what is your word? — they are rubes, country people."

"That might be — nevertheless, I signed the paper."

"Do you have copy?"

"Not with me. It's in my room in the hotel."

"I am certain this is receipt for your books which officials will return to you when you depart from Soviet Union."

"That's just what I'd be afraid of."

"Why afraid?" he asked. "Are you afraid to receive back umbrella which you have lost?"

"I'd be afraid one thing might lead to another — more questions, more searches. It would be foolhardy to have your manuscript in my suitcase, in Russian no less, that I can't read. Suppose they accuse me of being some kind of courier or spy?"

The thought raised me to my feet. I then realized the tension in the room was thick as steam, mostly mine.

Levitansky rose, embittered. "There is no question of spying. I do not think I have presented myself as traitor to my country."

"I didn't say anything of the sort. All I'm saying is I don't want to get into trouble with the Soviet authorities. Nobody can blame me for that. In other words, the enterprise is not for me."

"I have made inquiries," Levitansky said desperately. "You will have nothing to fear for a tourist who has been a few weeks in U.S.S.R. under guidance of Intourist and does not speak Russian. My wife said to me your baggage will not be further inspected. They sometimes do so to political people, also to bourgeois journalists who have made bad impression. I would deliver to you manuscript in the last instance. It is typed on less than one hundred fifty sheets thin paper and will make small package. If it should look to you like trouble you can leave it in dustbin. My name will not be anywhere and if they find it and track — trace to me the stories, I will say I have thrown them out myself. They won't believe this but what other can I say? It will make no difference anyway. If I stop to write I may as well be dead. No harm will come to you."

"I'd rather not if you don't mind."

With what I guess was a curse in Russian, Levitansky reached for the portrait on his bookcase and flung it against the wall. Pasternak struck Mayakovsky, splattered him with glass, breaking his own, and both pictures crashed to the floor.

"Free-lance writer," he shouted, "go to hell back to America! Tell to Negroes about Bill of Rights! Tell them they are free although you keep them slaves! Talk to sacrificed Vietnamese people!"

Irina Filipovna entered the room on the run. "Feliks," she entreated, "Kovalevsky hears every word!"

"Please," she begged me, "please go away. Leave poor Levitansky alone. I beg you from my miserable heart."

I left in a hurry. The next day I left for Leningrad.

THREE days later, not exactly at my best after a tense visit to Leningrad, I was sitting loosely in a beat-up taxi with a cheerful Intouristka, a half hour after my arrival at the Moscow airport. We were driving to the Ukraine Hotel, where I was assigned for my remaining few days in the Soviet Union. I would have preferred the Metropole again because it's so conveniently located and I was used to it; but on second thought, better someplace where a certain party wouldn't know I lived. The Volga we were riding in seemed somehow familiar, but if so it was safely in the hands of a small stranger with a large wool cap, a man wearing sunglasses who paid me no particular attention.

I had had a few pleasant minutes in Leningrad on my first day. On a white summer's evening, shortly after I had unpacked in my room at the Astoria, I discovered the Winter Palace and Hermitage after a walk along the Nevsky Prospekt. Chancing on Palace Square, vast and deserted, I felt an unexpected emotion, you might say, in thinking of the revolutionary events that had occurred on this spot. My God, I thought, why should I feel myself part of Russian history? It's a contagious business, what happens to men. On the Palace Bridge I gazed at the broad ice-blue Neva, in the distance the golden steeple of the cathedral built by Peter the Great, gleaming under masses of wind-driven clouds in patches of green sky. It's the Soviet Union but it's still Russia.

The next day I woke up anxious. In the street I was approached twice by strangers speaking English; I think my suede shoes attracted them. The first, gray-faced and badly dressed, wanted to sell me black market rubles. "Nyet," I said, tipping my straw hat and hurrying on. The second, a bearded boy of nineteen, with a left-sided tuft longer than that on the right, wearing a home-knitted green pullover, offered to buy jazz records, "youth clothes," and American cigarettes. "Sorry, nothing for sale." I escaped him too, except that he in his green sweater followed me for a mile along one of the canals. I broke into a run, then forced myself to stop. When I looked back he had disappeared. I slept badly at night — it stayed light to long past midnight; and in the morning inquired about the possibility of an immediate flight to Helsinki. I was informed I couldn't possibly get

one for a week. Calming myself, I decided to return to Moscow a day before I had planned to, mostly to see what they had in the Dostoevsky Museum.

I had been thinking a good deal about Levitansky. How much of a writer was he really? I had read four of eighteen stories he wanted to publish. Suppose he had showed me the four best and the others were mediocre or thereabouts? Was it worth taking a chance for that? I thought, the best thing for my peace of mind is to forget the guy. Before checking out of the Astoria I received a chatty letter from Lillian, forwarded from Moscow, apparently not an answer to my recent letter to her, but one written earlier. Should I marry her? Who knows, I don't. The phone rang piercingly, and when I picked up the receiver, no one answered. In the plane to Moscow I had visions of a crash. There must be many in the Soviet Union nobody ever reads of.

IN MY room on the twelfth floor of the Ukraine I relaxed in a plastic "leather" armchair. There was also a single low bed, and a utilitarian pine-wood desk, an apple-green phone plunked on it for instant use. I'll be home in a week, I thought. Now I'd better shave and see if anything is left over downstairs in the way of a concert or opera ticket for tonight. I'm in the mood for a little music.

The electric plug in the bathroom didn't work, so I put away my shaver and was lathering up when I jumped to a single explosive knock on the door. I opened it cautiously, and there stood Levitansky with a brown paper packet in his hand.

Is this son of a bitch out to compromise me?

"How did you happen to find out where I was only twenty minutes after I got here, Mr. Levitansky?"

"How I found you?" the writer shrugged. He seemed deathly tired, a bit popeyed, the face longer, leaner, resembling in a way a hungry fox on his last unsteady legs but still canny. "My brother-in-law was the chauffeur for you from the airport. He heard the girl inquire your name. We have spoke of you. Dmitri — this is my wife's brother — informed me you have registered at the Ukraine. I inquired downstairs your room number, and it was granted to me."

"However it was," I said firmly, "I want you to know I haven't changed my mind. I don't want to get involved. I thought it all through while I was in Leningrad, and that's my final decision."

"I may come in?"

"Please, but for obvious reasons I'd appreciate a short visit."

Levitansky sat, somewhat shriveled, skinny knees pressed together, in the armchair, his parcel awkwardly on his lap. If he was happy to have found me, his face didn't show it.

I finished shaving, put on a fresh shirt, and sat down on the bed. "Sorry I have nothing to offer in the way of an aperitif, but I could call down for something."

Levitansky twiddled his fingers no. He was dressed without change down to his red-white-and-blue socks. Did his wife wash out the same pair every night, or were all his socks red-white-and-blue?

"To speak frankly," I said, "I have to protest about this constant tension you've whipped up in and around me. Nobody in his right mind can expect a total stranger visiting the Soviet Union to pull his personal chestnuts out of the fire. It's your own country that's restricting you as a writer, not me or the United States of America, and since you live here, what can you do but live with it?"

"I love my country," Levitansky said with dignity.

"Who said you didn't? So do I love mine, though love for country, let's face it, is a mixed bag of marbles. Nationality isn't soul, as I'm sure you will agree. But what I'm also saying is there are things about a man's country he might not like that he has to make his peace with. I'm not saying it's easy but if you're up against a wall you can't climb or dig under or outflank in some way, at least stop banging your head against it, not to mention mine. Make your peace in some way. It's amazing, for instance, all that can be said in a fairy tale."

"I have written already my fairy tales," Levitansky said moodily. "Now is the time for truth without disguises. I will make my peace to this point where it interferes with work of my imagination — my interior liberty; and then I must stop to make my peace. My brother-in-law has also told to me, 'You must write acceptable stories, others can do it, so why can't you?' and I have answered him, 'They must be acceptable to me. *Ich kann nicht anders!*'"

"In that case, aren't you up against the impossible? If you permit me to say so, are those Jews in your stories, if they can't have their matzos and prayer books, any freer in their religious lives than you are as a writer? That's what you're really saying when you write about them. What I mean is, one has to face up to his society."

"I have faced up. Do you face up to yours?" he said, with a flash of scorn.

"Not as well as I might, I admit. My own problem is not that I can't express myself but that I don't. In my own mind Vietnam is a terrifying mistake, though I've never spoken out against it

except to sign a petition or two. My first wife used to criticize me. She said I wrote the wrong things and was involved in everything but action. My second wife knew this but she made me think she didn't."

From the heat of my body I knew I was blushing.

Levitansky's large larynx moved up like a flag on a pole, then sank wordlessly.

My God, not another confession, I hoped.

He tried again, saying, "The Soviet Union preserves for us the great victories of our revolution. Because of this I have remained for years at peace with the State. Communism is still to me inspirational ideal, although this historical period is spoiled by leaders who have taken impoverished view of humanity. They have pissed on revolution."

"Stalin?"

"Him, but also others. Even so I have obeyed Party directives, and when I could not longer obey, I wrote for drawer. I said to myself, 'Levitansky, history changes every minute, and Communism also will change.' I believed if the State restricts two, three generations of artists, what is this against development of true socialist society — maybe best society of world history? So what does it mean if some of us are sacrificed to Party purpose? The aesthetic mode is not in necessity greater than politics — than needs of revolution. And what if are suppressed two generations of artists? Therefore will be so much less bad books, paintings, music. Then in fifty years more will be secure the State and all Soviet artists will say whatever they will. This is what I thought, but I do not longer think so in this manner. I do not believe more in *partiinost*, which is guided thought. I do not believe in bolshevization of literature. I do not think revolution is fulfilled in country of unpublished novelists, poets, playwrights, who hide in drawers whole libraries of literature that will never be printed, or if so, it will be printed after they stink in their graves. I think now the State will never be secure — never. It is not in the nature of politics to be finished with revolution. After revolution comes revolution. Evgeny Zamiatin told: 'There is no final revolution. Revolutions are infinite!'"

"I guess that's along my own line of thinking," I said, hoping for reasons of personal safety maybe to forestall Levitansky's ultimate confession — one he, with brooding intense eyes, was already relentlessly making — lest in the end it imprison me in his will and history.

"I have learned from my stories," the writer was saying, "as I wrote them, that imagination is enemy of the State. I have learned from my stories that I am not free man. This is my conclusion. I ask for your help not to harm my

country, which still has magnificent possibilities, but to help me escape the worst errors. I do not wish to defame Soviet Union. My purpose in my work is to show its true heart. So have done our writers from Pushkin to Pasternak. If you believe in democratic humanism, you must help artist to be free. Is not true?"

I got up, I think to shake myself free of the question. "What exactly is my responsibility to you, Levitansky?"

"If I am drowning you must assist to save me. We are members of mankind."

"In unknown waters if I can't swim?"

"If not, throw to me a rope."

"I'm just a visitor here. Besides, I've told you already that I may be suspect, and for all I know you yourself might be a Soviet agent out to get me, or this room might be bugged, and then where will we be? Mr. Levitansky, I don't want to hear or argue anymore. I'll just plead personal inability and ask you to leave."

"Bugged?"

"Some sort of listening device planted in this room."

Levitansky turned slowly gray. He sat for a minute in motionless meditation, then rose wearily from the chair.

"I withdraw now request for your assistance. I accept your word that you are not capable. I do not wish to make criticism of you. All I wish to say, Gospodin Garvitz, is it requires more to change a man's character than to change his name."

LEVITANSKY left the room, leaving in his wake some fumes of cognac. He had also passed gas.

"Come back!" I called, not too loudly, but if he heard through the door he didn't answer. Good riddance, I thought, not that I don't sympathize with him, which I do, but look what he's done to my interior liberty. Who has to come all the way to Russia to get caught up in this kind of mess? It's a helluva way to spend a vacation.

The writer had gone, but not his sneaky manuscript. It was lying on my bed.

"It's his baby, not mine." Seeing red, I knotted my tie and slipped on my coat, then via the English language number, called a cab. But I had forgotten his address. A half hour later I was still in the taxi, riding frantically back and forth along Novo Ostapovskaya Street until I spotted the house I thought it might be. It wasn't, it was another like it. I paid the driver and walked on till once again I thought I had the house. After going up the stairs and getting a whiff of the cooking smells, I was sure it was. When I knocked on Levitansky's door, the writer, looking

older, more distant — as if he had been away on a trip and had just returned, or maybe simply interrupted at his work, his thoughts still in his words on the page on the table, his pen in hand — stared blankly at me.

"Levitansky, my heart breaks for you, I swear, but I can't take the chance. I believe in you but am not, at this time of my life, considering my condition and recent experiences, in much of a mood to embark on a dangerous adventure. Please accept deepest regrets."

I thrust the manuscript into his hand and rushed down the stairs. Hurrying out of the building, I was, to my horror, unable to avoid Irina Levitansky coming in. Her eyes lit in fright as she recognized me an instant before I hit her full force and sent her sprawling along the cement walk.

"Oh, my God, what have I done? I sincerely beg your pardon!" I helped the dazed, hurt woman to her feet, brushing off her soiled skirt, and futilely, her pink blouse, split and torn on her lacerated arm and shoulder. I stopped dead when I felt myself experiencing erotic sensations.

Irina Filipovna held a handkerchief to her bloody nostril and wept a little. We sat on a stone bench, a girl of ten and her brother watching us. Irina said something to them in Russian, and they moved off.

"I was frightened of you also as you are of us," she said. "I trust you now because Levitansky does. But I will not urge you to take the manuscript. The responsibility is for you to decide."

"It's not a responsibility I want," I said unhappily.

She said then as though talking to herself, "Maybe I will leave Levitansky. He is wretched so much it is no longer a marriage. He drinks; also he does not earn a living. My brother Dmitri allows him to drive the taxi two, three hours in the day, to my brother's disadvantage. Except for a ruble or two from this, I support him. Levitansky does not longer receive translation commissions. Also a neighbor in the house — I am sure Kovalevsky — has denounced him to the police for delinquency and parasitism. There will be a hearing. Levitansky says he will burn his manuscripts."

"Good God, I've just returned the package of them to him."

"He will not," she said. "But even if he burns he will write more. If they take him away in prison, he will write on toilet paper. When he comes out, he will write on newspaper margins. He sits now at his table. He is a magnificent writer. I cannot ask him not to write, but now I must decide if this is the condition I want for myself the rest of my life."

She sat in silence, an attractive woman with shapely legs and feet, in a soiled skirt and torn pink blouse. I left her sitting on the stone bench, her handkerchief squeezed white in her fist.

That night — July 2, I was leaving the Soviet Union on the fifth — I underwent great self-doubt. If I'm a coward, why has it taken me so long to find out? Where does anxiety end and cowardice begin? Feelings get mixed, sure enough, but not all cowards are necessarily anxious, and not all anxious men are cowards. Many "sensitive" (Rose's word), tense, even frightened human beings did in fear what had to be done, the fear in some cases giving energy when it came time to fight or jump off a rooftop into a river. There comes a time in a man's life when to get where he has to go — if there are no doors or windows — he walks through a wall.

On the other hand, suppose one is courageous in a foolish cause — you concentrate on courage and not enough on horse sense? To get to the nub of the problem on my mind, how do I finally decide it's a sensible and worthwhile thing to smuggle out Levitansky's manuscript, given my reasonable doubts about the ultimate worth of the operation? Granted, as I now grant, he's trustworthy, and his wife is that and more; still does it pay a man like me to run the risk?

If six thousand Soviet writers can't do very much to enlarge their freedom as artists, who am I to fight their battle? — H. Harvitz, knight of the free lance from Manhattan. How far do you go, granted you have taken to heart the creed that all men (including Communists) are created free and equal and justice is for all? How far do you go for art if you're for Yeats, Rouault, and Ludwig von Beethoven? Not to mention Gogol, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. So far as to get yourself internationally involved: the HH MS. Smuggling Service? Will the President and State Department, not to speak of the CIA, send up three loud cheers for my contribution to the cause of international social justice? And suppose it amounts to no more than a gaffe in the end? — what will I prove if I sneak out Levitansky's manuscript, and all it turns out to be is just another passable book of stories?

That's how I argued with myself on several occasions, but in the end I argued myself into solid indecision.

What it boils down to, I'd say, is he expects me to help him because I'm an American. That's quite a nerve.

Two nights later — odd not to have the Fourth of July on July fourth (I was even listening for fire-crackers) — a quiet light-lemon summer's evening in Moscow, after two monotonously uneasy days, though I was still making museum notes, for relief I took myself off to the Bolshoi to hear *Tosca*. It was sung in Russian by a busty lady and handsome tenor, but the Italian plot was unchanged, and in

the end, Scarpia, who had promised "death" by fake bullets, gave, in sneaky exchange, a fusillade of real lead; another artist bit the dust, and Floria Tosca learned the hard way that love wasn't what she had thought.

Next to me sat another full-breasted woman, this one a lovely Russian of maybe thirty in a white dress that fitted a well-formed body, her blond hair piled in a birdlike mass on her head. Lillian could sometimes look like that, though not Rose. This woman — alone, it turned out — spoke flawless English in a mezzo-soprano with a slight accent.

During the first intermission she asked in friendly fashion, managing to seem detached but interested: "Are you American? Or perhaps Swedish?"

"Not at all Swedish. American is right. How'd you happen to guess?"

"I noticed perhaps a certain self-satisfaction, if it does not bother you that I say so?" she remarked with a laugh.

"You got the wrong party," I said.

When she opened her purse a fragrance of spring-time burst on the scene — fresh flowers, the warmth of her body rose to my nostrils. I was moved to memories of the hungers of my youth — desire, love, ambition.

In the intermission she said in a low voice, "May I ask a favor? Do you depart soon the Soviet Union?"

"In fact tomorrow."

"How fortunate for me. Would it offer too much difficulty to mail wherever you are going an air-mail letter addressed to my husband, who is presently in Paris? Our airmail service takes two weeks to arrive in the West. I shall be grateful."

I glanced at the envelope, addressed half in French, half in Cyrillic, and said I wouldn't mind. But during the next act sweat grew active on my body, and at the end of the opera, after Tosca's shriek of suicide, I handed the letter back to the not wholly surprised lady, saying I was sorry. Nodding to her, I left the theater. I had the feeling I had heard her voice before. I hurried back to the hotel, determined not to leave my room for any reason other than breakfast, then out and into the wide blue yonder.

ILATER fell asleep over a book and a bottle of sweet warm beer a waiter had brought up, pretending to myself I was relaxed, though I was as usual dealing beforehand with worried thoughts of the departure and flight home; and when I awoke, three minutes on my wristwatch later, it seemed to me I had made the acquaintance of a spate of nightmares. I was momentarily panicked by the idea that someone had planted a letter on me,

and I actually searched through the pockets of my two suits. *Nyet*. Then I recalled that in one of my dreams a drawer in a table I was sitting at had slowly come open, and Feliks Levitansky, a dwarf who lived in it along with a few friendly mice, managed to scale the wooden wall on a comb he used as a ladder, and to hop from the drawer ledge to the top of the table, where he leered into my face, shook his Lilliputian fist, and shouted in high-pitched but (to me) understandable Russian: "Atombombnik! You murdered innocent Japanese people! Amerikansky bastards!"

"That's unfair," I cried out. "I was no more than a kid in college at the time. If it was up to me such things would never have happened." I also remember crying, which was where the dream had ended.

That's a sad dream, I thought.

Afterward this occurred to me: Suppose what happened to Levitansky happens to me. Suppose America gets into a war with China in some semi-reluctant way, and to make fast hash of it (despite my loud protestations: mostly I wave my arms and shout obscenities till my face turns green) we spatter them with a few dozen H-bombs, boiling up a thick atomic soup of about two hundred million Orientals — blood, gristle, bone marrow, and lots of floating Chinese eyeballs. We win the war because the Soviets hadn't been able to make up their minds whom to shoot their missiles at first. And suppose that after this slaughter, about ten million Americans, in self-revulsion, head for the borders to flee the country. To stop the loss of goods and capital, the refugees are intercepted by the army and turned back. Harvitz hides in his room with shades drawn, writing, in a fury of protest, a long epic poem condemning the mass butchery by America. What nation, Asiatic or other, is next? Nobody wants to publish the poem because it might start riots and another flight of refugees to Canada and Mexico; then one day there's a knock on the door, and it isn't the FBI but a bearded Levitansky, in better times a tourist, a modern not medieval Communist. He offers to sneak the manuscript of the poem out for publication in the Soviet Union.

Why? Harvitz suspiciously asks.

Why not? To give the book its liberty.

I awoke after a restless night. I had been instructed by Intourist to be in the lobby with my baggage two hours before flight time at 11 A.M. I was shaved and dressed by six, and at seven had breakfast — I was hungry — of yogurt, sausage and eggs, tea with lemon, in the twelfth-floor buffet. I then went out to hunt for a taxi. They were hard to come by at this hour, but I finally found one near the American Embassy, not far from the hotel. Speaking my usual mixture of primitive

German and French, I persuaded the driver, by slipping him an acceptable two rubles, to take me out to Levitansky's house and wait a few minutes till I came out. Going hastily up the stairs, I knocked on his door, apologizing when he opened it to the half-pajamaed, iron-faced writer, his head looking slightly flatter, for awaking him this early in the day. Without peace of mind or certainty of purpose, I asked him whether he still wanted me to smuggle out his manuscript of stories. I got for my trouble the door slammed in my face.

A half hour later I had everything packed and was locking the suitcase. A knock on the door — half a rap you might call it. For the suitcase, I thought. I was for a moment frightened by the sight of a small man in a thick cap, wearing a long trench coat. He winked, and with a sinking feeling, I winked back. I had recognized Levitansky's brother-in-law, Dmitri, the taxi driver. He slid in, unbuttoned his coat, and brought forth the familiar manuscript. Holding a finger to his lips, he handed it to me before I could say I wasn't interested.

"Levitansky changed his mind?"

"Not change mind. Was afraid your voice to be heard by Kovalevsky."

"I'm sorry, I should have thought of that."

"Levitansky say not write to him," the brother-in-law whispered. "When is published book please send to him copy of *Das Kapital*. He will understand what means this."

I reluctantly agreed.

The brother-in-law, a thin figure with sad Jewish eyes, winked again, shook hands with a steamy palm, and slipped out of the room.

I unlocked my suitcase and laid the manuscript on top of my things. Then I unpacked half the contents and slipped the manuscript into a folder containing my notes on literary museums and a few letters from Lillian. I then and there decided that if I got back to the States I would ask her to marry me. The phone was ringing as I left the room.

ON MY way to the airport in a taxi, alone — to my surprise no Intourist girl accompanied me — I felt, on and off, nauseated. If it's not the sausage and yogurt it must be ordinary fear, I thought. Still, if Levitansky has the courage to send these stories out, the least I can do is give him a help. When you think of it, it's little enough one does for freedom in the course of his life. At the airport, if I can dig up some bromo or its Russian equivalent I'll feel better.

The driver was observing me in the mirror, a stern man with the head of a scholar, impassively smoking.

"*Le jour fait beau*," I said.

He pointed with an upraised finger to a sign in English at one side of the road to the airport.

"Long live peace in the whole world!"

Peace with freedom. I smiled at the thought of somebody, not Howard Harvitz, painting that in red on the Soviet sign.

We drove on, I foreseeing my exit from the Soviet Union. I had made discreet inquiries from time to time, and an Intouristka in Leningrad had told me I had first to show my papers at the passport control desk, turn in my rubles — a serious offense to walk off with any — and then check luggage; no inspection, she swore. And that was that. Unless, of course, the official at the passport desk found my name on a list and said I had to go to the customs office for a package. In that case (if nobody said so I wouldn't remind them) I would go get the books. I figured I wouldn't open the package, just tear off a bit of the wrapping, if they were wrapped, as if making sure they were the books I expected, and then sort of saunter away with the package under my arm. If they asked me to sign another five copies of a document in Russian, I would write at the bottom: "It is understood I can't read Russian," and sign my name to that.

I had heard that a KGB man was stationed at the ramp as one boarded the plane. He asked for your passport, checked the picture, threw you a stare, and if there was no serious lack of resemblance, tore out your expired visa, pocketed it, and let you embark.

In ten minutes you were aloft, seat belts fastened in three languages, watching the plane banking west. I thought maybe if I looked hard I might see in the distance Feliks Levitansky on his roof, waving his red-white-and-blue socks on a bamboo pole. Then the plane leveled off, and we were above the clouds flying westward. And that's what I would be doing for five or six hours unless the pilot received radio instructions to turn back; or maybe land in Czechoslovakia, or East Germany, where two big-hatted detectives boarded the plane. By an act of imagination and will I made it some other passenger they were arresting. I got the plane into the air again, and we flew on without incident until we touched down in London.

As the taxi approached the Moscow airport, fingering my ticket and gripping my suitcase handle, I wished for courage equal to Levitansky's when they discovered he was the author of the book of stories I had managed to sneak out and get published, and his trial and suffering began.

LEVITANSKY's first story of the four in English was about an old father, a pensioner, who was not feel-

ing well and wanted his son, with whom he had continuous strong disagreements, and whom he hadn't seen in eight months, to know. He decided to pay him a short visit. Since the son had moved from his flat to a larger one, and had not forwarded his address, the father went to call on him at his office. The son was an official of some sort with an office in a new state building. The father had never been there, although he knew where it was, because a neighbor on a walk with him once had pointed it out.

The pensioner sat in a chair in his son's large outer office, waiting for him to be free for a few minutes. "Yuri," he thought he would say, "all I want to tell you is that I'm not up to my usual self. My breath is short, and I have pains in my chest. In fact, I am not well. After all, we're father and son and you ought to know the state of my health, seeing it's not so good and your mother is dead."

The son's assistant secretary, a modern girl in a tight skirt, said he was attending an important administrative conference.

"A conference is a conference," the father said. He wouldn't want to interfere with it and didn't mind waiting, although he was still having twinges of pain.

The father waited patiently in the chair for several hours; and though he had a few times risen and urgently spoken to the assistant secretary, he was, by the end of the day, still unable to see his son. The girl, putting on her pink hat, advised the old man that the official had already left the building. He hadn't been able to see his father because he had unexpectedly been called away on an important state matter.

"Go home, and he will telephone you in the morning."

"I have no telephone," said the old pensioner impatiently. "He knows that."

The assistant secretary, the private secretary, an older woman from the inside office, and later the caretaker of the building all attempted to persuade the father to go home, but he wouldn't leave.

The private secretary said her husband was expecting her, and she could stay no longer. After a while the assistant secretary with the pink hat also left. The caretaker, a man with wet eyes and a ragged mustache, tried to persuade the old man to leave. "What sort of foolishness is it to wait all night in a pitch-dark building? You'll frighten yourself out of your wits, not to speak of other discomforts you'll suffer."

"No," said the father, "I will wait. When my son comes in tomorrow morning, I'll tell him something he hasn't learned yet. I'll tell him that what he does to me his children will do to him."

The caretaker departed. The old man was left

alone waiting for his son to appear in the morning. "I'll report him to the Party," he muttered.

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The second story was about an old man, a widower of sixty-eight, who hoped to have matzos for Passover. Last year he had got his quota. They had been baked at the State bakery and sold in State stores; but this year the State bakeries were not permitted to bake them. The officials said the machines had broken down, but who believed them.

The old man went to the rabbi, an older man with a tormented beard, and asked him where he could get matzos. He was frightened that he mightn't have them this year.

"So am I," confessed the old rabbi. He said he had been told to tell his congregants to buy flour and bake them at home. The State stores would sell them the flour.

"What good is that for me?" asked the widower. He reminded the rabbi that he had no home to speak of, a single small room with a one-burner electric stove. His wife had died two years ago. His only living child, a married daughter, was with her husband in Birobijan. His other relatives, the few who were left after the German invasion — two female cousins his age — lived in Odessa; and he himself, even if he could find an oven, did not know how to bake matzos. And if he couldn't, what should he do?

The rabbi then promised he would try to get the widower a kilo or two of matzos, and the old man, rejoicing, blessed him.

He waited anxiously a month, but the rabbi never mentioned the matzos. Maybe he had forgotten. After all he was an old man with many worries, and the widower did not want to press him. However, Passover was coming on wings, so he must do something. A week before the Holy Days he hurried to the rabbi's flat and spoke to him there. "Rabbi," he begged, "you promised me a kilo or two of matzos. What has happened to them?"

"I know I promised," said the rabbi, "but I'm no longer sure to whom. It's easy to promise." He dabbed at his brow with a damp handkerchief. "I was warned one can be arrested on charges of profiteering in the production and sale of matzos. I was told it could happen even if I were to give them away for nothing. It's a new crime they've invented. Still, take them anyway. If they arrest me, I'm an old man, and how long can an old man live in Lubyanka? Not so long, thank God. Here, I'll give you a small pack, but you must tell no one where you got the matzos."

"May the Lord eternally bless you, rabbi. As

for dying in prison, rather let it happen to our enemies."

The rabbi went to his closet and got out a small pack of matzos, already wrapped and tied with knotted twine. When the widower offered in a whisper to pay him, at least the cost of the flour, the rabbi wouldn't hear of it. "God provides," he said, "although at times with difficulty." He said there was hardly enough for all who wanted matzos, so one must take what he got and be thankful.

"I will eat less," said the old man. "I will count mouthfuls. I will save the last matzo to look at if there isn't enough to last me. God will understand."

Overjoyed to have even a few matzos, he rode home on the trolley car and there met another Jew, a man with a withered hand. They conversed in Yiddish in low tones. The stranger had glanced at the almost square package, then at the widower and had hoarsely whispered, "Matzos?" The widower, tears starting to his eyes, nodded. "With God's grace." "Where did you get them?" "God provides." "So if He provides, let Him provide me," the stranger brooded. "I'm not so lucky. I was hoping for a package from relatives in Cleveland, America. They wrote they would send me a large pack of the finest matzos, but when I inquire of the authorities they say no matzos have arrived. You know when they will get here?" he muttered. "After Passover by a month or two, and what good will they be then?"

The widower nodded sadly. The stranger wiped his eyes with his good hand, and after a short while left the trolley amid a number of people getting off. He had not bothered to say good-bye, and neither had the widower, not to remind him of his own good fortune. When the time came for the old man to leave the trolley he glanced down between his feet where he had placed the package of matzos but nothing was there. His feet were there. The old man felt harrowed, as though someone had ripped a nail down his spine. He searched frantically throughout the car, going a long way past his stop, querying every passenger, the woman conductor, the motorman, but no one had seen his matzos.

Then it occurred to him that the stranger with the withered hand had stolen them.

The widower in his misery asked himself, would a Jew have robbed another of his precious matzos? It didn't seem possible. Still, who knows, he thought, what one will do to get matzos if he has none.

As for me I haven't even a matzo to look at now. If I could steal some, whether from Jew or Russian, I would steal them. He thought he would even steal them from the old rabbi.

The widower went home without his matzos and had none for Passover.

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The third story, a folktale called "Tallith," concerned a youth of seventeen, beardless but for a few stray hairs on his chin, who had come from Kirov to the steps of the synagogue on Arkhipova Street in Moscow. He had brought with him a capacious prayer shawl, a white garment of luminous beauty which he offered for sale to a cluster of congregants on the synagogue steps, Jews of various sorts and sizes — curious, apprehensive, greedy at the sight of the shawl — for fifteen rubles. Most of them avoided the youth, particularly the older Jews, despite the fact that some of the more devout among them were worried about their prayer shawls, eroded on their shoulders after years of daily use, which they could not replace. "It's the informers among us who have put him up to this," they whispered among themselves, "so they will have someone to inform on."

Still, in spite of the warnings of their elders, several of the younger men examined the tallith and admired it. "Where did you get such a fine prayer shawl?" the youth was asked. "It was my father's who recently died," he said. "It was given to him by a rich Jew he had once befriended." "Then why don't you keep it for yourself, you're a Jew, aren't you?" "Yes," said the youth, not the least embarrassed, "but I am going to Kharborovsk as a Komsomol volunteer, and I need a few rubles to get married. Besides I'm a confirmed atheist."

One young man with fat unshaven cheeks, who admired the deeply white shawl, its white glowing in whiteness, with its long silk fringes, whispered to the youth that he might consider buying it for five rubles. But he was overheard by the gabbai, the lay leader of the congregation, who raised his cane and shouted at the whisperer, "Hooligan, if you buy that shawl, beware it doesn't become your shroud." The fat Jew with the unshaven cheeks retreated.

"Don't strike him," cried the frightened rabbi, who had come out of the synagogue and saw the gabbai with his upraised cane. He urged the congregants to begin prayers at once. To the youth he said, "Please go away from here, we are burdened with enough troubles as it is. It is forbidden for anyone to sell religious articles. Do you want us to be accused of criminal economic activity? Do you want the doors of the shul to be closed forever? Do us a mitzvah and go away."

The congregants went inside. The youth was left standing alone on the steps; but then the gabbai came out of the door, a man with a deformed spine

and with a wad of cotton stuck in his leaking ear. "Look here," he said. "I know you stole it. Still, after all is said and done a tallith is a tallith, and God asks no questions of His worshipers. I offer eight rubles for it, take it or leave it. Talk fast before the services end and the others come out."

"Make it ten and it's yours," said the youth.

The gabbai gazed at him shrewdly. "Eight is all I have, but wait here and I'll borrow two rubles from my brother-in-law."

The youth waited impatiently. Dusk was thickening. In a few minutes a black car drove up, stopped in front of the synagogue, and two policemen got out. The youth realized at once that the gabbai had informed on him. Not knowing what else to do he hastily draped the prayer shawl over his head and began loudly to pray. He prayed a passionate kaddish. The police hesitated to approach him while he was praying, and they stood at the bottom of the steps waiting for him to be done. The congregants then came out and could not believe their eyes or ears. No one imagined the youth could pray so fervently. What moved them was his tone, the wail and passion of a man truly praying. Perhaps his father had indeed recently died. All listened attentively, and many wished he would pray forever, for they knew that when he stopped he would be seized and thrown into prison.

It has grown dark. A moon hovers behind murky clouds over the synagogue steeple. The youth's voice is heard in prayer. The congregants are huddled in the dark street, listening. Both police agents are still there, although they cannot be seen. Neither can the youth. All that can be seen is the white shawl luminously praying.

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The last of the four stories translated by Irina Filipovna was about a writer of mixed parentage, a Russian father and Jewish mother, who had secretly been writing stories for years. He had from a young age wanted to write but had at first not had the courage to — it seemed such a merciless undertaking — so he had gone into translation work instead; and then when he had, one day, started to write seriously and exultantly, after a while he found to his surprise that many of his stories, about half, were about Jews.

Well, for a half-Jew that's a reasonable proportion, he thought. The others were about Russians who sometimes resembled members of his father's family. "It's good to have such different sources for ideas," he said to his wife. "In this way I can cover a more varied range of experiences in life."

After several years of work he had submitted a selection of his stories to a trusted friend of university days, Viktor Zverkov, an editor of the Progress Publishing House; and the writer appeared one morning after receiving a hastily scribbled cryptic note from his friend, to discuss his work with him. Zverkov, a troubled man to begin with — he told everyone his wife did not respect him — jumped up from his chair and turned the key in the door, his ear pressed a minute at the crack. He then went quickly to his desk and withdrew the manuscript from a drawer he had first to unlock with a key he kept in his pocket. He was a heavy-set man with a flushed complexion, stained eroded teeth, and a hoarse voice; and he handled the writer's manuscript as though it might leap up and wound him in the face.

"Please, Tolya," he whispered breathily, bringing his head close to the writer's. "You must take these dreadful stories away at once."

"What's the matter with you? Why are you shaking so?"

"Don't pretend to be so naïve. You know why I am disturbed. I am frankly amazed that you are even considering submitting such unorthodox material for publication. My opinion as an editor is that they are of doubtful literary merit — I do not say devoid of it, Tolya, I wish to be honest — but as stories they are a frightful affront to our society. I can't understand why you should take it on yourself to write about Jews. What do you really know about them? Your culture is not in the least Jewish, it's Soviet Russian. The whole business smacks of hypocrisy, and you may be accused of anti-Semitism."

He then got up to shut the window and peered into a closet before sitting down.

"Are you out of your mind, Viktor? My stories are in no sense anti-Semitic. One would have to read them standing on his head to make that sort of judgment."

"There can be only one logical interpretation," the editor argued. "According to my most lenient analysis, which is favorable to you as a person of let's call it decent intent, the stories fly in the face of socialist realism and reveal a dangerous inclination — perhaps even a stronger word should be used — to anti-Soviet sentiment. Maybe you're not entirely aware of this — I know how a story can take hold of a writer and pull him along by the nose. As an editor I have to be sensitive to such things. I know, Tolya, from our conversations that you are a sincere believer in our kind of socialism; I won't accuse you of being defamatory to the Soviet system, but others may. In fact I know they will. If one of the editors of *Oktyabr* was to read these stories, believe me, your career would explode in a mess. You seem not to have a normal

awareness of what self-preservation is, and what's appallingly worse, you're not above entangling innocent bystanders in your fate. If these stories were mine, I assure you I would never have brought them to you. I urge you to destroy them at once, before they destroy you."

The editor drank thirstily from a glass of water on his desk.

"That's the last thing I would do," said the writer. "These stories, if not in tone or subject matter, are written in the spirit of our early Soviet writers — the free spirits of the years just after the Revolution."

"I think you know what happened to many of those 'free spirits.'"

The writer for a moment stared at him.

"Well, then, what of those stories that are not about the experiences of Jews? Some are simply pieces about homely aspects of Russian life; for instance, the one about the pensioner father and his invisible son. What I hoped is that you might recommend one or two such stories to *Novy Mir* or *Yunost*. They are innocuous sketches and well written."

"Not the one about the two prostitutes," said the editor. "That contains hidden social criticism and is too adversely naturalistic."

"A prostitute lives a social life."

"That may be, but I can't recommend it for publication. I must advise you, Tolya, if you expect to receive further commissions for translations from us, you should immediately get rid of this whole manuscript so as to avoid the possibility of serious consequences both to yourself and family, and for this publishing house that has employed you so faithfully and generously in the past."

"Since you didn't write the stories yourself, you needn't be afraid, Viktor Alexandrovich," the writer said coldly.

"I am not a coward, if that's why you're hinting, Anatoly Borisovich, but if a wild locomotive is running loose on the rails, I know which way to jump."

The writer hastily gathered up his manuscript, stuffed the papers into his leather case, and returned home by bus. His wife was still away at work. He took out the stories, and after quickly reading through one, began to burn it page by page, in the kitchen sink.

His nine-year-old son, returning from school, said, "Papa, what are you burning in the sink? That's no place for a fire."

"What am I burning?" said the writer. "My integrity." Then he said, "My heritage. My talent."

The Deserted Poet

by Peter Davison

This part of the country is underpeopled.
Not a word waits in hiding under the ferns
To reach up for my hand and lead me out
Of myself. No words have passed this way this
season:

I have forgotten even the sound of their footsteps
Whickering through the leaves at my approach.

Look at my face, never an honest one.
It covers my desertion by pretending
That words have never meant a thing to me.
This face settles for the lie. It puts on
Creases of feigned anger between the eyes,
Furrows of mock surprise across the brow.

I wear the mask of an actor who returns
From a long journey to find his wife and children
dead.

POEMS by Leslie Norris

DRUMMER EVANS

There was a great elm in Drummer Evans' garden.
Half of his house it kept in daylight shadow; all summer
A chaffinch sang in its highest branches, swinging
In an invisible cage its music was so local.
Drummer dribbled it crumbs from his fingers
As he sat on a log, his back to the elm trunk,
One slow leg straight before him, and his yellow hand,
His fingers, playing intricate patterns on his other knee.
He was small, his eyes looked upward always.
His face was mild and ivory, composed and smooth.
He wore a black suit and a very wide hat and he called
All women Mrs. Jones, because it was easier.
I went to him Tuesdays and Saturdays, for lessons.

My kettle-drum set on its three-legged stand,
He would flick its resonance with a finger and say,
"Now boy, two with each hand, away you go; and
Don't let the drumstick tamp." Tamp was a word for bounce,
We always used it. Away I'd go, two with each hand,
Back of the wrists to the skin, sticks held lightly,
And clumsily double beat with each hack fist,
Tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap, until that unskilled knock
Snarled in my tired arms and stuttered out.
I don't remember getting any better, but he'd nod,
Still for a while his drumming hand, and smile,
And say, "Again."

When I could play no more he'd take the sticks
And give to my stubborn drum a pliant eloquence.
I'd leave then. The bird was nearly always singing.
It never rained in Drummer Evans' garden.

Because I knew that I would never make
On an echoing hull those perfect measures
Heard in my head as I marched at the head of armies
Or rattling between the beat of my running heels,
I left the Drummer.

It was an idle sun
Recalled his garden, and an unclaimed bird
Singing from a thorn his tame bird's song
That brought the old man back,
Martial hands parading and muttering.
I went by the river's edge and stone bridge
To his thundering cottage.

For the air for half a mile was rhythmical thunder.
Roll after roll of exact, reverberant challenge,
The flames of history unfurled their names from my books,
Agincourt, Malplaquet, Waterloo, Corunna,
And I reached at a gasp the Drummer's beleaguered garden.

Ringed by standing friends at the rim of his anger,
He stood strapped for war from the fury of their kindness,
Striking his sharp refusal of all pity
The women offered. "Come on," they called,

"Ah, come on Mr. Evans."

But he swept them away with the glory of his drumfire,
Hands flying high in volleys of retaliation.
The tree held its sunlight like a flag of honor
And helpless, uniformed men spoke out to him softly;
But his side-drum returned defiance for this old man
Whose proud skill told us he was Drummer Evans,
No common mister to be hauled to the Poorhouse.

THREE MEN

1. *BILLY PRICE*

He would open the loft early
And his soft-voiced flock
Turned in the morning
Like a bird with a hundred wings.

On workless days he would sing
Freely, and girls in neighboring
Backyards applauded him
With joined choruses and the frankness of their smiles.

At evening he would signal in his pigeons.
When I began to whistle I learned this call;
A ladder of falling notes across the bars as the birds
Folded themselves home.

2. *HARRY THE BLACK*

We spent our boyhoods throwing him insults
And stones, but they bounced off his round dignity.
Later we spoke to him with careful, adolescent seriousness
While our friends tied "Little Demons" to his coattails.

He leaped through the Police Station doorway
Yelling "Jesus!" at every explosion.
His face was Jamaican black.
We avoided him if we were alone.

One of the Dowlais boys, home from the Irish Guards,
Brought with him an exotic Chinese wife.
Harry was appalled. "Foreigners," he said,
"Bloody foreigners in our country!"

3. *JOHN WILLIAMS*

His father had drunk away many acres
And a whole flock of mountain sheep.
He had been tall, red-bearded, strong as legend,
Ridden to market on a pony much too small,

But John Williams was deliberately not like this.
Mild and silver from his youth,
He had refused even to grow very much.
At fourteen I was inches over his eighty years.

The day he was eighty we leaned on his gate
And he told me of his fading eyes.
There was a signpost on the horizon opposite
He could scarcely see. Staring at that far

Mountain-edge, I could see only the dissolving
Motes of the air. But he had turned away.
"When you are old," he said, "when you are old
You know where all the fingerposts are."

BOOKS and MEN For months before publication, the new autobiographical book by Norman Podhoretz, editor of *COMMENTARY* magazine, was the subject of tense speculation, heated gossip, and wouldn't-touch-it-with-a-bangalore-torpedo disclaimers in New York's books-and-brains circles. Now Mr. Podhoretz's *MAKING IT* is out, and the public is allowed to consider what all the sotto voce shouting was about. The author of this critique is a New York-based critic and novelist whose latest book was, appropriately enough, *OFFICE POLITICS*.



Making It in the Big City

BY WILFRID SHEED

BUT what did you *do* in the bordello, Mr. Fitzgerald?" Scott, in the famous story, had been trying to shock Edith Wharton with tales of his early days in Paris. Mrs. Wharton was, at best, politely curious. So, too, with readers of Norman Podhoretz's much self-acclaimed book *Making It*.

What does Mr. Podhoretz do in the bordello? Simply sits up there and purrs, as far as we can make out. His ruthless confession must rank with the great literary teases of all time; or with the fake pornography they used to fob off on teen-agers in the bad old days.

"It is better to be a success than a failure," it says on page one. See the unveiling of Little Egypt, gentlemen. One thousand breezy photos. But "being a success," as Chesterton pointed out years ago, is one of the most meaningless phrases in the language. It may get us into the tent, but it is no substitute for a real bump and grind.

This is the first impression of *Making It*: that of a burlesque queen solemnly striding up and down to the strains of "Temptation," and nothing coming off. Hour after pitiless hour. Norman likes money (tiny bump), Norman likes to be well-regarded (desultory twirl of tassel). Sorry men, no refunds. It is only on the way home that we realize that we have seen a rather dirtier show than we thought, and that Norman has shown us plenty.

The theme of the book must be familiar by now. Podhoretz's life has lacked specific content as perhaps only an American life can. For example, he was raised as a Jewish boy simply because his unbelieving father wanted to keep him unassimilated. At a Jewish seminary college he consumed enough Hebrew lore to become class valedictorian without ever supposing that any of it mattered. By the time he got to Columbia University, he had apparently severed the act of learning from its natural objects, and was free to concentrate on such phantoms as pleasing the teacher, getting good grades, and being in the intellectual swim; at the same time, he found himself being pressed into WASP gentility, an ideal as attenuated and irrelevant as his father's Jewishness had been. A Jew and not a Jew, a WASP and not a WASP, scholar and operator: all set now for "Making It," "travelling first-class," and all the other empty cans we append to celebrity.

Pleasing his elders for rather obscure objectives seems to have been Podhoretz's story all along — somewhat like the man in *H.M.S. Pinafore* who "polished that handle so carefully that now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." First a platoon of doting relatives, then a Dragon Lady schoolmarm. Next Lionel Trilling at Columbia, followed by F. R. Leavis at Cambridge; a short ugly inter-

Photograph of Norman Podhoretz by Dorothy S. Gelatt.

lude in the army, with no parents at all; next, Elliot Cohen, his patron at *Commentary* magazine; and then a whole host of elders, veritably a faculty, the Family of New York intellectuals, who made him their ultimate pet. Home again, safe and sound.

Now, as editor of *Commentary*, with no more elders to conquer (except the American Jewish Committee and Group Captain Norman Mailer), Podhoretz asks himself what it all means. But instead of drawing at least one obvious conclusion — that a career founded largely on showing off the grown-ups is likely to result in a fairly infantile version of success: comfort, admiration, power, for their own sakes, the baby's triumvirate — he has decided to celebrate both the career and the success, and to elevate them to the rank of universal desirables. It is that the intellectual community is as greedy as the next fellow, but that our author is the first one honest enough to admit it. Courageous in a way — suppose he turned out to be wrong? Suppose he really was the only greedy one? Henry VIII grunting over his chicken bone. But Podhoretz takes no chances on this. He absolutely insists on sharing his vices. As in his famous essay "My Negro Problem — and Ours," where he botched a useful mini-confession by demanding, in effect, that everyone else sign it, he again inflates himself to the size of a Significant Social Index. When Norman sins, *everybody* sins. Which means, of course, that nobody sins.

No doubt, he is just right enough. Every intellectual is a little bit greedy; some more, some less. Podhoretz calls this a "dirty little secret," but for all that, I cannot imagine any intellectual claiming, "I do *not* want money, fame, or power," even if it were true. The dirty secret cuts both ways. No one admits to greed, but no one denies it either. The rules governing self-display, both one's virtues and vices, are quite ambiguous and a good deal more interesting than you would ever guess from this rather simple manual.

Ambiguity is totally alien to Podhoretz's book, which has but one gear and one track and rolls down it like a *Daily News* van. For instance, the dirty little secret of sex has been unveiled for some time, yet we still frown on people who boast about their sexual prowess as much as we frown on people who boast about their money. Envy? (but our own prowess may be even greater). Squeamishness? (but our conversation may be a solid stream of sex or money in other respects, and nobody minds that).

A tradition of conversational manners is a complicated affair devised originally to ward off dullness and pain, although sometimes causing both. Podhoretz's revision of the code would surely do so. People sitting around discussing their success, even their success at Columbia University, would be as

inspiring as executives modeling long johns in the locker room. Civilization has its reasons for keeping such talk to a minimum. Mr. Podhoretz, who tells us that he has made the upper middle class (you can tell it by his clothes: no more colorful folk costume for him), knows this quite well. Hence his reticence. He does not really talk about his success.

At certain points, the book turns the reader off quite primly, shuts the porter's gate on him. How does Norman make it with servants, other children's parents, and rich bores? Can he join any club he wants to? Does he ever find the whole thing a bit stuffy? Before we go haring after him, we would like to know about these things. But the upper middle class doesn't tell.

We would also like, since this is presumably a full-blown investigation of the subject, to hear some case histories besides his own. Are other Family men and women snobs and climbers? and if so, which ones? The names come tumbling out like clowns from a circus car. Mary and Dwight and Philip — but then he gets stuck. A gentleman doesn't rat on his friends. He simply uses them to pad his index.

An anatomy of *Making It* should not bog down on the first navel it comes to. Why have we been brought here anyway? Anyone who has paddled about in these literary wading pools knows at the very least that George Plimpton looks over your head and Podhoretz looks under your armpit and that Macdonald looks you periodically right in the eye. (Our bad luck that the armpit man wrote the book.) Podhoretz is mildly informative about the structure of the literary establishment, but only mildly, and his lack of social observation is blinding. How does an establishment man furnish his house? Whom does he marry and why? Podhoretz thinks the novel is on the way out — but a novelist could change Philip Rahv's name and tell us something about him. Podhoretz can only take this liberty with one person — himself. And even his one big scene, his Eliza Doolittle debut into the Family, is flat and unevocative, for want of other actors.

But the real point of the book is not to describe a scene or even himself, but to rationalize and justify his own living standard. It is as if he wanted the reader to say, it's OK, you can keep the money. He is demanding, through bluster and wheedle, some kind of open-ended absolution. The words we might use to condemn him have all lost their jurisdiction overnight: from arriviste to apple polisher to sellout. So uncompromising is he that we can't be sure whether those words could still apply to anybody; whether there is any mode of progress so self-serving that even he would con-

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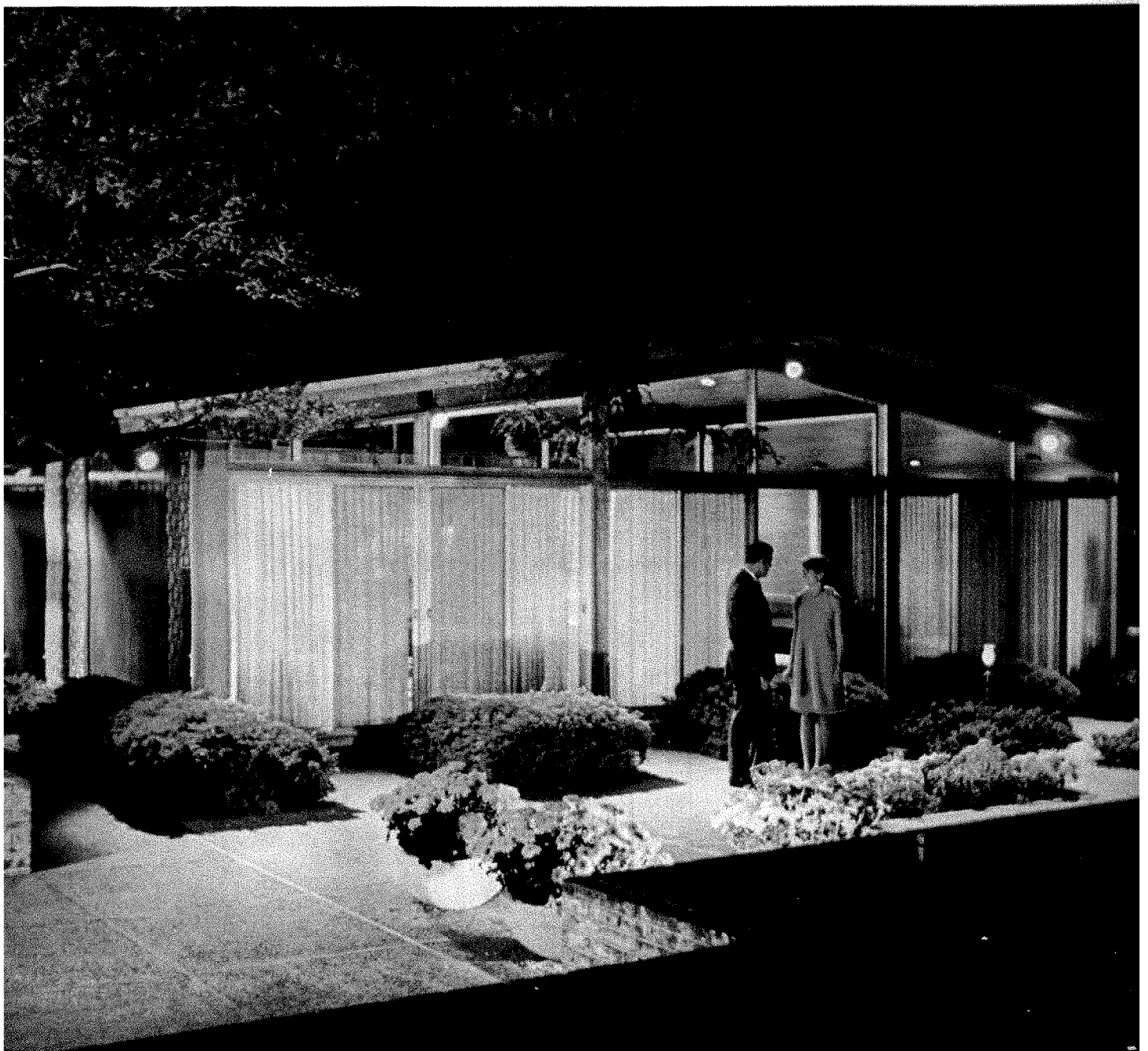
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demn it. (From his upper-middle-class aerie, he knows that there are such modes, because — another garment that fails to come off — his own rise is shown to have been remarkably clean and disinterested. Only his thoughts are impure.)

Podhoretz's Damascus occurred during a jam-boree on an island owned by Huntington Hartford, when Norman, frosted glass in hand, looked around him and saw that it was good. One looks despairingly for irony in this scene. Podhoretz to cover himself puts a tiny twist in his voice, but nothing like enough. Finding happiness in one of the less poverty stricken corners of the Caribbean is no great trick. Religious creeds are more convincing when uttered in adversity, and Norman's doctrine of self-interest would ring more commandingly from a hovel in Trinidad than from Mr. Hartford's spotless beach.

No one demands of a left-wing writer (Podhoretz claims to be of that persuasion) that he turn down luxury. It is good practice for going to prison, but that will not arise in Norman's case. American writers don't have to keep in training like their Eastern brethren. It doesn't take much wind to sign a petition.

But we do still have our little problems in the West, and it is mildly surprising to find so little allusion to these in *Making It*. It may be all right to have your tabs picked up by some chuckle-headed tycoon, or even by Mr. Hartford. But this can lead to certain bad habits. It becomes a drag having to look into how the tycoon got his money, his labor practices, and so forth, and now on top of that one has the further nuisance of worrying about the CIA and such. Jason Epstein has noted in the *New York Review of Books* that since the cold war began, certain types of thinkers have enjoyed more winter cruises than other types. The success that Podhoretz talks about always has to be paid for by someone. The complexity of Foundation living has made it hard at times to trace that someone.

In other words, a modicum of training is still useful. The conventional wisdom about ambition which Mr. Podhoretz revises so airily has always known this. It is based not so much on Christian asceticism as on a determination to function when the patron dies or turns ugly. (A good deal of Christian asceticism is based on the same thing, but that's another story.) You don't function so well when you, or your wife, or your in-laws have become used to silk sheets. One apologizes for the truisms. But in his lightning survey of Western thought on the subject (two credits, freshmen) Podhoretz seems to have overlooked them completely.

Mr. Podhoretz's own prosperity is probably built on air and luck like most people's. The magazine

he edits is subsidized by a most benign master, the American Jewish Committee. He is allowed at present all the freedom an editor could want. But suppose his bosses change their minds? He could always find another job: either a smaller one with the same freedom, or a bigger one with less. In either case, he would be joining the rest of the human race, with its familiar discontents. And no more talk about making it.

That a man with such an Ayn-Rand-and-water program should call himself a man of the left is symptomatic of the fifties and sixties. Podhoretz has given us some intellectual history here after all — his mind moving, with the rest of the salmon, to pro-Americanism and back, but his tastes moving steadily to individual profit, and winding up somewhere to the right of Horatio Alger. This means that his left-wing opinions are just talk. And talk is cheap.

Podhoretzism is a baneful doctrine for any writer anywhere. Twentieth-century politics aside, one never knows when any writer will be called on by some private or public reverse to double as hero or saint. A diet of guilt-free softness will not help. And beyond that, self-satisfaction is every artist's enemy. The ego that sets you to writing in the first place hangs around like a great swollen, sensitive fool, demanding an impossible payment in flattery and love: do not hurt me, it screams to the world. My master thinks he wants criticism, but don't listen to him, listen to me.

It might be argued that this is the state of the insecure writer, and not one who has been taking Dr. Podhoretz's success medicine and learning to love himself as he deserves. But even if the medicine worked, vanity would still be the writer's enemy, for it maketh him sloppy and humorless and it dimmeth his wits. See *Making It*, *passim*. To advise writers to wallow in their occupational disease rather than fight it is, to put it temperately, mischievous.

BUT besides this seedy moral and professional manifesto, Podhoretz has written a personal story of a slightly more touching sort. He suffered from a brutal case of precocity, a disease which can make both childhood and adulthood wretched, with just a few good years in between. Norman grew up in Brownsville, a tough neighborhood to be precocious in. And he must have exerted, even overdeveloped, his political gifts trying to be one of the boys. In *Making It* he assures us that he succeeded; but in "My Negro Problem — and Ours," he gives some hint of the anxiety underneath it, his fear of the colored marauder and the fragility of his own confidence.

Having learned more or less how to make like a tough guy, he then had to unlearn it at Columbia and Cambridge. At the former he was resented as pushy; at the latter he is under the impression that he wasn't. His experience there also gave him a notion that class in England is quite different from class in the United States, that it has nothing to do with manners or dress. I have heard Englishmen make the same point over here. It takes time and much observation for a foreigner to learn what is actually going on.

Anyway, those were the golden years for Norman, and he lovingly records every A plus as if it had happened yesterday. At that point in time he was ahead of the field, and he wants it on permanent record now. Since then, a lot of people have caught up and passed him. Boys who were making C's and waitresses, while Norman was busy imitating Professor Trilling's style, have straightened out and made their moves. And Norman is no longer a boy wonder, no longer the promising young man that all the older men are gruffly impressed with, but another thirty-seven-year-old writer who didn't do anything last year or the year before: a good enough position to be in, but not if you've tasted glory; not if you ran the hundred in 9.5 in high school.

This subject could have made a good book — has, in fact, made many good books. Romantics like Fitzgerald and Connolly have done fine things with it. Podhoretz's trophies carefully lined up for inspection are like old dance programs, or like Fitzgerald's overseas cap never worn, genuinely touching mementos. But what Connolly and Fitzgerald never did was to pretend that things are just the same now: that a nice apartment and being on some damn presidential committee and affording a smart school for your daughter are valid extensions of the old dreams. In his late thirties, Fitzgerald was writing *The Crack-up*, a study of encroaching middle age, of a sensibility dwindling and cooling, and of a break with his past self that could not be mended. Now, more tragically, Podhoretz comes bounding along to tell us how well he's still doing — first, A pluses, and then, lots of money. Great territory, you should move there.

This is the sense in which the book is revealing after all. Podhoretz would rather show himself to be a crass operator (well, at least I'm honest) than an anxiety-ridden failure counting his assets and looking prosperous for the sake of the customers. Of course, he is not really a failure; he is a good editor and an adroit essayist; but no one

could ever be the success he felt like at twenty-one. And second best is a hard pill to gag down.

Thus, we get this book instead, which refuses to face the fact, to say the words. It must be hard for a man of Podhoretz's intelligence to be so obtuse, but self-respect demands it, and the big fool Vanity says go ahead, we'll make a mint. And we get these terrible flights of self-congratulation that have made the book funny to so many people, but could just as well make them cry.

"I toyed with the idea of doing a book about Mailer that would focus on the problem of success," but he decided to make it a book about himself instead; as if to say, I was going to write about Rockefeller and money, but decided to write about the local branch manager instead. The book is to be a "bid for literary distinction, fame, and money all in one package." A great economy offer that only lacks a set of dishes. The precocious child cannot just write a book like other people and take his chances; he must write a *great* book, nothing less will do, and ram it down our throats.

In this mixture of complacency and agitation, he has written a book of no literary distinction whatever, pockmarked by clichés and little mock modesties and a woefully pedestrian tone. There are one or two shrewd observations — for instance, the distinction he makes between jealousy and envy, and some of his remarks about the writing process: in particular, that people take up this career because they find they do it well, and not because they have something to say. But they usually do get something to say eventually, or else they give up. Podhoretz has been rummaging among his belongings and come up with this. One can't imagine what he keeps underneath it.

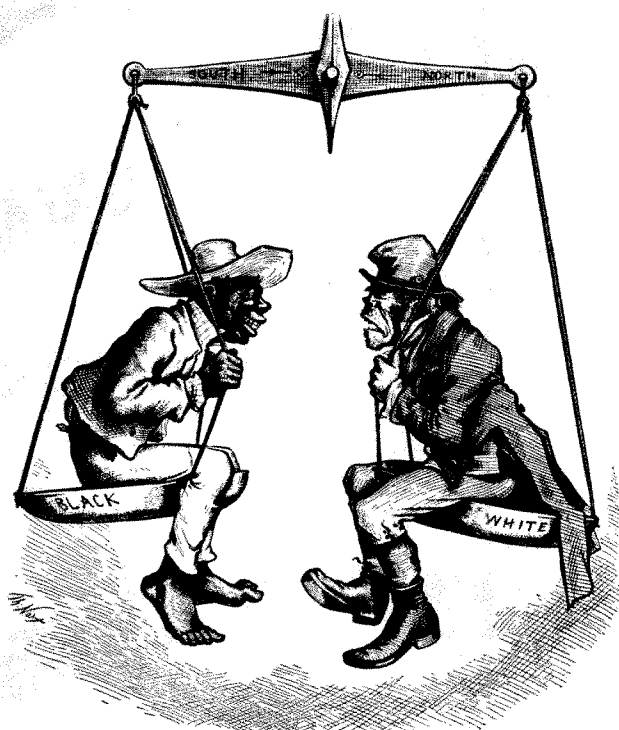
Meanwhile, mediocrities from coast to coast will no doubt take *Making It* to their hearts and will use it for their own justification; they will prate about power and honesty and add another wing to the game room. In the present condition of our society and the world, I cannot imagine a more feckless, silly book.

One last note might be added, because the matter comes up a good deal in conversation and not, for obvious reasons, in print. It has been suggested that Podhoretz also implicates Jewishness in his peculiar syndrome. I do not believe he does this: Jewishness is part of his story, but a coincidental part. He could just as well be an Irishman. The book could simply be titled *America 1967*; slickness, shallowness, and the flight from pain and death and art — all in one package.

THOMAS NAST

and the First Reconstruction

by Morton Keller



1. THE IGNORANT VOTE — HONORS ARE EASY.

The political cartoonist who drew the elephant and donkey as symbols of the two political parties, Thomas Nast chronicled the hopes and later the disillusion of the mid-nineteenth-century's civil rights leaders. Morton Keller, professor of history at Brandeis University and an authority on the post-Civil War era, restores to the public light this timeless and timely cartoonist in the following article adapted from his book THE ART AND POLITICS OF THOMAS NAST, to be published this month by Oxford University Press.

IN THE wake of a bloody and protracted war, Americans turned their attention to the most intractable of their social problems. Influential media of news and opinion and a major political party vigorously championed Negro civil rights. But soon this movement lost its force, and foundered on the Negrophobia that darkly streaked the society. Intellectuals came to doubt that Negro political activity offered much hope of beneficial social change. Public hostility and indifference grew, and soon the politicians dropped a cause that seemed both futile and dangerous. Such was the course — of the Radical Republican movement for Negro rights after the Civil War.

Since World War II there has been a revolution in Negro civil rights that C. Vann Woodward aptly calls "the Second American Reconstruction." But now the historical parallel has a new and ironic dimension. There is reason to fear that once again this nation will be witness to a great tragedy — a tragedy of ennobling social aspirations thwarted by indifference and hate. We face what has come to be a recurring feature of our public life: a surge of belief that we can quickly reform our society, and then an angry, wasting disillusionment when unrealistic hopes run afoul of stubborn social realities. The experience of the First Reconstruction reminds us that once before Americans ventured boldly against the labyrinthine stronghold of racial discrimination; and that once before idealism was compromised, hope deferred.

Thomas Nast's political cartoons are the best record we have of that era of American public life a century ago. He published more than 3000 drawings over the course of his career, the great majority of them in *Harper's Weekly* between 1862 and 1885. No record of that time better conveys the mood of optimism, the belief in the perfectibility of the Great Republic, that came on the heels of the Civil War. And no one more poignantly expressed the painful disillusionment with the political process that spread over important areas of public opinion in the 1870s.

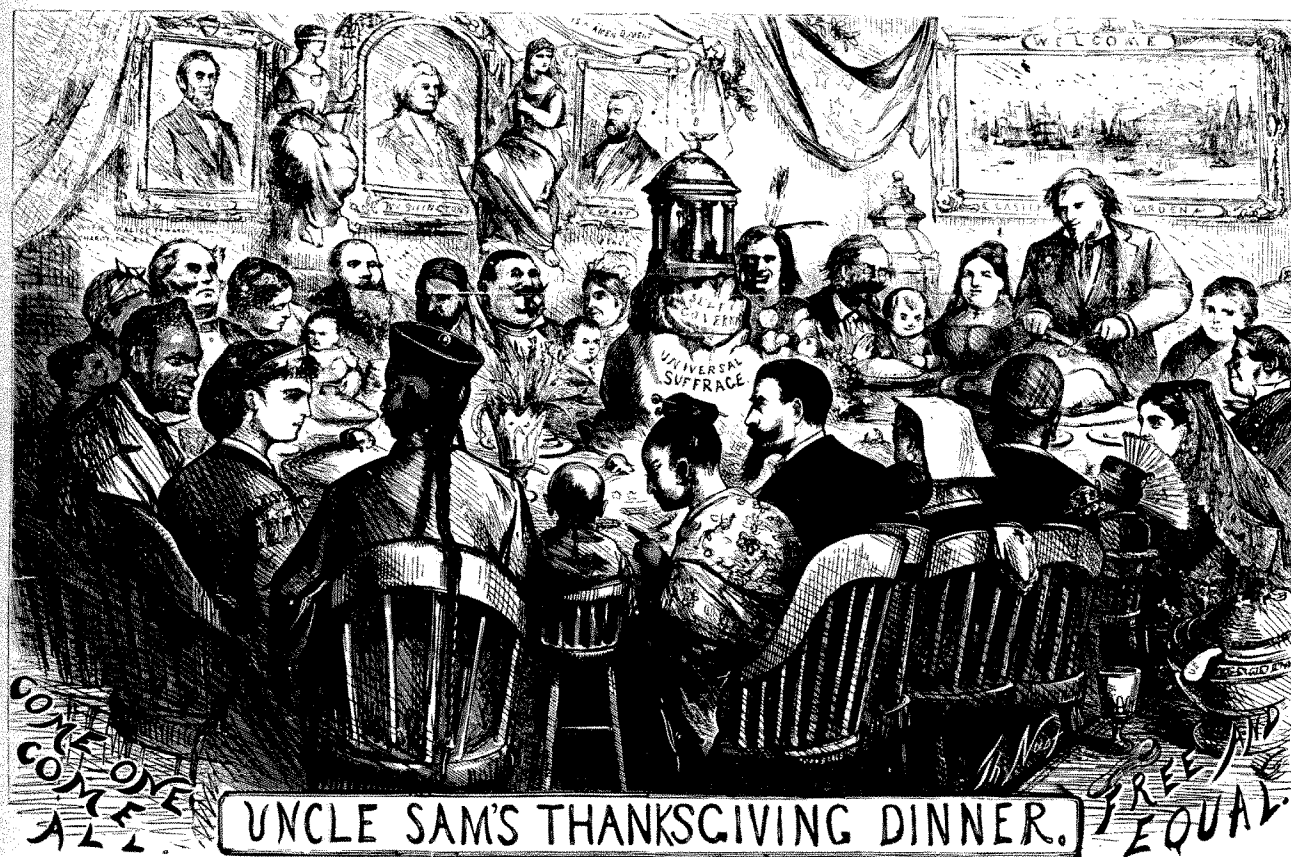
It is easy to forget that post-Civil War American

life was something more than Vernon Parrington's Great Barbecue, Mark Twain's Gilded Age. Nast spoke to, and for, a vast number of Americans who were ready to believe that the good society lay close at hand, and that the Republican Party was God's chosen instrument to achieve this goal. The end of the Civil War found most publicists and intellectuals in a state of euphoric optimism. Horace Greeley intoned in his New York *Tribune*: "A new world is born. . . . Never before had nation so much cause for devout Thanksgiving; never before had a people so much reason for unrestrained congratulations and the very extravagance of joy." The historian John Lothrop Motley told a friend: ". . . sometimes I wish to live twenty years longer that I may witness the magnificent gains to freedom and civilization and human progress which are sure to result from our great triumphs." James Russell Lowell found the Northern victory evidence of "the amazing strength and no less amazing steadiness of democratic institutions."

The political process, especially the Republican Party, was the instrument by which the gains of the war — national union and human freedom — would be consolidated in peacetime. George W. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, summed up

the Radical Republican political attitude: "A hearty faith in the great principles of popular government, a generous hospitality toward new views and constant progress, a practical perception of the close relation between morals and politics, a deep conviction of the vital necessity of intelligence to a true republic will generally lead a man to act with the Republican party. . . ."

Thomas Nast was admirably suited to be the artistic spokesman for this Radical Republican spirit. He came of age with the ideological and technological conditions that made it possible for him to become the first, and perhaps the greatest, of America's political cartoonists. Born in Germany in 1840 and brought to New York in 1846, he grew up imbued with the mid-nineteenth-century belief in nationalism, liberalism, democracy, and progress. The development of the Civil War as a struggle for American nationalism and human freedom had great emotional meaning for him. During the last years of the conflict he frequently drew allegorical representations of the war's inner significance. These drawings had an enormous impact on his *Harper's Weekly* audience. His cousin-in-law, the biographer James Parton, thought that Nast's "powerful emblematic pictures" were "as much the expression of heartfelt conviction



2. UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

as Mr. Curtis' most impassioned editorials, or Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech." Lincoln himself more pragmatically called Nast "our best recruiting sergeant. His . . . cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when those articles were getting scarce."

The issues that most strongly engaged the American people before 1861 — the Revolution and Independence and, almost a century later, the debate over slavery and states' rights — evoked great words, not great pictures. Pamphlets, books, and broadsides sped over the vast country far more rapidly and less expensively than etchings, lithographs, or engravings. But in the 1850s there appeared the first devices by which an art of political commentary might flourish. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the first successful pictorial magazine in the United States, began publication in 1855. *Harper's Weekly*, which was to serve as Nast's great medium, followed in 1857. By the eve of the Civil War *Leslie's* had a circulation of over 160,000; *Harper's* had almost 100,000; and each copy had many readers. During the same years Currier & Ives lithographs, sometimes treating political topics, habituated large numbers of Americans to the pictorial representation of ideas and events. The Civil War provided the new outlets for American graphic art with their first great theme. And Thomas Nast had gifts of technique, imagination, and feeling powerful enough to reach and move the vast audience now at hand.

Inevitably Emancipation was one of Nast's war-time themes. And Negro civil rights emerged as the touchstone issue of post-war Radical Republicanism. It might seem that political expediency — the lure of Negro votes in the South and the lower North — sufficiently explains the party's commitment. But to call for Negro suffrage and other civil rights entailed political dangers as well. Negroes suffered under a heavy, and popular, burden of civil disability in most Northern states. Time and again white voters in the North made it clear that while they opposed secession and slavery, they had no desire to see Negroes enjoy the blessings of equal citizenship.

One must go beyond political considerations to understand the adherence of so many Republican politicians, journalists, and intellectuals to the cause of Negro civic equality. Men whose public lives had been taken up with the struggle against slavery and the defense of the Union were reluctant to accept a political environment where nothing divided the parties but a lust for office. To champion the cause of the Freedmen was to perpetuate the moral idealism of the war years. So at a time when racist assumptions had an important place in intel-

lectual circles throughout the Western world and an overt Negrophobia was the prevailing sentiment among white Americans, Republican spokesmen in growing numbers supported the cause of Negro civil equality.

The Republican effort was not limited to the Radical Reconstruction governments of the Southern states. Party organizations in the North set out to eliminate the restrictions on Negro voting and other civil rights that encrusted their states' constitutions and statute books. Typical was the Minnesota Republican platform of 1865: "The measure of a man's political rights should be neither his religion, his birthplace, his race, his color, nor any merely physical characteristics." (Typically, too, the people of the state in 1867 rejected Negro suffrage.) Michigan Republicans in 1866 declared: "We scout and scorn . . . that political blasphemy which says, 'This is the white man's Government.' It is not the white man's Government, nor the black man's Government. It is God's Government made for man!"

Legislation approached, if it did not match, this rhetoric. Massachusetts passed the first state civil rights act a month after Appomattox; Pennsylvania followed in 1867, New York and Kansas in 1874. Other states repealed laws that restricted the movement and legal rights of Negroes. A national civil rights act in 1866 gave the Freedmen national citizenship and federal protection against state discrimination. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution in 1870 authorized Congress to guarantee Negro voting everywhere. The Civil Rights Act of 1875 was the last major statement of Radical Republican racial policy. Holding that the object of legislation was "to enact great principles into law," the bill guaranteed to all the right to "full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land or water, theaters, and other places of public amusement."

As a good Republican, Nast of course had a political interest in Negro suffrage. But he viewed the mistreatment of Negroes with an indignation that rested on more than party considerations. He had a strong sense of the United States as a nation of diverse peoples, welded together by self-government and universal suffrage. (Plate 2.) The brutal repression of Negroes by an intransigent — and Democratic — South outraged his moral sensibilities. So did Northerners who reacted to Negro equality with hypocrisy or fear.

But the post-war movement for Negro civil equality had a short and stunted life. Custom and the courts quickly stripped civil rights legislation of its effective force. Southern Radical Republican governments based on Negro suffrage could not sustain themselves, and most American intellectuals

and publicists took this as evidence of Negro racial inferiority.

More than the cause of Negro equality was abandoned in the 1870s. Politicians, entrepreneurs, and publicists once were bound together by a common belief in the evil of slavery and the inviolability of the Union. Now, as new issues arose and the old ones receded, they went their separate ways. Political leaders devoted themselves increasingly to the demanding, technical business of strengthening their party organizations. Businessmen, farmers, and workingmen, struggling with the harsh depression that began in 1873, had little time for issues not germane to their immediate economic needs.

Intellectuals and journalists had growing doubts about a party system that was less and less interested in great national issues, that gave itself over so openly, and corruptly, to the niggling demands of practical business and practical politics. E. L. God-

enrichment. John W. DeForest's *Honest John Vane* (1874), an ironic examination of the corruption of a young congressman, suggests the new mood. Vane tells an older colleague: "I thought general legislation was the big thing . . . reform, foreign relations, sectional questions, constitutional rights, and so on." "All exploded, my dear sir!" is the response. "All dead issues, as dead as the war. Special legislation . . . is the sum and substance of Congressional business in our day."

Nast brilliantly portrayed the new political order as he had the old one. He made the elephant and the donkey the symbols of the major parties. With great prescience he had caught the transformation of a politics of sharp ideological confrontation into a politics of competing placemen: for no discernible ideological difference distinguished these valueless, neuter beasts from one another. But while he described the new politics, he could not accept it. In 1884 the artist of post-war Republicanism bolted his party to support the Democrat Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

Nor could Nast escape the prevailing change in racial attitudes. The cause of Negro civil rights fell victim to his increasing disenchantment with the Republican Party. He came to equate the Irish of the North and the Negroes of the South as "the ignorant vote." (Plate 1.) By the early 1880s he shared the general Northern view that Negro rights had become little more than the device of cynical politicians. (Plate 3.)

Nast lived on to 1902, bedeviled by artistic and financial insufficiency. *Harper's Weekly* observed at the time of his death: "He belongs so much to the past that the impression has naturally spread that he is an old man"; in fact, he was sixty-two. His art belonged to a brief but distinctive era, by the turn of the century only a faint (and distasteful) memory. Not until our own time could Nast's aspirations and his disappointments regain their original evocative power.

This is not to say that the generation of the Second American Reconstruction is condemned by some immutable law of history to repeat the experience of the first. But the fate of the Radical Republican commitment to Negro civil rights does suggest how evanescent are political moods in American life, and how complex and difficult is social change even in a society supposedly dedicated to the pursuit of happiness.

A tougher-minded realism — alien alike to Nast's Radical Republicans and to much of the contemporary civil rights movement — may, it is true, discourage bold aspirations. But it may also prevent the wasting disillusionment — the disillusionment that swept over Nast and is so endemic today — that comes when undue hopes are duly disappointed.



3. THE "PRACTICAL" POLITICIAN'S LOVE FOR THE NEGRO.

kin's *Nation*, created in 1865 to preserve in post-war America the abolitionist spirit of Radical reform, soon became the voice of the Mugwump: querulous, frustrated, disillusioned. Political novels of the seventies — Mark Twain's and Charles Dudley Warner's *The Gilded Age*, Henry Adams' *Democracy* — looked cynically at a party life that seemed to have no purpose but its own perpetuation and

FIVE GREEN WAVES

*A Story
by George Mackay Brown*

TIME was lines and circles and squares.

"You will go home at once to your father," said Miss Ingsetter, rapping her desk with a ruler, "and tell him I sent you because you have not prepared the mathematics lesson I told you to prepare. Now go!"

A rustle went through the classroom. The pupils looked around at me, wide-eyed. A few made little sorrowing noises with their lips. For it was a terrible punishment. My father was a magnate, a pillar of authority in the island — Justice of the Peace, Kirk Elder, Registrar, Poor Inspector, a member of the Education Committee itself. He was, in addition, the only merchant in the place and kept the shop down by the pier; even before I was born he had decided that his boy would be a credit to him — he would go to the university and become a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor.

Now, this summer afternoon, while bluebottles like vibrant powered inkblots gloried in the windows and the sun came foursquare through the burning panes, my stomach turned to water inside me.

"Please, Miss Ingsetter," I said, "I'm sorry I didn't learn the theorem. I promise it won't happen again. I would be glad if you punished me yourself."

The bust of Shelley gazed at me with wild blank eyes.

Her spectacles glinted. Down came the ruler with a snap. "You will go to your father, now, at once, and tell him of your conduct."

The bright day fell in ruins about me. I crossed

the floor on fluttering bare feet, and was soon outside.

"You, Willie Sinclair," I heard her shouting through the closed door, "stand up and give us the theorem of Pythagoras."

A red butterfly lighted on my hand, clung there for a moment, and went loitering airily across the school garden, now here among the lupines, now there over the flowering potatoes, as if it were drunk with happiness and didn't know on what bright lip to hang next. I watched it till it collapsed over the high wall, a free wind-tipsy flower.

Inside the classroom, the formal wave gathered and broke.

"... is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides," concluded Willie Sinclair in a sibilant rush.

"Very good, Willie," said Miss Ingsetter.

Despised and rejected, I turned for home.

The croft of Myers stands beside the road, looking over the Sound, and the hill rises behind it like a swelling green wave. Sophie, a little bent woman, her gray shawl about her head, was throwing seed to the twelve hens.

She smelled me on the wind. "Hello there," she cried. I muttered a greeting.

She peered at me. "And who might you be?" she said.

I told her my name.

"Mercy," she said, "but you've grown."

Our voices had roused the old man inside. He

was suddenly at the door, smiling. Peter's face was very red and round. He had been a sailor in his youth. The backs of his hands, and his wrists, smoldered with blue anchors, blue mermaids, blue whales. "Come in," he cried.

It was like entering a ship's hold, but for the smells of peat and kirk and girdle. I breathed darkness and fragrance.

They ushered me to the straw chair beside the fire. I had hardly got settled in it when Sophie put a bowl of ale between my hands. The sweet heavy fumes drifted across my nostrils. Peter sat filling his pipe in the other straw chair. The old woman never rested for an instant. She moved between the fire and the window and the bed, putting things in order. She flicked her duster along the mantelpiece, which was full of tea caddies and ships in bottles. The collie dog lolled and panted on the flagstones.

"And tell me," said Peter, "what way you aren't at school?"

"I got sent home," I said, "for not learning the lesson."

"You must learn your lessons," said Sophie, setting the fern straight in the tiny window. "Think what way you'll be in thirty years' time if you don't, a poor ignorant fellow breaking stones in the quarry."

I took a deep gulp of ale, till my teeth and tongue and palate were awash in a dark seething wave.

"And tell me," said Peter, "what will you be when you're big?"

"A sailor," I said.

"If that wasn't a splendid answer!" cried Peter. "A sailor. Think of that."

"My grandfather was a gunner on the *Victory*," said Sophie. "He was at Trafalgar. He came home with a wooden leg."

"That was great days at sea," said Peter. "Do you know the ballad of Andrew Ross?"

"No," I said.

A hen, shaped like a galleon, entered from the road outside. She dipped and swayed around the sleeping dog, and went out again into the sunlight.

"Woman," said Peter, "get the squeeze-box."

Sophie brought a black dumpy cylinder from under the bed and blew a spurt of dust from it. Peter opened the box and took out a melodeon.

"Listen," he said. A few preliminary notes as sharp as spray scattered out of the instrument. Then he cleared his throat and began to sing:

Andrew Ross an Orkney sailor
Whose sufferings now I will explain
While on a voyage to Barbados,
On board the good ship *Martha Jane*. . .

"That was the name of the ship," said Sophie, "the *Martha Jane*."

"Shut up," said Peter.

The mates and captain daily flogged him
With whips and ropes, I tell you true,
Then on his mangled bleeding body
Water mixed with salt they threw.

"That's what they used to do in the old days, the blackguards," said Sophie. "They would beat the naked backs of the sailors till they were as red as seaweed."

"Damn it," said Peter, "is it you that's reciting this ballad, or is it me?"

The captain ordered him to swallow
A thing whereof I shall not name,
The sailors all grew sick with horror,
On board the good ship *Martha Jane*.

"What was it Andrew Ross had to swallow?" I asked.

"It was too terrible to put in the song," said Sophie.

"I'll tell you what it was," said Peter, glaring at me. "It was *his own dung*."

The sickness began to work like a yeast in the region of my throat. I took a big swallow of ale to drown it.

Peter sang:

When nearly dead they did release him,
And on the deck they did him fling,
In the midst of his pain and suffering
"Let us be joyful," Ross did sing.

"He was religious," said Sophie, "and the captain was an atheist. That's the way they bad-used him."

The captain swore he'd make him sorry,
And jagged him with an iron bar.
Was not that a cruel treatment
For an honoured British tar!

The house took a long dizzy lurch to starboard, then slowly righted itself. My knuckles grew white on the edge of the chair. The good ship Myers burrowed again into the fluid hill.

"Mercy," said Sophie, "I doubt the boy's too young for a coarse ballad like that."

Justice soon did overtake them
When into Liverpool they came,
They were found guilty of the murder
Committed on the briny main.

"High time too," said Sophie. "The vagabonds!"

Soon the fateful hour arrived
That Captain Rogers had to die,
To satisfy offended justice
And hang on yonder gallows high.

I stood erect on the heaving flagstones. "Going to be sick," I said.

"The pail!" cried Sophie. "Where's the pail?"

But she was too late. Three strong convulsions went through me, and I spouted thrice. The flagstones were awash. The dog barked. Then the cottage slowly settled on an even keel, and I was sitting in the straw chair, my eyes wet with shame and distress. Not even Andrew Ross's sorrow was like unto my sorrow.

Old Sophie was on her knees with a wet clout and a bucket.

Peter patted me on the shoulder. "Don't you worry," he said. "You're not the first sailor that's been sick on his maiden voyage."

BELOW the kirkyard the waves stretched long blue necks shoreward. Their manes hissed in the wind, the broken thunder of their hooves volleyed along the beach and echoed far inland among cornfields and peat bogs and trout lochs, and even as far as the quiet group of standing stones at the center of the island.

I made my way shoreward, walking painfully along a floor of round pebbles. One had to be careful; Isaac of Garth, going home drunk and singing on Saturday nights, was in the habit of smashing his empty bottles on these rocks. He had done it for so many years that the amphitheater of pebbles above the sand was dense with broken glass—the older fragments worn by the sea to blunt opaque pebbles, the newer ones winking dangerously in the sun. If one of the sharp pieces scored your foot, you might easily bleed to death.

There was no one in sight along the wide curve of the beach, or on the road above. In the kirkyard the gravedigger was up to the hips in a grave he was making for Moll Anderson, who had died at the weekend.

Quickly and cautiously, under a red rock, I took off my clothes—first the gray jersey with the glass button at the neck, next the trousers made out of an old pair of my father's, and finally the blue shirt. Then I ran down to the sea and fell through an incoming wave. Its slow, cold hammer drove the air out of my lungs. I thrashed through the water to a rock thirty yards out and clung to it, gasping and shivering. "Lord," I thought, "suppose Miss Ingsetter or my father saw me now!" A shred of cloud raced across the sun, and the world plunged in and out of gloom in a second. And then, for an hour, I was lost in the cry and tumult of the waves.

The gravedigger paused in his work, and shading his eyes beachward, saw me stumbling out of the waves. He shook his fist at my nakedness. The sand was as hot as new pancakes under my

feet. I ran wild and shouting up the beach and fell gasping on my heap of clothes. I lay there for a long time. From very far away, on the other side of the hill, a dog barked. The rock pool shimmered in the heat. The music of the gravedigger's spade rang bright and fragile across the field. Suddenly, three words drifted from the rock above me: "You naked boy." I looked up into the face of Sarah, Abraham the tinker's daughter. She rarely came to school, but whenever she did she sat like a wild creature under the map of Canada. She was sprawling now on the rock with her legs dangling over. Her bare arms and her thighs, through the red torn dress she wore, were as brown as an Indian's.

Sarah said, "I come here every day to watch the boats passing. When the sun goes down tonight we're moving to the other end of the island. There's nothing there but the hill and the hawk over it. Abraham has the lust for rabbits on him."

The tinkers have curious voices, angular out-cast flashing accents like the cries of seagulls.

She jumped down from the rock and crouched in front of me. I had never seen her face so close. Her hair lay about it in two blue-black whorls, like mussel shells. Her eyes were as restless as tadpoles, and her small nose shone as if it had been oiled.

"Sarah," I said, "you haven't been to school all week."

"May God keep me from that place forever," she said.

With quick curious fingers she began to pick bits of seaweed out of my hair.

"What will you do," she said, "when you're a tall man? You won't live long, I can tell that. You'll never wear a gold chain across your belly. You're white like a mushroom." She laid two dirty fingers against my shoulder.

"I'm going to be a sailor," I said, "or maybe an explorer."

She shook her head slowly. "You couldn't sleep with ice in your hair," she said.

"I'll take to the roads with a pack then," I said, "for I swear to God I don't want to be a minister or a doctor. I'll be a tinker like you."

She shook her head again. "Your feet would get broken, tramping the roads we go," she said.

Her red dress fell open at the shoulder where the button had come out of it. Her shoulder shone in the wind as if it had been rubbed with sweet oils.

She stretched herself like an animal and lay down on the sand with her eyes closed.

Mr. Brown is the author of two volumes of poetry and of a book of short stories, A CALENDAR OF LOVE, being published this month by Harcourt, Brace & World.

I turned away from her and traced slow triangles and circles in the sand. I turned a gray stone over; a hundred forky-tails seethed from under it like thoughts out of an evil mind. From across the field came the last chink of the gravedigger's spade — the grave was dug now; the spade leaned, miry and glittering, against the kirkyard wall. Two butterflies, red and white over the rock pool, circled each other in silent ecstasy, borne on the stream of air. They touched for a second, then fell apart, flickering in the wind, and the tall grass hid them. I turned quickly and whispered in Sarah's ear.

Her first blow took me full in the mouth. She struck me again on the throat as I tried to get to my feet. Then her long nails were in my shoulder and her wild hair fell across my face. She thrust me back until my shoulder blades were in the burning sand and my eyes wincing in the full glare of the sun. She dug sharp knees into my ribs until I screamed. Then she raveled her fingers through my hair and beat my head thrice on the hard sand. Through my shut lids the sun was a big shaking gout of blood.

At last she let me go. "Next time I come to the school," she said, looking down at me with dark, smiling eyes, "I'll sit at your desk, under the yellow head of the poet." She bent over quickly and held her mouth against my throat for as long as it takes a wave to gather and break. Her hair smelled of ditchwater and grass fires. Then she was gone.

I put on my clothes, muttering through stiff lips, "You bitch! O you bloody bully, I'll have the attendance officer after you in ten minutes, just see if I don't!"

As I left the beach, walking slowly, I could see her swimming far out in the Sound.

She waved and shouted, but I turned my face obstinately toward the white road that wound between the kirkyard and the cornfield. The salt taste of blood was in my mouth.

THE gravedigger had finished making Moll Anderson's grave. He was sitting on the shaft of his barrow, smoking a clay pipe. As I turned in at the gate he wagged his beard at me, for he did not associate this shy decently clad boy with the naked insolence he had seen running out of the sea half an hour before. I wandered away from him among the branching avenues of tombstones — the tall urns and frozen angels of modern times; the fiery pillars with the names of grandfathers on them; the scythe-and-hourglass slates of the eighteenth century; and the lichened, leprous tombs of a still earlier age. This small field was honey-

combed with the dead of generations — farmers with stony faces; young girls rose-cheeked with consumption; infants who had sighed once or twice and turned back to the darkness; stern Greek-loving ministers; spinsters with nipped breasts and pursed mouths. I stood on the path, terrified for a moment at the starkness and universality of shrouds; at the infinite dead of the island, their heads pointing westward in a dense shoal, adrift on the slow tide that sets toward eternity.

My dreaming feet brought me to a low tombstone set in the east wall:

HERE LIES BURIED
A FOREIGN SEAMAN,
OF UNKNOWN NAME AND NATIONALITY
WHOM THE SEA CAST UP ON THIS ISLAND,
JUNE THE SIXTH, 1856.
"Though I take the wings of
the morning, and flee to the
uttermost places of the sea."

I closed my eyes and saw a little Basque town between the bay and the mountains.

The feast of Our Lady of the Sea was over. The nets and the oars had been blessed. The candles were still burning in their niches among the rocks.

Now the young people are dancing in a square that lies white and black under the moon.

The musician slouches, as if he were drunk or half-asleep, against the fountain. Only his hand is alive, hovering over the strings like a vibrant bird.

The young people are dancing now in long straight lines. The partners clap their hands and bow to each other. They shout; the dark faces are lit up with a flash of teeth. They move around each other with momentarily linked arms. They incline toward each other, their hands on their knees, and stamp their feet. It is all precision, disciplined fluency, a stylized masque of coupling.

Older men and women sit gossiping on the doorsteps. Occasionally they sip from tall glasses. One, a fat man with a yellow beard, looks often through a gap in the houses, at a ship anchored in the harbor.

An old shawled woman stands alone, in the shadow of the church. No one speaks to her; the seal of separation is on her. She is the guardian of the gates of birth and death. In this village she comes to deliver every wailing child, she goes to shroud every quiet corpse. Her eyes are in the dust, from which all this vanity has come, and to which it must return.

The hand over the guitar moves into a new swirling rhythm. Now the square is all one colored wheel, a great wavering orange blossom.

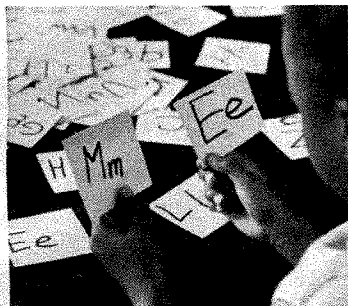
Suddenly there is an interruption. A tall bearded

In hope of doing each other some good

Kodak

The efforts of a citizen

We know an alert young citizen from the center of Rochester who can scarcely read the simplest words, though she is almost 9. The school does what it can for Helen.



Some 80 kids from Helen's part of town are bussed 20 miles west each morning to join the other pupils in the Demonstration School of State University College at Brockport. The Demonstration School serves its usual functions in a teacher-training institution and is furthermore examining ap-

proaches to prepare suburban educators for integrated education. Troubles with reading as bad as Helen's can turn up in college faculty offspring, even if differently caused.

An office in the Demonstration School is occupied this academic year by a man who is on the payroll not of the State University of New York but of the Kodak Research Laboratories, which have been concentrating for the past 55 years almost exclusively on the application of chemistry and physics to photography. The man has been instructed to find projects where Kodak's resources might be further utilized in solving the present-day problems of education. We hope he finds some.

* * * *

Two other men from the Kodak Research Laboratories have successfully completed a more familiar and easier project that has brought forth a new screen material. Changes in the microstructure of aluminum make projected images at least six times brighter than on screens currently available.

* * * *

In a teachers' magazine we advertise "... Brighter than you can imagine. We call it the KODAK Projection SUNSCREEN. Leave room lights on, windows uncovered, and still watch sharp, bright movies. There'll be no more squirming and giggles in the dark. This high-intensity screen makes both color and black-and-white movies absolutely brilliant. It's built into the cover of every KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC 8 and Sound 8 Projector. For details, write for Bulletins V3-8 and V3-9 (to Eastman Kodak Company, Motion Picture and Education Markets Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650)."

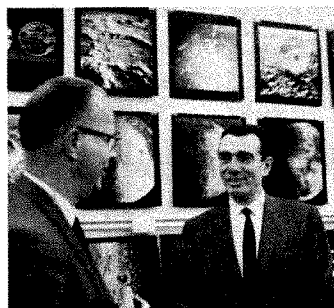
* * * *

The question still remains: will Helen learn to care about the difference between "MEAT" and "BEAT"?

The triumph of an employee

Dr. William Feldman won a NASA Public Service Award with his performance on an assignment. It was Bill who ran the photographic end of Lunar Orbiter, a space project. You may not remember it, since it was in the headlines for only a day or two, quite a few months ago. There were some spectacular closeup shots published of the mountain scenery on the moon. Quite a triumph.

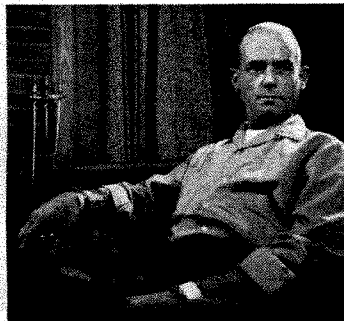
Feldman works for Kodak, a company often regarded as a toy manufacturer because we have long been known by a product that looks toylike in its simplicity and is brought into play on fun-filled occasions. His men made another toy that came in two parts. One part rode in orbit around the moon, taking pictures, processing the film up there, and creating the video signals that were sent to the second part back on earth, from which emerged the finished photographs. In five out of five Lunar Orbiters, this Kodak photographic system proved able to picture at the will of the operator anything anywhere on the lunar surface bigger than a card table. This includes the moon's back side, which turned out to be mysteriously different from the front side.



As a thoughtful man, Bill Feldman can wonder why he should be honored. Is it for raising the level of complexity of the work with which he, his colleagues, and the populace in general occupy themselves? (Tough on those who can't even read!) The thousands of moon pictures that resulted

will be studied by scientists for years for evidence about the origin of the earth and the moon, a subject deemed worthy of attention by the founders of civilization millennia ago. (Those blessed with strong intellects have compelling needs of their own.) Or is Bill being honored here in the shareowners' interests because, in a hundred ways that benefit people who care nothing about the origin of the moon, the project demonstrated that an organization tuned to photography (as structural radiography, as instruction, as a fabrication technique, as documentation, as microfilming) has an advantage available to any management for smoothly marshalling men and materials in a significant undertaking?

The enterprise of a customer



Seth C. Hilton, Jr. of Nashville, Tenn. wears a shield he has fashioned to cover the two indwelling shunts in his right forearm. The shunts serve to attach him at least twice a week to a hemodialysis machine, for he has no functioning kidneys of his own. The shield protects from hazards un-

known to those who go about their work with flesh unpunctured by hardware. It resists crazing that would cut down the

transparency Hilton needs in watching for blood clots.

We know about Mr. Hilton because, in quantities to meet his needs as a manufacturer of these shields, he buys plastic sheet extruded from our tough, transparent TENITE Butyrate. Fortunately from his viewpoint as a businessman, unfortunately from his viewpoint as a sympathetic human being, and comfortably from his viewpoint as a patient, there are many other forearms fitted with indwelling arterial-venous shunts. Marketing problems do not trouble Mr. Hilton. His output is marketed by a firm that specializes in mechanical aids against grave physical impairment.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

sailor appears at an alley opening and walks slowly across the square. The guitar falters. The dance is frozen. The old, dark woman raises her head. The officer points to one of the dancers and crooks his finger: he must come, immediately; the ship is sailing tonight.

The seaman — he is only a boy — turns once and looks back. A girl has raised her apron to her face. The yellow-bearded man rises from his doorstep and makes a gesture of blessing: "Lady of Waters, guard him this day and all days till the sail returns to the headland."

Above the village a cross stands among the stars. Through a long silence comes the sound of the sea. The last votive candle gutters and goes out among the rocks.

The little town of moonlight and music will never see that sail again. Her voyage has ended on a northern rock. All her sailors have vanished down the path of gull and lobster, scattered in a wild Atlantic storm. One broken shape only was lifted out of the seaweed. Curious hands have carried the nameless thing in procession across the fields. They have clipped the rags from it and combed its hair, and covered the crab-eaten face. And though there was no priest to sing Latin over it, a Calvinist minister said, "All flesh is grass, and the glory of flesh is as the flower thereof" — the orange blossom of Spain and the little blue Orkney primula, whose circles of beauty are full and radiant for a short time only; and then, drifting winterward, or broken with June tempest, lay separate shining arcs in the dust . . .

My slow circuitous walk had brought me to the new gaping hole in the earth. The gravedigger was still sitting on his barrow. He bored a sidelong glance into me and said: "There's only one way of coming into the world, but ah, God, there's two or three ways of going out."

"That's a fact," I said.

"Would you like," he said, "to see what a man *truly* is?"

Not understanding, I gave a quick nod. He groped with his hand into the small hill of clay beside the open grave, and brought out a skull. Carefully he wiped it on his moleskin trousers. "That's you," he said, "and me, and the laird, and Frank the idiot. Just that."

He laughed. "There's nothing here to make your face so white. It's as harmless as can be, this bone. It's at peace, and not before time. When it lived, it had little rest, with its randy eyes and clattering tongue. This skull belonged to Billy Anderson, Moll's grandfather. He was twice in jail and fathered three illegitimate bairns. Oh, he was a thieving, drunken, fighting character, and it was a good day for him when we threw him in here. Wasn't it, Billy?" he said to the skull, blow-

ing smoke into its eye hollows, "Wasn't it, boy?" The skull grinned back at him.

From the other side of the loch the school bell rang the dismissal.

Over the hill from the village, like a procession of beetles, came the mourners.

AFTER I had finished my lessons that evening, I was summoned into the shop. My father was sitting at the counter between a barrel of paraffin oil and a great dark coil of tobacco. There was a jar of sweets at his elbow. Over his head hung jerseys and scarves and stockings, with price tickets on them. The lamp swung from the hook in the ceiling, smoking a little. There was always a good smell in the shop.

"It's thee, John," he said, raising his head from the ledger for a moment. "Sit down, boy." He counted the sticks of toffee in a glass jar and then said, "How did thou get on at the school the day?"

"Fine," I said.

"I've been thinking about thee," he said, "what to make o' thee, once thee school days are over."

He gathered up a handful of coins, and rang them one by one back into the till. Then he marked the ledger on his desk with a pencil.

"There's no future in this shop, I can tell thee that," he said. "The profits are getting smaller every year. The reason is, the folk are leaving the island. They're going to the cities and the colonies. Not a month passes but another family leaves. And then they send to the mail-order places in the south for their clothes and their ironmongery. A great lot of them do that. They forget that we depend on each other for our livelihood in a small island like this.

"And there's debts, too," he said. "For instance, Mistress Anderson who was buried this afternoon died owing more than six pounds. So it'll be a poor inheritance for thee, this shop."

He licked his pencil and wrote more figures in the ledger. His hair glittered frailly in the lamp-light.

"I had a word with Miss Ingsetter this afternoon about thee," he went on. "She called at the shop after school for some flypapers. She seemed surprised thou weren't home yet. I made a point of asking her about thee. She says thou're an able boy, good beyond the general run at reading and writing and history. Not so bright at the mathematics. Sometimes thou're inclined to be inattentive and dreamy, she says. At times, only at times. But there's no harm in the boy, she said, and he's by no means stupid. And it's my opinion, she said, he ought to go to the grammar school in Kirkwall for a secondary education, once he turns twelve."

"I want to be a sailor," I said.

"The dreaminess," he said, "you take from your mother. After the school comes the university. That'll cost money, a power of money. Still, I'm not bare-handed; I haven't neglected to provide for things like that. With a degree in thee pocket, thou could enter *the professions*. Think of that."

"It's the sea I have a hankering for," I said. "Uncle Ben said he could get me into the Saint Line, anytime I wanted."

"The ministry is an honorable profession," he said. "There isn't a lot of money in it, but you get a free house, and I can tell you old MacFarland doesn't spend a fortune on food. He gets a hen here and a pound of butter there and a sack of tatoes from the other place. On his rounds, you understand, his visitations. Cheese at the Bu, and fish from Quoys, and a fleece for spinning from Westburn, all for nothing. And nobody can say the work is strenuous."

"Supper is ready," my mother sang out from the kitchen.

"Now doctoring is strenuous, there's no doubt about that. They haven't a moment to call their own. They can't even be sure of a night's sleep. There's always somebody thundering at Doctor Leslie's door after midnight with the toothache, or a pain in the guts, or a hook's got stuck in their hand. It's no wonder he's taken to the drink lately. But, putting all that aside, medicine is a fine calling. Plenty of money in it too, if you can get them to pay their bills."

"I spoke to Mother," I said. "She would like fine for me to be a deep-sea captain. She's going to write to Ben."

"The law," he said, "is a different thing. Not that there's anything wrong with it, if you understand, but there's a shady side to it, there's a certain amount of trickery about it that makes the ordinary honest man wonder sometimes. You can hardly open a newspaper without seeing some lawyer or other in trouble for embezzling his client's money, and carrying on. You'll hear a couple of them arguing a case like mad in the courts, and then, half an hour later, there they'll be walking down the street together cheek by jowl. John," he said, "never go to law if you can possibly help it. Not but what there aren't honest lawyers too."

He unscrewed the lid from a bottle of black-striped balls. He took out a couple between his fingers and handed them across the counter.

"If there's one place I have a longing to see," I said, "it's Japan."

He suddenly withdrew his hand and dropped the black-striped balls back into the jar.

"Not before your food," he said, licking his fingers. "I forgot. Then there's teaching —"

"Are you coming for your supper," chanted my mother impatiently, "or are you not?"

Outside, the dog began to bark. There was a clattering of hooves and wheels over the cobbles. The poultry squawked like mad in the yard. "Mercy," said my father, running to the door, "it's the tinkers. *The hens!*"

I followed him out, into the moonlight. The tinker's cart was opposite the door now. Abraham sat on the shaft. He cracked his whip and cried to the gray pony. In the cart sat Mary, his wife, with an infant slung behind her in a tartan shawl. Sarah walked alongside with her arms full of wild lupines.

They were going to the other end of the island where the rabbits were thick, to camp there.

"That's a fine dog you have there, Mister Sigurdson," Abraham shouted to my father. "I'll take a half pound of bogie roll, and I'll pay you when I come back along next week."

"No," said my father sternly, "you'll pay now, for you owe me sixteen and six already."

"Hello, Sarah," I said. She stood on the road and looked at me through the dark-blue congregated spires of lupines.

"Are you seeking a tin pail, mistress?" yelled Abraham to my mother, who had come out and was standing at the corner of the house guarding the hens.

"Yes," she said, "I'll need one when you come back by next week."

Suddenly my father was furious. "We need no tin pails!" he shouted. "There's plenty of tin pails in the shop!"

"Next weekend, mistress," cried Abraham. He stood between the shafts and cracked his whip. "Giddap!" he yelled. The wheels rolled in crazy circles over the cobbles, and stars streamed from the pony's hooves. There was a sudden wild cluck-cluck-clucking from inside the cart as it moved off. Sarah stood looking at us, smiling through her screen of lupines.

My father went into the shop, muttering. My mother stood at the corner of the house and watched them out of sight. "One of the hens is missing," she said. "I darena tell thee father. He would have the police at them for sure."

A wave of purple blossom rose in front of the moon and showered over me.

Soon the racket died away at the far end of the village. Sarah's mockery sounded from a distance of three fields; I turned back into the house. My face was wet with dew and petals, and the moon raged above the mission hall wilder than ever.

"The very idea!" cried my father from inside the shop. "A sailor! A tin pail! *The thieves!*"

Time was skulls and butterflies and guitars.

places

The Biggest Sponge Exchange on Earth

by Phoebe Adams



Dodecanese Street announced the character of the Tarpon Springs waterfront at once, with a stucco structure plainly derived from memories of the Erechtheum. Caryatids were mercifully not attempted, but the building had numerous attenuated Ionic columns and a raised porch overlooking the harbor, with a view of placid water, small shrimp fishermen, and boatyards. The place should have been a prosperous restaurant, but it was closed, empty except for an old coot sorting trash on the back staircase and a tangle of abandoned music stands on the porch. Beyond this doomed relic lay a sandy, potholed parking lot and beyond that the actual working waterfront.

Since sponge fishing is the notable enterprise at Tarpon Springs and sponge boats sometimes stay at sea for a couple of months, the waterfront is not constantly active. Something other than sponging must therefore be done to accommodate the tourists that turn up, for nobody likes to see tourists roaming about with no place to spend their money.

The problem has been solved by a row of shops selling, naturally, sponges, coral and shells, and also a variety of objects sharked up around the Caribbean or imported from Japan, India, and even Greece. Most of this stuff is, to be candid, quite ghastly — dust-catching native handicrafts and Laocoöns in pressed marble dust. But the sea remains honest. The shells are lovely; one shop displayed a bouquet of snow crystals two and a half feet high, composed of various delicate sprays and branches of coral; the sponges, set out in wire baskets and kept damp so that their texture can be appreciated, come in all kinds and sizes and prices. They stand in piles along the sidewalk, pale yellow or dead-grass color and dappled with brown shadows.

In addition to the shops, there is a place that deals in good sheep and cattle hide rugs and any other leather that turns up. (The skin of a large boa was drying in the back room, draped over four sawhorses.) There are two boats that take people deep-sea fishing, Pappas' elegant restaurant, three inelegant but more amusing restaurants, and the sponge-diving exhibition.

The east end of the street began with a shop that carried little but

sponges, shells, and coral of the highest quality. The proprietor was a rather stout old gentleman with a melancholy expression which I attributed to the necessity of answering, in English, questions which he would have found foolish in Greek. He was, it turned out, concerned about the row over Cyprus, partly on principle (his view of Turks was moderately bloodthirsty) and partly because his wife and daughter were visiting relatives in Greece. He had wired the ladies, ordering them to "go straight to the American Embassy; they will get you home." But he did not know whether he had been obeyed, and hovered about the radio, which sputtered crisis under the counter.

He was a kindly man and forgot his worries long enough to recommend the sponge-diving show. It was, on the word of an old sponge fisher, substantially correct except for no smelly sponges on the boat.

The boat was at the main quay, which was simply another sandy parking lot alongside the street. There were scattered palm trees and benches, and tied up beyond them, three real sponge fishers, two large shrimpers with red and blue nets drying in the rigging, and a pleasure yacht. The shrimpers looked permanently deserted, but on the sponge boats, sunburned men bellowed fiercely in Greek and moved about as softly as cats. None of them were young. Neither were the sponges which lay on the decks, covered with green flies.

Two men, one broad and hearty, the other thin and precise, walked up and down barking for the diving exhibition. The hearty one roared, "Leaving in five minutes," while the thin one bowed to passersby and gently mentioned the catching of sponges, waving a fine-cut hand toward the boat.

This boat was a round-ended, tough-looking tub, the shape of a working sponge boat but minus masts and deckhouse, if deckhouse is the word for the minuscule protuberance on a sponge boat. In their place was a sort of glass house with a light roof. Inside, benches had been installed along the gunwales, and on these the passengers sat. The center of the deck was occupied by hoses, pumps, lines, nameless machinery, and the crew. One man ran the engine and did the talking. A taciturn youth col-



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lected tickets, and a silent walnut-brown ancient minded lines. They were all dark and Greek, but the diver was blue and gold and hopelessly Anglo-Saxon. He was immersed in an enormous dun-colored rubber suit from which only his hands and head protruded, and the lifeline tied around his waist gathered the rig into incongruous monkish folds.

In spite of the huge weighted shoes on his feet, the diver clumped about displaying the suit and assuring everybody that it was just as hot as it looked. He was asked, predictably, "Are you Greek?" and replied, predictably, "No, I'm not." He was then asked, "Why are you diving?" and explained cheerfully that he was "an inadvertent college dropout. Ran out of money."

Everybody patted the suit, which felt like wet rubber, and the boat chugged off down the narrow harbor. While the diver was locked into his helmet by the speechless ancient, the captain-engineer explained that sponges are never found on sandy bottom, that a normal boat carries a crew of six plus two divers, that divers work at depths of 30 to 100 feet, that only one diver works at a time and the boat follows him because divers always move against the current. While working, the diver has two men in attendance, one on the pump and one on the lifeline. The collected sponges are periodically hauled up in a bag.

Then came a detailed account of the weight of the diving rig: shoes, 24 pounds; suit, 18 pounds; copper and brass collar, 22 pounds; copper, brass, and glass helmet, 38 pounds. Shoulder weights totaling 70 pounds are hung over all this, and the diver, incredibly still able to move, sits on the gunwale, swings his feet overside, and simply drops off. "Navy and salvage divers," said the captain contemptuously, "go down a ladder."

At this point the diver, armed with a wire basket and a piece of metal resembling a jimmy, went overboard with a neat plop. The boat hung in the channel, and the passengers crowded to the windows. Presently ripples appeared halfway to shore and the top of the helmet rose above the water. There were outcries and pointings. "It's shallow here," said the captain soothingly. He added that it was fortunate to have sponges so close to town. We were in fact still in town, hardly

half a mile from the dock, with pleasant old houses visible behind a screen of brush. Nobody asked whether the sponges had been planted.

The diver came back aboard via a ladder, with a small sponge in his basket. It was carried around and displayed. The diver, hastily relieved of helmet and shoulder weights, urged everybody to touch the sponge (it felt like wet rubber) but only about half the passengers did so. The structure of the sponge was quite visible through a dark, transparent, gelatinous substance which filled all the interstices and formed a thin layer over the outer surface of the creature. Properly speaking, I suppose it was the creature; the marketable sponge is only the skeleton.

On the way back to the dock, we were told that wool sponges are the best kind, but that the several lesser grades also have their uses. The exception is the finger sponge, a branchy, plant-shaped affair good for nothing whatsoever. Presumably for this reason, finger sponges in the local shops are egregiously expensive.

Sponges are cleaned at sea, the captain went on; they are laid on the deck and allowed to rot in the sun, and the crew takes pains to walk over them as much as possible. They are occasionally turned over and whacked about, and if the boat is out any length of time, they are pretty well cleaned when they reach port. The process is simple, but hard on the atmosphere.

Since sea voyages make me hungry, I went from the diving exhibition to a coffee shop down the street. It was a pleasant place, offering sandwiches, pastries labeled in transliterated Greek, and information if anybody cared to ask for it. I asked, and learned that sponges are sold at auction twice a week, and that there would be an auction next morning at the sponge exchange. "Of course you can go to it," said the proprietress, grinning. "I hope you'll come back and tell me what you think of it."

The sponge exchange confronted the street with a plain iron fence, bearing a memorial plaque to John Cheyney. Behind the fence stood several trees and a small cubical building, and gates at either end gave on a courtyard surrounded on three sides by an arcade. The

courtyard contained five small live oaks (a small live oak is not negligible tree) in pots and a utilitarian pole where the sixth pot should have been. The entire complex, including the pots, was made of concrete in the simplest possible design and achieved the elegance of pure, logical functionalism.

Under the arcade, the wall was broken by a row of padlocked doors in metal basket weave of a curious color compounded of rust and silver radiator paint. Each door gave on a small room with a slatted wooden floor and a slatted second story, propped, or suspended, about six feet up. About a dozen of these cribs contained sponges, a few more contained nautical gear, and most of the fifty-eight were empty.

At the back of the court a gateway in the arcade led to an inner courtyard which was closed off by a casual barricade and must have contained as many cribs again. A sign on the left wall, by the entrance gate, exhorted captains — ΚΑΘΑΡΙΖΕΤΕ ΤΑ ΣΦΟΥΓΓΑΡΙΑ ΣΑΣ — clean your sponges thoroughly. This was being done by an old man who was sousing sponges in a galvanized washtub and rinsing them with a hose. Sunlight glittered and sizzled on the sandy courtyard, or a couple of abandoned bottles and on the back windows of the cubical building, one of which was broken.

Next morning at nine, the exchange did not sizzle. The weather had changed, and a cold wind snarled through the arcades and raised twirls of dust in the courtyard. The auction got slowly under way with considerable tugging at sweat sleeves and shrugging up of collars.

Three piles of sponges, strung on loops of cord, lay well apart under the arcade, and some twenty men gradually assembled around one of them. Except for three business-suit types bustling about with notebooks they looked like sponge fishermen. They were all sun-darkened, elderly and dressed in casually assorted garments of black and dark blue. The unique exception was a juvenile exquisite — he looked a hard-bitten forty — in beige corduroys and a white turtleneck sweater.

Unlike most Greek enterprises this auction was conducted in silence. There were no loud greetings and no public conversations. New arrivals got a muttered *kalyméra*, an

any further remarks were exchanged in whispers. Only one man, very tall and wearing a very wide brimmed felt hat, spoke aloud. He proved willing to talk with inquisitive strangers.

Between pauses to watch the action, he explained that the notebook carriers were sponge buyers. "Those other fellows are from the crews, and that man with the necktie represents the captains and takes the bids. If they're too low, there's no sale."

"Do they write the bids?"

"Yes. The highest is read out. And you listen. You'll be surprised."

I was surprised. The pile of first-quality sponges, about enough to cover the bed of a small pickup truck, went for \$1800. The larger pile of second-class sponges brought \$2300.

It seemed a great deal of money, but the authority pointed out that this was two months' income for two boats, and had to support the boats and at least sixteen men. Sponge crews are paid on a system that is probably older than Odysseus: a percentage of the take of the voyage, determined by each man's function. Divers get more than deckhands, for example.

Men used to be paid a preliminary bounty, on occasion, for signing on a particular boat, but this system was never satisfactory since certain wily rascals instantly vanished with the cash and the captain had to recruit all over again. The best crews gravitated to boats where the food was good and the captain was lucky, meaning able to drop the lead and find sponge bottom. The sponge-yielding bottom in the Gulf of Mexico is estimated at over 9000 square miles, hardly a minor target, yet elusive enough so that boats sometimes stayed out until supplies were exhausted, and returned with no sponges worth mentioning.

"I used to be a diver," said the man with the hat as the crowd silently moved to the third pile of sponges. "Yes, it's hard work. I got married in—let me think—end of October. Two days later I went to sea and didn't get back until January." He stared into space, ruefully amused. "We had to start all over again—getting acquainted."

"That was quite a while back. Sponge fishing isn't what it used to be, and neither is this town. It was

1905 when Cocoris came to Tampa. I don't know why—all Greeks wandered around the country in those days. He found the Americans sponge fishing with hooker boats, a poor way. Cocoris was from the islands, the Dodecanese—we all are—and diving suits had been used a long time there."

Hooker boats are those on which men use a long pole with a hook at the end to drag up sponges. The depth limit is thirty feet, and any surface action of the water interferes with the operation by disturbing the view. The best sponges grow in water deeper than thirty feet. To call this method "a poor way" was polite understatement, for to men from the Dodecanese, accustomed to working in strong currents at dangerous depths, hooking must have seemed a feckless habit.

"He, Cocoris, got hold of Mr. Cheyney on the plaque, who owned some hooker boats, and arranged backing for sponge boats with divers. He went up to New York and went through the Greek coffeehouses, yelling for men from the islands. He found some, and they wrote letters to others or to home. I was out West on a construction job when I heard about it. I'm from Rhodos.

"Cocoris got diving equipment from the old country, and plans for the boats, and we all came to Tarpon Springs. That was in 1905."

"What was it like?" There was nothing here, nothing at all. We lived on the boats. But after a while we had a fleet, and we sold sponges, and people kept coming. See that man there? He's just over from Greece. A few still come. But it's not like the old days. Very few come, and the young people all leave. Only a dozen boats now—there used to be a hundred and twenty-seven—and the young people all gone."

This oral history does not entirely agree with the information handed out by the Tarpon Springs Chamber of Commerce, which reports that the town was founded in 1882 and incorporated in 1887 with a population of 52, and adds that the sponge fleet at its highest point numbered better than 200 vessels, of which over 20 are still operating.

The sponge exchange, the biggest one in the world, was built in 1937, and trouble started shortly after-

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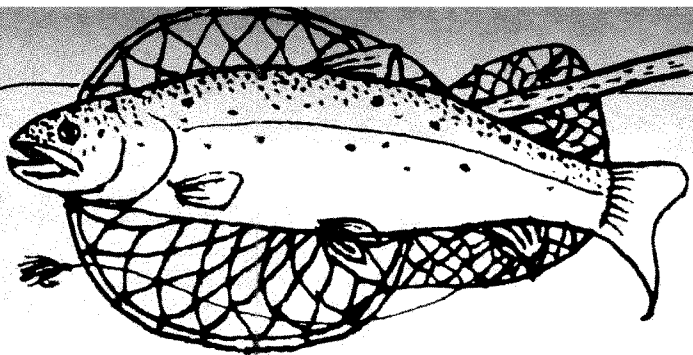
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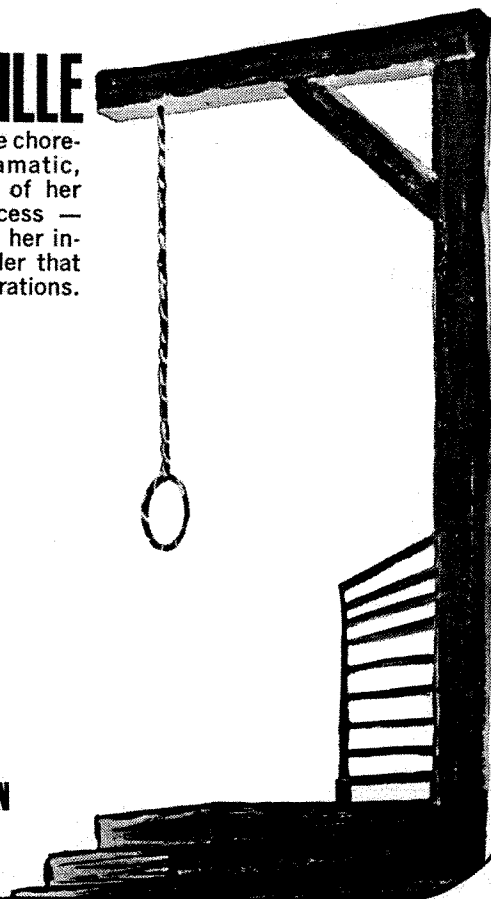
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ward when disease struck the sponge beds, a disaster complicated by the appearance of plastic sponges and the departure of young men from the town. The old diver who mourned the decline of sponge fishing said that his own son is a junior professor, or something similar, "up in Kentucky." His tone indicated that he considered the fact unremarkable. It is, of course, entirely unremarkable that people with the ability to enter a profession should refuse to settle for uncertain pay at the hard ancestral trade.

Just how hard sponge diving is was illustrated by the only new enterprise on the waterfront. It was so new that it was not yet finished, and consisted only of masonry walls rising mysteriously around a couple of sunken bathtubs and a wire mesh fence. The walls grew at impressive speed, for there is no Southern languor in Florida building projects, and on the third day, the smaller tub contained a little alligator.

The whole affair was under the supervision, and seemingly the ownership, of a dark, wiry young man who was eager to explain its purposes. "Going to rattle gators. It's easier than diving."

Specifically, he complained of walking against the current at an angle of 45 degrees. A wearing business, he said, but necessary because a diver moving with the current cannot see the sponges through the grass and weed flattened over them. Sharks he dismissed as a trifle. "The navy has never found a good shark deterrent." Tarpon Springs is very conscious of the deficiencies of the navy. "You know what the Greeks use? Ordinary household vinegar. I was never bothered by sharks. But diving's hard work. I made a stake at it, and now I'm going to try the gators. I've got a big one coming in a couple more days. This place needs a little variety."

He looked down Dodecanese Street, which contained, at the moment, a number of elderly Greeks and a busload of soft-voiced, slow-moving, distinctly-middle-aged tourists. He himself and the yellow-haired exhibition diver were the only people in sight under the age of fifty. His resolute expression became a trifle wistful. "I hope it goes. In some ways, this is kind of a strange town."

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music

From Tara to Lara

by Herbert Kupferberg

Nobody, presumably, goes to the movies to listen to music. Yet that hasn't prevented the movie-music industry from becoming one of the most productive and profitable in the entire range of modern artistic endeavor. From the "Tara Theme" of *Gone With the Wind*, which helped start the whole business in 1939, to the "Lara Theme" of *Doctor Zhivago*, which has sold 2 million LPs for MGM Records since 1966, movie sound tracks have performed the happy service of keeping record companies solvent and composers nourished without in the least disturbing the audiences who pay their way in to see the films.

This felicitous situation was dramatized a few weeks ago by the appearance in the United States of a British composer named Richard Rodney Bennett. At thirty-one, Mr. Bennett obviously is a young man of importance on the musical scene. He came to this country to attend, on successive nights, two premieres of major works he had written, a symphony and an opera. The former, his Symphony No. 2, was commissioned by the New York Philharmonic as part of its one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration, and received its world premiere at the hands of Leonard Bernstein at Philharmonic Hall. The opera, a full-length three-act work entitled *The Mines of Sulphur*, commissioned in 1965 by Sadler's Wells in England, was given its American premiere by the Juilliard Opera Theater in New York. Just before departing for America, Mr. Bennett had attended the London premiere of his ballet *Jazz Calendar*, with Rudolf Nureyev and Frederick Ashton of the Royal Ballet; and after leaving New York he headed for Munich, Germany, which was preparing to unveil another opera of his entitled *A Penny for a Song*, a lighthearted work about an English family in 1804 confusedly awaiting a cross-Channel invasion by Napoleon. If any further attestation of Mr. Bennett's status as a serious composer is needed, RCA Victor will shortly release a recording of his Symphony No. 1 played by the Royal Philharmonic, this to be added to the three other entries he already has in the Schwann catalogue.

With all this output, most of the people who have heard Mr. Bennett's music don't even know he

exists, for this young Englishman makes his living by writing movie music. At the same time he was taking bows from the first tier at Philharmonic Hall, two of "his" movies were playing at theaters a few blocks south on Broadway, *Far From the Madding Crowd* and *Billion Dollar Brain*. Both have subsequently been released as sound track records, on the MGM and United Artists labels respectively.

Mr. Bennett, a tall, lanky, altogether affable young man, seemed unperturbed that so much of his music is being played for people who don't listen to it.

"Until recently I haven't been able to earn a living by writing serious music," he explained over a luncheon after a Philharmonic rehearsal of his symphony. "In America, it's different. Composers are able to live by receiving various grants, which is an admirable situation, though I think it a little unreal. Doing commercial work, *having* to write, is more real, more what a composer ought to be doing. I have always wanted to earn my living by writing music and nothing else, and since I love movies, it's a pleasure to be working in the field and still composing. And of course, through movies one gets royalties—a minute sum every time the film is shown. This enables one to write one's own music. I seem to be talking a lot about money. But I believe above all in being a professional, and if no one will pay you, you're not a professional."

Mr. Bennett doesn't write the same kind of music for the movies that he does for the concert hall. His score for *Far From the Madding Crowd*, as befits its Thomas Hardy-Wessex background, has an English folk song flavor; his *Billion Dollar Brain* music has the rat-tat-tat nervous tension appropriate to a thriller about a computer-directed invasion of Soviet Russia. Both sound tracks are couched in an essentially conservative idiom not likely to startle the average moviegoer or music lover. His opera and symphony, on the other hand, are avant-garde atonal works utilizing serial techniques which few movie directors, not to mention audiences, would tolerate.

"The creative impulse is quite different," he acknowledged. "Film music must be totally committed to the film, and quite subordinate. Serial



music has to be heard in a detailed way, and behind the dialogue of a sound track it wouldn't be heard at all. Tonal, melodic music fits in much better. And while writing movie music, which must be done in split-second timing, can be mentally exhausting, it still exerts less creative pressure than a symphony. Writing a symphony is a great strain. If a composer completes ten symphonies in a lifetime, it's a lot, whereas I myself have written thirty movie scores in ten years. With a movie, it's all there. You don't have to imagine a structure. The irony is that the best movie music can't be taken out of context. The most effective things are often the very simplest. For instance, in *Billion Dollar Brain* at one point there is nothing going on musically but an ostinato, a rhythmic pulse which integrates itself into the film without having a great thematic personality of its own. You can find aesthetic satisfaction from something like this. Yet only about 10 percent of a movie score is viable away from the film. Even that may be a high estimate."

Despite this supposed inseparability of sound and sight, movie sound track recordings exist by the hundreds. A sound track LP of a new movie is in the shops the day the movie opens, and record companies have begun to prospect in the musical gold mines of Hollywood almost as enthusiastically as they scout new Broadway musical shows. The most lucrative of all sound tracks are the movie versions of hit musicals such as *My Fair Lady* and *West Side Story*, both of which have made a mint for Columbia, and *The Sound of Music*, which according to RCA Victor has sold more copies than any other record of any kind — 10 million. But even the "incidental" or "background" type of instrumental sound track, which constitutes the bulk of the industry's output, can make a success for the producer and a fortune for a skilled and prolific composer.

Record companies are understandably chary of divulging the details of royalty arrangements with composers, which vary considerably from case to case. But the average fee before royalties to a composer for a top-ranked Hollywood film is a minimum of \$10,000 and in some instances much higher. Henry Mancini, whose *oeuvre* includes *Breakfast*

at *Tiffany's*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, *Charade*, and *Pink Panther*, reportedly gets \$50,000 a film. Mancini, who operates his own music publishing company, is said by industry sources to earn around \$150,000 annually from his movie output.

Most sound track records establish their popularity on the basis of perhaps five or ten minutes of music, known in the trade as the Main Title or simply the Theme. "If there's one great theme, the whole album takes off," says an RCA Victor executive. Max Steiner's "Tara Theme" in *Gone With the Wind*, which has just been reissued in a nostalgic album by MGM (S1E-10ST), was one of the earliest to demonstrate the potential; in recent years there have been such hardy cinematic (and television) products as Henry Mancini's "Peter Gunn Theme" (RCA Victor LSP-1956), Ernest Gold's "Exodus Theme" (RCA Victor LSO-1058), and Maurice Jarre's "Lara Theme" from *Doctor Zhivago* (MGM S1E-6ST). All of these established a certain identity of their own, but too often the durability of a film score depends almost entirely upon

the fate of the movie in question. Although Mr. Bennett's Main Title (the music played during the screen credits at the start) for *Billion Dollar Brain* has a great deal of rhythmic and melodic vivacity, the sound track album is likely to languish simply because the movie was so indifferently received. The generally tepid reviews accorded to *Far From the Madding Crowd* won't help sales of that album either. On the other hand, sound track sales for James Bond movies, whatever their musical qualities, are invariably reported as substantial.

Aspiring movie composers can find a great deal of practical information in a book called *Music in Modern Media* (G. Schirmer, Incorporated, \$4.95), written by Robert Emmett Dolan, himself a motion picture and theater composer. It won't guarantee results, but it does take up such arcane but essential matters as translating feet of film into seconds of time, and the problem of composing music with a stopwatch on the desk.

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by composers like Virgil Thomson and Aaron Copland, or even by Serge Prokofiev, whose *Alexander Nevsky* music was originally composed for an Eisenstein film. Leonard Bernstein's *On the Waterfront* has a musical life of its own; such films as *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *Black Orpheus* linger in the memory for their musical as well as their pictorial quality.

But for all the appositeness and inventiveness of such scores, the fact remains that movie composers have as yet been unable to produce works of the quality achieved by their theatrical counterparts of a century ago—scores of the value of the incidental music written by Bizet for Alphonse Daudet's play *L'Arlésienne* or by Mendelssohn for Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Part of the answer may be that there are no Bizets or Mendelssohns around today, but part of it may lie in the limited needs of the medium itself, which inevitably relegates music to the role of filling in the vacant moments or underlining an existing mood or situation. "Music in the cinema doesn't have the same authority as music in the theater," admits Mr. Bennett. "It's more or less the ugly duckling of the industry. I suppose the only way that can be remedied is by more and more people writing good scores."

That day may come yet. In the meanwhile, help seems to be arriving from an unexpected source. *Elvira Madigan*, a current Swedish film about a bittersweet romance between a runaway circus girl and a deserting soldier, has one of the loveliest film scores ever written. It consists of the main theme of the slow movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C, K. 467, played by Géza Anda, an ethereally beautiful melody which ideally suits the dreamy quality of the film. Deutsche Grammophon originally released Anda's recording of this music in 1966 as part of a complete Mozart concerto series he is doing (DGG-138783). When the movie became a hit, some merchandising genius hit on the idea of affixing a sticker to each record jacket reading: "Contains Theme from *Elvira Madigan*." The result is that MGM Records, which distributes DGG in this country, reports that more copies of the concerto have been sold in the last two months than in the preceding two years. The growing ap-

preciation of the greatness of Mozart has surely been one of the most welcome musical developments of our time, but it would be ironic if he now went down in history as the composer of the "*Elvira Madigan* Theme."

Record Reviews

Glazounov: The Seasons

Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CS-6509
Glazounov's ballet suite needs an affectionate as well as a skilled conductor, for it represents a kind of romantic, expansive music that has largely gone out of vogue. Ernest Ansermet, who still wields a sharp baton at the age of eighty-five, brings almost a youthful verve and enthusiasm to the music, and it shines forth most brilliantly as a result. Included on the record for good measure are two Glazounov concert waltzes. It all adds up to an amiable hour, with the excellent stereo quality adding extra enjoyment.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 in D, "Clock," and No. 104 in D, "London"

Leslie Jones conducting Orchestra of London; Checkmate C-76008

Few encounters with a late Haydn symphony ever fail to leave a listener without a buoyant feeling, and these excellent performances certainly produce the expected effect. The *Clock* is a little idiosyncratic in some of its tempos, but the *London* is played to perfection, and what a masterpiece it is! Mr. Jones and his musicians are thoroughly at home in this music, and the sound is so lively it almost bounces.

Janáček: The Makropoulos Case

Bohumil Gregor conducting soloists, orchestra, and chorus of Prague National Theater; Epic B2S-167: two records

Alone among American cities, San Francisco has heard a staged performance of *The Makropoulos Case*; the rest of us will have to rely pretty much on this Czech-language recording to make the acquaintance of an opera with an imposing reputation but few performances. And a compelling work it turns out to be. The opera, first given in 1926, is based on a strongly dramatic work by Karel Čapek about a three-hundred-year-old woman whose discovery of a life-giving elixir adds to

her years, but not to her understanding or happiness. It's a grim, grotesque story whose bizarreness is heightened by its modern setting, and Janáček has given it music that is terse, dramatic, and intensely lyrical. Probably its alien language and unsympathetic principal character are going to keep it from becoming a repertory work in the United States, but it certainly is something to listen to in this idiomatic, pungent recording. A libretto is included.

Bob Dylan: John Wesley Harding

Bob Dylan, vocalist, with Charles McCoy, bass; Kenny Buttrey, drums; and Pete Drake, steel guitar; Columbia CS-9604

Bob Dylan's anthology of songs about bad men, good men, and mediocre men strikes me as one of the best he has ever recorded, with a certain unity of theme his records don't always have. The title song, "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," "Drifter's Escape," "I Am a Lonesome Hobo," and most of the others all belong together. "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" bears a familial resemblance to "Joe Hill," and the Dylan brand of rock-folklore works well throughout. But I could have done without the rhapsodic and (to me, at least) completely incomprehensible jacket notes.

Shakespearean Songs and Consort Music

Deller Consort, with Alfred Deller, countertenor; Desmond Dupré, lute; and others; RCA Victor VICS-1266
Unlike Shakespearean music records which draw on the works of later composers, this one sticks to the Elizabethan period. Presumably this is the music that Shakespeare himself heard, including settings of his own verses such as "It Was a Lover and His Lass," "Take, O Take Those Lips Away," and the Willow Song from *Othello*. Lovely music, most of it, by such composers as Morley, Weelkes, and the most prolific of all, Anon. Deller and his colleagues present both the vocal and instrumental pieces with style and affection.

Movement Soul

Live recordings of songs and sayings from the Freedom Movement in the Deep South; ESP-1056

This record is devoted to the drama

of the civil rights movement as it was enacted in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi in 1963 and 1964. It makes no pretense of being dispassionate; in fact, it sticks mostly to the doings of SNCC, that most activist of Negro organizations. Through its songs and its interviews with Negroes telling of repression and attacks, it gives a graphic and gripping sound picture of what it's like to experience and resist conditions in some Southern communities. And it also demonstrates how the civil rights protest is transmuted into songs like "Oh, Freedom" and "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody." ESP-Disk is a small but energetic record company, with headquarters at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Is a Dirty Old Man

Vocal ensemble directed by Norman Luboff, with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Epic BC-1366

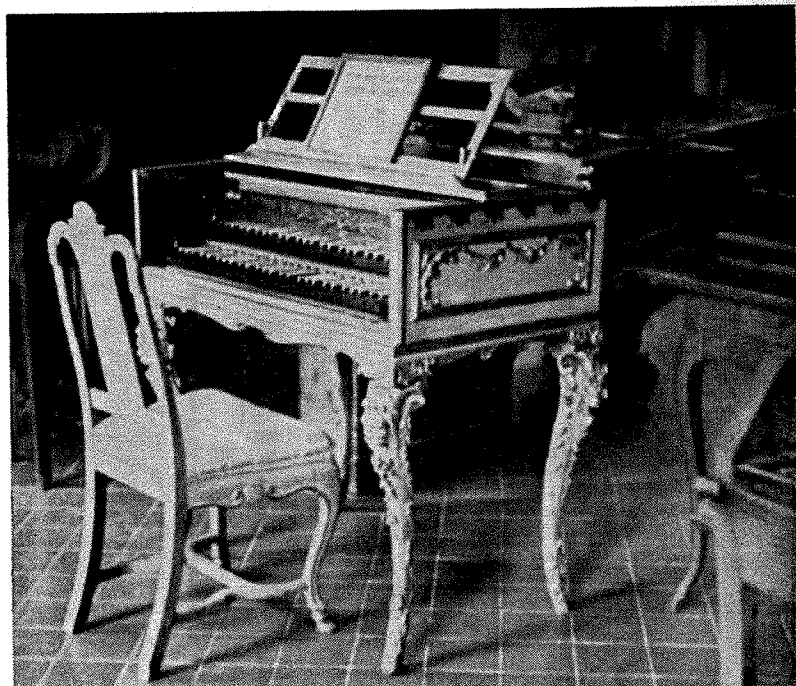
Everyone who has read Mozart's correspondence knows that he and members of his family were fond of crude expressions and dirty jokes, and that he was not above setting these to music to amuse himself and his friends. Unlike Gibbon, who left all his "licentious passages . . . in the decent obscurity of a learned language," the good people at Epic decided to share the wealth by making Mozart's "scatalogical canons and songs" (as they call them) available to all in English. Probably they sound better in their original German, or at least in smoother performances, than they do on this slapdash recording, which never rises above the rather giggly quality imparted by its title.

Jan Peerce Sings Songs From "Fiddler on the Roof" and Ten Classics of Jewish Folk Song

Jan Peerce, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschman; Vanguard VSD-79258

Jan Peerce adds a new dimension to the seemingly inexhaustible *Fiddler on the Roof* by placing it in a context of Yiddish folk tunes carried over from the old country. The *Fiddler* tunes like "Tradition" and "If I Were a Rich Man" (here "When I'll Be a Rothschild") blend beautifully with the old numbers, demonstrating that composer Jerry Bock really caught the idiom in the show. Everything is sung in Yiddish, and Mr. Peerce is in fine fettle.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

The Levant is a part of the ancient world that has been on collision course since about the year One. It is a man's world, which has seen the rise of conquerors, the blaze of empire, and the inevitable disintegration; has seen religions wax to a frenzy, then wane but not expire. Today it is an oil-enriched territory where wealth and skulduggery thrive, the killer and the fanatic do the dirty work, and women are a protected necessity or a piece of the spoils. No better setting exists for a novel of intrigue, and in **THE TOWER OF BABEL** (Morrow, \$5.95) **MORRIS L. WEST** has made the best of it.

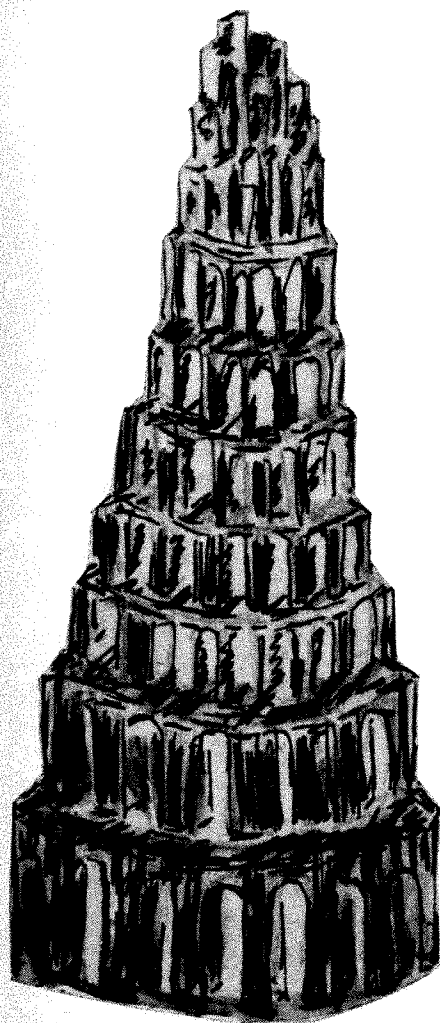
Mr. West knows his way about in the Levant: he knows the fanaticism and greed which ferment in Arab states like Lebanon and Syria, and the desperation and discipline which keep Israel on the alert, and while he plainly favors the Israeli, he can credit aspiration as well as revenge to the sons of the Prophet. He has chosen for his skillfully plotted story the period of sabotage and raiding which led up to the Six-Day War of 1967. It was a time of imbalance throughout the Middle East. The left-wing socialists in Syria were causing the Kuwaitis and the Saudis to wonder about the future of their wealth; Egypt was embroiled in the Yemen and deep in debt to Russia; King Hussein's life was in danger, and Jordan's willingness to pressure Israel was in doubt. Opposed to this Arab "unity" was an Israel in which the day of the trumpets had passed: unemployment was rising, young men were leaving, the shipping was in trouble, and bank failures were impending. Such insecurity breeds apprehension, especially among the Israelis, who must depend on secret agents for the ultimate warning of where and when the Russians will erect missile sites for the Arab League. The spies in this story are what give it excitement and plausibility, and their operations are fascinating to follow.

On the one side is Selim Fathalla, whose Arabic name signifies Gift of God. An inventive man with a quick sense of humor and a quicker temper, Selim runs an import-export business in Damascus, where he is regarded as a bold trader and faithful Muslim; he lives with his mistress in discreet luxury, is trusted by the government, and occasionally entertains friends from the Party and

diplomats from Moscow, Prague, or Sofia who value his backstairs knowledge of Arab politics. But appearances are deceptive, for in fact his real name is Adom Ronen, and he is a Jewish agent. He daily risks his life filing coded radio reports to Tel Aviv, and has been unapprehended for so long that the wife and daughter he left behind in Jerusalem have less claim on him than Emilie, his half-French, half-Syrian secretary, who gives him his interludes of happiness. Selim, his accomplice, the inscrutable Dr. Bitar, and their sources, known only by number, form one team, under the remote control of Brigadier General Jakov Baratz, director of military intelligence at Tel Aviv. The ingenuity and dispatch with which they intercept the Arab plans make for eager reading.

Opposed to them are Idris Jarrah, a killer and gunrunner who is a little too unscrupulous for his own safety, and Omar Safreddin, director of public security in Damascus, a suave, ruthless schemer, fanatically determined that Syria rather than Egypt shall regain the glory of the past. And caught between the pincers are some fat cats like Nuri Chakry, who lives for money and who has built himself a half-solvent empire stretching from Beirut to Paris to Fifth Avenue in his trading with sheikhs, Greek shipowners, and millionaires from Texas. Chakry's golden web will be destroyed if the Arabs lose, but with a gambler's instinct he has cash in hiding, a forged passport, and an escape hatch to South America. His front man, incidentally, is Mark Matheson, an American who is just as venal but not as clever as his boss.

These are the principals, and what they do to each other is for the novelist to relate, which he does surely and with suspense. The contrast between the fleshpots of Beirut and the austerity of Tel Aviv is well drawn, and that there is fierce dedication on both sides we see in the activity of Omar Safreddin in Damascus and Brigadier General Baratz in Israel. The idealism in the midst of all this bellicosity is brought out in two quite pathetic scenes, the first when Dr. Bitar, the Jewish agent, in a fury at Arab incompetence, saves the life of Safreddin's son, and the second at the story's close when the brigadier, grown hard in his vigilance, lonely



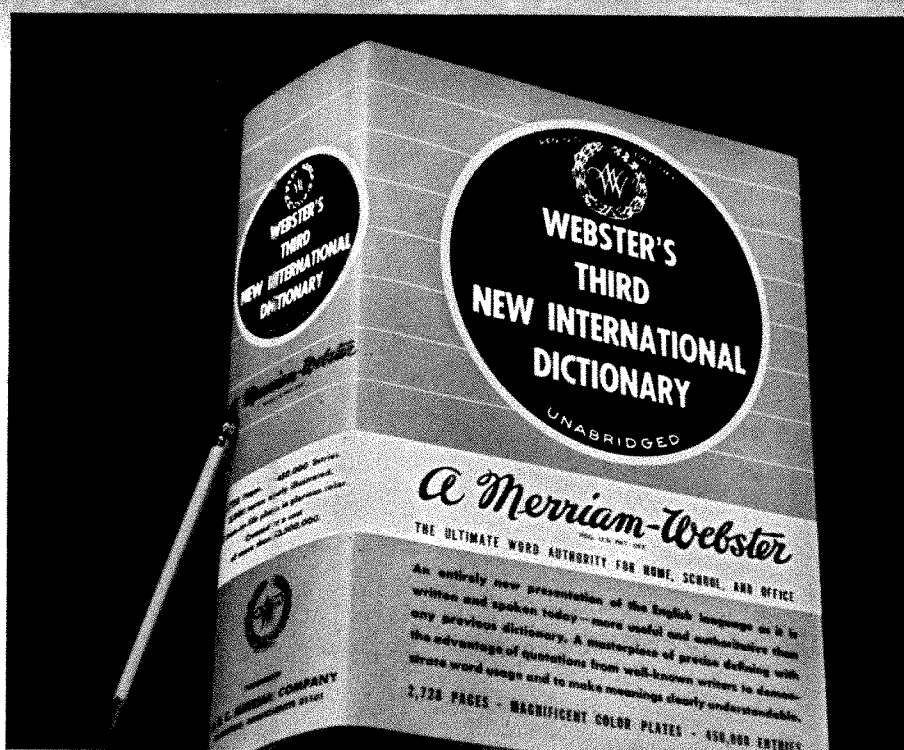
and self-accusing for the insanity of his wife, and now wanting consolation, turns for advice to an old friend. "Can you give me one hope, Franz?" "A very little one," the wise elder replies. "But yet . . . a hope. Which of us can ask more?" The hope for peace hangs by the same slender thread.

Wit's End

It would have been an adventure to have lived close to Harold Ross, the founding editor of the *New Yorker*, for any length of time, and I am grateful to JANE GRANT, Ross's first wife, for lifting the window shade on her partnership with that droll, gifted, and irascible man, as she does in *ROSS, THE NEW YORKER AND ME* (Reynal & Morrow, \$5.95).

Both were Westerners, Ross born in Aspen, Colorado, in 1892, Jane in Kansas. Jane's precocious ability as a singer had earned her a year to study "vocal" in New York City, but before the year was up, she had gravitated to journalism and been hired by Carl Van Anda to write social notes for the *New York Times* at \$10 a week. The staff called her "Fluff," and she had a desk not far from Aleck Woollcott's — "Louisa M. Woollcott," as he was nicknamed by Howard Dietz. She prodded Aleck into taking her to Hamilton College dances, and when he was promoted to dramatic critic, to an occasional first night; Elmer Davis escorted her to the fancy dress at Webster Hall; house seats for the Met came down to her from the great Caruso himself. And she had learned poker and how to defend herself as a lone female long before she was introduced to Harold Ross, managing editor of the soldiers' newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, in Paris in 1918.

There are three periods in this chronicle: Jane's career as reporter and entertainer in a YMCA unit; their homelife at "Wit's End"; and the establishment of the *New Yorker*. Jane's personal warmth fades noticeably after the first. When she and Ross were married in 1920, it was agreed that they would try to live on her earnings — she was being syndicated and selling articles to the *Saturday Evening Post* — saving every penny of Ross's salary for a magazine of his own invention. He had three in mind: a high-class tabloid, a shipping magazine, and last, a weekly about



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life in Manhattan. This was what Jane favored.

It took them five years to raise the capital to launch the *New Yorker*, and during most of that time they lived in a madhouse. With friends they renovated twin houses in a West Side slum known as Hell's Kitchen, one of their partners being Aleck Woollcott, who hated to be alone and whose vanity and intrusion gave the newlyweds no peace. They had a Chinese cook, a Chinese garden, and a huge living room, and to it came many who were to be Ross's early contributors: Benchley, Dorothy Parker, FPA, Marc Connelly, Heywood Broun—the works. When they were alone, there would be five for supper, Sundays there might be thirty extra. The Thanatopsis Poker and Inside Straight Club played through every Saturday night, and Ross when liquored up was likely to lose. In one expensive game at the Swopes' when very tight, he lost a stake equivalent to their initial investment in the *New Yorker*. Wit's End, as their house was named, was to fracture their marriage.

They held together for nine years sharing the uphill triumph of Ross's magazine. At first it seemed doomed—no readers, no ads—but Ross, born with taste and an unerring sense of humor, persisted. Jane, who has a good deal of the masculine in her, tells of this struggle in flat, realistic detail; she does not have James Thurber's ear for comedy, but what Thurber brought to the *New Yorker*, and what brilliance came with Peter Arno, Rea Irwin, Helen Hokinson, and E. B. White, she does appreciate. The price of success was high. Ross in his impatient dedication became impossible to live with: he developed ulcers and she a cancer. Their separation, in which Woollcott played a mischievous, vindictive part, is sad to read. For, as it proved, Ross could be happy with no one else.

The Three Suitors

A new English novelist, **RICHARD JONES**, makes his bow with **THE THREE SUITORS** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.00), a novel in which family secrets and the selfish friction between old and young are delightfully disclosed. The heroine, known familiarly as Mignon, is the widow of Sir Arthur Benson-Williams, a de-

funct British statesman who according to his daughter was a dreadful bore. But his relic, Mignon, now in her late seventies, is a woman whose charm and intuition have improved with age. She lives with her elderly brother, Freddy, in their grandfather's old house in Caeriforshire, stuffed with books, memorabilia, and fine furniture, and the reason she sounds so snappish at the beginning is that she knows the house has been running to wrack and ruin and she hasn't the money to repair it. She won't accept charity and spurns a check of \$1000 offered by the real estate man, who, of course, has designs on selling the place; and her difficulties are compounded by the condescending visit of her nephew Edward, a somewhat pompous don from Oxford, and the imminent arrival of her prickly daughter and grandson from Rhodesia. It is remarkable how swiftly the novelist entraps the reader in the lady's affairs.

Mignon's freedom of action is censored by Freddy, a mild clergyman who writes poems in Welsh suitable for any occasion. Freddy lacks her spirit and intuition, but he serves as a useful sounding board; she can work off her rages on him and end by seeing things in a fairer light. The other censor is Rohama, her husband's illegitimate daughter, a sturdy farming type who has been installed in the cottage, is jealous of her stepmother, and very determined to get her share of the estate.

The estate is almost penniless, until Sir Arthur's papers and his private diary are resurrected and thought to be publishable. The younger members of the family—the resentful daughter from Rhodesia, the Oxford don, and the disagreeable niece in the village—all scoff at the idea: Sir Arthur lived on clichés, they protest, he would search for hours for the predictable thing to say. Nevertheless, down from London in rapid succession come three suitors, each hoping to cash in on Sir Arthur's literary remains: the first a willowy aesthete in his mid-twenties; the second a preposterously vulgar bore representing a newspaper syndicate; and the third an American who proves to be as much of a surprise to Mignon as he is to the reader.

This literary quest reminds me of *The Aspern Papers* by Henry James. The house in its unmarred, out-of-

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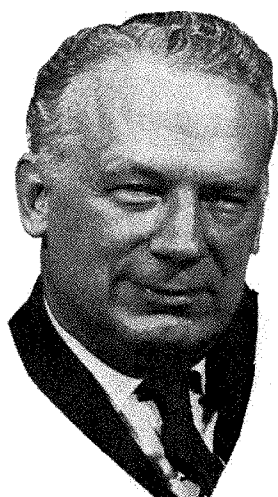
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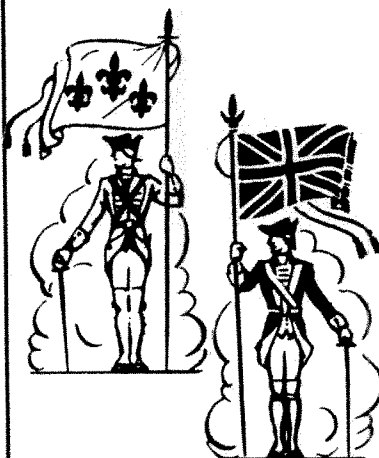
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the-way corner of Wales is picturesque, and the household so full of hilarious conversation and surprising encounters that I envy anyone reading this engaging book for the first time.

Animal society

Any man who writes about wild animals cannot avoid telling us what kind of animal he is. **JEAN-PIERRE HALLET**, the author of **ANIMAL KITABU** (Random House, \$6.95), was born in Louvain, Belgium, in 1927. His father was an artist renowned for his paintings made in the Belgian Congo, and there Jean-Pierre spent six years of his childhood. He fought in the Belgian Resistance, and then in 1948, standing 6'5" and weighing 250 pounds, he went back to live with the African tribesmen. Despite his size he was for eighteen months an adopted brother of the Bambuti Pygmies, and in one skirmish he took a poisoned arrow in the leg but survived the crude Pygmy surgery. He qualified as a member of the Masai tribe by killing a lion with a spear. In Burundi a dynamite explosion

blew off his right hand at the wrist, taking much of his hearing with it. Today his body is a patchwork quilt of "old African scars." During his integration he learned seventeen native dialects, and what is more remarkable, did not carry a gun or even a knife while living at close quarters with killers like the buffalo and the rhino.

Animal Kitab is a series of overlapping animal portraits which blend together to show us the complex animal society of Equatorial Africa — before these great beasts are extinct. I need hardly tell you that Mr. Hallet has a hearty contempt for the average sportsman with his high-powered rifle, as becomes evident in his rating of the Big Five, those animals which are most dangerous to pursue: the Cape buffalo, elephant, rhino, lion, and leopard. According to Mr. Hallet, the leopard is far and away the most intelligent, elusive, and dangerous of these beasts. He cannot "be a good-natured idler like the lion, letting his ladies kill for him and living on the profits like a pimp. He cannot, like the elephant, spend sixteen hours a day in the simple act of

eating and lead a family life that is blatantly bourgeois. . . . And least of all, he cannot be a snorting, dim-witted windbag like the rhino, who rarely knows exactly what he is charging."

Hallet came to know the leopard well during the months he lived with the Pygmies, and he tells us that if a single Pygmy moving through dense brush suddenly comes upon a leopard, he will brandish his little three-foot hunting bow and shout loudly, "Get out of my way, grandfather!", and the leopard will disappear. When Hallet, unarmed, was surprised by a full-grown leopard at a distance of twenty-five feet, he tried the same trick: "Grandfather," he shouted, "get lost!" The leopard vanished into the bush.

But there was one occasion when the shouting did not work. Hallet was on the trail with a party of Bantu tribesmen, and the Bantu, unlike the Pygmy, is in deadly fear of leopards and will run screaming at the animal's approach. On this particular march, the sight of a leopard crouched on a tree branch over the trail panicked the whole procession, and in their flight the next to last of the Bantu was pinned to the ground and raked by the great cat. Weaponless and one-handed, the white man leapt, and by sheer strength spread-eagled the forearms and legs so that the leopard could not claw him. The Bantu were all in the trees, but one of them flung a knife toward him, and as man and cat rolled over and over, Hallet was able to reach for the knife and plunge it in before he was mortally injured. Trader Horn would hardly have dared do a thing like this, much less write about it. But when Jean-Pierre Hallet records it for us, it has every vestige of truth. Incidentally, he tells us that both the leopard and the lion find the smell of man repugnant and that they would much prefer to eat dog meat or a baboon than a sport in Abercrombie & Fitch regalia.

His chapters on the baboons and the chimpanzees are among the most amusing in the book, so closely has he observed their social relations and so respectful is he of their intellect. According to his friends in the Bambuti tribe, "chimpanzees talk as much as people do and make just as much sense . . . chimpanzees are smarter than people, excepting only Pygmies."

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Updike's Yankee Traders by Diana Trilling

At the close of John Updike's novel *Couples* (Knopf, \$6.95) the old Congregational Church of Tarbox, Massachusetts, a South Shore town near Boston, burns down. All of the church is destroyed except the weathercock on the cupola. Since we know the author of *Rabbit, Run* and *The Centaur* to be much given to symbolical writing and because the sexual exertions of the characters in this latest work, though seldom interrupted, are on occasion suspended at least long enough for them to announce their religious emotions or lack of them, we must give this climax of Mr. Updike's book its full symbolical weight. God is dead in Tarbox; the focus of communal hope is sexuality. It is to the rooster that the aspiration of which God was once the object will continue to be directed.

We must understand that this is not the good Laurentian news it may appear to be to the children of Tarbox, who have a school holiday to watch the salvaging of the cock. In their innocence of what the future holds for them, or perhaps in their eagerness to get in on the sexual act from which their parents are so busy hustling them away, the young can celebrate the priapic rite; but we who have made the acquaintance of their mothers and fathers know the dull hell over which the rooster presides. Although it is a morally ambiguous book Mr. Updike has written, its first moral premise is clear enough: sex, if not sinful in itself, is the readiest attribute or recourse of life bereft of spiritual guidance and purpose. The sexuality through which corrupted or diminished spirit announces itself diminishes and corrupts the spirit yet further. In a (very) generous reading, Mr. Updike's new novel is thus possibly to be understood as latter-day Aldous Huxley.

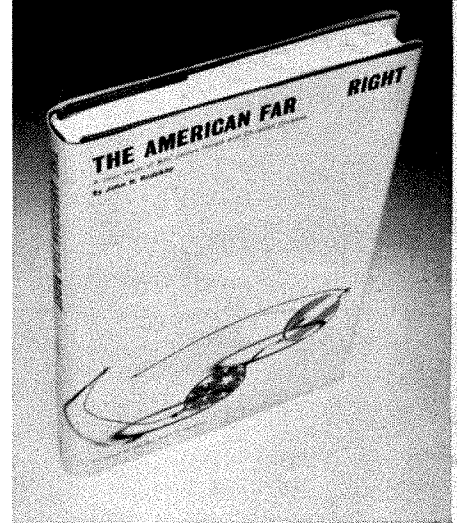
Mr. Updike's book might also be read as, in effect if not in intention, a response to the plea of Norman O. Brown, in *Life Against Death*, that we return to the joyous sexual Eden of our lost infancy; this would of course make it, as well, a response to and rejection of a major tendency in modern culture: its refusal of the Western civilized heritage. In *Life Against Death*, we recall, Mr. Brown

equates civilization with the genital sexuality which, in the Freudian view, constitutes mature sexuality. For our (failed, as he sees it) genital civilization he would substitute the polymorphous-perverse freedom of the pregenital child. There is no great range of perversity in the sexual practices of Mr. Updike's characters — but then, how great is the range of perversity in the human imagination? — but what there is could hardly be more polymorphous, pregenital, infantile. The world that Mr. Updike reports upon ends with neither a bang nor a whimper, but to the sound of grown men and women suckling. What Mr. Updike might therefore be interpreted as saying — and it would be a sufficiently important thing to say, so that one would wish the book were worthy of it — is that the choice with which we are presented is not quite so simple as Mr. Brown would have it: it is not a choice between genitality and pregenitality, maturity or infancy. Mr. Updike's characters move easily between these extremes, their pregenital pleasures as hollow and dreary as the genital pleasures they replace.

The great failure of Mr. Updike's book is that whatever "significance" he may have meant to give it, it has none except such as the reader may himself supply. The fall from grace of his characters, though exhaustively represented, is never shown to be caused by anything. And the connection to be made between our private and our public fates is similarly unexplained. Although Mr. Updike sets his story against a background of public events in the early sixties — Kennedy's Administration and death; the beginnings of the Vietnam War — these historical circumstances have only a decorative function. We recognize them as the fashionable trappings of all contemporary fiction that pretends to big meanings.

With nice economy the book is called *Couples*. It would have been more precise to have called it *Coupling*, for although everyone in the novel is married, it is difficult to keep it in mind who, at any moment in the story, is a couple with whom. Piet, the chief detonator of the sexual passions of Tarbox, and, in a misleading way, the protagonist of the novel — at least it is in his poor consciousness that much of the author's own consciousness is

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made to reside—is married to Angela, but goes to bed with, if memory serves me right, Georgene, Foxy, Carol, and Bea; Marcia is married to Harold, but goes to bed with Frank and Janet; Carol is married to Eddie, but goes to bed not only with Piet but also with Roger and Bea, or is it Ben and Irene; Bea is married to Roger, but goes to bed with Piet and also with . . . No, I admit defeat: there are twenty characters in *Couples* whose sexual divagations we are asked to follow; the possible permutations, homosexual and heterosexual, tax my mathematics. Suffice it to say that compared with what goes on in Tarbox, Mass., the daisy chains in the novels of Iris Murdoch are little English noseays.

How these people find the time for their compulsive bed-hoppings is a minor entertainment of Mr. Updike's novel. One gathers that copulation, or the strategies and manipulations or substitutes thereof, are all that time intends, demands, or contains for the residents of Tarbox; also, by implication, for the rest of America, or a representative part of it. There is a touch—but the merest touch: it reaches us more as impulse than as achievement—of John O'Hara in *Couples*: Mr. Updike has a certain interest in the structure of American society. The segment of America he puts under inspection includes, naturally, a pair of Jews; in the contemporary spirit, also a pair of Asians. And in ancestry the people Mr. Updike writes about are schematically representative of our national variousness. They are not middle-class but upper-middle-class Americans. What separates the two, according to Mr. Updike—and one is not disposed to argue with him—is education. A major concern of both the men and the women in *Couples* is whether or not they graduated from college. It is in dealing with the social trauma consequent upon the lack of a “degree” that Mr. Updike makes the kind of mistake O'Hara would never make—we learn, for instance, that Piet, who left college on the death of his parents, had to be taught to use a fork by his college-graduate wife. Class superiority is nevertheless Piet's by association with his better-certified friends, from whom he apparently picked up his knowledge of French, Shakespeare, and modern art, not to mention a wit which in its

literacy, speed, and barb is on the way to being a match for that of Albee's history professor in *Virginia Woolf*. Here Mr. Updike is of course an accurate social observer: along with the pill, humor is the article most conspicuously consumed in our expanding economy.

None of the upper-middle-class men of Tarbox are leisured or, with one exception, rich. They have professions or occupations by which they earn their livings: Piet is a local builder, Eddie a pilot; Harold and Frank are brokers in Boston, Freddy is a local dentist, Ben and Ong and Ken are research scientists. The shoptalk of these toilers in the American vineyards carries about as much conviction as the shoptalk of artists or composers in movies, which is to say that the more substantive it tries to be, the more it demonstrates how little our literary people actually know or care about the world's work. No matter. In the several years covered by the story, only two of the men lose their jobs, and these not, as we would expect, for gross neglect of duty while in pursuit of more urgent goals. As to the good wives of Tarbox, boastfully servantless, they have a genius for domestic efficiency any female reader might envy, for these are women who, so infrequently upright, can yet manage—we must suppose—to clean, market, cook, wash, tend their children, and even assist in nursery school. One would have thought that just the making of their constantly tumbled beds and the laundering of such bundles of soiled sheets would scarcely leave them time to zip the baby into a snowsuit.

But it is wrong to regard *Couples* as a novel of social realism, to give one's attention to its sociology, to pause over the disposition of the time or the energies unspent in sex of Mr. Updike's characters. The evidence is sufficiently firm that Mr. Updike intended this as a novel not of manners but of morals, and a moralistic novel of morals at that. He means to show us the dark void we build for ourselves, or already inhabit, when lust is the builder. The novel of morals being a serious branch of fiction, the question is whether Mr. Updike has succeeded in giving us a serious book or whether, in final substance, the product of his moral effort is distinguishable from fancied-up pornography.

There has been much, even aca-

demic, writing about pornography in recent years. If we examine the criteria determined upon in these studies, we see that *Couples* meets many of the specifications for pornography: it has the obsessiveness, the repetitiveness, the overtiness, the infantilism, the tediousness that differentiate pornographic writing from other fictional work which may deal extensively, or even primarily, with sex.

Two elements are present, however, in Mr. Updike's novel that are said to be missing, typically, from the pornographic novel. Emotions other than those of merely physical gratification are experienced by Mr. Updike's characters. They make, or would wish to make, *love* in their acts of lovemaking. The mating is of persons, however deficient or uninteresting, rather than of bodies. And there is also some degree of resolution in their lives as an outcome of their sexual enterprises, which is not the case in pornography. Eventually the wheel on which these people are turning slows down. A change of pace, if not the abandonment of the sexual preoccupation, is accomplished. It is these elements in Mr. Updike's book, much more than its larding of social or even political detail, that put it in a category of fiction where it must be judged, not for its powers of titillation or excitement—these are, I am afraid, small—but for its powers of insight, thought, feeling, persuasion. And judged so, *Couples* is about as sodden a performance, both as a work of the imagination and as prose, as could come from an ambitious writer already established in the ranks of our talented younger novelists.

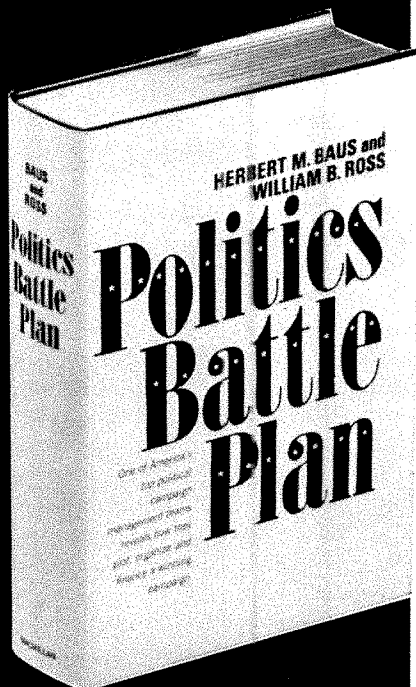
I can think of no other novel, even in these years of our sexual freedom, as sexually explicit in its language as Mr. Updike's, as direct in its sexual reporting, as abundant in its sexual activities, and as fondly devoted to recounting them. But to what purpose? I have proposed Mr. Updike's possible place in the Huxleyan line of moralists, but surely the point about Aldous Huxley was that he regarded our sexual behavior as only one, if perhaps the most obvious, unhappy condition of a civilization to which he opposed himself. A single cogent scene in *Eyeless in Gaza*, say, made all the statement that book required of the death-in-life we can contrive for ourselves by our sexual conduct

— it is the scene in which a dog falls from an airplane and splashes on a roof where a couple are making love. Such economy was made possible, even necessary, by Huxley's gifted awareness of the complexities in which our sexual attitudes are engendered. More than his puritanical aversion from the body, deep as that was, commanded his intelligence.

The sexual redundancies of Mr. Updike's book get us no farther than, indeed nowhere as far as, Huxley's scene on the roof. They leave us no room for an imagination of the world from which sex is assumed to offer escape. Whatever his references to current politics, the range of Mr. Updike's vision of society is no wider, actually, than the beds he explores. His own eye and mind, like ours following his lead, stay pinned on the troubling organs from whose tyranny Mr. Updike presumably would rescue us. Even the fact that his matings are undertaken not simply in lust, but in desperate search for human connection is of no account: the human needs which produce the incessant itch from which Mr. Updike's characters suffer are, so to speak, lost in the scratching. One does not have to suppose that Mr. Updike intended a pornographic work, one does not have to measure the full betrayal of such purpose as *Couples* may have had in its inception, to conclude that his novel as a book of life (to borrow a term of D. H. Lawrence's) does not rise much above pornography.

Nor is it lifted by its prose. Mr. Updike is always overelaborate with words. But at least in *Rabbit, Run* his worst verbal extravagances could not blind us to his extraordinary capacities as a literary workman: his ability to construct on paper. In *Couples*, where style is in the service of communicating sensations of body and mind — body-and-mind, I mean — which have been either avoided by earlier writers for reasons of taste (or censorship) or else enough investigated by writers intent on extending the frontiers of sexual permissiveness in literature, Mr. Updike is tempted to a new verbal excess, often to the point of nonsense. This much sexual literalness together with this much verbal debauchery makes a wearying combination, as wearying as the combination of sexual debauchery and verbal literalness in conventional pornography.

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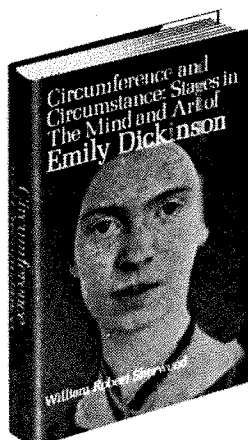
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



The concept of the underdeveloped society has acquired such general currency in the past twenty years that an inquiry into its meaning has rarely seemed necessary. In a vague way the term applies to the countries outside Europe, North America, and Japan which have not passed through the process of industrialization. Brazil, Egypt, India, and Liberia have thus been called underdeveloped. Two significant assumptions are basic to the concept: first, that these countries in due course will be industrialized; and second, that their economic situation gives them significant common characteristics. A good part of the world's social policy in the last quarter century has rested upon these beliefs.

They should long since have been challenged, for they conceal an unwillingness or inability to deal with the situation created since 1945 by the liquidation of imperialism. The success of movements for national independence after 1945 coincided with the onset of the cold war and touched off a competition for the loyalty of the uncommitted states. Aid became an instrument for winning that loyalty, and development was the justification for aid. Significantly, Marxist and capitalist theory were in agreement on the prospective evolution of the contested areas. Since economic forces were regarded as decisive, all countries were presumed to follow the same course of development. The

fact that some were behind others was due to a time lag in industrialization and would be corrected by an inflow of capital. Hence aid to the underdeveloped.

The very uneven results of two decades of experience have already raised questions about these propositions, and nowhere are the problems more important than in Asia. Altogether apart from the present crisis in Vietnam, the fate of that continent will have a profound bearing upon the world's future.

GUNNAR MYRDAL'S ASIAN DRAMA: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POVERTY OF NATIONS (Twentieth Century Fund, 3 volumes, \$25.00; Pantheon, paper, \$8.50) assembles a mass of material that challenges the whole concept of development. This study, which is the product of ten years of research sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund, may prove as significant in its own way as *An American Dilemma*. Myrdal has examined the course of modernization in Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos — which he loosely regards as parts of a single region. The pages of this long work, tightly packed with facts bearing upon every phase of the productive systems he treats, contain a somber assessment of past achievements and deliver a sober warning about the future.

Agriculture remains overwhelmingly important in the economy of the region, and the level of output is low. As a result, the inflow of capital from abroad has not really improved the foreign-exchange situation. Industrialization alone is not likely to raise the level of economic activity; nor will it absorb the annual increase in the labor force. The rapid expansion of population cannot be halted swiftly. For the next generation, "government action, no matter how vigorous, determined, and concerted, could do very little, if anything, to hold in check the powerful social forces propelling" population growth. The prospects are grim.

Myrdal's analysis is informed by an understanding of the inadequacies of previous theories of underdevelopment which treated the productive system in isolation. Modernization, he argues, aims at raising the levels of production and the standard of living through rationality and planning. It therefore requires new in-

stitutions and attitudes shaped by governmental decisions. Hence "economic problems cannot be studied in isolation, but only in their demographic, social, and political setting." Asia's poverty is not the simple result of a lack of capital; it emanates from irrational attitudes and anachronistic situations which stand in the way of progress.

The study devotes a good deal of attention to politics and education. The independence movements bestowed power on relatively small elite groups which were committed to modernization and planning. These people, who were "only a minute upper stratum in the total population," wished to "deal with their own countries' problems in terms as similar as possible to those of the countries by whose culture" they were influenced. Assuming that their development would follow the patterns of the West, they only slowly discovered the requirements of their own situation. Often they were out of touch with the masses and therefore neither required much from the people nor did much to develop social discipline.

Education, like health, is a means of improving the quality of the population. Yet the educational system has remained much as it was at the end of the colonial period. Colleges and secondary schools serving the urban middle class have expanded more rapidly than primary or vocational schools which might have altered the attitudes and improved the skills of the masses.

More specific insights on specific problems are scattered through the volumes. Myrdal argues for the preservation of village crafts and small-scale urban enterprises even at the cost of a slowdown in industrialization. He is dubious about the value of land reform that will reduce the size of holdings and suggests that there may be merit in large-scale agriculture operated with wage labor. In both respects, his recommendations run counter to accepted opinion. He is also sensible on the problems of democratic planning and on corruption.

The shortcomings of Myrdal's treatment arise from the limitations of a study which altered its focus in midcourse, shifting its sights from the economy to the whole social context. As a result, the definition of the frontiers of the new states receives excessive attention while

other aspects of their politics are neglected. There is a general awareness of the importance of religious factors, but little effort to probe the connection to the productive system of Catholicism in the Philippines, Islam in Indonesia, or Buddhism in Ceylon. The opportunities for social mobility are crucial to the effective utilization of manpower, yet the subject receives no systematic analysis. Nevertheless, as in *An American Dilemma*, Myrdal's contribution lies not merely in the conclusions he reaches but also in the neglected questions he reveals. *Asian Drama* is, like its predecessor, a major work. One can only wish that its message will be heeded.

Eighteenth-century revolution

In the West, modern society originated in the revolutions of the eighteenth century. The transformation of industry followed forms then developed in Britain; politics faced challenges touched off by the rebellion of the American colonies.

The second volume of JAMES T. FLEXNER'S *GEORGE WASHINGTON* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$10.00) covers the years from 1775 to 1783 and thus takes the Virginian through the events of the American Revolution. Military affairs occupy much of the book, as they did Washington's attention. Flexner has mastered the details of these operations and explains them clearly. His judgments are judicious and balanced, and his prose is free of the florid character that too often inflates the writing about the battles of the eighteenth century.

Yet the Revolution was more than a war and Washington was more than a general, so that Flexner, like his subject, must touch on political and ideological issues also. The emphasis is upon wartime deeds and emotions. But this was a conflict fought for a cause and one from which a nation grew. Washington was never really a military man, and he was fully aware of the importance of a unified public opinion in securing victory.

His path through the Revolution was studded with mistakes, indiscretions, personal hatreds, boredom, resentments, lies, exaggerated complaints, and a great deal of personal misery. It is the virtue of Flexner's book that it tells the full story, without concealment, and in doing so

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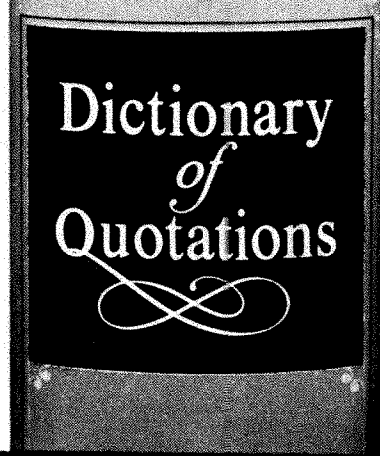
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reveals the true greatness of an agrarian gentleman who was able to achieve a balance of opposing stresses among his countrymen and not only win the war but also set the stage for a happy peace.

Flexner does not, however, fully answer the question he raises about Washington's crucial post-war decision, one which set this revolution apart from any other. The decision to retire, to pursue a republican way, was not one forced upon the commander. Indeed, in 1783 he had the opportunity to aggrandize his power by leading the army in justified defiance of Congress. He refused in a dramatic scene, partly because to have done otherwise offended his sense of personal integrity. But the decision also arose from the very nature of the cause for which he fought. His view of the Revolution demanded a commitment to legality, and he would therefore condone no departure from lawful procedures even to increase his own power.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO in **THE TWO FRENCH REVOLUTIONS** (Basic Books, \$5.95) establishes the contrast between events in Europe and America. Ferrero was a liberal Italian historian, a foe of fascism, who lived the last ten years of his life in exile. He had originally been a student of the ancient world, but his own experience drew his attention to the development of Europe after the French Revolution. In a notable trilogy he traced the modern history of the continent, seeking to understand the forces that turned the liberating impulses of revolution into the justifications for dictatorship.

The Two French Revolutions, translated from the French by Samuel J. Hurwitz, is a prologue to the larger work. It seeks in the events in France between 1789 and 1796 a clue to the forces that worked themselves out in European history during the century that followed. Ferrero argues that there were two, not one, French revolutions, which therein differed from the American Revolution. The second French revolution, in 1793, altogether destroyed legitimate authority, the silken threads that hold men together in human interrelationships and permit a normal society to function. As a result, those who seized power after 1793 had to resort to the iron bonds of dictatorship and ruled by force, fear, and fraud. Periodic reigns of terror

punctuated the operations of government. The inability to escape that second revolution was momentous for Europe, just as freedom from it was decisive for the United States.

The divergencies in their history accounted in the past for the differences between the Old World and the New. **THE BOURGEOIS: CATHOLICISM VS. CAPITALISM IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95) by **BERNARD GROETHUYSEN** treats a subject with a significant bearing upon the old regime, the revolution destroyed. This subtle study, made available in English forty years after its original publication, examines the relationship between the intellectual and the social development of the middle class which would make the first French Revolution and would be disoriented by the second.

Groethuysen's argument focuses on the relations of church and society. A skillful analysis of religious attitudes shows that the developing bourgeois hostility to the church early in the eighteenth century expressed the viewpoint of a class anxious to assert itself. But as the respectable citizens established their place in society, they grew more cautious in their criticism and even began to discover virtues in the clergy. The shift in viewpoint owed something to the dawning perception that the church might play a useful role in maintaining social order among the masses from whom the bourgeois differentiated themselves.

These bourgeois types are the central characters in **SIR GAVIN DE BEER'S EDWARD GIBBON AND HIS WORLD** (Viking, \$6.95). This is a straightforward account of the great Enlightenment historian. There are few novelties in the text; the great value of the book lies in its remarkable illustrations, which bring to life the eighteenth-century world of England and the Continent.

Gibbon was born in 1737, five years after Washington, and died in 1794, while the outcome of the French Revolution was still unclear. At a young age he devoted himself to the methods of rational inquiry, and much of the repute of his great work derived from its boldness in treating the rise of Christianity as a secular event. Perhaps his decision to live much of his life in Lausanne also revealed his regard for regularity and order — eminently the virtues of the Swiss townspeople

which also attracted Voltaire and Rousseau.

Yet Gibbon regarded the course of the French Revolution with horror. The events in Paris seemed to him an ominous prelude to a new uprising of the barbarians as threatening to modern civilization as that which he had traced in the destruction of Rome. He could not understand the aspirations of the masses who were not, strictly speaking, part of his world.

No such gulf divided Washington from the Americans of his time, and there was, therefore, only one revolution in the New World.

Writers in love

The author who makes one of the central characters of his novel a writer thereby acquires an additional voice. Not only can he comment on the action from his own external position, but he can also insinuate his judgments by way of the reflected observations of his fictional writer. The use made of this extra perspective, however, depends upon the attitude toward the novel as well as toward the people in it. Two recent stories — one French and the other Japanese — show the variety of services to which the device can be put.

JOSÉ CABANIS' THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE (Coward-McCann, \$4.00) is the more imaginative work. A middle-aged novelist has abruptly terminated a long and unsatisfying love affair. Unwilling to force a confrontation with the girl for fear that his resolve would weaken, he has put her on a plane and has then ended the relationship with a letter.

Now he withdraws to the country, where he intends to compose a long historical novel about the Napoleonic wars, after the fashion, he hopes, of *War and Peace*. But as he tries to write, his mind wanders back to Gabrielle, who has left him and whom he has dismissed. Gradually he retraces the course of the liaison to its origins, all the while trying to organize the materials for his novel, which he never finishes. The long introspective effort draws his thoughts back to childhood, to recollections of his mother, and to a flash of self-discovery.

Cabanis thus uses his character's attempt at writing as a means of understanding the human heart. The story is told through a succession of

delicate probes into memory which subtly expose the emotional sources of the protagonist's behavior. The controlled lyricism of the tightly written sentences creates a setting partway between dream and actuality, one in which it is credible that the process of seeking words for a novel should reveal disquieting memories.

An aging novelist scarred by love is also the central character of **YUKIO MISHIMA'S FORBIDDEN COLORS** (Knopf, \$6.95). Shunsuké Hinoki, a successful author, had known only betrayal from the various women who passed through his life. He could hardly have been surprised, therefore, to find the girl he pursued to a resort on the Izu Peninsula sharing the room of a handsome male friend. Nor was Shunsuké very surprised when Yuichi, the perfect youth, privately confessed that he could love only men.

The encounter gives Shunsuké the opportunity to avenge himself on all the women who had injured him. He encourages Yuichi to marry the girl and then guides the young man through a dreary succession of ambidextrous adventures. The idyllic homosexual experiences alternate with the dealings with tawdry, grasping females. Yuichi is so beautiful that no one of either sex can resist him, so cool that he can turn passion on and off at will, and so malleable that he lends himself to Shunsuké's plots with hardly a scruple.

Mishima is the author of a dozen novels, popular at home, translated into foreign languages and adapted for the movies and for television. He knows what he is doing; the silly elements of the plot are there deliberately and serve a purpose. Shunsuké, who guides Yuichi as he does the characters in his books, expresses his own and Mishima's view of fiction. A novelist "is a genius at stirring up someone else's passion." The writer does not feel; he peeks in on the feelings of others. "The unhappiness of other people when viewed through a window is more beautiful than when viewed from within."

This is Mishima's method as it is that in a good deal of contemporary fiction. The characters are contrived, the emotions regarded externally, the more easily to manipulate them. The novel is dense with realistic detail. But the precision

of the furniture in a doll's house does not bring the puppets to life. And by making the writer Shunsuké pivotal to the action, Mishima gives his own game away.

HUAC

WALTER GOODMAN'S THE COMMITTEE (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.00) is the best single account of the troubled labors of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It rests on careful research, is clearly written, and is balanced in its judgments—the last no mean achievement when dealing with this nettlesome subject.

HUAC sprang thirty years ago from widespread fears lest conspiracies from the left and the right subvert the American system of government. At the start it drew the support of well-intentioned legislators anxious about the extent to which Nazis and Communists were the tools of foreign states. But Martin Dies and some of his successors at the head of the Committee also sought to turn its investigative machinery against the New Deal and other liberal movements. The

Committee then lent itself to a succession of unsavory expeditions against those who did not concur in its own view of true Americanism. Goodman provides an excellent analysis of these unfortunate and sometimes dangerous forays.

But he goes beyond a mere rehearsal of the misdeeds of the Committee. He understands that the "Committee's Americanism runs deep," for "this is not the land exclusively of Lincoln and Jefferson." Strong currents of unease have kept the Committee alive, entirely apart from the occasional freebooters who attempted to further their own careers by it or from conservatives who wished it to fight any kind of change. Goodman understands too the weakness of the dogmatic liberals who refused to concede that any problem of subversion existed. A first-rate account of the Hiss case, for instance, shows the connection between liberal intransigence and the subsequent rise of McCarthyism. At the moment, despite foreign and domestic crises, repressive instincts seem subdued. This book is a useful reminder of what is needed to keep them under control.

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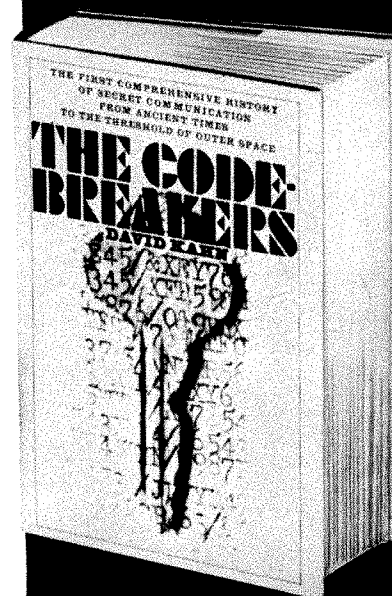
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Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



THE PLEASURE FACTORY (John Day, \$4.95) is the latest work of **VALERIY TARSIS**, the Russian novelist whose criticism of Communist bureaucracy in *The Blue Bottle* got him a hitch in a mental hospital. Released but unsubdued, he wrote *Ward 7*, an equally testy complaint. The authorities responded by letting him out of the country and revoking his citizenship once he was over the frontier. Equating Western Europe with Siberia is distinctly novel mathematics, and for stimulating the Soviet government to such uncharacteristic reasoning, Mr. Tarsis deserves respect regardless of what one may think of his novels. They are, in fact, a good deal better as polemic than as fiction. *The Pleasure Factory* describes goings-on at a Black Sea vacation town among a bunch of people who, thanks to the repressive stupidity of the Soviet system, all end up losers, whether they start as dedicated Party members or wily wheeler-dealers. Trou-

ble is, they all look like losers under any system.

AGNES DE MILLE explains the origin and development of a ballet in **LIZZIE BORDEN: A DANCE OF DEATH** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95), and the process proves to be more complicated than one would expect. The ballet was, of course, *Fall River Legend* (billed in Russia, to the choreographer's helpless exasperation, as *Autumn River Legend*), and Miss de Mille admits to some doubt that it is a proper ballet at all, for she worked so closely with the musical composer and the set designer that the finished production fused all their ideas and could not be, so to speak, dismantled into separate elements. Perhaps it was theater of mixed means a few years ahead of the term. Miss de Mille ultimately became so hooked on Lizzie that she prowled around Fall River, studying the murder like any other Borden buff. Her report on Fall River, past and present, and her account of the uncertainties, tantrums, and obstructions involved in creating the ballet are equally interesting. The faint note of martyrdom in her prose is forgivable. It appears that getting a ballet on stage really is hell and disaster.

THE IMPOSSIBLE PROOF (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95) by the German author **HANS ERICH NOS-SACK** is a novel with only one character. He is a versatile character, however, who takes five different forms, being accused, judge, spectators, and both lawyers at a hearing, which takes place in his own insomniac head, concerning the disappearance of his wife. Fear and loneliness are the problems the author explores without, in fact, discovering anything new about

them. The interest of the book, and it is a considerable interest, arises from the ingenuity and austerity with which the author constructs new metaphors for a trite theme.

The Comprehensive Edition of **THE TIMES ATLAS OF THE WORLD** (Houghton Mifflin, \$45.00) is a one-volume version of the five-volume Mid-Century Edition. It has been sensibly condensed in some areas and sensibly expanded in others (maps of the moon, in case anyone wants to see where all that money has landed), and includes information on mineral resources, major crops, and waterpower. It is a good, useful book and weighs half a ton. The foreword claims legibility, accuracy, modernity, and durability, and the last three claims are justified. As for the first, this atlas is as legible as any map that reduces over 300 miles to around 20 inches, running across the gutter on the way.

MARIE WAIFE-GOLDBERG has produced an unpretentious, informative, bittersweet family memoir in **MY FATHER, SHOLEM ALEICHEM** (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50). Mrs. Waife-Goldberg tells a great deal about Jewish life in Russia at the turn of the century, some of it quite surprising, and something of publishing methods everywhere, all of it horrifying. The book is totally unfashionable in that the author recalls nothing but good of both her parents, who seem to have been the nicest people on earth in spite of constant persecution by publishers and pogroms.

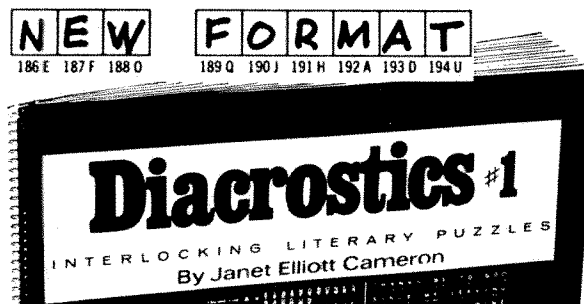
The odd friends and hangers-on of Algernon Swinburne and Oscar Wilde are collected and displayed in **FEASTING WITH PANTHERS** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.50) by **RUPERT CROFT-COOKE**. Mr. Croft-Cooke takes the mildly unorthodox view that these people were no odder than many others, and not half as wicked as they themselves liked to believe, and he supports the claim with much amusing detail. When he seriously argues the influence of the Wilde debacle of 1895 on literature in general, Mr. Croft-Cooke brings in the wrong evidence (Kipling and Haggard were going strong in the late eighties, and Stevenson died in 1894), but on the misadventures of a couple of transvestites who rattled around London calling themselves Stella and Fanny, he is pure joy.

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THE *Atlantic*

May 1968, 75 cents

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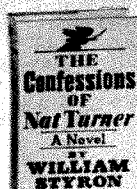
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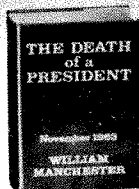
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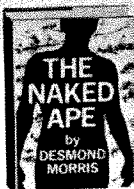
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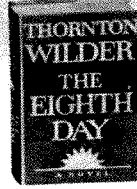
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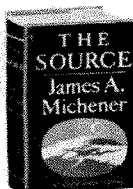
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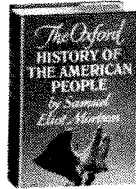
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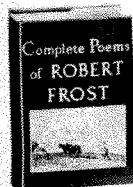
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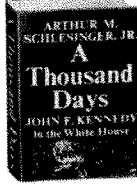
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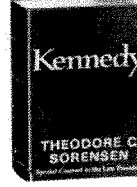
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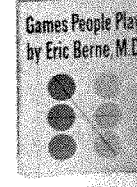
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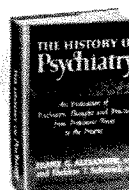
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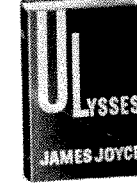
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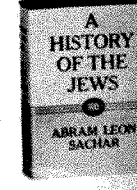
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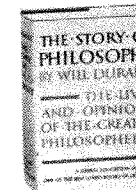
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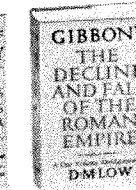
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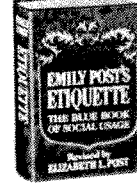
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How good is instinct for invest

Report



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handle them."**

QUESTION: You've been thinking that common stocks might help take care of your future. One day, a friend offers to let you in on a "great deal," but you have to act fast. Would you do it?

ANSWER: The "rush" sign is your cue to pause and think it through. Does the stock complement your investment goal?

For instance, a second income from dividends might be best for you. (Take its dividend record into account.) Or perhaps your goal is to give your money a chance to grow with the economy. (Ask a registered representative with a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange for his opinion of the company's prospects.) Perhaps you're mainly interested in preserving your capital over the long term, plus a good, steady interest payment. (You might look at high grade bonds.)

There's a risk in any investment. Ask a registered representative in a member firm of the Exchange to help you reason out an investment program that's sensible for you.

QUESTION: You think a certain stock has possibilities for growth. You decide to buy some. If you use your emergency fund, you could buy more. Would you do it?

ANSWER: Smart investors don't invest money they'll need for living expenses and emergencies. Don't turn a reasonable risk into a foolish one by overextending yourself.

QUESTION: Your wife agrees investing is a great way of providing for the future. She's a practical woman so she feels you should get facts before you act. Your impulse is to buy right away before the price goes up. Would you follow your impulse?

ANSWER: Smart wife. Take the time to get facts before making up your mind. Ask a member firm broker about the company's earnings, dividends, position in its industry. Generally

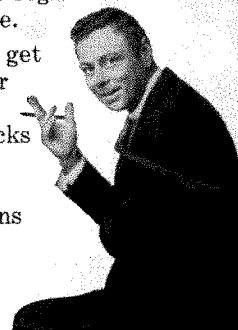
speaking, there is more information available about stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Timing is important, as well. What you decide to buy and when should also be considered in the light of current prices and market conditions as well as your own circumstances.

QUESTION: "What difference does it make which broker I use?" you ask. Would you let it go at that and use the first one you come across?

ANSWER: Don't let it go "at that." One way to find a broker is to consider a member firm of the Exchange. Member firm brokers had to meet Exchange requirements when they became registered to serve the public. They work at it full time.

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Washington



"You are as aware as we are that the shift of opinion in this country is in the wrong direction."

— Senator Karl Mundt (R, S. Dak.) to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, March 12, 1968

To most people distressed about the course of American policy in Vietnam since 1964, it had seemed sadly but inescapably true that Lyndon Johnson, offering tributes to the magnitude and virtues of "American strength" at a military base, did after all speak for America.

This would probably have been an inaccurate reading of the electorate weeks before the New Hampshire primary, and months before LBJ's decision not to seek re-election. A band of states stretching across the Northwest and North Central boundaries of the republic has sent to the United States Senate

a collection of supporters of the late Great Society who also make up the rank and file (and some of the leadership) of the Senate's anti-war bloc. Reading from west to east and north to south, a list of these Westerners and Midwesterners would run like this: Gruening of Alaska, Morse and Hatfield of Oregon, Church of Idaho, Mansfield and Metcalf of Montana, Burdick of North Dakota, McGovern of South Dakota, McCarthy of Minnesota, Nelson of Wisconsin, Hartke of Indiana, Young of Ohio. Five of them are up for re-election this year: Gruening, Morse, Church, McGovern, and Nelson, Democrats all. Also up are Democrats Fulbright of Arkansas and Clark of Pennsylvania, who would appear on any master list of the Senate's war critics. Republican Morton of Kentucky is retiring.

Senate rebels

Six months ago, none of the five Western and Midwestern senators' prospects were bright. The primaries, and the political upheaval they wrought, have told their story of what has happened to support for the war since the Tet offensive. A less publicized version of the same story is indicated by the fact that the anti-war senatorial candidates in the West and Midwest are for the first time optimistic about their chances at the polls. Thus, in part, the alarm in the view expressed by Karl Mundt (stalwart conservative) to Dean Rusk.

What and whom do these anti-war senators represent in 1968? The question is complicated by geography, history, and the Administration, which would have you believe that Morse et al. are just the dressed-up ghosts of the pre-war isolationists,

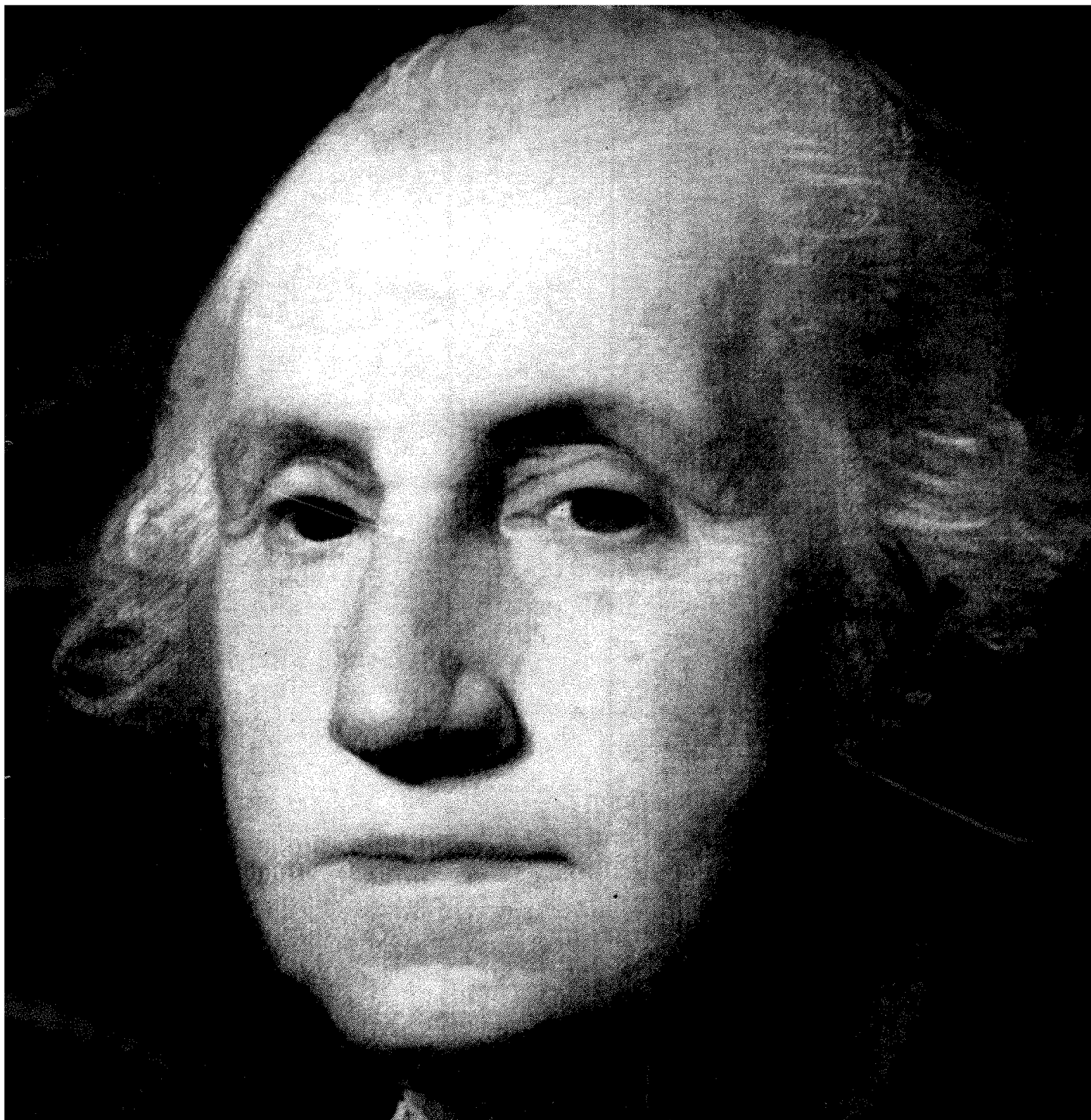
popular with the liberal intellectuals who understand fashion but not power, soft on Mao as others were blind to Hitler.

In fact, these men do represent the region which from William Jennings Bryan's day to World War II sent to Washington the most progressive, independent, and controversial politicians of the era. Much of the economic regulation and social legislation of Wilson's and FDR's Administrations was first offered in Congress by an avant-garde of men like the Robert La Follettes, father and son, of Wisconsin, William Borah of Idaho, Burton Wheeler of Montana, and George Norris of Nebraska. Some of them — especially Wheeler, Borah, and Gerald Nye of North Dakota — led the fight against American entry into World War II, and it is indeed to the blindness of their isolationism that the President and others have tried to link what they call the "new isolationism" of the Senate doves.

There are in fact as many ambiguities in the alleged "isolationism" of Frank Church of Idaho or Wayne Morse of Oregon as there are in the "internationalism" of Lyndon Johnson. These ambiguities are as important as those which surface in public opinion polls depending on how the question is put: this whopping percentage against American troop commitments to Vietnam or in favor of a phase-out is followed by that whopping percentage in favor of more aggressive prosecution of the war.

The West and the war

How, for example, does one explain the case of George McGovern in South Dakota? At forty-five, he has been a history professor, a congressman, and director of the Food



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2. Now honestly say:
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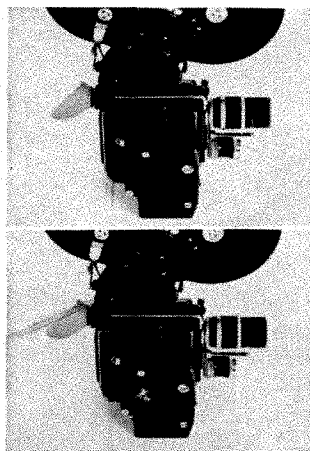
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Washington

for Peace Program under Kennedy. He is a New Frontier and Great Society liberal, and with Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, and Nelson he is one of the most unqualifiedly anti-war men in the Senate. He was elected by a fraction of a percentage in 1962 in a state which is registered Republican by two to one. Nixon easily carried it in 1960, though Johnson took it four years ago. In February, according to the reliable South Dakota poll, the only Republican the President could have beaten was Reagan. Rockefeller would have carried the state against LBJ, 56 to 25 percent; Nixon would have carried it with 51 percent to Johnson's 35. But McGovern would poll 70 percent against 27 percent for his nearest Republican opponent. Given the state's Republicanism, this can only mean that whatever South Dakota Republicans think of Rockefeller, Nixon, or Reagan, many of them like dove McGovern.

Doubting center

Says McGovern, "It's hard to define what people think about the war — they would like not to think about it at all. There's no question but that the Tet offensive shocked a number of people who have gone along with the Administration, sharing its optimism and suppressing doubts. People will come up to me to commend my stand and say nothing more specific than, 'Well, this Vietnam thing, I don't know . . . I think it's good you're standing up, asking questions, having it out. I don't trust this Johnson.'" Translation, according to McGovern: if the war gets bigger, these voters of the "doubting center" will probably go along with escalation, but they will want out all the more. They are more inclined than ever to doubt the possibility of "victory." They will tolerate and listen to the anti-war senators, and perhaps elect them as a measure of their doubts. They have been susceptible to appeals for escalation of the air war. "Bombing," says McGovern, ex-war-time bomber pilot, "appeals to people. It's the way to make war without shedding our blood."

All of these senators get around their states; some, like Gruening and Church, for a week or two at a time; others, like Morse, almost

every weekend. Church, McGovern, and Nelson are particularly encouraged by smaller meetings at which they can take questions and experiment with various ways of talking about the war. They agree on the effectiveness of two anti-war approaches. One is to try to split the war-hawk vote apart by showing that escalation means not just "easy" bombing but more American ground troops in Asia. Gaylord Nelson, fifty-one, who served two terms as governor of Wisconsin and now seeks his second Senate term, is a political sophisticate who argues the anti-war position more with irony than with appeals to morality. "The confrontation won't be about whether one is for or against the war," he says. "Everyone's 'against' it. It will come on more immediate points. A lot of Republicans will argue for giving the military free rein. I'd say in response, 'Does my opponent favor sending *another* hundred thousand troops to Vietnam? And *another*? Because that's what military escalation means.'"

"Yellow peril" and dominoes

The second anti-war tactic these men employ is more daring. It tries to counter the most basic brand of positive support for Administration war policy. The lowest common denominator of support for the Administration, the anti-war senators agree, has been a kind of vulgarized domino theory. Each has encountered constituents who dislike the President's personality, feel the war is a disaster, wasteful, ugly, dangerous, even unwinnable. These voters think that we are overcommitted; are failing to attain promised goals; never should have gotten in; ought to find a way out. Nonetheless, say these citizens, we are standing against a potential flood of Chinese Communist aggression across Asia. Whatever the validity and refinements of the domino theory in State Department discourse, the vulgarized view of the nature of the confrontation translates out in unsubtle terms, with the help of inflammatory statements from the President and other politicians on down the line. Fact thus mixes with speculation and hokum. The Red Chinese came into Korea against us. Viet Cong or Pekingese, the enemy is "Asian Communism." "We've got what they want and they're coming after us." (LBJ, 1966)

The senators have devised rather simple analogies to dislodge the equally simplified canons of "yellow peril" rhetoric. Each is in effect arguing a reverse of the domino theory. As Gaylord Nelson puts it, "The Chinese are not there now, but to send a million men to fight in the very border areas of China is certainly the best way to bring the Chinese in." Nelson's analogy goes like this: "I say to my audiences, 'What Chinese? Where are they? In twenty years of fighting there haven't been any Chinese in Vietnam, and it's only our luck and their weakness that that's so. Try thinking about it the other way round. Suppose Mexico were split in two and a Communist South Mexico were at war with a pro-American North Mexico. Why, any President of the United States who wasn't throwing American power down there would be impeached!'" Church suggests that we are looking for trouble from China rather than meeting a threat, and asks his constituents to "imagine for a moment that we were in China's place, and that Chinese Communist power positions were poised in a ring around the U.S. from Cuba through Mexico to Alaska." McGovern speaks of the conflict as "basically a civil war between two groups of Vietnamese which only they can resolve — much as we once fought and resolved a civil war between the North and South in our country. If the big world powers of a hundred years ago had come over here and chosen up sides and tried to settle it for us, it would have been the worst thing that could have happened to us."

"Arsenal diplomacy"

Morse and Gruening have been as critical of foreign aid as the most fossilized Republican, and increasingly, Frank Church has joined them. In theory, this ought to substantiate the charge against them of "new isolationism." Even George McGovern, more inclined to vote for foreign aid, suggests that occasionally anti-war liberals vote against aid as a gesture toward right-wing opinion in their states. They are hardly alone. Opposition to foreign aid has crystallized as a vote of no confidence in American foreign policy in more general terms. Frank Church, for example, speaks of America's "arsenal diplomacy." The conservative critics of the aid

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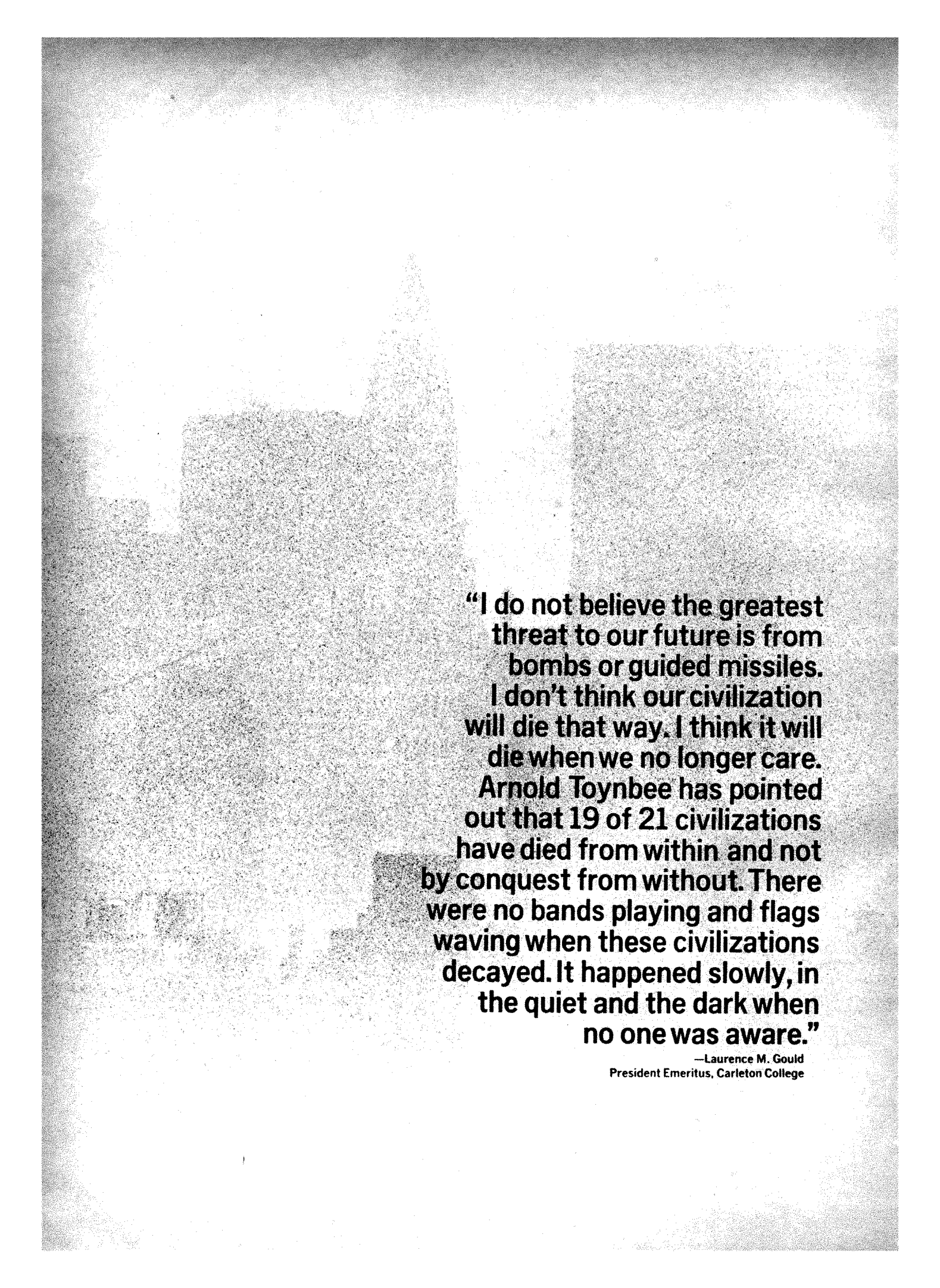
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"I do not believe the greatest threat to our future is from bombs or guided missiles. I don't think our civilization will die that way. I think it will die when we no longer care. Arnold Toynbee has pointed out that 19 of 21 civilizations have died from within and not by conquest from without. There were no bands playing and flags waving when these civilizations decayed. It happened slowly, in the quiet and the dark when no one was aware."

**—Laurence M. Gould
President Emeritus, Carleton College**

Could this happen to us?
To our families? To our
way of life? Could this
happen to America the beautiful?

Well, look around. You can see signs of it this very moment in every major city in this country. You can see it in the slums, in the jobless, in the crime rate. In our polluted air, in our foul rivers and harbors and lakes. You can see it in our roads strangled with traffic.

You know the problems confronting our cities. Now we must all do something about it. While there is still time. Before our cities become unfit places in which to live.

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Our business involves people. Our service is security for their future. Unless the problems of our cities can be solved, we are dismayed at the prospect of greater personal tragedy and at the economic consequences.

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Concerted action *now* can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unmatched anywhere else in this world. Now it is up to all of us to see to it that these resources are put to constructive use.

What can business and
industry do?

The job of rehabilitating our cities, of making them fit for all to live in, must rest primarily with government. But it's a job too big for government alone.

It's everybody's problem. Business, labor, private citizens. Negro and white alike.

So everyone is needed to solve it. Help is needed in building and improving housing, creating job-training centers, re-evaluating hiring practices, participating in community programs of health and education.

Here are some efforts already under way:

As a start, Detroit auto companies have hired some 30,000 ghetto residents.

As a start, Aerojet-General Corporation bought an abandoned plant in Watts, staffed it with 430 unskilled employees and secured a 2.5 million-dollar Defense Department contract.

As a start, United States Gypsum Company has rehabilitated 12 slum tenements (250 units) in Harlem and is now engaged in other projects in Chicago and Cleveland.

The Avco Economic Systems Corporation recently opened a printing plant in Roxbury, Massachusetts, with 69 employees. The operation marks the beginning of a training and permanent-employment program for an eventual 232 hard-core unemployed.

The Fairchild Hiller Corporation, working with the Model Inner City Community Organization, is establishing a wood products plant in Washington D.C. that will eventually be community-owned, with newly employed slum residents sharing in profits.

A group of life insurance companies has made a commitment to invest 1 billion dollars for housing and jobs in slum areas. More than one-third of this has already been earmarked for specific projects.

Many other businesses throughout the country are taking up this call to action. But it's only a beginning. To make a truly effective beginning all businesses and industries must help. For the cost will be huge.

What can the individual
citizen do?

First, the private citizen must educate himself to the dimensions of the problem. By reading. By listening to what his

own civic leaders have to say. By pondering what responsible broadcast and newspaper leadership recommends.

He can take a further step in joining citizens' organizations, working with local educational and planning boards, and lending his support to community efforts to lick the problem.

And there are things he can do personally.

As a start, interested groups are working in cooperation with local labor unions in helping young ghetto residents of Newark, Cleveland, Buffalo and Brooklyn to enter the building and construction trades. By recruiting, screening, counseling and tutoring, they have already helped 250 men from the Brooklyn area alone to gain union membership.

As a start, a former auto worker has formed a committee which will soon have Watts citizens farming some 30 acres for themselves for profit.

As a start, individuals, local businessmen, and corporations in St. Louis have contributed over \$150,000 to a neighborhood organization to rehabilitate slum dwellings and make possible resident ownership.

It's up to all of us.

Our cities have now become one of the greatest challenges facing this country. We feel America has the means to face this challenge and win.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

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If It Works, Why Fix It?

by

Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

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I particularly relish the remark of a gentleman from up east as I escorted him about our grounds. I pointed out our old-fashioned fermenters made of cypress wood. Our trusty old copper still. Our wooden rick warehouses, and cooper's shop right out of the 19th century.

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Washington

program take as their primary target "waste." The liberals' primary target is military aid. There was nothing cynical about the entire Senate's shock at such consequences of military aid as the use of American-supplied weapons by both sides in the Indian-Pakistani and Arab-Israeli wars. The liberals' objection is to the tendency of aid to become a vehicle of American diplomacy, and then for politically angled aid to metamorphose into military aid. U.S. intervention in Vietnam, Church tells Idahoans, began as "just another foreign aid program" — and look at it now.

To call all this "isolationism," old or new, is to ignore the context of and the motive for these men's position. Morse's opposition to foreign aid, for example, is no fiercer than his animus against go-it-alone involvement in Vietnam. Since 1954, when Eisenhower and Dulles refused to sign the Geneva Accords, he has argued that the Security Council and Geneva — not the battlefield — were the proper places to take our case about Vietnam.

Maverick

At sixty-seven, Wayne Morse of Oregon is a throwback in personal style to the proud, intellectually arrogant, maverick style of Borah. Like Norris and La Follette, he finds party labels less important than his independence. In contrast to anti-war senators who were alienated from Administration policy by escalation in 1965 and by the failures of escalation in 1966, 1967, and 1968, Morse has opposed American involvement in Vietnam these last fourteen years both on points of international law, on which he is an expert, and on political and strategic grounds. He and his ally, Gruening, contributed the two nay votes against the Tonkin Gulf Resolution in August, 1964. Morse called it then, accurately and prophetically, a "predated declaration of war." (It took the Administration three years to concede Morse the point. In 1967, Undersecretary of State Katzenbach called the Resolution a "functional declaration of war.")

Though the archetypal loner, Morse is protective of Gruening, and both are proud that they were so right four years ago about what the

Tonkin Resolution really meant, and less suspecting senators, like Fulbright, so wrong.* Few people took Morse's cranky view of the Tonkin situation seriously in 1964, when he first suggested the possibility of American provocation. Today it would be hard to find a senator who fully trusts the Administration's account of what did and did not happen in the Gulf of Tonkin on the night of August 3-4, 1964.

Two fallible gods

There is little point in someone like Morse trying to adjust his stand on the war so as to confuse hawkish opposition this year. He has been so far out against the war, so loudly, for so long that he has a "kind of product identification" on the issue, says a man who has worked for Robert Duncan, Morse's pro-Administration challenger in the Oregon Democratic primary on May 28.

Indeed, it is worth considering whether the voters wouldn't resent it if he did moderate his views. As George McGovern suggests, people do not have to approve of his views to want him in the Senate as a kind of insurance policy against their doubts about the war and the President. In a war in which nothing has been sure, least of all the Administration's assurances, doubters could count on one constant: Morse's unyielding opposition to the President (with whom he carries on an obscure personal relationship, in spite of everything). Two unbending, fallible gods — which had fate behind his logic?

This theory is perhaps validated by the fact that Morse's Democratic opponent, Duncan, has seemed to lose support as he edges away from his 1966 position. That year he lost a Senate race to Mark Hatfield, crying, "If we don't fight in the Delta, we'll have to fight in the grasslands of the Columbia River." This year Duncan spoke of helping Lyndon Johnson "bring peace" to Vietnam. But his "product identi-

* Though he voted for the Resolution in the end, Nelson of Wisconsin also had something like the power of clairvoyance. He tried, unsuccessfully, to get Fulbright, who was managing the Tonkin Gulf Resolution for the Administration, to accept an amendment making it plain the Congress was not approving any change in the limited "advisory" role of the United States in Vietnam.

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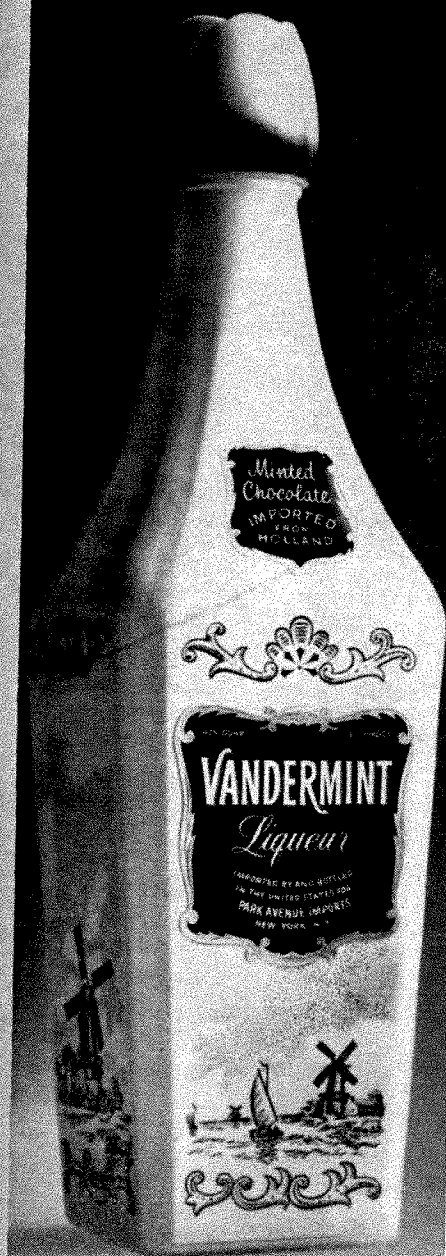
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Washington

fication," either as hard-liner or hedger, would seem to be one the voters have in quite sufficient supply. A third candidate in the Democratic primary, a superhawk, is cutting into Duncan's appeal, and for the first time the gamblers give odds on Morse.

Globalism

The most interesting Democratic-Republican race to shape up so far is in Idaho. It is proof that however good these senators' chances look now, they are not home free. Frank Church, like McGovern of South Dakota, was a quiet critic of the war before the 1965 escalation. As late as February, 1965, he was close enough to the Administration reservation to say, "The judicious use of both the arrows and the olive branch represents our best hope for avoiding a widening war in Asia." A moderate no more, he faces formidable opposition in November from a young Republican congressman who quotes Curtis LeMay approvingly, and doesn't like the State Department's "weak-kneed" attitude toward Russia. A far-right recall movement against Church failed badly last year, and though it focused attention on him as a war critic, it provoked conservative newspapers, which had never previously had a good word for the senator, to repudiate the recall as an extremist effort.

Forty-three, and at the end of his second term, Church would like to hold moderates and conservatives who don't buy his war views, but who objected to the recall's challenge to his patriotism. Church lacks the sort of commanding position in Idaho which McGovern seems to have in South Dakota, even though Idaho elects more Democrats and is more accustomed to splitting tickets. His voice is as loud as any opposed to the war, and yet it seems more equivocal. A foreign policy speech delivered to the Senate in February and widely distributed in Idaho was outspoken against the war. At the same time, Church made routine stops at safe and sound flagposts of consensus opinion. He spoke of the "brazen insolence" of "angry rebels" who burn their draft cards, and offered a slightly prissy thought for a hell-raising dove: "No argument can be won by bad manners." But more

suggestive than Church's use of anti-beard nostrums was the way he attacked the Johnson Administration. Consider the varying strains in these remarks:

"What . . . have we bought with armaments unlimited and foreign aid dished out on a global platter? . . . If not security, have we bought peace? . . . Our policy of global intervention has meant war, not peace. During the past 25 years, the United States has engaged in more warfare than any other major power. . . . I don't propose swinging the pendulum back to ostrich-like isolationism. One extreme needn't call for the other. I propose rather that we seek out the rational middle ground, where the limits of our intervention are drawn to correspond with the limits of our resources . . . [G]lobalism, our present foreign policy."

Blur

All this is of a piece with what the other anti-war senators say, and with the opinions of George Kennan, Walter Lippmann, and other scholarly, liberal critics of the trend of American foreign policy. And yet, there are allusive echoes. "Globalism," "our policy of global intervention . . . during the last 25 years"; these have different sounds to different people. No wonder that Church's challenger, Congressman George Hansen, thirty-seven, former Air Force man, insurance man, opponent of "funny money," Democratic spending, and "no-win" wars, picks Church up on it and speaks of an "embittered, extremist, home-front, leftist-isolationist minority in high places and low." (My italics.) Hansen now and then shrewdly throws out a line in the direction of "prudence." Thus, lacing his Goldwater gin with a touch of vintage — 1964 — Johnsonian vermouth, he opposes using nuclear weapons in Vietnam and deplores our "getting involved in a land war in Asia." If Hansen, an energetic conservative, echoes Republicanism of the early 1950s and 1964, it is fair to say that phrases of Church's catch a sufficiently pre-war isolationist or post-war "Fortress-American" flavor to blur the clash of his views with Hansen's just a bit. The one is not as chemically pure and distinct from the other, to put it another way, as is Wayne Morse's collective-security internationalism from Lyndon John-

son's "big-stick" internationalism. In 1968, that blur may be the only way for a liberal Democrat like Frank Church to hold his own against a conservative Republican like George Hansen.

Gaylord Nelson was for a time faced with running against Republican Governor Warren Knowles, which might have made for a close race. Early in the spring, a group of Wisconsin businessmen, who feel Nelson is an effective advocate of Wisconsin's interests in Washington, reportedly dissuaded Knowles, whom they also like, from getting into a duel with Nelson. But there is no assurance that Knowles is out of the race to stay.

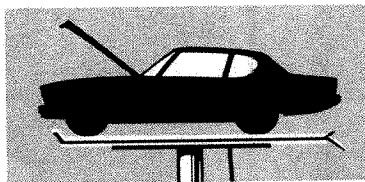
Alaska's Republicans are well enough financed to keep Ernest Gruening worried, and his eighty-one years make him vulnerable. Despite his age, he is chipper, a figure of probity and dignity whose career has been less in politics than in government — as the Interior Department's Director of Territories and Island Possessions under Harold Ickes, and later as territorial governor of Alaska. Until recently, he thought that the war would not be the issue in Alaska which it is in other states. "The war came late to Alaska," he says. "One reason is that ten years ago, after statehood, a lot of defense installations were put into Alaska because of its proximity to Russia. This made any notion of a threat in Asia seem distant." Gruening is not much interested in election-year calculations about the war. "I'm quite prepared to stand or fall on my position on Vietnam," he says.

Twists

Whatever the President thought of running with critics of his policy in other states, these senators would gladly have done without LBJ at the top of their tickets. McGovern expected to run 40,000 votes ahead of the President in South Dakota if LBJ had run. All of them thought the President would lose their states. Their independence is proving an asset in looking for campaign funds among wealthy liberal well-wishers in places like New York as well as at home. The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee apportions funds to candidates without discrimination because of their views. Each can count on about \$15,000 from that source. Nelson, Morse, and McGovern have had reason to fear

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Washington

that Eugene McCarthy's and/or Robert Kennedy's entry into their states' presidential primaries would create a bothersome competition for money from anti-Johnson Democrats. On the basis of events, at least they need not fear anymore that these candidacies, however divisive, will stigmatize the anti-war position.

It can be argued that as there is no such thing as a majority "peace vote," so there is no such thing as a majority "war vote." The hawk vote is not necessarily a pro-Administration vote, as the more selective polls show. In 1966, several moderately dovish Republican senatorial candidates (Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy, Edward Brooke) defeated rather more pro-war Democrats (Robert Duncan, Paul Douglas, Endicott Peabody). But 1966 was something of a Republican year. This year, though, as the war seems to dominate such conventional categories, there are ironic twists. George Hansen is campaigning in Idaho not only against the profligacy of liberal Democratic spending policies but against tight money conditions under a Democratic President, which are to a large extent a consequence of the war Hansen supports!

The Northwestern and North Central Democratic doves have not particularly been stocking up on conservative votes on domestic issues. All voted for cloture on the civil rights bill this spring. And though Gruening and Church went along with the conservatives on several open-housing amendments, and though only Morse among them stood with twelve other liberals against an "anti-riot" amendment, their records as domestic liberals are as solid as any. There are only a scant number of Negroes (if a number of Indians) in Alaska, Idaho, and South Dakota. Yet Gruening, Church, and McGovern say that white fear of black revolution is as strong there as if the states had Chicago-sized ghettos. Their disinterested votes for cloture won't hurt them for the same reason they won't help them: there are no Negroes to move into white neighborhoods — or to vote for Gruening, Church, or McGovern for re-election. But a summer of violence, says Church, will hurt "all incumbents."

The senators might or might not agree with Richard Hofstadter, who wrote in *The Age of Reform* in 1955 that "from our earliest history as a nation there has been a curiously persistent association between democratic politics and nationalism, jingoism, or war." For now, they must each of them face electorates which are not experienced in contemplating distinctions between collective security and unilateral intervention; between "isolationism," "internationalism," and "nationalism"; and between what those words meant in the contexts of 1940, before and after August 6, 1945, in 1954, and what they mean today.

Those issues, and the ways in which Democrats and Republicans talk about them, have changed since 1960. LBJ's withdrawal from the campaign at home and from a commitment to "win" in Vietnam changes them more.

—Michael Janeway

United Nations



There was a time late last year when both the United States and the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam were willing to involve the United Nations in the Vietnam War. It could have been a modest beginning, but it came to nothing.

On September 20, Secretary General U Thant received through a trustworthy intermediary an inquiry from the NLF. The Front was interested in sending two to three men to the United Nations and wanted to know whether they could get United

States visas. Clarifications were requested and an answer to them transmitted to Ambassador Goldberg early in December. The State Department came forward with a proposal that amounted to a rejection: inasmuch as a decision had been made to refer the Vietnam problem to the UN Security Council, it was up to the latter to issue an invitation to the NLF. In such case the necessary visas would be granted. Every informed diplomat understood as well as Washington that the NLF would never send representatives to the UN at the invitation of the Security Council.

The project was dropped, and the few people who were aware of it thought that Washington had made a mistake. This view became widely held when the facts were revealed in the *Washington Post*. Among those who knew were most members of the Security Council. The incident contributed to their lack of enthusiasm at the prospect of a UN involvement in Vietnam. The U.S. Mission to the UN was not enthusiastic either, but it had no choice, as the Senate had approved by an overwhelming majority a resolution introduced by Senator Mansfield to enlist the Security Council in the search for peace in Vietnam. The Senate had not considered the possibility that after a bitter debate a majority of Security Council members would support a resolution contrary to the U.S. position. A proposal, for example, that the United States stop the bombing of North Vietnam unconditionally was certain to receive not only the affirmative vote of Communist bloc and neutral nations but even those of several U.S. allies.

Mirror

This was the third time the United States tried to involve the United Nations in the Vietnam issue and got nowhere. The reason was not a lack of interest, as the general debate at the 22nd Session (1967) of the General Assembly amply demonstrated. One hundred out of 109 speakers dealt with the issue of Vietnam in detail; 44 of them (as compared with 28 the previous year) called for a bombing halt. Many critics charged the United States with aggression in Vietnam and expressed great admiration for the way a small nation of undernourished peasants in black pajamas has stood up to the greatest power the world has ever

known. In some cases these views were not expressed publicly, but they influenced attitudes and decisions.

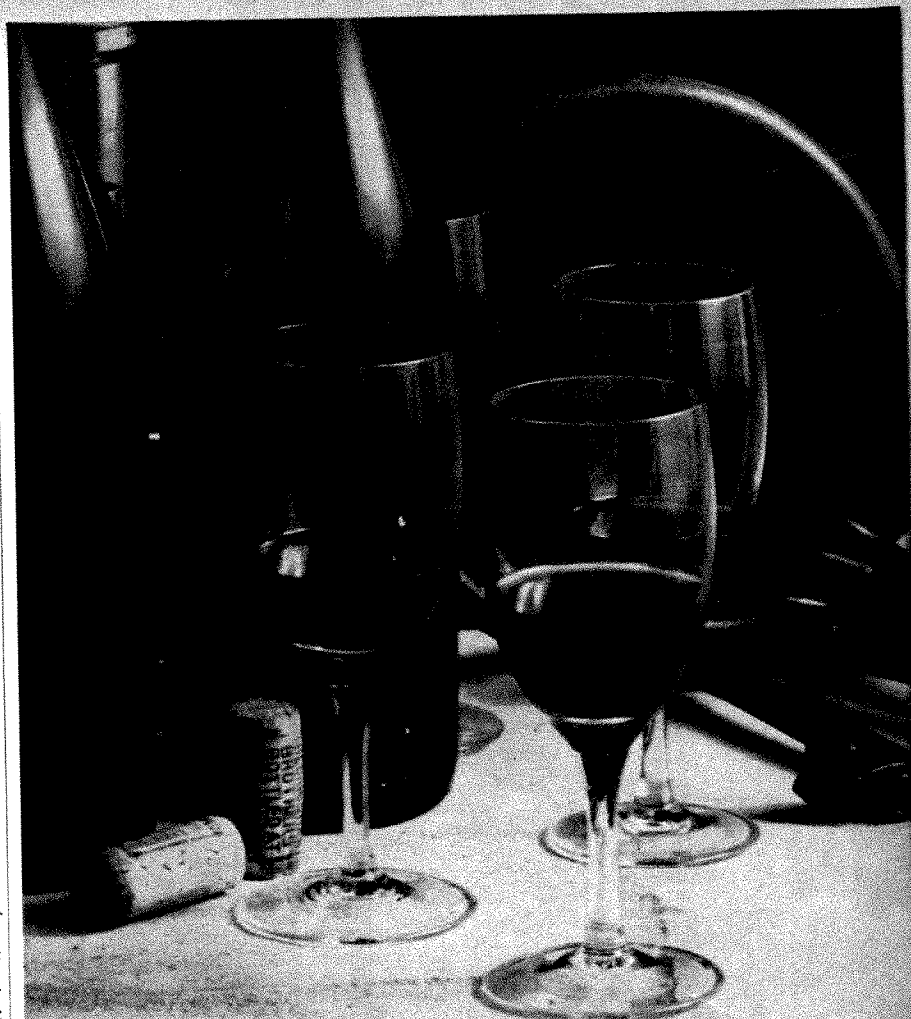
Under the circumstances the UN, on the whole, did not believe it should assume responsibility in the matter. An African diplomat not unsympathetic to the West summed up the feelings of a great many of his colleagues when he said: "The United States got itself into this mess; let the United States get out of it."

No one at the UN doubted that the efforts by Senator Mansfield were well meant, but it was felt they ignored the mood of the United Nations today. It is because of this mood and the contrasting perspectives it reflects that the world body is unable and unwilling to help Washington out of its predicaments. The Security Council, especially after it grew from eleven to fifteen members, mirrors to a considerable extent the political views prevailing at a given moment in the General Assembly. And the majority in the Assembly is made up of countries from the world's Southern half, enmeshed in the problems of overpopulation and creeping hunger, bitter because of the failure of nonalignment and the UN's inability to deal with racism in Africa, convinced that their role in world politics is minimal.

Recent debates in both the Security Council and the General Assembly have indicated a feeling that the chance for a solution at the UN was to be found in an understanding between Washington and Moscow, and that there was no chance in the absence of such understanding. When the superpowers dominate the scene, preventing resolutions from passing, or if passed, from being implemented, most small nations are not inclined to undertake new, bold initiatives for the preservation of peace. This consideration applies with particular force to the problem of Vietnam.

Who represents whom?

There are both theoretical and practical considerations for the widespread desire to steer clear of the Vietnam issue. In 1954, after the French defeat at Dienbienphu, considering that of all the parties directly or indirectly involved only France was a member of the United Nations, it was decided to call a non-UN conference in Geneva. The United States is today in much the same position as France was thirteen



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United Nations

years ago. The two Vietnams and Communist China are not UN members; accordingly, Hanoi and Peking refuse to recognize the competence of the UN in the Vietnam issue. Peking's views are compounded by the fact that it sees what it considers a usurper (the representative of Nationalist China) occupying its seat in the Security Council. In the Council itself two permanent members, the Soviet Union and France, are strongly committed to the view that the UN is not competent to act.

At the time the issue came up for consideration before the Council in 1966, a French diplomat recalled that when the United Nations was involved in the Algerian issue prior to independence, it never proposed specific solutions. It merely debated whether or not it should support independence for the territory, thus implicitly recognizing that it was the responsibility of France and France alone to find a solution in Algeria. Paris never proposed that the UN should come up with some magic formula, nor would the organization have acted if requested to do so.

Legalisms

Washington is probably less aware than the U.S. Mission to the UN that certain subjects are taboo as far as nearly all the African and the Asian and a good number of the Latin-American delegates are concerned. The perspective of these people is different and deeply influenced by the recent history of their countries. For example, while Washington offers assurances of its desire to seek a political solution in Vietnam, it also offers legalistic reasons for the maintenance of its military presence and activities there. But it was with legalism that the great powers in the past justified their hold over the territories of the same countries which today represent a majority in the General Assembly. Algeria was denied the right to seek independence because under French law the territory was an integral part of France. And the word "aggression" has often been spoken by colonial powers to condemn whoever supported movements of national liberation. The new countries have just as often rejected the self-proclaimed "right" of the great powers to "punish" what the

latter consider aggression. Today it is Portugal which cries "aggression" because African countries assist Angola and Mozambique in their struggle for independence and are indifferent to Lisbon's legal definition of the two territories as Portuguese provinces.

The issue of aggression, on which the American case mainly rests, is widely rejected as lacking in logic and pertinence. Third World countries fail to see why efforts by North Vietnam to overthrow a hostile regime in the South should be more of an aggression than the initiatives by the CIA in toppling governments in Guatemala or Iran simply because such governments are considered hostile to United States interests. Nor do they understand why support of the National Liberation Front by North Vietnam should be branded aggressive and not the United States's role in supporting anti-Castro activists in the military operation that ended in the Bay of Pigs disaster.

Holy war

The United States seems to some UN diplomats to be contributing to the confusion because instead of admitting candidly its strategic interests, it prefers to speak in terms of a Communist menace to the world. Very few Afro-Asian (or for that matter European) countries accept the American thesis that Communism must be contained in Vietnam lest the whole of Asia fall under the dominance of Red China.

U Thant put the problem in these terms: "I have repeatedly stated how wrong it is to regard the war in Vietnam as a kind of holy war against a particular ideology. I have expressed the view that the motivating force on the part of those who are being charged with this ideology is really a strong sense of nationalism, a desire to win their national independence and establish their national identity. It is nationalism, and not Communism, that animates the resistance movement in Vietnam against all foreigners, and now particularly against Americans."

The countries subscribing to U Thant's statement — they are a majority, largely silent, baffled, and frustrated — also believe that far from being an aggressor, the National Liberation Front is the only legitimate representative of the people of South Vietnam. This is yet

another view which springs in part from their own recent historical experience. It may prove particularly relevant, given Ambassador Goldberg's assurance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the United States is willing to accept the participation of the Front in an enlarged Geneva Conference or in any Security Council discussion of Vietnam.

Another parallel with the situation in Algeria prior to independence might be useful. (It must be remembered that Algeria and Vietnam are the only two Third World countries which acquired their independence after a long and bloody struggle.) The war between the Algerian nationalists (FLN) and France could have ended some two years earlier had the Algerians been willing to accept the French contention that the FLN was but one of a number of political forces representing the Algerian people. Furthermore, the new countries remember how during the closing part of the colonial period, puppet governments were set up in a number of territories striving for independence, and the various fronts of national liberation were invited to come to terms with them.

"Proof"

What the United States is willing to consent to today the colonial governments were insisting upon only a few years ago. But today, as then, the "proof" of legitimacy varies according to historical experiences. To most Afro-Asians, a government fighting against foreigners, especially if they are white, is preferable to one that accepts or invites their presence. I have often heard the problem put in these general terms: If North Vietnam withdrew its forces from South Vietnam would the Front of National Liberation collapse? Certainly not. If the United States withdrew from South Vietnam would the Saigon government stay in power? Not another twenty-four hours. Hence the Front is a legitimate spokesman for the Vietnamese people, while the Saigon government is merely an American puppet. All this may sound simple and unsophisticated to countries that have had a long history and a variety of political experiences. To the new countries it is instead the very essence of logic.

The fact that a great many nations are unsympathetic to the American

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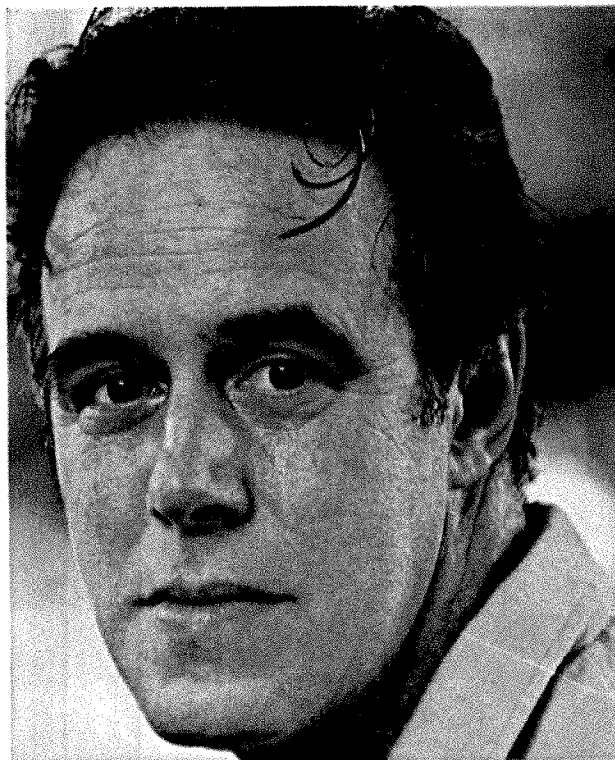


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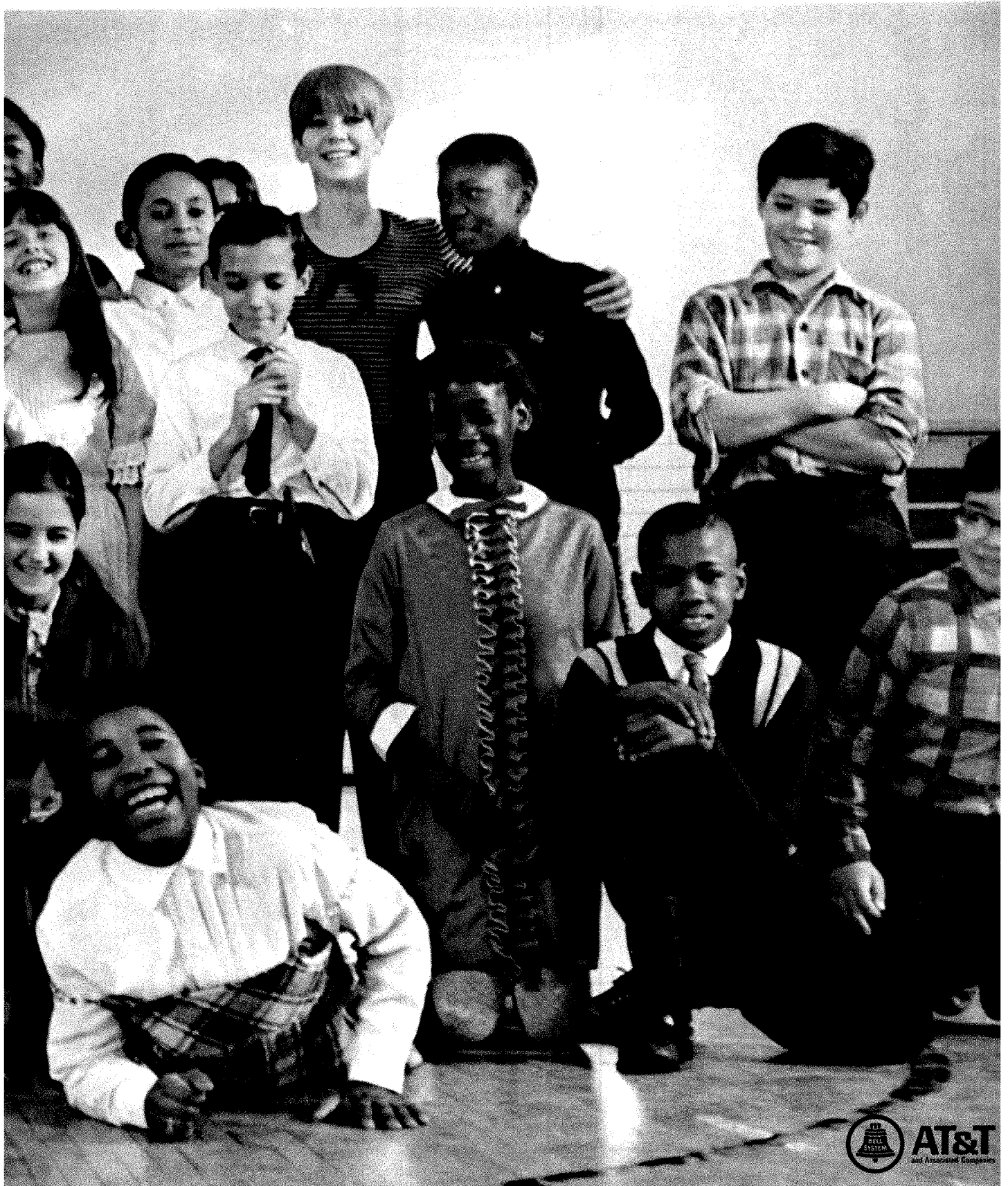
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United Nations

position is only partly responsible for the inability of the United Nations to deal with the Vietnam problem. The decisive factor is probably that the international organization is not in a position to play a positive role. The UN could do either of two things: issue a proclamation of principle or intervene directly to restore the peace. The first alternative would be largely useless, the second unthinkable. The resolutions suggested by the United States, but on which Washington never managed to get a vote, would call for auto-determination and the convening of a conference. Everyone, including the Communist countries, agrees in principle; the irreconcilable differences concern implementation.

In the circumstances, what positive role could the Security Council play? As the French representative put it at the time of the Council's debate: "The intervention of the United Nations at the present stage . . . would, in our opinion, but add to the existing confusion. In the absence of a real discussion between the parties essentially involved, it could but lead to misunderstanding." The same point was made with equal force last December when the United States was sounding out Security Council members on the chances of a Vietnam debate.

As to an eventual peacekeeping role by the UN in Vietnam, U Thant's own philosophy comes into play. He is against committing the organization in a dispute in which a superpower is one of the parties. In this case, both superpowers are parties. Nor will he ever cease to consider the two superpowers' own views on peacekeeping. The United Nations could overcome without excessive difficulty the opposition of Britain or France, as it did during the Suez crisis of 1956; it would never survive the determined opposition of either Washington or Moscow.

Thus, apart from any other considerations, it is likely that the opposition of the Soviet Union to a UN involvement in Vietnam would be more than sufficient to deter the Secretary-General from suggesting any action. U Thant does not forget that the Soviet views on peacekeeping led to crises that almost wrecked the organization. It was precisely

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on that score that Nikita S. Khrushchev came to pound his shoe in the General Assembly hall (1960) and that the 19th Session (1964) was prevented from taking any initiatives leading to a vote. The Security Council could of course overrule the Secretary-General on a peacekeeping issue, but it is not likely to do so, at least in regard to Vietnam.

Vietnam, U Thant has said, is a problem for the Vietnamese and the great powers to solve. Should the parties concerned come to an agreement, the United Nations could at that time help implement it. The organization could, for example, take steps to ensure the fairness of an election or a plebiscite.

No exit

For the moment, the UN can provide no exit from Vietnam; it can do little more than exert a moral influence. Most delegates at the United Nations, including the "friendly" ones, take it for granted that whatever opinion they express in behalf of their governments, President Johnson will pursue whatever policy he chooses. Much that comes out of Washington tends to confirm this pessimism. If debates at the United Nations have had some value, it is primarily in showing to Washington that friends and critics alike are unhappy about what we are doing in Vietnam. The former say it was foolish to get involved, the latter that it was unjust and immoral.

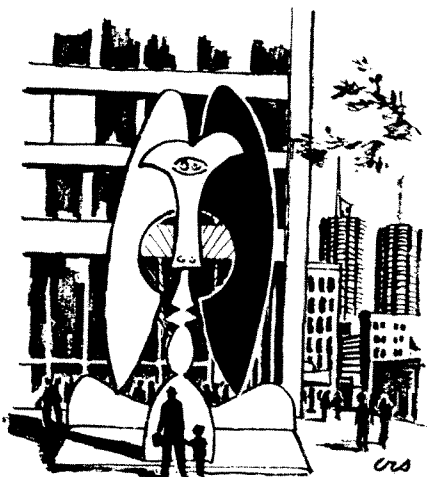
Both friends and critics would like to help in ending the war, but what the United Nations can do is not enough, and what Washington would like the United Nations to do cannot be done. — *Mario Rossi*

Illinois

Television cameras trained on the Democratic convention at Chicago's International Amphitheater this August will play on scenes symbolic of tensions that divide the nation and the state of Illinois. The Amphitheater itself stands in the famous Stockyards, between immense black ghettos and the all-white working-class "Back of the Yards" district. The mayhem inside could well surpass in bitterness the fierce political bloodletting of old for which the Amphitheater has been the site. But if efforts to work within political

channels to promote racial progress and an end to the war are blocked, the protest in the streets outside the convention hall could make the confrontation inside seem like child's play.

The police fear the sparks of violence will be furnished by an "influx of trained outside agitators." In response to an anti-war group's claim that it will have 500,000 protesters on hand during the convention, the police are outfitting their



men with disabling chemical sprays, and giving tactical training to special anti-riot units.

It is not possible to say whether carefully planned anti-war protests will develop into full-scale race riots similar to those of the past three summers. Radical black leaders discreetly disclaim any planned violence ("We're just gonna lay back, man, and let the whites cut each other up"), and even Dick Gregory claims that the marchers he proposes to lead will obey traffic lights. Nonetheless, the city is undeniably tense about the prospect of violence, and some responsible black leaders characterize the sensationalist reporting of several of the newspapers as self-fulfilling prophecy. Chicago miraculously escaped serious outbreaks last summer, owing in part to cooperation from gang leaders who calmed incipient disorder. Relations between the gangs and the police have since deteriorated.

In an intriguing but disappointingly undetailed section of its report, the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, headed by retiring Illinois Governor Otto Kerner, describes the typical rioter as being better educated than his nonrioting neighbor, and often employed but in a position which he feels does not reflect his capabilities. An indepen-

dent expert, Irving J. Rubin of the University of Michigan, contends that detailed analyses of riot areas reveal that the most resentful blacks and most frequent rioters are not "riffraff" but persons who believe that were they white, they would be seeing their efforts reflected in greater economic and social rewards.

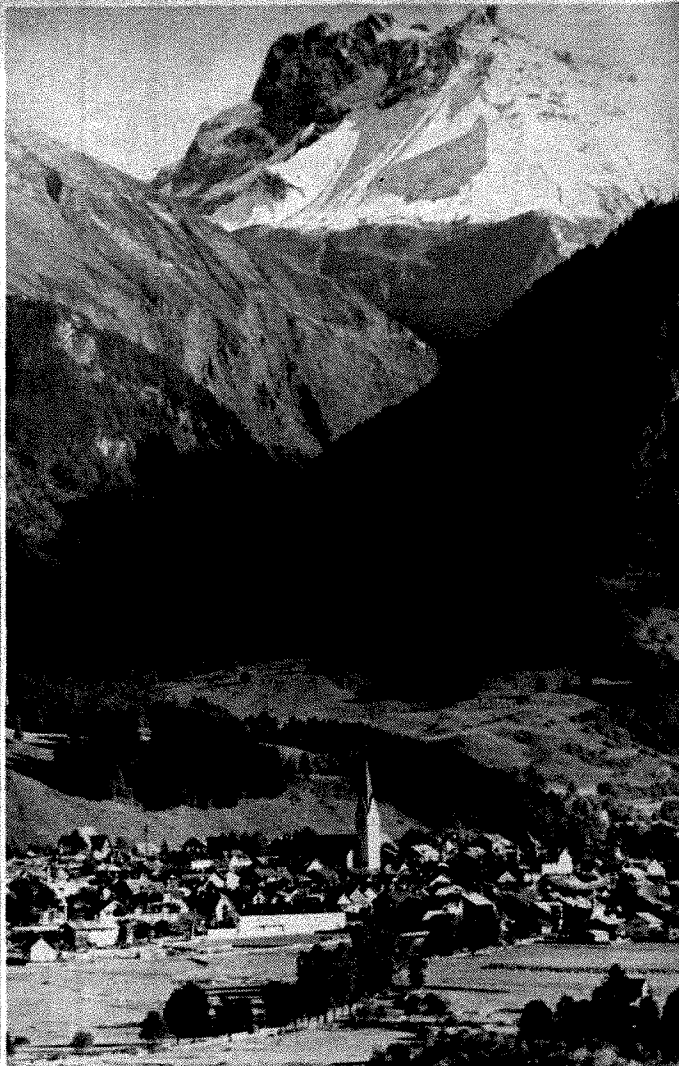
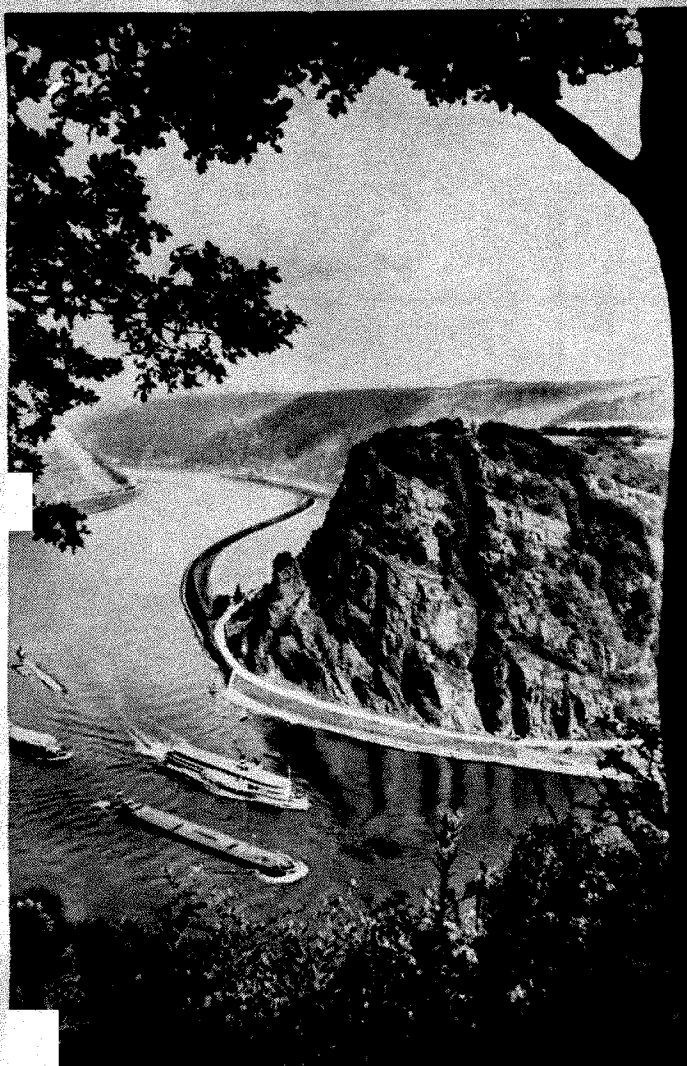
Circumstances in Chicago seem to bear out this sociological analysis, at least in part. Successful blacks, unquestionably more bitter this year than last, commonly characterize the Kerner report as having nothing to say to the black community; its sole value in their eyes will be as the ultimate, official statement to whites about racism.

Riot for progress

This new attitude, which may be what the Kerner commission means by the "racial pride" it reported the typical rioter possessed, can be seen in the tripling of visitors to the city's African-American History Museum in recent months, in the proliferation of black arts groups, and in the erection of a monumental "wall of respect" celebrating black power on the city's South Side. Thus far it has not often meant that blacks refuse to work with whites; instead, they merely tend to go, increasingly and by choice, their own separate ways.

One aspect of the new attitude is a reluctance to deplore mass violence: "After all, only the riots brought any change at all." Some of the more historically minded compare the situation in Detroit today with that of post-war Germany and Japan; they contend that areas can and will be rebuilt more quickly after they have been devastated.

For Mayor Richard Daley, these changes in sentiment mean trouble because with them comes polarization of the great voting blocs on which the Democratic machine is built. Daley is fond of stating that Chicago has more middle-class Negroes than any other city in the world. He stands to lose these voters if middle-class militancy increases. Daley also is aware that violence brings progress only so long as it incurs limited reaction. The black riots thus far have been largely destructive of their own communities, comparable in popular effect to self-immolation by Vietnamese Buddhist monks to draw attention to injustices. Once appreciable



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Illinois

numbers of outsiders are injured, however, public reaction can dramatically change. Sargent Shriver felt early tremors of this in seeking O.E.O. appropriations last autumn from an increasingly backlash-minded Congress. In Chicago's eleventh congressional district, Democratic incumbent Roman Pucinski, once a favorite of the Americans for Democratic Action, shifted so far to the right after the West Side riots of 1966 that even his Republican opponent now calls him a "raving racist."

Calculated accommodation

Mayor Daley would cleave to the camp of the unforgiving if there were to be violence this summer, particularly if it were to spread into the white neighborhoods which fringe Chicago's ghettos. Daley has already criticized the Kerner report for failing to pin the blame for the riots on "criminal elements in our society." Last summer Daley's principal effort to keep the city under control was to instruct his police to make mass arrests whenever friction developed on the streets; Cook County judges frequently cooperated by setting bail bonds so excessively high that suspected troublemakers were indefinitely jailed.

Daley recently announced a Chicago version of the familiar smorgasbord of summer programs to get the kids off the streets and private industry into the ghettos. An aide optimistically predicts the programs will reach 800,000 Chicagoans this summer. But so far, Daley has been unable to devise any effective new approaches for alleviating racial tension. In part this is because the message that times are changing has not been communicated throughout the huge local government bureaucracy. Whatever good intentions the city machine may have at the higher echelons, the effect often is negated by lower-level bureaucrats and clerks. Because Daley is reluctant to delegate authority, programs are seldom devised by lower officials closest to the problems. And the problems demanding solution look more and more like dilemmas. For example, most blacks agree that lack of job opportunity is a high-priority complaint. But menial work is available to those willing to accept it.

Daley's difficulties are compounded by the fact that at this point he feels the prod of no clearly defined, articulate bloc to which he can respond by moving left. In the summer of 1966 Daley used the specifically itemized demands for improved housing of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference as a shield against white resentment when he made concessions to King. A favorite Daley tactic, which might be termed calculated accommodation, was utilized to stop the tenant-union movement sponsored by SCLC. Apparently under pressure from city hall during the hair-trigger August days of that year, the realty firm chosen as the primary union target agreed to bargain with the SCLC tenants before they had sustained sufficient grievances to organize a truly unified group. After its premature victory, the union was never able to force the landlord to conform to the terms of their contract, and during the winter months the union, and SCLC, withered away. Although Dr. King talked bravely of challenging Daley at the polls in 1967, it was a forlorn exercise. There is now in Chicago no truly effective civil rights or tenant-union organization, and since last autumn there has been no single person speaking for a significant portion of Chicago's black community.

Mayor Daley may have been too successful for his own good in laying waste the old-style rights pressure groups, like SCLC, which operated effectively outside the regular political process. Now, although some developments of interest to black power advocates are occurring within Cook County, significant political pressure has yet to be directed at the mayor. Accordingly, progress in race relations has recently been slow.

A case in point is the school board's recent implementation of a minor busing plan for some 400 elementary school children. Even this innovation was very nearly canceled when a clamor of protest from white communities all but drowned out the good reasons—chiefly overcrowding in ghetto schools—for the transportation plan. A weakened busing proposal finally won out, but it was a victory not forced by blacks but engineered by whites such as Cardinal Cody, whose timely announcement of a

mandatory busing program for Catholic schools set an example for the city to follow.

Paranoid politics

On paper Daley's hegemony over Chicago looks as solid as ever, particularly in light of his overwhelming re-election to a new four-year term last year. But a leadership vacuum which becomes apparent when one looks closely at the civil rights and school board situations suggests that Daley's appearance of invincibility exists in the absence of challenge. Despite Daley's intervention, Democrats have lost important recent elections for board president, treasurer, and sheriff of Cook County. The county is traditionally a fiefdom subject to the control of the Chicago Democratic machine, even though the county in fact encompasses a large spread of suburban towns. Even more significant, the Democratic Party may lose control of the state government in the fall elections for the first time in eight years.

Parochial and even politically paranoid judgments contributed to the selection of perhaps the weakest Democratic slate in Illinois in years. Daley, sensing widespread disenchantment with the Johnson Administration, wanted at least one strong vote-getter on the Democratic ticket in Illinois. His choice was Adlai Stevenson III, who had proved his strength at the polls twice. He led the state ticket in an at-large election for the state House of Representatives in 1964. In 1966 he ran 500,000 votes ahead of the rest of his ticket to win election as treasurer in the face of the Republican landslide (which claimed as victims every other state Democratic candidate, including the venerable Senator Paul Douglas). Stevenson wanted to be slated for governor, but this was unappealing to the mayor, who did not relish having a man of young Stevenson's independence in the governor's chair. In addition, Daley lieutenants who are jockeying for position on the assumption that the mayor will not stand for re-election in 1971 objected to advancement for Stevenson, particularly to a position as governor, where he would have power and seniority over whoever among them might eventually win the Chicago mayoralty. Consequently, it was decided to slate Stevenson for U.S. senator against Everett Dirksen so

that if Stevenson won he would move along to Washington, where he would be less of a threat to the futures of other state politicians.

But Stevenson did not get the message. With what he apparently thought was acquiescence from the mayor, he pressed his case for the governorship in an initial closed-door nominating session. Noting that if he were slated for the Senate rather than the statehouse he would be compelled to speak out on foreign affairs, Stevenson gratuitously warned that he might publicly differ with the President's policy on Vietnam. Whether Stevenson felt that personal honesty required such a declaration, whether he was making a last desperate grab for the statehouse, or whether, as is probable, both considerations played a part, is now immaterial, for his statement provided the pretext for a no-holds-barred attack on him by party machinists, who feared and distrusted his refusal to play politics at their level. When this local political resentment was reinforced by word from Washington that the President wanted no part of Stevenson, Daley finally felt constrained to drop him.

Johnson's *faux pas*

Among the lessons to be learned from this contretemps which may be instructive in an election year often compared with 1948 is that Lyndon Johnson was in a far weaker position in Illinois than was Harry Truman. Twenty years ago the reform slate of Adlai Stevenson for governor and Paul Douglas for senator carried Illinois, and so helped ensure the election for Truman. By joining in the machine's execution of the late governor's equally reformist son this spring, Johnson demonstrated shortsighted judgment and lack of restraint in the face of dissent. By comparison with Johnson, Dick Daley seems a master Svengali. The President's *faux pas* in tipping the balance against Stevenson was undoubtedly not lost on Daley. A fervent believer in party unity, the mayor was not publicly supporting anyone but the President before Mr. Johnson's announcement that he would not run. But there were auspicious indicators for Kennedy partisans, in spite of the fact that Kennedy could not have won more than a handful of Illinois delegates without Daley support. Daley apparently suggested the proposal,

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Illinois

later adopted by Kennedy, that the President appoint a commission to reappraise the war. In sponsoring Stevenson, a likely dove, for the Senate against Dirksen, a confirmed hawk, the mayor may well have been attempting to hedge his bets on the Vietnam issue.

Even in March the mayor seemed almost jovial in parrying questions about Kennedy's entry into the race. Daley has close ties to the Kennedy camp; one is to Kenneth O'Donnell, a prominent member of both Kennedys' "Irish Mafia." Even before the New Hampshire returns were in, Daley's public assertions of support for the President were sometimes tempered by the qualifier "if he runs." He is now critical of the war. The mayor's equivocal support for the President may have been one of the influential factors in LBJ's decision to retire.

The Democrats' problem now is that whoever wins the nomination will have the considerable burden in Illinois of carrying a mediocre Democratic slate. Although the candidates for the offices of senator and governor have been competent state officials, neither is likely to prompt much popular interest. Sam Shapiro, the genial gubernatorial candidate, has been with only slight unfairness described as "Illinois' answer to Abe Beam"; William G. Clark, the choice for the Senate, at first blandly suggested, "Dirksen can run on his record and I will run on mine" as state attorney general. But Clark echoes Daley's doubts about the war.

The Percy play

Republicans are jubilant. Says the leader of the party's county chairmen, "The Democrats could not have picked a better slate from the Republican standpoint. I can't understand if they are overconfident or don't want to win." They are particularly relieved because some feared that Dirksen would be susceptible to a strong challenge by Stevenson on the same issues which Charles Percy used to great effect in defeating Paul Douglas in 1966 — age (Dirksen is seventy-two, Stevenson thirty-seven) and the war.

The war figures prominently in any discussion of Richard Nixon's prospects in Illinois because what-

ever subtle shadings he is adding to his position nationally, he is commonly regarded here as a hawk. Although Illinois Republican leaders favor Nixon, their support could not be called enthusiastic. In contrast, there is a strain of inarticulate but real dissatisfaction with the war among conservatives in the party. Illinois has no large defense industries to benefit from war spending, and business patterns in the department stores and other enterprises in the consumer-oriented sector of the economy are beginning to show distortion generated by the pressure of the war on the economy. Had Rockefeller vigorously sought the Republican nomination, he might have picked up important support in Illinois. Nixon's commanding lead results as much from liberal GOP default as from conservative strength. Before Rockefeller's March withdrawal, Percy was suggested as a favorite-son candidate, largely to keep the delegation free of commitments less easy to shake. He may now emerge as a vice presidential possibility, but his power base in Illinois is in fact weak.

Because the Republican slate in Illinois to emerge from the June 11 primaries will probably be formidable, the GOP national ticket, even if headed by Nixon, is likely to carry the state in November. This in turn would undoubtedly tip the current 12-12 balance in Illinois' congressional delegation to the Republicans, which could be of particular importance if the election is thrown into the House of Representatives.

Whether a Republican victory would have important substantive effects in Illinois is doubtful. The Republican organization in Chicago continues to be moribund, and if Richard Ogilvie, the president of the Cook County Board, succeeds as expected in his gubernatorial campaign, the patronage-rich board presidency will return by default to a Democrat and the Republican foothold in the Chicago area will be lost. Ogilvie, a former sheriff, has won the reputation of being a good administrator. He insistently harps upon a crime-in-the-streets theme, and unlike Percy, will not attract the state's growing number of Negro voters.

The party is developing no significant new issues and appears unlikely, even if it wins in November, to experience the revitalization that

might have occurred had Percy won election in 1964 as governor, where his considerable administrative and staffing talents would have been fully exercised. A Republican like Ogilvie in the statehouse would mean a return to the traditional balance of power — Democratic control in Cook County, Republican control downstate — that characterizes state history and accounts for its backward policies in education (Illinois is 47th in state school support), civil rights (it has no open-occupancy and only weak fair-employment legislation), and finance (it has no income tax and verges on bankruptcy).

Ironically, Stevenson is the likely winner over the long run if the GOP wins a statewide victory. Because Stevenson's term as treasurer will not expire until 1970, he may well be the only state Democratic official still in office after the November election. The infighting which led to his elimination from the ticket may ultimately redound to his benefit if he appeals to reform groups and to Negroes as a martyr knifed in a smoke-filled room because he dared to take a stand against the war.

Chicago has traditionally lacked reform politics similar to those in New York City. In part this has been because business and civic leaders have been little inclined to be political partisans; Professor Edward Banfield's classic examination of political influence in Chicago is largely an analysis of how the so-called Establishment leaves important decisions to others through inertia and default. In addition, there is no distinct geographic area, like New York's Silk Stocking district, where a local establishmentarian reformer such as John Lindsay could get his start. When promising figures have appeared on the scene, they have tended toward the Paul Douglas prototype of eloquent ineffectuality, or have been prematurely shunted to national prominence, like the elder Stevenson.

It is in this context that the emergence of independent young political figures of some charisma and ability, such as Stevenson, may be of significance. Abner Mikva, the favorite in the race for the second congressional district seat now occupied by eighty-five-year-old Barratt O'Hara, is, like Stevenson, bright and fresh, and perhaps more tough-minded in terms of organiza-

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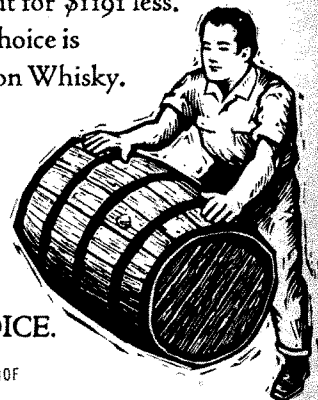
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tion. Mikva was narrowly defeated for the same seat by the Democratic machine in 1966 but runs now with Daley's endorsement, demonstrating that an independent candidate can win party acceptance without excessive compromise if he forms his own strong base of voter support. A small group of independent black politicians, buoyed and counseled by Mayor Richard Hatcher of nearby Gary, Indiana, are beginning strenuously to contest machine control of their people. Sammy Rayner, Jr., one of their number who is challenging Daley's most entrenched black captive in Congress, William Dawson, summarizes their platform as "Freedom and peace — in whatever order you desire." By emphasizing themes with which young white political liberals such as Stevenson and Mikva can join, they may be introducing a welcome new element to Illinois politics. Stevenson's wry description of a party honoring him after he was dumped from the ticket as the "liveliest wake" he had attended may well strike the tone that reformers in Illinois will be sounding if the party regulars are wiped out in November.

— George A. Ranney, Jr.

Hungary



During a political satire program on Radio Budapest recently, a spaceship from Jupiter was reported to have landed. The visitor aboard was taken into the studio, and from his greeting, "Good evening, comrades," it was clear that Jupiter was Communist. In fact, he was up on Hungary's current move away from strict central planning to a market-run economy, which is called the New Economic Mechanism.

It was soon apparent that Jupiter was far ahead of Hungary in developing Communism. It had long since completed the transition from socialism, and was itself working on a New Economic Mechanism. The Hungarian host was surprised: "We are in the early stages of development, and yet we, too, are introducing the New Economic Mechanism." "Which one?" the man from Jupiter asked. "The first one." "Oh, well. This is our eighteenth."

The skit was suggestive both of Hungarian political liberalization in this twelfth year since the uprising and of popular skepticism about the economic reforms that went into effect January 1. The two are closely related: if the plan for decentralization of economic responsibility works, it will lead inevitably to pressures for decentralization of political responsibility. For this reason, the Hungarian experiment, the most radical in the Soviet system, is being watched with the greatest interest by all of Eastern Europe.

Backward

The reforms were needed because Hungary, which earns nearly half its national income from exports, found it could no longer sell in competitive markets, particularly in the West. A report to the Central Committee on export shortcomings sounded as if it had been written by a skeptical Westerner: "The profitability of our exports to the capitalists is low as a result of the high production costs; the technical level of production is backward; the quality of export goods does not meet required standards; our structure of production does not follow the requirements of the market."

There is another aim of NEM, less stressed by the regime but very much on the minds of Hungarians who must suffer two weeks' pay to disappear for a topcoat, or stand in line because of recurrent scarcities. That is to bring prices and wages into some sort of reasonable relationship, to create a situation in which only one member of a family has to work, and to smooth out the eccentricities of the system of supply and demand.

For these reasons, NEM, and no longer the revolution, is the prime topic of conversation here, in the drab taverns in the Csepel industrial suburb, in the faded velvet and gilt surroundings of Budapest's literary café, the Hungaria, and in the

domed Parliament building on the Danube. But just as the bronze plaques and wreaths commemorating the victims of the 1956 street fighting are still visible in Budapest, the lessons of the revolution are never very far in the background of Hungarian conversation.

1956

In a small second-floor apartment near the Lenin Boulevard, members of a typical family, the Horvaths, talked with me a few weeks ago about wages and budgets. But soon, with the same mixture of awe and pride that Americans would use in recalling a famous local flood or snowstorm, they were describing the scene in the street below when Russian tanks fired on Hungarian rebel troops in 1956, and how the concussion blew out all the windows in the Horvath home. There is no need today, as there was before 1956, to arrange with friends to ring the doorbell in a special way so that the family would know it was visitors and not the political police. Wages have increased by a third, and much greater variety is available in every shop, from the corner fruit stand to downtown department stores. Medical care has improved and is free, but one must wait five or six hours in the clinic. Colleges graduate eight times as many students as before the war, and most students get paid an allowance by the government. Every month or so another writer is rehabilitated. There are signs that Parliament is being given some real powers, if not of opposition, at least of review. Last fall, for the first time, a play written by a writer who fled to the West during the revolution was staged in Budapest. It got poor reviews, but quality, not politics, seemed to be the reason.

Soviet customer

It is a common saying in Budapest that Communist Party chief Janos Kadar, put in office to crush the revolution, has since granted all the rebels' original demands. But the original demands were mild compared with those expressed in later stages of the uprising: neutrality abroad; and at home, multiparty democracy and worker control of factories.

The counterrevolution, as the uprising is carefully labeled here, gets constant re-examination in the

Party journals. A recent issue of the historical journal *Szazadok* discussed the harm done to the regime because the Soviet Army had to intervene, or, in its words, "the negative consequences of the fact that the Hungarian working class and the revolutionary organizations were unable to defeat the counter-revolution unaided." The cause of this, or perhaps the effect, was that "anti-Soviet and nationalist views had a great influence on the masses." Whatever the liabilities of this dependence on the Soviets, there were important economic advantages as well, and in the years after 1956, the Soviet Union poured many millions of rubles into Hungary in the form of credits and technical help. The aid raised the standard of living. The cooperation led to trade agreements that even today provide for Russia to buy more than a third of Hungary's exports (compared with .03 percent purchased by the United States). At the same time, the Soviets supply all of Hungary's crude oil, 95 percent of its pig iron, and all of its semfinished aluminum, this produced from bauxite mined in Hungary.

For eleven years, there have been eager Soviet customers for whatever the Hungarians produced, from top-quality pharmaceuticals and electronics to the rattly Ikarus buses one sees all over Eastern Europe. But this closed-circuit trading system, despite its political advantages, had diminishing economic returns. Hungarian goods were not selling outside the bloc, though the nation needed these sales to finance the Western equipment and technical help it must have to increase productivity. To break the cycle, the economists convinced the Party to introduce the New Economic Mechanism. Its higher quality and productivity standards, they hope, will return Hungary to world markets.

What is NEM? For an object lesson, hail one of Budapest's hard-sprung, Polish-manufactured Warszawa taxis. Hungarian hackies curse them — "invented by the Russians and made worse by the Poles" — and indeed, one gets accustomed to seeing the chugging Warszawa machine lose races to a tiny two-cylinder East German car. This cannot go on. So now there is an agreement for Hungarian plants to make ball bearings to sell to Volkswagen in West Germany and for a few expen-

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Hungary

sive Volkswagens to be sold here. It will be some years before families like the Horvaths will buy a car from either bloc; for them, prices for the smallest models now represent two or three years' pay.

The real price

Since about 1960, the Horvaths have been able to divert more and more of their money from food and necessities to household furnishings and better clothes. A huge varnished wood television set dominates their living-dining room. It is the best available here, and cost 8400 forints (\$280), or about four months of Imre Horvath's pay. The Horvaths' relative affluence is based on a common practice in Hungary: all three members of the family work. Horvath and twenty-year-old Imre, Jr., are draftsmen in a plant on Csepel Island, and Mrs. Horvath is a government secretary. Their total income is a relatively generous one for Budapest—4900 forints a month, of which the husband earns 2100, the wife 1600, and the son 1200.

These figures from the Horvath budget illustrate a rule of Communist economics: where the government can easily control prices, it can keep them down to ridiculous levels, and thus keep down pressure for higher wages. The real price is paid by standing in line, putting up with cold, crowded transportation, and enduring the results of years of neglected building maintenance. But when intangibles like style, selection, and novelty enter the equation, prices and supplies are not so easy to control, and the government encounters surpluses of unwanted goods and shortages of wanted ones.

There will be a price for the selection, convenience, and style to be provided by NEM: A 2 percent rise in living costs is officially predicted, and many Hungarians are worried that it will be double that. The Horvaths will be able to absorb the increase, but many families without the extra income, or pensioners living on as little as 800 forints a month, will be hurt. The government has assured them that wages will rise enough to compensate. The Horvaths are skeptical of this promise, but in any case are

prepared to pay extra if NEM will really put the goods in the stores.

Profits and prices

NEM is really three separate programs, two of them to increase efficiency and one to protect the consumer. It goes far beyond the economic experiments in the Soviet Union, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia, not so much because of the innovations it has wrought but because it was introduced simultaneously across the entire economy rather than to selected plants or trade groups, as elsewhere in the bloc.

The first NEM program introduces profitability as the test of success instead of numerical "plan fulfillment." Prices will be based mostly on cost. For the first time, the cost will include interest on government loans to enterprises. Premier Jeno Fock, who has been as impressed as Janos Kadar by the arguments of the economists, explained the new investment system to Parliament: "The state used to place buildings, machines, and other equipment at the disposal of enterprises free of charge. This did not encourage thriftiness or the most economic use of the means of production. Therefore, a levy on fixed and working capital will be introduced nationwide."

Profitability will be the deciding factor when plant managers approach the state bank for loans. If the bank believes there is a need for a new product or expanded capacity, interest rates will be low. An unnecessary venture will be given a low credit rating and deterred by interest up to 10 percent. It is theoretically possible for Hungarian enterprises to go bankrupt, a new concept in Communist economics, though it is likely that government intervention would head off such catastrophes.

The second part of NEM extends the profit principle to the production line and managerial offices. Welders, sweepers, draftsmen, and directors will share in the profits if their plant earns money by producing salable goods efficiently.

Part of the profits go into a fund to be plowed back into the enterprise. The government takes another part. The rest will be shared, in varying proportions, by the engineers, idea men, and managers who play roles in creating what Marx

called surplus value. Marx stipulated that the worker should be given the surplus value he creates, but under NEM, a profit-earning manager can get up to 80 percent above his pay in bonuses, an engineer or foreman 50 percent, and a worker 15 percent.

If the plant loses money, a reverse incentive system comes into play. The bonuses disappear; the manager, in addition, will have his pay cut as much as 10 percent. He cannot escape this penalty by finding another job; the pay cut will follow him wherever he goes as long as his original plant continues to lose money.

Mysterious lingo

The third NEM program is price protection, at least until the market takes over the whole function of price setting, which Premier Fock predicts will take ten to fifteen years. The price of bread, about five cents a pound, has remained stable in Hungary since the war, through Stalinism, revolution, and reform. Fock has promised it will remain so at least through 1968, along with the prices of milk, flour, sugar, rent, heat, and light.

Other prices will be allowed to fluctuate between top and bottom limits. This will permit overstocked shops to hold sales, and allow for seasonal changes in food prices. There will be no price controls at all on about 25 percent of consumer goods, most of them in the luxury range.

Terms like credit ratings, free market, and profits are mysterious lingo to use about a Communist economy, and the ideologists are struggling to adapt to it all. In one mood, officials are careful to say that NEM does not mean scrapping of a planned economy; it is only a way of making the plan more effective. In another, their criticism of the stupidities of central planning is so complete as to make it plain that NEM's aim is indeed to get rid of the old system.

On Csepel Island, the talk is more of unemployment and inflation than of ideology. The broad, flat island in the Danube has been Budapest's factory quarter since the nineteenth century, when the foundries and armaments plants of Manfred Weiss began to grow there to supply the Austro-Hungarian armies. Now Csepel has refineries, docks, and

steel and machinery complexes. But the horses and wagons, one-story cottages, and broad farmlands still give it the character of an overgrown Austrian village.

Class consciousness grew with industrialization, the official Csepel history says, and the workers on the island were in the forefront of the fight for Bela Kun's short-lived Soviet Hungary in 1919, and for the Communist regime of Matyas Rakosi after World War II. This same view of the rights and wrongs of society led them to fight against Rakosi and Sovietism in 1956. For weeks after the failure of the revolution, Csepel's workers' councils held out with general strikes and protests, until arrests crippled their leadership. Now the workers' councils are an embarrassing but safely remote item of recent Hungarian history.

There seems to be no intention of reviving them under NEM. Plans call for more trade-union participation in factory affairs, but the new labor code consigns the unions to their traditional tame role of enforcing contracts they have had little part in making.

In the Rakoczi Restaurant on Csepel's main street, a young Communist engineer outlined the problems the reforms will bring in his plant. "The Hungarian worker considers the factory his club," he said. "Too many of our workers use the plant to catch up on football results and gossip from the papers, to get cheap subsidized meals, and do as little work as possible." Under NEM, the "clubs" are being disbanded. With bonuses depending on production efficiency, managers are beginning to break the unwritten rule that has governed Hungarian labor relations for twenty-two years: since you're not getting paid very much, you don't have to work very hard.

NEM will mean layoffs and unemployment as padded labor forces are cut in the name of efficiency. After decades of propaganda about jobless workers in the West, officials are understandably reluctant to use the same vocabulary. Former Premier Andras Hegedus put it this way: "Uneconomic activities will not be able to continue. Manpower will be released, and between industrial branches and enterprises, the movement of manpower will increase."

Two methods have been introduced to cushion the unemployment. One is to pay new mothers a 600-forint-a-month allowance to stay home for two years after their babies are born. This is designed to take women off the job market and save state nursery costs as it increases the birthrate. It is too soon to tell if it will work. The other is to emulate the "guest worker" system used in the Common Market countries to get labor from Italy, Spain, Turkey, and Greece.

Spheres

NEM has not brought capitalism back to Hungary and will not do so. As long as the intertwining lines of Party and state participation remain dominant, profits will go to the state or its employees, and private ownership will be restricted, as it is now, to a few small shops and services. But the economic reforms raise a question far more important for Eastern Europe than the question of private ownership. That is the influence they will have in hastening erosion of political control that started in 1956 with destalinization.

Stalinism was condemned and dismantled not because it was immoral but because it was inefficient. In Hungary, the Soviet Union, and every other country in the bloc, the leadership had to face up to the fact that the police state and centralism were antiquated methods for running a modern industrial society. The economic reforms are a logical extension of this first, tentative political liberalization. They, in turn, will lead to further political freedoms.

"How is a factory manager in the provinces going to be able to exercise his new autonomy if the political control from Budapest remains?" the Csepel engineer asked. "All our lives we have been taught that the economic base determines the political superstructure. Both spheres will have to decentralize."

— Donald R. Shanor

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Janeway is an ATLANTIC editor. Mario Rossi covers the United Nations for the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR. George A. Ranney, Jr., is a lawyer in Chicago. Donald R. Shanor is the Chicago DAILY NEWS's Bonn correspondent.



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letters

Supernation at peace and war

SIR: Dan Wakefield's "Supernation at Peace and War" (March *Atlantic*) is better than a novel. It reads almost like Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* Wakefield gives us an excellent panorama of the whole stupid, painful, heroic mess that is the American side of the Vietnam War.

HARRY R. WALLACE
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Within the past two weeks I have been in attendance at a national meeting where the two major topics for discussion and action were the war in Vietnam and the urban crisis. Material for both subjects had been carefully researched and prepared. But I saw and heard nothing there that in my judgment could touch in scholarship, sensitivity, comprehension, and literary excellence the major article by Dan Wakefield in the March *Atlantic*.

MRS. PORTER BROWN
*Board of Missions of the Methodist Church
New York City*

SIR: Dan Wakefield's brilliant tour of the United States makes at least one error serious enough to warrant correction because it involves the life and times of one of Boston's oldest teetotalers.

Dan reported that I had said in Minneapolis that the president of Boston University plied me with gin. Now, I did tell such a story, and it was a true one (I can still taste the foul liquid), but the man involved was not B.U. President Harold Case but another administrator.

Dr. Case's lips, as far as any of us could learn from exhaustive investigation, never touched gin or any other alcoholic substance. Nor did he, personally, ever attempt to "co-opt" the campus left, but rather aided it with a long series of edicts (viz., subjecting the B.U. *News* to

prior readership for control) which were so repressive as to promote general uprising and be, ultimately, unenforceable.

RAYMOND MUNGO
*Liberation News Service
Washington, D.C.*

SIR: I can only assume that Mr. Wakefield was on the fantasy portion of his journey when he wrote about me.

For better insight into where I'm at buy a plastic bag, flatten it, roll up the long side, and twist this roll tight. Then tie this twisted roll into a series of loose knots. Place a small eye screw in the center of a bright ceiling. Unravel a coat hanger. Cut an end from a large juice can, but first perforate the sides liberally. Perforate the center of the remaining end with a geometric series of holes, one being in the center. Puncture the outer perimeter with triangular holes from a can opener. Hook one end of the coat hanger through the eye in the ceiling. Bend a one-inch-diameter loop one inch from the other end, after putting the wire through the center hole of the can, open end down. Bend the last inch into a hook. Hook this through an end knot of the plastic, being sure it hangs free in the can. Place a large pan of water directly below.

Enjoy the company of family and friends for a convivial meal, drink, and chat. Seat everyone along the walls of the room. Turn off the lights, first being sure to put out the clock. Light it.

BOB BARANAUSKAS-PLASTIC MAN
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: "Supernation" — altogether, terribly depressing. But a wonderful job!

C. P. HOLWAY
Hammond, Ind.

SIR: I wish to thank the *Atlantic* for Mr. Wakefield's fascinating overview of current American society. However, as a "good, solid, concrete" Dutch citizen of Grand Rapids, and as a student at Calvin College, I must comment on the remarks made by my local draft board clerk, Miss Lucy Folkema.

I agree that Calvin College is a good institution and that its students have "strong religious convictions." Yet those same convictions do not allow many of us to agree that because "wars have been

going on ever since biblical times, and will keep going on," that therefore we in some way support this war. All wars are not just, and it is up to the religious communities of this land to make that point very clear.

Religious convictions have caused many students at this college to vigorously oppose present U.S. policy in Vietnam.

CHARLES STRIKWERDA
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIR: Without the ability to be eloquent or lengthy, thank you for your March issue. Mr. Wakefield states so subtly and beautifully what anyone, confused or silent or anything, has ever felt or can feel about the United States today.

PATRICIA KEREN
New York City

SIR: I was amused in thinking what might be the reaction of members of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood if they should read the section of Dan Wakefield's article that refers to the "Hollywood Presbyterian Church." First Church is the Presbyterian Church in Hollywood, has some 8500 members and a large staff, is fundamentalist, and definitely straight. The West Hollywood Presbyterian Church on Sunset Boulevard at Martel has always been a small neighborhood church. But being only a few blocks from "the Strip," it has found itself in a position to minister to the hippies. (There is also a South Hollywood Presbyterian Church and a Christ (Japanese) Presbyterian Church.)

EDITH MCAULAY
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Congratulations on your March issue. Dan Wakefield's treatment of supernation was superb. While it is impossible to write about the Vietnam conflict and trouble in the streets without bias, Mr. Wakefield's obvious effort at objectivity is to be commended.

JOSEPH C. BOWLES
*Brevard College
Brevard, N. C.*

SIR: Although 100,000 is a large number of people to gather for a demonstration, there are millions who were not at the demonstration who have convictions about supporting the nation. Although such people might be called "super-

patriots" in Mr. Wakefield's terminology — this would seem logical considering the other suggestions he has made — we do exist. Furthermore, we are not all older members of the Establishment or people with large amounts of money, giving parties to be crashed by hippies. Some, like myself, are college students who are working our way through school so we will be qualified to change laws which are unfair or seem no longer to be expedient.

LAURA FUNK RATTAN
Rocky Mount, N. C.

SIR: I think the article by Dan Wakefield is extremely timely and certainly an important contribution to our current need to re-evaluate our entire Vietnam involvement.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY
*U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.*

SIR: In Dan Wakefield's supnation I found not a single experience, interview, observation, allusion that is favorable. Evidently Mr. Wakefield found what he was looking for. His book may be of some value to future historians re-examining the last third of the twentieth century in the United States, but it must be weighed as a biased type of investigation and reporting.

ROBERT I. ADRIANCE
Orono, Me.

SIR: Wakefield's cartooning of all who favor the war as a just one is as unfair as the accusation he tries so hard to disprove — that all who oppose the war are unwashed hippies or Communists.

DEIRDRE B. DAY
Dallas, Tex.

SIR: I was brought up short, in Dan Wakefield's absorbing piece, by references to me which were not only unfair but unfairly demeaning.

Given the premise that two reputable observers might have had different reactions to the same event — in this case, the Peace Mobilization March of April, 1967 — it is still misleading to excerpt certain quotes without their tempering phrases. As a long and very vocal opponent of our disastrous Vietnam policy, I was indeed disappointed in the march because I felt that in spite of its numbers and — as I wrote in the same piece quoted by Mr. Wakefield, "a wide range of affilia-

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Or like when you're adrift in a rowboat, sunning yourself after you've been in the middle of a 4-day answer to Carnival in Rio, and there's nothing on your mind except when to turn over.

And you know you're truly relaxing, not just standing still.

Or when you're lolling under a palm tree, awaiting the Wine Harvest Festival, which is followed by the Chess Olympiad, wondering why people who do well in one, don't in the other.

Sure, you know that Switzerland has famous resorts and music festivals and winter sports and summer sports and nightclubs and terrific shopping and unbelievable scenery.

But Switzerland also sends you home with something you'll remember without referring to old color slides. Something a bit deeper than Fun Fun Fun.

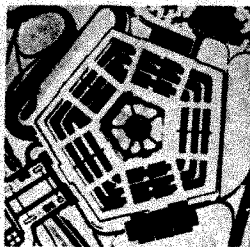
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TWO CENTS AND MORE: Advice to the Secretary of Defense

Next to the President, the man with the closest-to-impossible job is the United States Secretary of Defense. When Robert McNamara stepped down as man-or-superman last March 1, the *Atlantic* asked several men of varying degrees of familiarity with the defense establishment, or varied views on it, to assess in a few well-chosen words the most pressing problems confronting his successor. The invitation was extended before the selection of Clark Clifford to succeed McNamara. The new Secretary may or may not be grateful for the advice on how to do his job, but it comes to him unsolicited in the June issue of the *Atlantic*. One expert, a former government official, was so bold as to suggest that the new Secretary "tie a thousand-ton bomb around his neck, embrace the President firmly, and jump off Key Bridge"; a senator recommended "the power of prayer." Six men got more specific. They are Ferdinand Eberstadt, who served the first Secretary, James Forrestal, and helped write the legislation creating the office; Adam Yarmolinsky, who served the seventh Secretary, McNamara; columnist Joseph Kraft; the French strategist General André Beaufre; historian Gar Alperovitz; and social critic Paul Goodman. Readers will profit from their reflections even if Washington does not.

■ **PAX** by Christopher Logue, an exciting long poem by the brilliant British novelist, playwright, and poet, a new section of his adventurous "translation" of the *Iliad*.

■ **NEW FICTION** includes "Shame," by Joyce Carol Oates, author of the perceptive novel *Garden of Earthly Delights*, and "Twin Bed Bridge," a pungent, highly stylized portrayal of the troubled wife of a political activist, by Florence Hecht.

■ **THE AEROSPACE BONUS BOYS** bring back Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding) for their once-postponed second appearance, an event as hilarious as their first venture into the world of computers in the *Atlantic* last November.

■ **ALFRED KAZIN** examines the state of contemporary American storytelling.

■ **JOE BANANAS** and his short, disappointed life with a thoroughbred comes into our ken via the pen of Sam Toporoff.

tion and opinion"—it failed, through lack of focus and the presence of divisive minorities, to achieve its purpose. Mr. Wakefield excerpts only my criticism of one of these groups but omits the "thousands of decent, heartsick, and indignant Americans" I also mentioned as marching.

And why the gratuitous aspersion involved in putting "essayist and reporter" in quotes? Is this an inaccurate description of a professional journalist and a writer of several books of essays?

I have too much respect for Mr. Wakefield to suspect that personal bias made him single me out as a hippie-baiter, an Establishmentarian, and a phony. But perhaps he can be accused of stacking the cards.

MARYA MANNES
New York City

SIR: Dan Wakefield's piece was nice. Now I can laugh as I cry as I weep as I die as I lie as I lie beneath the superbird.

DAN SCHAAF
Michigan City, Ind.

More on civil disobedience

SIR: Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.'s article, "On Civil Disobedience" (February *Atlantic*), seriously confuses civil disobedience with conscientious objection.

Civil disobedience is a form of political action taken when the normal legal modes of political change seem to be inadequate. The point is not merely to disobey the law because it is wrong, but also to do it as a means of protesting and changing the law. The validity of such nonviolent but illegal modes of political change must be evaluated in terms of their consequences. Judge Wyzanski has given us a thoughtful discussion of these consequences.

The basis of disobeying a law for reasons of conscience is not political (an attempt to change the law) but a refusal to perform acts deemed evil even if the state ordains it. While no doubt conscience may err, the United States in its attitude toward conscientious objection to war recognizes that the harm of forcing a man to act against his conscience outweighs whatever benefits society may gain from his obeying the law. In the precedent established at Nuremberg, the positive duty of disobeying laws that are

wrong seems to be affirmed. Thus the grounds for judging the validity of disobeying the law on grounds of conscience are quite different from those relevant to the question of disobedience as a political tool, though on occasion the resulting actions may be similar.

This distinction has obvious relevance in evaluating the actions of those opposed to American involvement in Vietnam.

ALAN F. GETTNER
Department of Philosophy
Columbia University
New York City

SIR: Judge Wyzanski says that one should bide one's time (to protest) "until he personally is faced with an order requiring him as an individual to do a wrongful act." Well, we face a tax form every year, and it is that money which pays for the war. Is it all right, then, not to pay? Or are we to wait for the order to personally kill Vietnamese—a prescription which frees us all from responsibility, all except the soldiers who would face courts-martial for refusing to fight?

DAN FRAENKEL
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski's article reveals a sensitive, perceptive person who has obviously given a great deal of thought to the issue of civil disobedience. But for all his reasonableness, Judge Wyzanski counsels inaction, for he knows full well that there are indeed few of us who will ever face our "heroic" moment when civil disobedience is "compelled." The vast majority of *Atlantic* readers might comfortably live out this war and their days without ever having to confront such a moment. Restraint and compulsion then are not the issue. In the three or four years in which men of sensitivity and intelligence have encouraged and exercised restraint, countless men, women, and children have died because of American intervention in Vietnam. Sixteen thousand American servicemen, most of whom could not have cared less about this kind of debate, have died in Vietnam.

And while Judge Wyzanski continues to collect his pay from his government, his government is bombing villages and napalming civilians. The judge, who may not—in fact, cannot—find such activities a suf-

ficient justification for civil disobedience, has merely provided an increasingly uncomfortable middle-class readership with another, albeit articulate, excuse for refusing to confront the issue, and instead, to wait for the "heroic" moment of truth. These are the readers who must, along with Judge Wyzanski, face the moral imperatives posed by the Vietnam adventure, and reasonableness alone will not suffice, as long as such acts of savagery continue in the name of the United States.

J. DAVID COLFAX
Department of Sociology
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn.

SIR: Regarding the heretofore unpublished letter of Leo Tolstoy ("Advice to a Draftee," February *Atlantic*), I am intrigued by the editorial note accompanying it: that the recipient moved to another "country" to avoid conscription—from Darmstadt in Hesse to a small town in Bavaria. This was in 1899, long after Bismarck had unified Germany (1871). Both Bavaria and Hesse were then states of the German Empire. How could a draft-dodger hope to avoid his military commitment in this way?

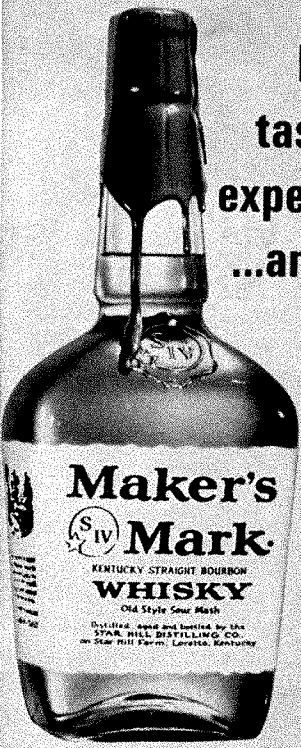
JAMES J. PFLAUM
Dayton, Ohio

Advice and consent

SIR: James Watson's excellent articles on cracking the DNA code ("The Double Helix: The Discovery of the Structure of DNA," January and February *Atlantic*) were discredited by Robert L. Sinsheimer in a letter to the editor which appeared in the March *Atlantic*. Sinsheimer intimates that personalities and personality conflicts are of little importance to a scientist's work. He paradoxically expressed surprise "at the apparent innocence of the chemical information then available about DNA."

Since Dr. Sinsheimer is one of the team that recently announced the laboratory creation of active DNA and, thus, an important personality in the field of DNA research, it seems curiously ironic that he would write a letter which illustrates Watson's observations on the personalities of scientists.

E. CHRISTIAN
Department of Biological Sciences
Sacramento State College
Sacramento, Calif.



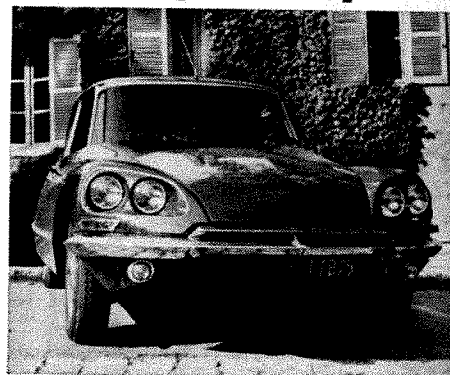
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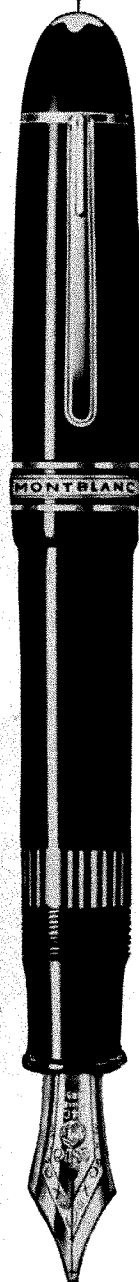
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SIR: I want to call attention to an error made by Kevin D'Arcy in his report, Wales and Scotland, in the March *Atlantic*.

Mr. D'Arcy says, "The islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney have as often been French as British, and are now in a state of independence similar to that of Northern Ireland, but without any men at Westminster."

The Channel Isles have been subject to the English Crown continuously since 1066. They do not send representatives to the British Parliament because they are not subject to Parliament but are the direct possessions of the English Crown as the last of its Norman territories.

ELSIE L. JOHNSTONE
Inverness, Calif.

SIR: James C. Thomson, Jr.'s "How Could Vietnam Happen?" (April *Atlantic*) is the finest political article to appear in any magazine in years.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Well, Brigid Brophy certainly opened my eyes ("The Perversity of Aubrey Beardsley, February *Atlantic*"). Here all along I've thought that Beardsley, like many another Victorian, simply had a thing for the rococo with which the period dripped. But now it seems that those tassels in the *Rue Morgue* illustration were not examples of the ubiquitous fringe. And that is not simply a standard Victorian frame around the cover piece for *The Rape of the Lock*; it is silhouettes of nude females (with unusually low bottoms—has Miss Brophy noticed?). Those precise, light vertical lines which had looked so innocent a tool of design—here they are speaking of a mother fixation. Candles and candle flames are phallic in one direction, and curved lines in another. Well, so much for Beardsley; now that we know how to read his real message, we need not err again. But what about other Victorian illustrators? What, for example, about Beatrix Potter? It takes only a perceptive glance at *The Tale of Peter the Rabbit* to suggest that this is no mere one-level story for kiddies.

To begin with, Peter and his siblings, all female, live with their mother in a hole. (Their father had previously met a particularly hu-

miliating end at the hands of a woman.) The first illustration showing Peter and the others out of the hole has them all, save the mother, naked from the hips down. Their tail hair is prominent. When Peter's female siblings (in Miss Potter's words "who were good little bunnies") go out to enjoy themselves, they gather blackberries—round little objects, full of seeds. Peter, on the other hand, heads for delights already forbidden to him: Mr. McGregor's garden. To gain access to this garden (surely a significant word), he has to compress his body and squeeze through a small opening, symbolism which needs no laboring. Then, in the garden, notice what he seeks: first lettuce and then both radishes and beans. After this excursion into ambivalence, he feels, we are told, rather sick—an almost classic manifestation of guilt.

The real drama of the piece, however, is yet to come—Peter's prolonged chase by Mr. McGregor, a dark account of the attractive younger male's pursuit by the relentless older one. During this pursuit Peter loses *both his shoes* and finally only escapes by stripping off his jacket and reducing himself to nakedness. That Mr. McGregor is not without an appreciation of fetishism we learn from his hanging these clothes shed during the pursuit on a form in his garden.

There is one other disturbing note. The jacket and shoes Peter lost at Mr. McGregor's are the second set in two weeks! Fatherless, mother-ridden, with no peer relationship but a possibly incestuous one, already he has established a pattern. We can only be grateful to Miss Potter for ending the book without showing us where it must certainly lead. We can hardly hope that Miss Brophy, if she turns her interest there, will treat us as gently.

MARY MCSHERRY MARKER
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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FREEDOM: WHO NEEDS IT?

BY RICHARD ROVERE

What has happened to the idea of freedom in the United States? A lot that is not good, the eminent writer and NEW YORKER correspondent Richard Rovere believes. Especially among the young and supposedly radical thinkers, impetuous verbiage obscures a disregard verging on contempt for the basic individual liberties. Mr. Rovere's newest book (his seventh), WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY, has just been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

INDIVIDUALITY is the aim of political liberty," James Fenimore Cooper wrote in 1838, in *The American Democrat*, and a decade later, in his *Civil Disobedience*, Henry David Thoreau insisted that "there will never be a really free and enlightened state until the state comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its power and authority are derived, and treats him accordingly."

How wrong — how mistaken in prophecy — our American moralists have been! Had Cooper and Thoreau been right, the Great Society would be all around us, its every member happy and fulfilled. There would be no civil disorder, and of course no war in Vietnam. "Alienation" might be a legal and pathological term — but not a widespread social phenomenon and the fundamental "issue" in the presidential campaign of one aspirant, Senator Eugene McCarthy. Civility would prevail, and, the state having long since accommodated itself to the examined consciences of "individuals," there would be no point to the kind of civil disobedience to which Thoreau felt driven by the Mexican War. Thoreau was an eloquent man, a noble spirit in a mean time, but his logic was often flawed, and it was his proposition — one wonders if he could actually have believed it — that if the state liberated the individual, the individual would

liberate the state, and everything would be just fine. Jefferson and Toqueville knew better, but they had known more of the world than Concord and did not think that all truth was contained in "the mind and heart of me."

It seems not to have dawned on Thoreau that the social whole might be something greater than — or at least something quite different from — the sum of its parts. With his view of man and the state, he would have had a hard time understanding what has happened in this republic in the century since his death, which is that the state has come to behave toward the individual pretty much as he thought it should but that it is still, alas, given to folly and wickedness, still very much in need of "enlightenment."

I am assuming that the individual *qua* individual (as distinct, be it clearly noted, from the individual as a member of the whole society or of any minority within it) has very little to complain about in the United States at the present time. Though a day may come, and before very long, when this will not be true, it seems to me clear beyond serious dispute that the liberties specified in the Bill of Rights are honored and in general vigorously upheld by the state. The government that Cooper distrusted and Thoreau despised imposes no effective limitations on speech or any other form of

individual expression. I may say what I choose and disseminate it in any way I find possible, no matter how much offense I may give society in general or any of the groups that constitute it. In matters political, moral, and religious, my rights as an individual take precedence over any and every consensus of public opinion. I am seldom held to any test of factuality or damage. Indeed, the more powerful my adversary happens to be, the more unrestrained may I be in smiting him, for the courts have ruled that the bigger they are, the harder they may be hit. If I wish to proclaim my hatred and defiance of authority, constituted or otherwise, I can expect objection but not, as a rule, interference; should interference be attempted or proposed, I can demand and get the state's protection.

It may be objected that what I describe as rights and liberties are in fact privileges and immunities that are largely dependent on status — and, even at that, honored only in certain jurisdictions. Were I a black Mississippian not exercising but merely pleading for my “rights,” I might be speaking my last words on earth. As a white New Yorker denouncing authority in Mississippi, I might meet the same fate. Status is important in this society — in fact, in any society — and if I threaten that of another man in certain circumstances, I may lose my right to live. But if I lost it in such circumstances, I would have lost it to another individual, not to the state, even if the individual happened to be an agent of some provincial government. For the individual, equal protection is assured by the state that exercises national sovereignty. In England, in November, 1967, a Black Muslim named Michael Abdul Malik was given a year's imprisonment for what the sentencing judge called “attempting to raise hostility” against white people — an offense under the Race Relations Act of 1965. A couple of weeks later, the London *Sunday Times* was fined \$12,000 and court costs for having printed an unflattering but accurate description of the same Malik in a picture caption while his case was *sub judice*. But in the United States, Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, though they may encounter difficulties over passport regulations and statutes dealing with the possession of firearms, are as free as any benighted honky to preach hatred and incite others to civil disorder, and a journalist is free to use any language he chooses in describing them.

IS THE individual as free to *do* what he wants as well as *say* what he wants? Of course not. No society can protect anyone's rights without a criminal code. However, my freedom of action is probably greater than any that has ever before

existed in an organized society. I can adopt any style of living that does not interfere with the right of others to do the same. There are no limits to my freedom of association except the possible reluctance of others to associate with me. There are almost no remaining constraints on sexual activity between consenting adults. In recent years, there has been established a right unnamed and unclaimed seventy-five years ago — the right to privacy. The right to withhold support from and participation in certain undertakings of the state, such as war, no doubt falls short of what Thoreau wished, but it is vastly broader than it was in his day. Conscientious objection to military service is reported under a steadily broadening definition of “conscience,” and it is conceivable that the courts will one day extend a similar respect to the kind of tax-withholding for which Thoreau spent a night in Concord jail. In ways too numerous to cite, the state has yielded to Thoreau's smug assertion that “any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already.”

The political order may accord liberties to the individual which the social or economic order may be said to nullify or to diminish in value. As the Marxists used to say, what good is freedom of the press to anyone who does not own a press? A man has to have a home before he can call it his castle. But to repeat, the early libertarians regarded the state — the central, sovereign state — as their antagonist and did not distinguish it from the social and economic orders. Their conflict was with government, and by all the measures most of them employed, the victory is already theirs. Furthermore, when the conflict has been with oppressive social and economic power, the state has as often as not been the ally of the abused individual. Thoreau's conditions for a “free and enlightened state” have been achieved.

Yet never in our history has the individual seemed as wretched and despairing as he is today; and seldom have free men anywhere felt so thwarted and powerless in their relations to government democratically chosen. I speak particularly, but by no means exclusively, of those who have sought and in some measure achieved “individuality.” The conformists seem hardly less in revolt than the nonconformists. Never have disaffection, alienation, and frustration been more widespread. And, what is the most alarming thing of all, never has the kind of liberty the libertarians valued so greatly been held in such low esteem by those who possess and use it. Thoreau's hope for the redemption of the state was, of course, absurd. Liberty does not create enlightenment; it merely brings it within the realm of the possible. But at least one might suppose that liberty would be valued for its own sake and be seen by the indi-

vidual as one means for building a society that would be somewhat closer to his heart's desire.

It is clear in 1968 that one can suppose no such thing. There now seems to be something new under the American sun — a disenchantment not only with the society in which individual liberty thrives as it seldom has in the past but with the idea of liberty itself. In a survey of attitudes among liberal and radical college students and teachers late in 1967, Nan Robertson, of the *New York Times*, found that those who have the most grandiose and in some ways the most humane visions of a different, better America place little value on their constitutional rights. "The most radical among them displayed total scorn for individual liberties," Miss Robertson reported. Nor, evidently, is this contempt limited to the very young, who — lacking much acquaintance with, to say nothing of respect for, history — take freedom very much for granted. Mary McCarthy, a writer with a richly informed sense of the past and an honorable record of libertarian activity, has lately described "freedom in the United States . . . simply as the right to self-expression, as in the dance, psychodrama, be-ins, kinky sex, and baking ceramics."

The disillusionment of the radical students and of such of their elders as Miss McCarthy has its origins — as what does not in this country today? — in the war in Vietnam. What they have all discovered, though it is hard to believe that Miss McCarthy did not know it all along, is that the war cannot be stopped by the individual's exercise of liberty. Miss McCarthy was quite explicit about this: "The uselessness of free institutions, pleasurable in themselves, to interpose any check on a war of this character, opposed, though not enough, by most so-called thinking persons, suggests that freedom . . . is no longer a political value." By "value" she means, I am sure, "weapon," or, better perhaps, "force." Certainly this is what Dwight Macdonald means when he explains that he took up "resistance" in the summer of 1967, when "it became evident to me that two years of writing, speaking, and demonstrating against the war had not got through to our President." (Macdonald is a man of awesome ingenuousness. He has been writing, speaking, and demonstrating for thirty-five years, through five presidencies, without, so far as is known, "getting through" to a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Anything. He must have rated Johnson as an especially quick study.)

The bitter truth is that we cannot use our liberty or our individuality to make the President cease and desist in Vietnam. Indeed, when we try, he insists on telling us that he is doing it all so that we can hold on to our right to dissent. Under the circumstances, the most we can do is vote against

him when the proper time comes and in the meanwhile try to persuade others to do the same. This kind of activity, however, we undertake not really as individuals, as right-minded majorities of one, but as fragments of society.

I HAVE suggested that there is something new to American experience in this disenchantment with individual liberty. I think it is without precedent. But I also think I detect a common element in the attitudes of Thoreau and Mary McCarthy. Neither is willing to accept liberty as an end in itself. The classic libertarian position, one has always supposed, is that the whole point of the struggle is to get the state off one's back — to achieve individuality, as Cooper said, and to achieve it for exactly the purpose Miss McCarthy scorns, "self-expression." Kinky sex and ceramics could be part of it as well as a man's right to hold and proclaim his own vision of God or of beauty. The idea was not to control the state, but to avoid being controlled by it, so that the individual, as Cooper put it, "is left to pursue his means of happiness in his own manner." But Cooper was a conservative, a right-winger of sorts, while Thoreau and Mary McCarthy represent another tradition — that of "social conscience" and political reform. They ask the state not to leave them alone but to give them power, to let them be part of the life of the state and have a share in what nowadays is called "decision-making" — so that, as Thoreau professed to hope, that state could be made "free and enlightened," and as Miss McCarthy would have it, freedom could be used to "interpose a check" on the war in Vietnam.

It is easy enough to say that they are mistaken as to the nature and value of individual liberty and have even turned inside out the classic defenses of it. But one is then compelled to ask if these arguments were ever themselves reasonable and honest. Has the desire for freedom ever been only a desire for self-expression or self-fulfillment? The great appeals for liberty have often stated the case in these terms — "Give *me* liberty or give *me* death" — but while there have been some valorous and lonely battles waged by individuals, the great crusades for liberty were collective undertakings (not for "me" but for "us") in which the aim was a collective liberation. Not many of those who have fought for liberty, if only in some bloodless demonstration against oppressive authority, have themselves had much to gain from destroying censorship or establishing the right to free scientific inquiry. No doubt there are in every society a few people who have faith, justified or otherwise, in their individual ability to create something of value or to uncover

some hidden truth about the world and ask nothing of their fellowman but noninterference. But, as the cases of Henry Thoreau and Mary McCarthy so amply demonstrate, even among the most gifted there can be so powerful a yen to change the world that a devaluation of freedom seems called for when it develops that free speech and free thinking and free love are not particularly effective instruments of change. And among the less gifted, those who are incapable of using liberty in a solitary pursuit of truth or beauty, disillusionment is bound to be commensurately greater. Eric Hoffer long ago pointed out that mass movements are built and staffed by "uncreative men of words."

And so it may be idle, even stuffy and pedantic, to point out that some Americans have misconstrued the nature of liberty and that they ask for more than can reasonably be expected of it. If this is a species of irrationality, it is only one of several that are to be found in this country today. To confront one's contemporaries with the ideals of the founders and early ideologues may be as irrelevant as attributing to the founders the present maladies of the nation they established. The fact is that the society in which we live is not the one the founders intended it to be or the one the ideologues hoped it would someday become. In it, the individual has a wide range of liberties and, thanks mainly to its affluence, a wide range of opportunities for self-fulfillment. But, as John Kenneth Galbraith has written, "the presumption of this society is no longer individualist but collectivist." He might have added that this is no recent development. Ours is a mass society in which ideas get lost or diluted or distorted in consensus — and this is not a word that Lyndon Johnson invented or gave currency to but one that Theodore Roosevelt selected as descriptive of the way it is in our political system. Universal education, perhaps the most distinctive of our institutions, created not a nation of individualists but a literate mass that formed itself into a market for mass culture and consensus politics.

IT WAS doubtless inevitable — that is to say, predictable — that there would be extraordinary tensions between the free individual and the free but generally unresponsive society. For freedom and individuality are not sweet but galling when they cannot be put to good use, which for most men means some power to control events. This side of the New Jerusalem, there will always be a reformer of sorts dwelling in every sentient being. Each of us wishes that the mass would adopt at least some of our values, and some of us want a good deal more than reform. "Quite simply, I want a new civiliza-

tion," said Ezra Pound, who went mad from wanting.

A classic instance of how galling a powerless freedom can be is to be found in the memoirs of George Kennan, perhaps the most brilliant diplomat of the century. Kennan entered the Foreign Service of the United States in 1925, and the government paid for an education that put him on the road to becoming our leading authority on Soviet affairs and about as well informed as anyone else on Germany and Eastern Europe. From the late twenties down to the end of the forties, he provided Washington with interpretations of men and events that can, in hindsight, be seen to have been almost spectacularly accurate. What use did his government make of the talent it had so wisely developed and of the analyses that might have saved it so much grief? Not until the very end of his career did his superiors — the ambassadors and Secretaries of State and Presidents he had served — trouble to listen to him.

In his memoirs are dozens of memoranda drawn from his and the Department's files; though some were written more than thirty years ago, they make compelling reading today. Had they been read upon receipt by those to whom they were addressed, this essay might bear happier tidings than it does. But many of them, in all probability, were never read by anyone before they were published by Kennan himself and, ironically, given mass distribution by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Though he is by temperament anything but a whiner, Kennan, as an autobiographer, is an aggrieved chronicler of rejection and of a frustration so deep that, having "no reason to believe that my views would be interesting or welcome in official Washington," toward the end he almost gave up trying; and, in the end, even after a brief period of belated recognition, he got out, hoping that he would have more impact on events by the writing of history than by writing policy recommendations that policy-makers never read. Out of public life, he has contributed much to enlightenment but discouragingly little to public policy.

George Kennan was not ignored because his views were radical — they were anything but that; he wanted no new civilization — or because he was held in low esteem. It would be closer to the truth to say that he was ignored because his views were complex, and despite the exemplary lucidity of the prose in which they were couched, not easily grasped. The views that Kennan advanced were those of an *individual*, an Emersonian Man Thinking — thinking as hard as he possibly could, thinking his way through illusions to what he perceived as reality. His views could seldom be reduced to slogans; indeed, they often ran counter to the slogans currently in vogue and obscuring hard

truth. The consensus could not accommodate them.

We are, as I see it, in this fix: ours is probably the only kind of society which can liberate the individual, and it is at the same time a society in which he is less likely to find fulfillment than he might under certain kinds of authoritarian rule. Dissent is tolerated and at times encouraged, but unless and until it is organized on a mass scale — developing in the process a new orthodoxy, and inevitably, a new dissent — it is not more likely to influence events than it would be in the Soviet Union. Like the rich man with his money, the free individual learns that freedom cannot buy happiness. He suffers anxieties of a kind he would not know in a totalitarian country, where the notion that a few scattered voices might change national policy could no more take hold than the notion that a local astronomy club could send a rocket to Venus. The anxieties may be endurable when he differs with the society over matters that he regards as being at least debatable and subject to compromise; they become unendurable when he persuades himself that because of his powerlessness men and women in large numbers are dying in hideous ways each hour of every day.

When the failure to prevail through freedom becomes thus unendurable, it is only, one supposes, a short step to a renunciation of freedom itself. This would be particularly the case in a country in which not even the oldest citizens can recall a time when the individual *qua* individual was subject to the more severe forms of repression. In our time, the civil rights movement and the labor movement have had their martyrs, but even when Joseph McCarthy flourished, no one lost his life as a fighter for the freedom of the individual. (Some may say there were losses no less grave, and this may be true, but the sufferers who live in memory are those who have died or at least bled for a cause.) A right that has long been secured is less prized, and more easily despised, than a right won in our own or our father's time.

It is not, then, difficult to see how in this worst of American times, some of the young and some of the not so young can, as Miss Robertson put it, display "total scorn for individual liberties." But to understand is not to pardon. If individual liberties are held in contempt simply because they produce no quick political results, liberty of all kinds will be in jeopardy. Of course Dwight Macdonald cannot talk or write the President of the United States out of the war in two years. Nor can Stokely Carmichael create black power by extolling it before a thousand crowds.

The test of liberty can never be narrowly pragmatic. Freedom of expression does not assure greatness: it may, on the contrary, smother it in outpourings of mediocrity. But if for this or any other reason it is to be held in low esteem by those who wish to change society, they will soon enough find that the likeliest kind of change their attitude will promote is in the direction of reaction and regression.

We appear to have reached a point at which there can be no communication between the alienated and those who have, as I do, a continuing commitment not only to the professed ideals of this society, many of which are dishonored every day, but to its political and legal institutions. Alienation is not, I suppose, a point of view that can be dealt with by discourse of any kind. Still, it seems to me that those who are coming to perceive the limitations of liberty owe it to themselves to confront not only the disagreeable facts about those limitations but the facts, many of them no less disagreeable, about the nature of this society and its place in history and in the world.

Such a confrontation can be dispiriting indeed, for it can produce despair not only about American possibilities but about human possibilities in general. It must begin, I think, with an acknowledgment of the fact that the United States was born in a revolution led by men of uncommon intelligence and integrity, men whose ideals were of an elevation rare in the history of revolutions. They provided us with model charters of freedom and with a governmental structure that, whatever its defects, has been workable enough to endure for almost two centuries. They achieved a political unity that was in time, though not without strife, to become continental. The continent we claimed was enormously rich and fertile, and this made easier the maintenance of the liberties for which the charters provided. In the first century and a quarter of our national existence, we attracted from a Europe unable to achieve much in the way of either liberty or unity millions of settlers eager to share the opportunities our continent offered, and for the most part, eager to share our ideals. We enjoyed, in short, good fortune of a kind unknown in the past and unlikely to be known in the future. It is not, I think, chauvinistic to say that if in the end we prove unable to make a go of democracy, there is a fair presumption that no one else will be able to do so either.

The alienated feel that the evidence is already in, that we have compromised ourselves fatally, and that the role of the individual is either to destroy the society or drop out of it. In that case, if I am right, they must concede the futility of the very idea of human community and the fatuousness not only of change but of criticism. For myself, though

I have not known a time of greater anguish over our possibilities, I want this society to be preserved, and I hope for the strength to maintain my own commitment to it. Despite the horror of Vietnam, despite the squalor and hopelessness to which we have condemned generation after generation of Negro Americans, despite the vulgarity of much of our culture, we have, I think, done much to keep hope alive in this world. Until the Negro is fully franchised and represented, we cannot rebut those who are cynical about our democratic professions. Nevertheless, our history has been one of a steady extension and strengthening of the democratic procedures — and this extension continues in this period. The rule of law has likewise been extended and strengthened, more in the last decade than in any period in the past. Though our economy can fairly be described as exploitative, we have, by the exercise of democracy on behalf of equality and of compassion, compelled it to distribute the product of our agriculture and technology more equitably than many countries which claim to have institutionalized economic egalitarianism have distributed their products.

As for our failures, they seem to me — to use a phrase expressive of some of our shabbier values — about par for the course. The war in Vietnam is a monstrous miscarriage of a foreign policy that may very well have been ill-conceived to begin with, but I do not think it morally more odious than similar undertakings on the part of other great powers, most notably and most recently, the French in Indochina and Algeria, who now censure us. Among the alienated, it is terribly fashionable now to say that ours is a “racist” society. Of course it is. I should like to know of an organized society anywhere of which this cannot be said. I have yet to visit a country in which the dominant minority, even where it is physically indistinguishable from any of its majorities, is not persuaded of its own innate superiority. I think it far less remarkable that we can be accurately described as racist than that we can be described as a people who have shown some eagerness to be free of this condition and have elected leaders and representatives committed to this form of liberation.

Though I have been writing here of “this society” as if it were an entity that the individual can sensibly be “for” or “against,” this way of approaching the problem has never made much sense to me. There are too many loose and loosely connected phenomena here, too many currents and cross-currents, too many forces in tension and contention, to speak of the whole thing as a machine in operation. There is plenty to be despised and rejected. There is much that stands in need of radical change

or of destruction. There is at the same time much to be defended and preserved, the liberty of the individual being to my mind the first of these because it is the most needed for the realization of any possibilities. The work of any sentient individual, of anyone interested in appraising the utility or inutility of freedom, would seem to me to be to cast a discriminating eye on the nation — not to determine whether it is good or bad but to associate these qualities with the specific values and institutions that come within his field of vision. His judgment will not be reflected in cease-and-desist orders from the President or rewarded by vast transformations of the economic order. But the exercise of liberty will be a defense of liberty, while its disparagement will surely lead to its atrophy and disappearance and to the end of any talk about human possibilities.

FLIGHT

BY GEORGE SULLIVAN

The word has a flesh
comes proud from the brow
Can round in the sun
like a peach on a bough
And the bird has a wing
swings
in space
on its own
blown
grace

The peach and word
are one in the sun
And one in the shade
of their windfall graves
For the word has a bone
pulls flesh in turn
As the stone the peach
to the wasp and worm

See the blur on the bough
is the bird
as it goes
and was gone

ON GIVING ONESELF A HOTFOOT GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

by Elizabeth B. Drew

Since the birth of the republic, Presidents have been appointing commissions to probe into various aspects of American life. What few citizens know, however, is that presidential commissions have been the subject of a probe themselves. The heretofore secret records of the Commission on Commission-Watching, leaked to our Washington reporter by the Stamps editor of the Washington Post, are here bared. It should be noted that Mrs. Drew's report does not encompass the most recent proposal for a presidential commission, the one said to be endorsed by the Robert Kennedy forces and to be established by President Johnson to investigate the President's own conduct of the Vietnam War. That deserves its own separate probe.

IN 1794, President Washington had a problem. Rebellious groups in Pennsylvania were threatening the nation with civil disorder. So he appointed a commission. "The report of the Commissioners," Mr. Washington informed the Congress in his sixth annual address later that year, "marks their firmness and abilities, and must unite all virtuous men."

Whether it did or not, or whether the President thought it would or even intended it to, is now lost to history. But the technique of appointing a special presidential commission, of which this was the country's first, to investigate, obfuscate, resolve, defuse, defer, detail, or derail a problem has become as much an instrument of the presidency as the State of the Union Message, the toss of the ball on opening day, or the review of troops in wartime. The fine art of commissionmanship enjoys an unusually flourishing state today. There is no official tally of how many presidential commissions are extant, but a casual inquiry shows that in the past year and a half there have been special presidential commissions on Health Manpower, Health Facilities, Rural Poverty, Food and Fiber, Civil Disorders, Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas, Urban Housing, Urban Problems, Income Maintenance, Crime (nationwide), Crime (in the District of Columbia), Criminal Laws, Libraries, the Post Office, the Selective Service, Budget Concepts, Federal Salaries, and the CIA.

There are several types of government commissions: permanent floating ones, such as the American Battle Monuments Commission, or the Cana-

dian-American Boundary Commission, which has been preventing an outbreak of war between the two nations; or so-called regulatory commissions, such as the Federal Communications or Interstate Commerce Commissions; commissions which Congress tells the President to establish, such as the Pornography Commission, also espoused by former Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, who was so upset about the pornography that came through the mail that he kept a whole room full of it just off his office. There are also the not-so-secret task forces of inside and outside experts which President Johnson has been appointing each year to review federal activities.

But special presidential commissions are an institution unto themselves, so much so that not long ago a group of highly qualified Washington observers (of the stripe that the press frequently turns to for profound insights) formed a Commission on Commission-Watching. Because of internal problems, the report of the CCW has run into unforeseen delays. A comprehensive summary of its findings has been obtained from friendly sources, however, and it goes as follows.

THE USES OF COMMISSIONS

There are eight reasons, which are not mutually exclusive, for appointing a commission.

1. *To obtain the blessing of distinguished men for something you want to do anyway.* Thus, if you want to make the Post Office more "businesslike," appoint

a commission consisting largely of important businessmen whose concurrence might help persuade Congress to relax its grip on postal operations. A useful by-product might be that the commission would work out some of the difficult problems of making the Post Office more businesslike — which the Post Office itself never could do — but this could also be done through a consulting firm, which the Commission on Postal Operations has hired anyway.

2. *To postpone action, yet be justified in insisting that you are at work on the problem.* This is one of the most popular uses of commissions. The CCW believes that it largely explains the existence of the Commissions on Civil Disorders, Income Maintenance, the CIA, Health Facilities, among others. A guaranteed annual income has now been proposed or studied by one advisory council, one presidential commission, two government agencies, and three secret White House task forces. There are, however, two other possible reasons for the Income Maintenance Commission (see Reasons 3 and 8).

In 1965, Health, Education, and Welfare Department officials were saying that there was an urgent need to build or remodel urban hospitals and estimated that the cost would be \$6 billion to \$10 billion. In 1966, the Administration asked Congress for a \$5 billion program of guaranteed loans for urban hospitals. Mayors and hospital administrators condemned the plan as inadequate, it wasn't pushed very hard, and it got nowhere. Early in 1967 the President promised to appoint a commission to study the problem, described as "pressing" the year before, and seven months later he did. At this writing, the commission has met three times.

3. *To act as a lightning rod, drawing political heat away from the White House.* When the Selective Service Act was to expire in 1967, despite the fact that there had been a (secret) Pentagon study on the draft, it was useful to set up a presidential commission to deal with this politically sensitive subject. This set the terms of the debate at *how* the draft should be extended, not *whether* it should, or why we were in Vietnam; moreover, it permitted the President to pass along recommendations to Congress which were a commission's, not simply his own. The fact that Congress rejected almost all of the commission's recommendations, and brought off the singular achievement of making the draft system worse than it was before, does not negate the effectiveness of the lightning-rod device.

4. *To conduct an extensive study of something you do need to know more about before you act, in case you do.* Commission-watchers report that it is often difficult to distinguish between this and Reason 2 (deferral), but they are generally agreed that the latest crime commissions fall in this category. The National

Commission on Urban Problems — Codes, Zoning, Taxation, and Development Standards fits here, too, because of the highly technical nature of its assignment. Administration officials report, however, that the Urban Problems Commission is showing disturbing tendencies toward wanting to solve the urban crisis. (The 1931 Wickersham Commission report on crime grew out of national concern with a breakdown of law and order, which had become a political issue, and it was a landmark report. It analyzed court processes, the relationship between poverty and crime, police brutality, and other problems. A new Administration and other political issues came along, however, and it was largely unimplemented. There has been little implementation of the recent national crime commission report either, but commission sources say that they were writing for posterity, which was foresighted of them.)

5. *To investigate, lay to rest rumors, and convince the public of the validity of one particular set of facts.* The Warren Commission is the most outstanding example of this type of commission.

6. *To educate the commissioners, or get them aboard on something you want to do.* Many, perhaps most, commissions are indeed useful in this respect. They help overcome the insularity of businessmen. The Urban Housing Commission contains representatives of business and labor whose cooperation is needed for any breakthrough in building low-cost housing. The report of the Health Manpower Commission, one of the best and potentially most effective in the view of the CCW, carried the signature of Dr. Dwight Wilbur, the president-elect of the American Medical Association.

7. *Because you cannot think of anything else to do.* This is not to be confused with Reason 2. The origin of this type of commission is often a speech or a message to Congress in which it is necessary to lengthen the list of actions you say you are taking on a problem. The CCW understands that this was the origin of the Rural Poverty Commission.

8. *To change the hearts and minds of men.* This is one of the most frequently cited yet elusive uses of a commission. It is said to be a reason for, among others, the Disorders and Income Maintenance Commissions. It has also been the basis for the numerous blue-ribbon commissions on foreign aid. The theory is that a commission generates press copy and speeches, and that a certain number of people will decide that if, say, John McCone or I. W. Abel says it is so, it must be so, thus spreading the acceptance of an idea. There are two problems with this theory, however. One is that it can backfire. To stem rising congressional opposition to foreign aid, for example, President Kennedy created the Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World, by one count the thirteenth blue-ribbon

commission on foreign aid since the program was started in 1945. It was headed by retired General Lucius D. Clay and stocked with a number of respectables. The Clay committee, however, looked over the aid program and wasn't all that enthusiastic about what it saw. Its report, issued in 1963, said the program was trying to do "too much for too many." In desperation, the President pared his own request, but nonetheless the program met with the greatest disaster in its existence at the hands of Congress that year.

The second problem with the "hearts and minds" theory is that there is scant historical evidence that it works. When reports on controversial subjects are issued, the usual result is that those who agree say that they knew it all along, and those who do not say that the report is unwise, that it wasn't thought through. There have now been at least five reports on the causes of riots, all of which came to similar conclusions about the need to improve conditions for Negroes.

The history of commissions indicates that they are most effective when they deal with a discrete problem, such as a special governmental organization question, or when they call for change within a delimited discipline, such as the medical profession. They are least effective when their scope is broad, when the problem they are dealing with lies within the political system itself (as the disorders problem does), or when the political leadership is disinclined to act. The greater and more complex the problem, the less effective the commission, in itself, can be. In fairly short order most reports become footnote material. Thus there were forces within the Disorders Commission staff who argued for continual televised hearings, to spread the impact of what the commission was, once again, finding out. But the commission itself rejected the idea, on the grounds it might start trouble. They said it might cause riots.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COMMISSION

Over the years, there has developed an informal set of guidelines for selecting commission members, and they are important for both commission-appointers and commission-watchers to understand.

1. *Neither commissioners nor staff should be controversial.* In many situations, it is also important to rule out commissioners or staff who are "committed" to a particular solution of a problem. This procedure was largely followed in the selection of the Income Maintenance and Disorders Commissions. Since a great many people will be controversial in the eyes of someone, the search for a noncontroversial commission can be difficult, but with effort some commissioners can be found about whom no one has any point of view at all.

2. *Commissioners should be bipartisan and otherwise representative of constituent groups, as long as they are respectable.* This assures both a variety of points of view (within limits) and built-in checks and balances. An ideal commission will be composed of at least one business mogul, labor union president, Negro, woman (Negro women are excellent commission choices), publisher, university president, Italian, Mexican-American (the latest addition to the ideal-commission list), and White House "plant." The latter is a former employee or a friend of the President's, and his role is to watch the commission closely, and occasionally to say things like: "This would cause the President a great deal of political trouble, and we wouldn't want to do that, would we?" Among the friends and former associates of the President who have served on commissions are George Reedy (Income Maintenance, Selective Service), Warren Woodward, a vice president of American Airlines (Selective Service), and Leon Jaworski, a Texas lawyer (Crime). Not all former employees are useful commission members, however. Thus, while former press secretary Reedy has been called upon to serve, former press secretary Bill D. Moyers, long suspected of Kennedy tendencies, has not.

Negroes are a particular problem, because of the noncontroversialness principle. Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young can serve only so often. Attempts to bring the more militant aboard have not been notably successful. Floyd McKissick, for example, served on the Council of the White House Conference on Civil Rights and then charged that the conference itself was rigged, a serious breach of the rules of commissionmanship. Negro businessmen will do, and hopefully not too many Negroes on welfare will wonder why Asa T. Spaulding, an insurance millionaire, is on the Income Maintenance Commission, and George Wiley, head of the welfare rights movement, is not.

3. *The chairman should be able, and safe, but better safe than able.* Though some wondered about the independence of a Crime Commission headed by the Attorney General, Nicholas Katzenbach met both qualifications quite well. So has Ben Heine-man, a Chicago businessman, who has been chairman of the Council of the Civil Rights Conference and of a White House task force, and now heads the Income Maintenance Commission. Illinois Governor Otto Kerner, chairman of the Disorders Commission, was safe. Mr. Kerner had the further benefit of helping to maintain harmony with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, Kerner's patron. (It should go without saying that appointments to commissions are useful devices for strengthening political ties or paying political debts.)

Commissioners tend to take very seriously the fact that the President has sought their wise counsel,

and they assume that their recommendations are eagerly awaited; but if chosen carefully, the commission will not create difficulties for the appointer, whatever action he takes on its proposals. This singular detachment from the fate of their efforts is a phenomenon which the CCW had some difficulty understanding. It was explained to them, however, that people who serve on commissions enjoy the sense of "in-ness" that commission service brings, and, furthermore, that businessmen and university presidents have too many dealings with the government to want to risk the wrath of the White House, no matter who is its occupant. While the latter explanation struck the CCW as touching on paranoia, several commissioners insisted that this stemmed from a real, not an imagined, threat.

A study of the rosters of recently appointed commissions tends to confirm the widely held theory that there are only forty-seven people in the whole world. The CCW is, in fact, considering the presentation of special awards for recent commission service. If so, based on its research thus far, the most-frequent-service awards would go to George Meany and businessman J. Irwin Miller, each of whom has served on three commissions in the last year and a half. Based on attendance and hard work, the best-commissioner award would be divided among Miller, Whitney Young, Kermit Gordon, president of the Brookings Institution, and Henry Rowen, president of RAND. It is understood that the leading candidate for worst-commissioner award, similarly based on attendance and attention to the work of the commission, is Meany. The CCW is considering a special commendation for Senator Edward Brooke, a member of the Disorders Commission, who missed some crucial meetings because he took a trip to Africa, in his capacity, his office announced, as a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

THE PROCESS OF COMMISSIONMANSHIP

Once a commission has been appointed and begins its work, certain procedures are followed.

1. *The staff does most of the work.* When Edward Jay Epstein, author of *Inquest*, wrote of this horrible discovery about the Warren Commission, experienced commission-watchers yawned. Commissioners are, after all, busy people. This makes securing a good staff crucial, but it is difficult to find able people who are ready to drop everything to devote full time to a temporary commission job. Those who do usually have been persuaded that the contribution the commission will make to the national good makes it all worthwhile; most do not do it more than once.

2. *The relationship between the commission and the*

staff is usually one of mutual contempt. The staff is often composed of young, less experienced people who still think that the world can and should be changed; the commissioners know better. Moreover, commissioners are disinclined to indict politically important figures, or programs or agencies identified with the President who selected them. "Obviously," remarked someone with the Disorders Commission as its work was getting under way, "we're not going to pick on HUD" (the Department of Housing and Urban Development). A second point of friction stems from the fact that the commissioners, being important people, are not very interested in chewing things over with a lot of young staff members. They prefer memoranda. "Commissioners, by their very credentials," reports a former staff member of the Warren Commission, "are not prepared to admit the need to learn." So the policy alternatives go up from the staff, and the policy directives come down from the commission, and seldom do the twain meet, except in the person of the exhausted, whipsawed executive director.

3. *A high percentage of the work of the director or his deputy has nothing to do with the subject before the commission.* It is spent begging for money from government agencies, which have their own problems, and otherwise stretching the rules of government funding so that Congress need not be asked to appropriate money for commissions; cutting through civil service regulations so that the staff can be hired before the commission expires; arguing with the General Services Administration over office space and typewriters and with the Government Printing Office over how long it will take to print the report.

4. *In the writing of the report, each commission is likely to evidence certain syndromes:*

a. The this-is-not-going-to-be-another-book-that-gathers-dust-on-the-shelf syndrome. This usually shows up early in the commission process, when the commission and the staff agree that this one will be different.

b. The everybody-is-going-to-read-our-report syndrome. This comes just after the commission has sat down and done some hard thinking about the questions Whom are we writing for? Whom are we trying to reach? The politicians? The media? The people? Then it decides on the strategy of reaching all of them. This leads in turn to a desperate search for a great writer and in the end to a report hastily put together by committee.

c. The unanimous-report syndrome. Commissions frequently decide that it would be best not to confuse the nation with divided counsel. Since the commissioners usually *are* divided on important issues, this guarantees that a large number of these issues will be fudged.

Once the report of the Disorders Commission,

for example, got beyond the conclusion that the causes of riots lay with white attitudes and actions, it listed some proposals and then neatly avoided the central questions. When were these proposals to be carried out? Who had the responsibility for seeing that they were? Could the crisis, so forcefully stated, be met without discomfort to the haves? Should taxes be raised now, beyond the surtax sought by the President ("the major need is to generate new will — the will to tax ourselves to the extent necessary to meet the vital needs of the nation")? If, as the commission concluded, the problem is racism, what specific actions should be taken by specific institutions — the President, the Congress, the governors, the mayors, the unions, and others — to eliminate racist policies? In the true spirit of commissionmanship, the representatives of these institutions on the commission saw to it that the report eschewed finger-pointing.

5. *The theory that the commission is independent must be nurtured.* The press is helpful in this respect, since it usually focuses on whether *the President* read the report while it was being drafted. Naturally, this is as unlikely as it is irrelevant. It is a simple matter for the chairman or the executive director to keep a presidential assistant fully briefed, and to receive the assistant's reactions and "suggestions." It is preferable, however, that such exchanges not take place in the Sans Souci restaurant.

HOW TO HANDLE THE REPORT

One of the most serious problems with presidential commissions is that they do issue reports. This is of course the greatest drawback of commissions appointed in order to postpone action. Moreover, despite all the precautions taken in selecting the commission and following its deliberations closely, some commissions will nevertheless recommend something other than what the appointer wants to do. The CCW has ascertained several methods of dealing with this sort of problem.

1. *Hide for as long as possible, leaving the commission the choice of tossing the report over the White House fence or waiting until you are good and ready to receive it.* A number of commissions have found that the White House was not quite as anxious to receive their report as they had expected. One former commissioner reports: "There was a great ceremony with plaudits in the Rose Garden when our appointment was announced, and then at the end we couldn't find anybody to hand the damn report to."

It is always helpful, of course, to have the commissions report, as the Disorders and Urban Housing Commissions did, after one has made one's own proposals to Congress. In this way, the appointer is less in the posture of seeming to react, or not react, as the case may be. With luck, the

appointer is then in a position to give one of the handiest responses in case, despite all precautions, the commission's proposals do exceed his own, as some of the Disorders Commission's proposals did: the "Not me, Al" response (Don't look at me — I have proposed many of these things — your problem is with Congress).

2. *After receiving the report, postpone and play down its release.* The report of the Commission on Rural Poverty, a runaway commission, had been printed by September, 1967, but was not released until December. The White House explained that this was because (1) the chairman, Kentucky Governor Edward T. Breathitt, did not want the report released before last November's Kentucky elections, and then (2) because the poverty bill was in trouble in Congress. The report was released after a reporter stumbled on the fact that back in September an employee of the Government Printing Office had routinely sent several hundred copies to libraries, and they had been available all along.

Daniel Bell, a member of the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress, which reported in 1966, wrote in *The Public Interest* that the handling of his commission's report "was curious indeed." "At the end of Bill D. Moyers' regular press conference, the report was in fact released to the press, in desultory fashion, with no member of the Commission on hand to answer questions, and no prior advance notice to the press that the report would be forthcoming — an advance notice which is usually given when the White House wants its press corps to reserve space with its city editors about important stories." The report on Federal Salaries, submitted last year and recommending substantial pay raises for high government officials, never was released.

3. *Dissociate or denounce the report.* Three Administration officials interviewed by the CCW shrugged their shoulders and said, with striking similarity, of the Rural Poverty report that it was a "terrible" report, "it just calls for more and more."

4. *Hope that the public's interest in the problem has waned during the delays.* Thus, when the stories of CIA's financing the National Student Association and dummy foundations were causing a national furor early in 1967, the President appointed an interdepartmental committee which studied the problem and in turn recommended the appointment of a commission. One year later, the commission, headed by a busy Secretary of State, had had few meetings, and it appeared that the public as well as the commissioners themselves had largely lost interest in the whole matter.

5. If all else fails, there is one other method of handling a commission report that has proved quite workable over the years:

Ignore it.

SOREL'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

This introduces a new *Atlantic* feature from the pen of Edward Sorel, the artist and caricaturist. From the worlds of politics, public affairs, diplomacy, academia, and entertainment, Mr. Sorel and the *Atlantic* editors will frequently pluck candidates for slightly irreverent enshrinement in these pages. Readers are invited to join in. For each unfamiliar quotation that strikes the fancies of the artist and the editors, the *Atlantic* will award a \$50 prize.



God is bread.



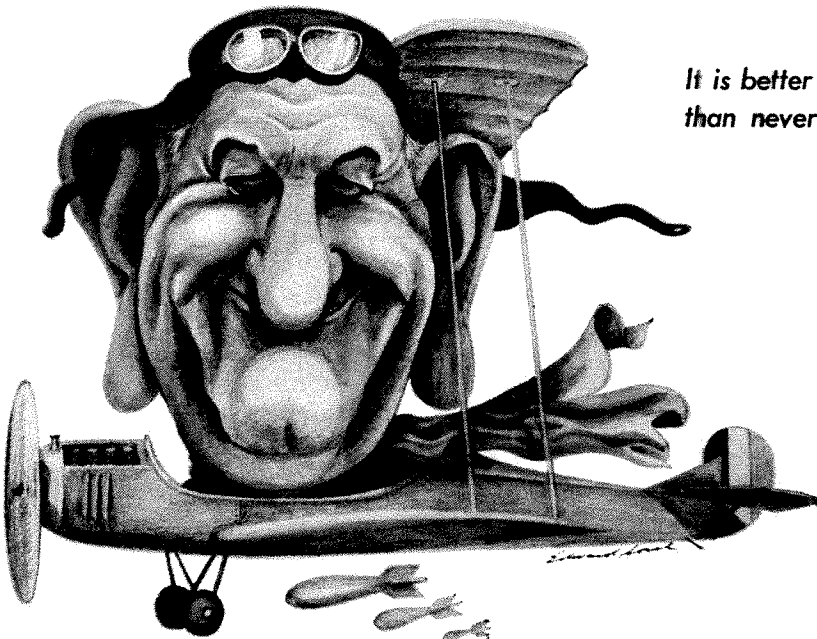
Opiate is the religion of the people.



Don't fire 'til you see the eyes of the whites.



I may not agree with what I have to say but I will defend to the death my right to say it.



It is better to have bombed and lost than never to have bombed at all.

Balthazar's Marvelous Afternoon

A Story by Gabriel García Márquez

THE cage was finished. Balthazar hung it under the eaves, from force of habit, and when he finished lunch everyone was already saying that it was the most beautiful cage in the world. So many people came to see it that a crowd formed in front of the house, and Balthazar had to take it down and close the shop.

"You have to shave," Ursula, his wife, told him: "You look like a Capuchin."

"It's bad to shave after lunch," said Balthazar.

He had two weeks' growth, short, hard, and bristly hair like the mane of a mule, and the general expression of a frightened boy. But it was a false expression. In February he had been thirty; he had been living with Ursula for four years, without marrying her and without having children, and life had given him many reasons to be on guard, but none to be frightened. He did not even know that for some people the cage he had just made was the most beautiful one in the world. For him, accustomed to making cages since childhood, that had hardly been any more difficult a job than the others.

"Then, rest for a while," said the woman. "With that beard you can't show yourself anywhere."

While he was resting, he had to get out of his hammock several times to show the cage to the neighbors. Ursula had not paid any attention to it until then. She was annoyed because her husband had neglected the work of his carpenter's shop to devote himself entirely to the cage, and for two weeks he had slept poorly, turning over, and muttering incoherencies, and hadn't thought of shaving. But her annoyance dissolved in the face of the finished cage. When Balthazar woke up from his nap, she had ironed his pants and a shirt; she had put them on a chair near the hammock, and had carried the cage to the dining table. She regarded it in silence.

"How much will you charge?" she asked.

"I don't know," Balthazar answered. "I'm going

to ask for thirty pesos to see if they'll give me twenty."

"Ask for fifty," said Ursula. "You've lost a lot of sleep in these two weeks. Furthermore, it's rather large. I think it's the biggest cage I've ever seen in my life."

Balthazar began to shave. "Do you think they'll give me fifty pesos?"

"That's nothing for Mr. Chepe Montiel, and the cage is worth it," said Ursula. "You should ask for sixty."

The house lay in a stifling shadow. It was the first week of April, and the heat seemed less bearable because of the chirping of the cicadas. When he finished dressing, Balthazar opened the door to the patio to cool off the house, and a group of children entered the dining room.

The news had spread. Doctor Octavio Giraldo, an old physician, happy with life but tired of his profession, thought about Balthazar's cage while he was eating lunch with his invalid wife. On the inside terrace, where they put the table on hot days, there were many flowerpots and two cages with canaries. His wife liked birds, and she liked them so much that she hated cats because they could eat them up. Thinking about her, Doctor Giraldo went to see a patient that afternoon, and when he returned he went by Balthazar's house to inspect the cage.

There were a lot of people in the dining room. On display on the table, the enormous dome of wire, with three stories inside, with passageways

García Márquez is a native of Colombia and a writer of considerable reputation among the new generation of Latin Americans. This story will appear in his collection NO ONE WRITES TO THE COLONEL AND OTHER STORIES, to be published next month by Harper & Row.

and compartments especially for eating and sleeping, and swings in the space set aside for the birds' recreation—it seemed like a small-scale model of a gigantic ice factory. The doctor inspected it carefully, without touching it, thinking that in effect the cage was better than its own reputation, and much more beautiful than any he had ever dreamed of for his wife.

"This is a flight of the imagination," he said. He sought out Balthazar among the group of people, and fixing his maternal eyes on him, added: "You would have been an extraordinary architect."

Balthazar blushed. "Thank you," he said.

"It's true," said the doctor. He was smoothly and delicately fat, like a woman who had been beautiful in her youth, and he had delicate hands. His voice seemed like that of a priest speaking Latin. "You wouldn't even need to put birds in it," he said, making the cage turn in front of the audience's eyes, as if he were auctioning it off. "It would be enough to hang it in the trees so it could sing by itself." He put it back on the table, thought a moment, looking at the cage, and said: "Fine, then I'll take it."

"It's sold," said Ursula.

"It belongs to the son of Mr. Chepe Montiel," said Balthazar. "He ordered it specially."

The doctor adopted a respectful attitude. "Did he give you the design?"

"No," said Balthazar. "He said he wanted a large cage, like this one, for a pair of troupials."

The doctor looked at the cage. "But this isn't for troupials."

"Of course it is, doctor," said Balthazar, approaching the table. The children surrounded him. "The measurements are carefully calculated," he said, pointing to the different compartments with his forefinger. Then he struck the dome with his knuckles, and the cage filled with resonant chords.

"It's the strongest wire you can find, and each joint is soldered outside and in," he said.

"It's even big enough for a parrot," interrupted one of the children.

"That it is," said Balthazar.

The doctor turned his head. "Fine, but he didn't give you the design," he said. "He gave you no exact specifications, aside from making it a cage big enough for troupials. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," said Balthazar.

"Then there's no problem," said the doctor. "One thing is a cage big enough for troupials, and another is this cage. There's no proof that this is the one you were asked to make."

"It's this very one," said Balthazar, confused. "That's why I made it."

The doctor made an impatient gesture.

"You could make another one," said Ursula,

looking at her husband. And then, to the doctor, "You're not in any hurry."

"I promised it to my wife for this afternoon," said the doctor.

"I'm very sorry, doctor," said Balthazar, "but I can't sell you something that's sold already."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. Drying the sweat from his neck with a handkerchief, he contemplated the cage silently, with a fixed gaze that never quite seemed to come into focus, as one does when one looks at a ship which is sailing away.

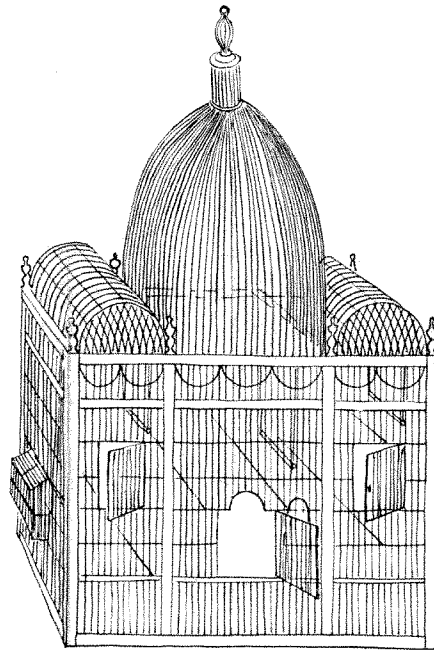
"How much did they pay you for it?"

Balthazar sought Ursula's eyes without replying.

"Sixty pesos," she said.

The doctor kept looking at the cage. "It's very pretty," he sighed. "Extremely pretty." Then, moving toward the door, he began to fan himself energetically, smiling, and the trace of that episode disappeared forever from his memory.

"Montiel is very rich," he said.



In truth, Jose Montiel was not as rich as he seemed, but he would have been capable of doing anything to become so. A few blocks away, in a house crammed with riding equipment, where no one had ever smelled a smell that couldn't be sold, he remained indifferent to the news of the cage. His wife, tortured by an obsession with death, closed the doors and windows after lunch and lay for two hours with her eyes opened to the shadow of the room, while Jose Montiel took his siesta. The clamor of many voices surprised her there. Then, she opened the door to the living room and found a crowd in front of the house, and Balthazar with the cage in the middle of the crowd, dressed in

white, freshly shaved, with that expression of decorous candor with which the poor approach the houses of the wealthy.

"What a marvelous thing," Jose Montiel's wife exclaimed, with a radiant expression, leading Balthazar inside. "I've never seen anything like it in my life," she said, and added, annoyed by the crowd which piled up at the door: "But bring it inside before they turn the living room into a grandstand."

Balthazar was no stranger to Jose Montiel's house. On different occasions, because of his skill and forthright way of dealing, he had been called in to do minor carpentry jobs. But he never felt at ease among the rich. He used to think about them, about their ugly and argumentative wives, about their tremendous surgical operations, and he always experienced a feeling of pity. When he entered their houses, he couldn't move without dragging his feet.

"Is Pepe home?" he asked.

He had put the cage on the dining room table.

"He's at school," said Jose Montiel's wife. "But he shouldn't be long," and she added: "Montiel is taking a bath."

In reality, Jose Montiel had not had time to bathe. He was giving himself an urgent alcohol rub, in order to come out and see what was going on. He was such a cautious man that he slept without an electric fan, so he could watch over the noises of the house while he slept.

"Adelaide," he shouted. "What's going on?"

"Come and see what a marvelous thing," his wife shouted.

Jose Montiel, obese and hairy, his towel draped around his neck, appeared at the bedroom window. "What is that?"

"Pepe's cage," said Balthazar.

His wife looked at him perplexedly. "Whose?"

"Pepe's," replied Balthazar. And then, turning toward Jose Montiel, "Pepe ordered it."

Nothing happened at that instant, but Balthazar felt as if someone had just opened the bathroom door on him. Jose Montiel came out of the bedroom in his underwear. "Pepe," he shouted.

"He's not back," whispered his wife, motionless.

Pepe appeared in the doorway. He was about twelve, and had the same curved eyelashes and was as quietly pathetic as his mother.

"Come here," Jose Montiel said to him. "Did you order this?"

The child lowered his head. Grabbing him by the hair, Jose Montiel forced him to look him in the eye. "Answer me."

The child bit his lip without replying.

"Montiel," whispered his wife.

Jose Montiel let the child go and turned toward Balthazar in a fury. "I'm very sorry, Balthazar,"

he said. "But you should have consulted me before going on. Only to you would it occur to contract with a minor." As he spoke, his face recovered its serenity. He lifted the cage without looking at it and gave it to Balthazar. "Take it away at once, and try to sell it to whomever you can," he said. "Above all, I beg you not to argue with me." He patted him on the back, and explained: "The doctor has forbidden me to get angry."

The child had remained motionless, without blinking, until Balthazar looked at him perplexedly, with the cage in his hand. Then Pepe emitted a guttural sound, like a dog's growl, and threw himself on the floor screaming.

Jose Montiel looked at him unmoved, while the mother tried to pacify him. "Don't even pick him up," he said. "Let him break his head on the floor, and then put salt and lemon on it so he can rage to his heart's content." The child was shrieking tearlessly, while his mother held him by the wrists.

"Leave him alone," Jose Montiel insisted.

Balthazar observed the child as he would have observed the death throes of a rabid animal. It was almost four o'clock. At that hour, at his house, Ursula was singing a very old song and cutting slices of onion.

"Pepe," said Balthazar.

He approached the child, smiling, and held the cage out to him. The child jumped up, embraced the cage, which was almost as big as he was, and stood looking at Balthazar through the wirework, without knowing what to say. He hadn't shed one tear.

"Balthazar," said Jose Montiel softly. "I told you already to take it away."

"Give it back," the woman ordered the child.

"Keep it," said Balthazar. And then, to Jose Montiel, "After all, that's what I made it for."

Jose Montiel followed him into the living room. "Don't be foolish, Balthazar," he was saying, blocking his path. "Take your piece of furniture home and don't be silly. I have no intention of paying you a cent."

"It doesn't matter," said Balthazar. "I made it expressly as a gift for Pepe. I didn't expect to charge anything for it."

As Balthazar made his way through the spectators who were blocking the door, Jose Montiel was shouting in the middle of the living room. He was very pale, and his eyes were beginning to get red. "Idiot!" he was shouting. "Take your trinket out of here. The last thing we need is for some nobody to give orders in my house. Son of a bitch."

In the pool hall, Balthazar was received with an ovation. Until that moment, he thought that he had made a better cage than the others, that he'd

had to give it to the son of Jose Montiel so he wouldn't keep crying, and that none of those things was particularly important. But then he realized that all of this had a certain importance for many people, and he felt a little excited.

"So, they gave you fifty pesos for the cage."

"Sixty," said Balthazar.

"Score one for you," someone said. "You're the only one who has managed to get that pile of money out of Mr. Chepe Montiel. We have to celebrate."

They bought him a beer, and Balthazar responded with a round for everybody. Since it was the first time he had ever been out drinking, by dusk he was completely drunk, and he was talking about a fabulous project of a thousand cages, at sixty pesos each, and then of a million cages, until he had sixty million pesos. "We have to make a lot of things to sell to the rich before they die," he was saying, blind drunk. "All of them are sick, and they're going to die. They're so screwed up they can't even get angry anymore." For two hours he was paying for the jukebox which played without interruption. Everybody toasted Baltha-

zar's health, good luck, and fortune, and the death of the rich, but at mealtime they left him alone in the pool hall.

Ursula had waited for him until eight, with a dish of fried meat covered with slices of onion. Someone told her that her husband was in the pool hall, delirious with happiness, buying beers for everyone, but she didn't believe it, because Balthazar had never gotten drunk. When she went to bed, almost at midnight, Balthazar was in a lighted room where there were little tables, each with four chairs, and an outdoor dance floor, where the plovers were walking around. His face was smeared with rouge, and since he couldn't take one more step, he thought he wanted to lie down with two women in the same bed. He had spent so much that he had had to leave his watch in pawn, with the promise to pay the next day. A moment later, spread-eagled in the street, he realized that his shoes were being taken off, but he didn't want to abandon the happiest dream of his life. The women who passed on their way to five o'clock Mass didn't dare look at him, thinking he was dead.

— Translated by J. S. Bernstein

EDWIN O'CONNOR

1918-1968

"I'm just interested in human beings," Ed O'Connor used to say. More than that, he loved human beings. And those who knew him loved him for his wit and warmth, for his very large talent, and above all, for his good and gentle nature. Boston became his spiritual home, and the *Atlantic*, we are proud to say, became his club. In the nine years of his free-lancing, when he supported himself as a newspaper critic of radio, counting every penny, his home was a furnished room on Marlborough Street — a few steps from our door. He formed the habit of dropping by on his return from breakfast and again before or after lunch. He would deliver a marvelous story with a mimicry that was devastating but never unkind, or shift his big frame into a brief soft-shoe to the humming of "Keep working, keep singing America!" Or he might rifle the stacks of books awaiting review, complaining about the low caliber of a new novel or urging attention to some new but yet to be celebrated young talent.

So Ed walked into our lives and into our hearts. The *Atlantic* meant to him what it did to us. We prized — came to rely on — his golden humor, his love for people of every sort, his integrity, and his simple decency in these days of self-indulgence and excess. Esteem, success, prizes came in abundance, but he never lost his modesty. When *The Last Hurrah* had won the Atlantic Prize contest and been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and his days of penny-pinching were over, Ed sauntered into the office of one of our editors with a penny in his hand. "See this, Louise," he said, "this is what I care for money!" and he spun it out a window. She retrieved it and has it in her desk drawer still.

We mourn for his good wife, for his devoted stepson, and for ourselves. His death on March 23 at the age of forty-nine, with great work still to be done, was a death in this family.

— THE EDITOR



YOU CAN'T ACT

WITHOUT GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY

by Jacques Ellul

"If you rule out dirty hands, don't you rule out politics?" This is one of several touchy questions confronted by Professor Ellul, who teaches the history of law and social history at the University of Bordeaux. His reputation, already strong in Europe, has grown in the United States with publication by Alfred Knopf of three of his books (THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 1964; PROPAGANDA, 1965; and THE POLITICAL ILLUSION, 1967). This essay is drawn from the new Ellul book, A CRITIQUE OF THE NEW COMMONPLACES, translated from the French by Helen Weaver, and scheduled by Knopf for publication in May.

THIS commonplace, which we may call "existentialist" because it was put into circulation by Sartre, is merely the literary form of the very vulgarly bourgeois expression "You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs." For this reason I would like to begin with what Léon Bloy said about this last commonplace, which was almost the order of the day: "It was with these words that that colossal bourgeois Stalin/Abdul Hamud must have explained to his good friend and faithful servant Sartre/Hanotaux the massacre of two or three hundred thousand Christians of Armenia (here let us say, to be modest, from two to three million Turcomans, Azerbaijani, Ukrainians, Balts, and Poles). However, he did not invite him to eat the omelette."

It is obvious that Péguy's celebrated remark about workers who have dirty hands and those "who have no hands at all" has become the basis for a shameless exploitation. If Péguy could see the use that is made of it he would be rather surprised, for it provides an excuse, a screen, and a bleach job for all those who delight in getting their hands into the political manure and worry very little and sometimes not at all (and for that matter would be quite incapable of worrying even if they wanted to) about having clean hands. But it also serves to justify the impotent intellectuals, the Parisian intelligentsia, who live on a diet of words, *in doing nothing*.

For it is not the least important characteristic of this commonplace that it is invoked by those who

do nothing and who claim to have dirty hands in order to give the impression that they have done something. "I signed a manifesto, I am committed, see how dirty my hands are!" "I made a speech, I wrote an article, I demonstrated and shouted in the street — just look how dirty my hands are! I am not like those awful intellectuals who . . ." To claim that you have dirty hands is a badge, a guarantee that you aren't in an ivory tower, that you are in the world, in touch with the workers.

For the very people who have elaborated the doctrine expressed in the commonplace are the mandarins, "the specialists in freedom, justice, and morality," and although their morality may be a morality of ambiguity, their freedom may be the freedom of a renewed creation, their justice may be the justice of a proletarian social order, nevertheless the applications are deceptive and their virtues are always in capital letters; for where there is only ambiguity, there is no morality. For them, freedom is either total or nonexistent: they cannot be satisfied with the odds and ends of freedoms that can be gathered by the side of any road. The Communist order must result not in a little more justice, always succumbing to injustice, but in the classless society, hence the society without exploitation, hence without evil, hence without a state: a real paradise on earth. Short of this, nothing makes any sense.

This excess of absolutism radically seals off all possibilities of human endeavor, and because one

can neither see the real nor take part in a doubtful battle, one praises dirty hands because they are necessary to action. For action in itself is well worth this sacrifice, and we have learned that morality has nothing to do with action. But we must be careful. This is theory, and we will be the first to repudiate the tortures of the Nazi camps or the tanks of Budapest. This forces us to see the ridiculous limit to the dirtiness in question: a manifesto at the most. But as for really getting your hands dirty by torturing your fellowman — come now! The intellectual remains what he is.

It goes without saying that these heroes with their dirty hands have them only figuratively, by mediation or by proxy. "Darling!" says the lovely Françoise, "look at my dirty hands!" — holding out her manicured, bejeweled fingers. The worker has dirty hands, and the intellectual who supports the cause of the worker is ennobled by this dirt. The politician has dirty hands, and the professor who signs a manifesto profits by a few dabs of this reeking slime. It is the guarantee that you are not a useless person, an idle talker. You support the sacred cause of the worker. Or else you are using politics (which is the only way) to work for a better world.

It is true that in our society anyone who makes his living by thinking, or trying to think, is not very highly regarded. He must find some useful purpose for himself, he must attach himself to someone or something useful, something recognized as "valuable" by the society and by public opinion. Under these circumstances, the claim to have dirty hands serves as a justification for the man who never leaves his office. But it also enables our intellectual to perform his proper and traditional function of classical chorus: he explains and justifies the actions of the others. For it goes without saying that in profiting by the filth of men of action, he renders them a little service. He explains and justifies this filth in the eyes of a world that is dazzled by such great theatrical subtlety, such great philosophical profundity.

Our hero heaves a deep sigh — "Ah! Look at my dirty hands!" — with the faintest suggestion of disgust, of course, his brow anxious, his lips drawn by this heroic sacrifice, and shaking his head; you must understand that this is not usual for him, that it is only by compulsion and duty that he has come to this. It is not so easy to have dirty hands. But his face also hides a slight sense of triumph; it is the false modesty of the victor. For now this do-nothing is recognized, patented, ennobled by the beauty and purity of the dirt of the worker or the political hero. To be a man you have to pay the price, don't you? And according to the teachings of the

master, you are not born a man, you become one, you create yourself by choice, by action; and you can't act without getting your hands dirty. See my hands . . . therefore I have become a man. The circle is complete.

In reality all this is a farce, because, among other reasons, nobody ever bothers to ask whether this action has any point, whether it is constructive for man; the intellectual is so thirsty for action these days that he is ready to accept the dictum of a very bourgeois poet: "Learn absurd things in order to learn goodwill." Do anything at all, as long as you do something! Still less does anybody ask himself whether this action is worth the price he is ready to pay, the price of the filth, and if after all it might not be better to keep one's hands clean rather than do these idiotic things and undertake these pseudocommitments, manifestos, announcements, signatures, and declarations.

The fact is, of course, that it is difficult to draw the line between a political "action" whose own validity, significance, and complexities are almost impossible to discern and the moral, intellectual, or spiritual corruption to which the action forces you. But I am forgetting myself and getting sidetracked by these intellectual concerns, which are precisely what we want to repudiate by immersing ourselves in action. Away with intellectualizing! Politics calls. We must live for her, and for her we must die.

This intellectualizing is doubly empty, for the person who plays the game of dirty hands and has thrown himself into Sartrean pseudocommitment *has never chosen*. He has never deliberated or weighed the reasons and the chances. Dirty hands are not the result of a decision or a commitment. The person who protects himself behind this commonplace is aware that he is none too clean and pretends that this is by choice, but this is far from the truth. The man who affects the grime of the worker is in reality immersed in a very different kind of filth. And when someone tells you that you have to get your hands dirty, it means that he is up to his eyes in the septic tank. The commonplace about dirty hands does not imply, as people seem to think, that everything else is quite clean and well scrubbed, and that after all you've got to get your hands into the dishwater, but that fortunately in these modern houses the toilet is not far from the shower.

I seem to be contradicting myself. In my first proposition I said that our man did not have dirty hands in *reality*, but only by proxy. In my second proposition I am arguing that he is fundamentally dirty and radically corrupt. The contradiction is only apparent. The man who *talks* about dirty hands, who *admits* the necessity for having them, is as yet only a talker; he is in fact in no way defiled

by action, by real participation, by work, for he plays no effective role, he participates in nothing but words. "*Corragio, lavoratori!*" When Sartre writes *Dirty Hands* or *The Manifesto of the 121*, he is not getting his hands dirty at all — at most, his pen.

But this taint that does not come from action (there is no action!) exists in the conscience. It does not come from participation in politics or from the transformation of the world; it is there to begin with, planted in the bottom of the heart. It is a function of existence rather than of action. To anyone who accuses me of making an arbitrary judgment I will reply that I have objective proof in the very fact of formulating the commonplace "You can't act without getting your hands dirty." This simple remark implies on the part of the speaker an *a priori* acceptance of all compromise and all dirt, all betrayals and all acts of contempt toward man, all degradation and all genocide; it is the voice of consenting cowardice parading as the courage of commitment.

For the man who has acted and killed to repent afterward and say, "I carry the weight of all the evil I have done" is the true human condition. This man is worthy of respect. But for a man to excuse himself beforehand for the abomination, to accept everything in advance and justify himself in advance, is the worst of corruptions. This is to surrender in advance, without resistance and without conscience, to what happens, to what will be deemed the necessity of action. And once one has started in this direction, everything will very readily be accepted as the necessity of action; which presupposes, therefore, that there is no limit to the evil to be done in order to succeed. And the worst happens when it is the intellectual who provides this advance justification for the man of action, for then the magical prestige of intelligence frees him of his last scruples, and he loses all restraint. The road is wide open for him now that he has the benediction of the intellectual authorities, who play the same role that the Church once played in wars. We can be sure that in the use of torture, the spread of mass murder, and the development of concentration camps, those intellectuals who maintain that "you have to get your hands dirty" have done far more than soldiers and policemen.

Since we are on the subject of dirty hands, we must be willing to look at mud. Why this doctrine? Why this banner? Is it a question of thought, a question of commitment (although, as we have seen, commitment to nothing effective)? Alas, how fine that would be! Certain writers are more naive, and admit what it really means for a writer to be committed is "to be rooted in a collective reality, and the larger this reality is, the greater his chance of speaking the language, meeting the ex-

pectations, satisfying the needs of the average reader." In other words, to be committed is to assure oneself an audience, to attract customers.

You think I am exaggerating? Sartre said as much in *The Jewish Question*. To make your living as an intellectual "you must seduce, arrest, win people's confidence . . . the most important thing is reputation: you make a reputation and you live by it." And it is quite true that in our society an intellectual cannot sell his novels unless he is committed, unless he claims to have dirty hands. To sign manifestos (and the more revolutionary, excessive, demanding they are, the more they impress) is to do exactly what the public expects of a writer — this public passionately interested in politics, thirsty for action, believing both in facts and in justice. We are rather far from a lofty reason for agreeing to soil our hands. We are interested only in assuring ourselves an income. But perhaps, after all, this is what the intellectual means by having dirty hands? Ssh, don't say it.

THE only respectable human decision is to refuse all compromise in advance. It is to know, of course, that in action, in practice, in combat, "evil eventually creeps in," but never to accept it, never to tolerate it, never to justify it; to know that killing is killing, and that there is no way to resign oneself to it. For the moment this attitude of refusing all compromise is taken, there is no impediment to action, no refuge in sterile purity. It is a point of departure that permits me full liberty, since instead of being bound to action, swept along by the tide of circumstances, I find myself forced to decide again on each occasion whether this action is worthwhile, whether this enterprise is sufficiently trustworthy to merit the risk of soiling my hands. When I have decided to keep my hands clean, it means that at every moment I must consider the degree of corruption that the action involves and how far and how long I can tolerate it. When I have decided to keep my hands clean, I can remain an independent man who imposes a certain direction on politics or on the struggle I am waging instead of yielding to the contingencies of the moment, and in the end I can furnish that testimony to man which contemporary humanists are so eager for but which their commonplaces render them unfit to provide.

There is a final consideration. When we examine these heroes committed to dirty hands, we soon observe that there is no conscience more demanding, more lofty, more moral than theirs — for their adversaries. Those who agree to get their hands dirty, who make this enormous sacrifice for the sake of the action that must be taken, turn

out to be amazingly scrupulous when it comes to their enemies: *they* must have clean hands. It is the adversary who must become a paragon of virtue, and our heroes squawk like guinea hens as soon as they discover the tiniest spot of mud on the hands of the enemy. They invoke natural morality, the dignity of man, the divine virtues, and the international charter of the rights of man. The enemy is forced to represent everything that we (alas!) are obliged not to represent. So we have two sets of weights and measures, all, of course, in praise of the adversary. The FLN murders members of the MNA, plants bombs in cafés, tortures prisoners: ah! it's very awkward, war involves painful necessities, you know. You don't win freedom without getting your hands dirty. The French Army tortures its prisoners: it is an inconceivable scandal to moral conscience and Christian civilization; our great ancestors, the virtuous Jacobins, turn over in their graves in indignation. The first duty of the French Army is to keep its hands clean. Surely the most remarkable part is that this demand for honor and purity comes from those who despise the army.

These days we are in the habit of permitting everything and excusing everything in our party, our friends, and our allies, and reserving moral criticism for our enemies. There was a time when the dignity of man implied the opposite behavior! China invades Tibet for no reason, either military or economic: a pure war of conquest, pure aggression. It destroys ancient structures and annihilates part of the population. Why not? The Chinese are carrying out a great plan, they are engaged in an exceptional undertaking that they can achieve only at the price of a few mistakes, and even (let's admit it) a few injustices; but after all, we know what politics is, and if Mao decided that it was indispensable, though regrettable, which of us could contradict him? But, mind you, if the United States tries to intervene in Colombia or Cuba, that is an intolerable demonstration of imperialism. The United States does not have the right to play politics: it must use only pure methods and preserve virtue and morality. Of course, there is a large measure of truth in this demand, since the United States is hypocritical enough to proclaim itself the defender of morality, freedom, and virtue! And I do not rule out this judgment! But I am amazed that it is made by the very people who regard dirty hands as a necessity of politics and of action and who use them to justify all political action.

So far I have cited only examples from the left, for they are the most frequent today. But the right has known the same orientation with Maurras, and albums like *Aucune bête au monde* demonstrate that the nobility of dirty hands also belongs to the

other side, *idem*, Montherlant or Saint-Exupéry, to begin with. But in these denunciations of dirty hands by the theorists of commitment we again find the delightful candor of our good intellectuals. Read the juicy *Droit à l'insoumission* and the study in *Combat* in which intellectuals explain why they signed *The Manifesto of the 121*, and you will see clearly admitted that the reason they signed, the reason they committed themselves, was so that nobody could reproach them, as they did the Germans after the war, for remaining silent in the face of Nazism. Adorable pure consciences, thanks to the theory of dirty hands! I commit myself so I can be sure not to commit myself to anything at all. I sign a protest because that is the best insurance policy for the future — you never know how things will turn out. Father, look out on the right! Father, look out on the left! The main thing is that nobody can reproach us for not protesting, for not making a fuss. So to have dirty hands is to insure yourself against the dirt of a possible concentration camp. Everything depends on being shrewd enough to guess how it will turn out. This is why commitment flourishes among intellectuals when the die has virtually been cast. This, then, by an admirable dialectic, is the theory of dirty hands, the noble affirmation of the necessity of commitment which serves only one purpose: to disassociate oneself, in the eyes of one's public and of history, from those whose hands are really dirty.

But, someone is sure to object, if you absolutely rule out dirty hands, don't you rule out politics? Granted! It has rarely been tried. But if this is really so, could we then say that politics is a dirty game? Why should I judge morality in terms of politics, considering the first legitimate, and the second, since contradictory to the first, illegitimate? I have not yet found any proof that politics is the imperative of man's salvation, although many impassioned declarations have, of course, been written on the subject. But I have not seen one that went beyond the level of the campaign poster.

A BRACELET

BY ROBERT GRAVES

A bracelet invisible
 For your busy wrist,
 Twisted from silver
 Spilt afar,
 From silver of the clear Moon,
 From her sheer halo,
 From the male beauty
 Of a shooting star.

BOOKS and MEN "A glimpse into the workshop" is how Walt Whitman described his "blue book," the author's own intimate copy of *LEAVES OF GRASS*, with his many notes, revisions, and comments on his masterwork. Now reproduced for the first time (in a facsimile edition), the BLUE BOOK affords Mr. Kaplan, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN*, an opportunity for a revealing reassessment of Whitman the man. Mr. Kaplan is at present working on a biography of Lincoln Steffens.

NINE OLD BONES

Walt Whitman's Blue Book

by JUSTIN KAPLAN

IT now seems much more than seventy-six years since the March day in Camden, New Jersey, when Walt Whitman's disciples, after devotional readings from Buddha, Confucius, Isaiah, Jesus, Mohammed, and *Leaves of Grass*, deposited him in the classy sepulcher he had ordered carved after some drawings by William Blake. As a cult hero in his late lifetime the Good Gray Poet had already generated a literature of comment and biography, a little part of which he wrote himself, and since 1892 this literature has grown to a point where in bulk, but certainly not in daring or discrimination, it compares favorably with what has been written about Shakespeare, or at least Joan of Arc. Sculpted in American grandiose, with a look that is benevolent but basically vacant, Whitman has become a sort of Mount Rushmore sphinx. He has all the answers — to birth, death, love, the soul, the simple, separate self, and the democratic mass. "Garrulous to the very last," he said. But there is a riddle he never answered. Who was he really, and how and why, in 1855, at the relatively late age of thirty-six, did this former printer, schoolteacher, journalist, carpenter, and speculator in Brooklyn real estate suddenly emerge as the poet of *Leaves of Grass*?

"I was simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil," Whitman said. The wife of one of his chief partisans recalled another statement which

he made a few years after that sudden emergence. "He said that very much of it was written under great pressure, pressure from within. He felt that he must do it." And late in his life Whitman gave an even vaguer explanation: "The book arose out of my life in Brooklyn and New York, from 1838 to 1853, absorbing a million people, for fifteen years, with an intimacy, an eagerness, an abandon, probably never equalled."

Presented with such accounts, Whitman's biographers and critics have had to fall back on "miracle" and "mystic experience," both of them accurate terms, no doubt, and both of them also impervious to "explanation." Surely by now we ought to know a lot more about Whitman than we do. We ought to have some psychological and literary context for what happened to him. But we still have only the general, chronological, surface shape of the transformation by which the vagrant, purposeless Walter Whitman, Jr., began to project himself over the roofs of the world as Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a poet.

There had been some sort of Damascene experience. We know this from several veiled references Whitman made during the 1850s. And we know this from "Song of Myself," which was once called simply "Walt Whitman." That dazzling poem is a chronicle as well as a celebration of a sexual



and mystic revelation: the drifter's small soul dilated, entered into a loving relationship with the universe. And Whitman began to write poetry before which criticism, or any other form of analysis, simply has to lay down its arms. There is nothing quite like it, Whitman at his best. And when he is at his awful worst, you almost love him for that too — he is so unworried and so irresponsible.

Reading *Leaves of Grass* barely two weeks after it was published, Emerson believed that he had been present at a miracle and that he had to rub his eyes a little "to see if this sunbeam were no illusion." But for all his joy and wonder, his admiration for "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," Emerson insisted on remaining a rational historian of personality. "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," he wrote in his celebrated letter to Whitman, "which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start."

Still, most of the commentators say that there was no real "foreground" for Whitman's transformation in any of the facts of his early life or in the journalism, fiction, and conventional poetry he wrote before *Leaves of Grass* — no apprenticeship, no line of development, not even any promise. "The poet materializes like a shape from the depths," says Malcolm Cowley, who, along with Randall Jarrell, is among the most acute of the recent critics: "There is no other word but miracle to describe what happened to Whitman at the age of thirty-six." Again we are back at the word "miracle."

ACCORDING to the official survey of the terrain, Walt Whitman's internal foreground is about as bare as the old lady's cupboard. It is almost impossible, at any point in his life, to find a hard core to his personality, or any hard outlines. There may not have been any, and this may be why Whitman finds it so easy, or so necessary, to merge his own with any other identity. Moreover, Whitman himself is often coy, evasive, deliberately mystifying, and, on at least one occasion, even downright mendacious. "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism," he once wrote. "Though unmarried I have had six children — two are dead — one living grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally." This is the first and last we hear of the offspring.

Because the foreground is so bare I had hoped that the *Blue Book*,¹ an intimate document from a

period of great trial and exhaustion in Whitman's life, would reveal something profoundly personal or new. It should, really, if anything can: it is Whitman's own unique paperbound copy of *Leaves of Grass* in which, during the black Civil War years and a little after, he made many notes and revisions for a new edition. But for the most part, the *Blue Book* does not show anything dramatic, such as Whitman radically evolving his personality or that of the separate and distinct "I" of the poem; the *Blue Book* has another value altogether, which we will come to. Again, the secretive Whitman is in command, for when, at the age of seventy-one, he gave the book to Horace Traubel, a disciple, he promised far more than the book actually delivered. Here is what he told Traubel:

You fellows value these curios more than I do. This will help you to see how the book grew, if that is anything. But I guess you would know how it grew if you never possessed this book. The book is a mile-post. . . . This gives you a glimpse into the workshop. It is wonderful to me how great a store you fellows have got to set on these things. God be with you!

Compounding all the difficulties that Whitman contributed to the record of his life is the fact that despite the blessings and the pat on the back, his biographers have been timid about using the normal tools of speculation and conjecture. They prefer to scant his edgy psychopathology ("There is nothing really abnormal in Whitman except his excess," said one biographer) and sidestep the fact that he was homosexual, which is simply undeniable if one reads with any kind of honesty the notebooks, poetry, letters, and supporting evidence. In general the biographers, infected by Whitman's public cheerfulness and his deliberate identification with a national oversoul, do not like the obvious truth that a lot of unpleasantness, shame, and misery can go into the making of even a little high art.

Take, for example, the crudest inventory of Whitman's family, not necessarily as a background for the making of a poet but possibly one for the breaking of a man. The father, a failure as farmer, housebuilder, and general handyman, was bitter, tyrannical, capable of terrible rages, liable to long sick depressions, and, as his son believed at any rate, an alcoholic. And in classic opposition, the mother, semiliterate and fearful, idolized her son Walt, her second-born, pampered him, and he was bound to her for the rest of her life and his. The Whitman parents had nine children. Of the two girls, one was described as capricious and headstrong; the other was a brawler and slattern, a psychopath who married another psychopath, who beat her. Of the six sons who survived infancy, one was a hysteric who became violent in maturity and died in a lunatic asylum, very

¹ *Walt Whitman's Blue Book: The 1860-61 Leaves of Grass Containing His Manuscript Additions and Revisions*. Two volumes. I. Facsimile. II. Textual analysis by Arthur Golden. The New York Public Library, 1968. \$30.00.

likely of paresis; one was a habitual drunkard whose widow became a prostitute; one was a mild incompetent; one was a lifelong cripple and imbecile; one rose to colonel in the Union Army; and one, of course, was the poet, who, inevitably reacting against this background and fighting his own depression and breakdowns, preached what William James called "the religion of healthy-mindedness."

At the age of seventeen Whitman, backed up by his mother, had a decisive argument with his father, who had ordered him to put aside his dreaminess and vague literary yearnings and settle down to work on the family farm. For about five years after this Whitman was an occasional schoolteacher, and then a journalist in New York, where two parallel developments began to take place in him. He became a dandy, a *flâneur*, who was to be seen strolling down Broadway to the Battery dressed in a frock coat with a boutonniere and carrying a cane. His employers were irritated by his languor, his nonchalance about assignments. In this new manner, which he later renounced,

No dainty dolce affettuoso I,
Bearded, sun-burnt, gray-neck'd, forbidding, I have
arrived,

he had got about as far away from his father and the farm as he could. And early in this New York period, when he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old, Whitman published ten stories and a novel. He had never been so productive, and he was not to be that productive again until he started to write *Leaves of Grass*.

REMARKABLY, Whitman's biographers, who all recognize this fiction as dreary stuff without much promise, still refuse to look at the stories thematically in order to find some "faint clews and indirections," in Whitman's phrase, as to what was going on in the mind and psyche of the future poet. This neglect is even more remarkable because, at the time, Whitman was proud of the fame these stories brought him — after all, they proved that he was right when he refused to obey his father and instead struck off into literature, away from the farm and toward the big city. The conflict with his father, together with the role his mother played, is a main subject of Whitman's fiction.

The earliest of these stories, "Death in the School-room (a Fact)," is about a thirteen-year-old boy of unearthly fairness who suffers from a "fearful inward disease," lives with his adored and adoring widowed mother, but is literally bullied to death by a despotic schoolmaster, who ends up flogging the boy's corpse. In "Wild Frank's Return," an-

other adored son, after a dispute with his harsh farmer-father over a favorite mare, goes off to sea. Two years later Frank sets out for home again, on the way falls into a semimystic repose under an oak tree, and when a thunderstorm breaks, is dragged to his death by the horse. (Whitman made an entry in his notebook about his own favorite mare, Nina, whom he had to sell in 1839 before going to New York to look for a job; and Wild Frank's repose suggests the summer day on the grass Whitman was to write about in "Song of Myself.") Another story deals with a boy who, in order to support his widowed mother, is apprenticed to a harsh and avaricious master, "a soulless gold-worshipper." The boy is picked up in a bar by a young libertine who later shares a bed with him. "Bervance: or, Father and Son" deals with a cruel father who schemes to have a rebellious son locked up in a lunatic asylum; the boy runs away from home and is never seen again. And running away from home to the big city and coming to a bad end is the main theme of Whitman's one novel, *Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate*.

Of course many of these themes and situations — harsh fathers (or father figures), adoring mothers, the contrast between the city and the innocent country — appear in conventional cheap fiction of Whitman's day, a lot of which is hardly more mawkish, melodramatic, and hackneyed than these stories. But there are some special signals here: the way Whitman insistently patterns and returns to these themes, the way he develops explicit parallels to his own situation, and the way some of the writing has a texture of reference and symbol which anticipates *Leaves of Grass* in striking ways. The title of one of these stories, "Tomb Blossoms," is a central Whitman trope; and the story itself contains some familiar images — the grass as the long uncut hair of graves, the invoking of "lovely and soothing death," the image of "the dark mother," which later appears in the great elegy for Lincoln.

All of this suggests to me that the one-year cycle of fiction writing came out of a deeper motive and a more intense if temporary resolution than Whitman's biographers have been willing to see, and that a real look at this writing might help us to sketch in that "long foreground." For beneath the clichéd surfaces of the fiction are evidences of the nature and thrust of an intimate crisis, of a groping for a new identity (which also involved a sexual direction), and of a sense of shame, hiding, and fear.

Whitman's most recent and respected biographer, Professor Gay Wilson Allen, says of the early stories: "The young author seems to have almost a compulsion to write about cruel fathers." And, as far as biographical interpretation goes, Professor Allen leaves it pretty much at that. Another

commentator says of "Death in the Schoolroom": "He even wrote a very melodramatic story . . . to show the terrible dangers children might run from the brutality of a teacher." The biographers back away from potential foreground facts instead of making the most of them, even though a little exploration undoubtedly involves a risk. This is the risk of reconstructing out of guesswork, intuition, inference, and limited data what Mark Twain, lampooning Shakespeare biographies, described as a fifty-seven-foot-high brontosaurus skeleton which looks convincing enough in the natural history museum but is actually made out of six hundred barrels of plaster of paris and maybe only nine old bones.

Despite their scarcity, there are real Whitman bones around, enough of them to give us a more convincing reconstruction of the man than the one we have now. But the biographer has got to be willing to recognize bones as bones and be grateful for them, as he should now be grateful to the New York Public Library for issuing a facsimile of the *Blue Book*, a document which not only played a pivotal role in Whitman's later life but which also puts us, briefly, in the presence of the man himself.

WHITMAN's notes in ink and in three colors of pencil, and all the complexly folded, fragile inserts and interleavings which had made it difficult for anyone to study the original without damaging it — these are all reproduced in the Library's facsimile, which comes with an accompanying volume of transcript and textual analysis by Arthur Golden of C.C.N.Y. One has only to open the front cover of the *Blue Book* to find some distinctive evidence of Walt Whitman at work: there he is, counting up the words in the Bible, *The Aeneid*, *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Leaves of Grass*, a reminder that he thought of his book not only as the American epic but as a new Bible which would eventually have one poem for each day of the year.

In 1863, when Whitman was in Washington as an unofficial nurse and hospital visitor, he asked his mother to watch over the papers and manuscripts he had left behind in Brooklyn, "especially the copy of *Leaves of Grass* covered in blue paper, and the little MS book 'Drum Taps.' . . . I want them all carefully kept." By January, 1865, when he was appointed to a clerkship in the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, he finally had "a perfect copy" of *Drum-Taps* ready for the printer but was still at work on the *Blue Book*, which he kept in his office desk. In May the new Secretary of the Interior, James Harlan, a Radical Republican (in Reconstruction terms), ordered government employees in the department checked

for "loyalty," "fidelity," and "moral character." Someone brought the *Blue Book*, with its running message of sexual freedom, to Harlan's attention, and it was seen on Harlan's desk, according to an informal affidavit the assistant secretary gave Whitman a few months later: "a volume of *Leaves of Grass*, in blue paper covers, & the pages of the poems marked more or less all through the book." Without any warning, on June 30, Harlan notified Whitman that his services would be "dispensed with from and after this date."

Within a day Whitman's friends got him another government job, this time as clerk in the Attorney General's office, but Whitman's dismissal had an effect which outlived the immediate sense of outrage and even the poet himself. For Whitman and his disciples, whose grief over Lincoln's martyrdom was still strong and fresh, the dismissal crystallized a messianic pattern of gospel, persecution, and passion and drove them to contrive the messianic stance of the Good Gray Poet.

As Mr. Golden says in his excellent introduction to the *Blue Book*, this "glimpse into the workshop" shows us a private Walt Whitman who is neither the bardic rowdy and self-promoter of the early editions of *Leaves of Grass* nor the Good Gray Poet and Guru of Camden who dominated the poetry and prose of the later years. Instead we see the "unassuming, forthright" poet who between 1860 and 1865, a time when he gave a major part of his energies over to nursing the sick and the wounded, wrote important new poems (among them "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd") and carefully revised most of the old ones. All but thirty-four of the 456 pages of the *Blue Book* show some kind of revision. Whitman worked, says Mr. Golden, "with a kind of ruthlessness, at times a frenzy, in his attempt to tighten and reshape" *Leaves of Grass*. He rejected forty poems, shortened others, and abridged some of the lengthy catalogues (leaving, however, enough of them to provoke Emerson's laconic joke in 1871: "I expect him to make the songs of the Nation, but he seems to be contented to make the inventories"). He worked toward precision, toward clarifying the rhythms. Sometimes he flirts with gentility and considers flattening out some of his colloquialisms. "Life is a suck and a sell" is penciled out to "life is a hollow game," which Longfellow could have written, and the idiosyncratic line

Washes and razors for foofoos — for me freckles and
a bristling beard

becomes "Washes and razors for those that will. . . ." But by the time the new edition was ready for the printer, Whitman had changed his mind once again, and he restored the earlier reading.

Here and there Whitman mutes the sexual exuberance of *Leaves of Grass*. He deletes:

Thruster holding me tight, and that I hold tight!
We hurt each other as the bridegroom and the bride
hurt each other.

And his response to the voice of "the trained soprano" — "she convulses me like the climax of my love-grip" — has now been stepped down to about six volts. But for the most part the *Blue Book* revisions attack the belief current since 1902, when one of the second-generation disciples prepared a variorum edition, that after the Harlan affair Whitman soft-pedaled the sexuality of *Leaves of Grass*.

Even when Whitman is revising on literary grounds, those grounds are as shifting as anything else about him. For every good reason he left comparatively untouched the towering "Song of Myself." But he also left untouched such descents into the badlands as

You working-man of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Weser!
you working-woman too!

and

O hymen! O hymeneel
Why do you tantalize me thus?

"Very well, then, I contradict myself," Whitman said, and the *Blue Book* gives us a partial glimpse of the self-contradictory writer at work and at play: "unassuming" and "forthright" as a literary workman, dedicated and great-souled, but also mischievous, silly, and vain, an oaf, a prophet subject to flights of megalomania, and a poet rarely dumb but often stone-deaf. And seeing this much of the personality Whitman has arrived at, we may be able, eventually, to deduce a little more about where he came from, the "long foreground." But it is a last glimpse that the *Blue Book* gives: the story of Whitman's later years is essentially the story of a disappearing act, for now, stung by the Harlan episode, it is the public Whitman, supported by disciples, who takes over.

A few months after the "outrage," Whitman's close friend William O'Connor wrote an attack on Harlan and an impassioned vindication of *Leaves of Grass* from which the poet emerged as a world figure, a prophet of humanity as well as America, whose physical presence alone — "majestic, large, Homeric" — set him apart as an epic hero. According to O'Connor, Abraham Lincoln had gazed out a window of the White House as the poet passed by and said, "with a significant emphasis which the type can hardly convey — 'Well, he looks like a MAN!'" This legend, the

whole overblown pamphlet (much of which sounds like Whitman himself), and its inspired title, *The Good Gray Poet*, seemed to answer Harlan's demand for "loyalty," "fidelity," and "moral character" but went far beyond into another dimension. In 1867, another partisan, the naturalist John Burroughs, published a similar larger-than-life document, *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*, at least half of which was written by the poet and person, and the following year O'Connor published a crudely allegorical story about Whitman called "The Carpenter." As before, O'Connor "had some difficulty in distinguishing Walt Whitman from Jesus Christ," says Mr. Golden, who should have added that Whitman himself sometimes had the same difficulty. "My spirit to yours dear brother," the poet addressed "Him that was Crucified" — "I understand you."

To the end of his life Whitman and the hot band of the faithful who clustered around him in Camden stimulated each other to comparable exercises in levitation, all of which had a disastrous effect. The man and the bones disappeared altogether into the rendering vat and were steamily absorbed into a sweet-smelling colloidal suspension of disbelief and borax. The incomparable poet was subordinated to the second-rate philosopher, sage, and messenger of cosmic consciousness. And the ultimate effect of this cultism, as James Huneker said, was that its "slush, hash, obscurity, morbid eroticism, vulgarity, and preposterous mouthings well-nigh spoil one's taste for what is really great in *Leaves of Grass*."

The core personality which surfaced briefly in the *Blue Book* will not, certainly, turn out to be the Good Gray Poet. But it may turn out to be *something* gray, something that was strangely plastic, passive, and spongy even when the "miracle" began to happen. In a way which may be unique, Walt Whitman's entire life had gone into his one book, and through that book he gave himself health, created, destroyed, and resurrected himself in a different form. He is always telling us this:

If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

When you read this, I, that was visible, am become invisible.

The last two lines of the *Blue Book* are:

I depart from materials,
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

And even when Whitman says,

Camerado! This is no book;
Who touches this, touches a man,

he may mean the book was all there was of him.

THE WRONG RUBICON

LBJ and the War

by TOM WICKER

On March 31, 1968, Lyndon B. Johnson, 36th President of the United States, became a casualty of the war in Vietnam, a war that started years before he became President but which, in his time of leadership, grew in intensity and threatened to disrupt this republic. How the fate of LBJ and the course of the Vietnam War became interlocked is the subject of this study by the Washington columnist and bureau chief of the New York TIMES. It is taken from Mr. Wicker's new book, JFK & LBJ: A STUDY OF THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY ON POLITICS, to be published later this month by Morrow.

WHEN Lyndon B. Johnson became President he was something of a throwback to another time. He was a decade older than John F. Kennedy — just enough older to identify him with an earlier generation and its somewhat different view of the world. He was not a product of the Ivy League and the East; he had not come under much influence from the liberal intellectuals who had surrounded Kennedy; unlike them, he had not chafed on the sidelines during the cold war years of the Eisenhower Administration. But it was these liberal intellectuals who had come to power in 1961, while Johnson's obscurity in the vice presidency had kept him out of the main channels of Kennedy Administration talk, thought, and outlook. His view of the world had been shaped neither academically nor in Kennedy's service but while he was the Senate Majority Leader in the fifties, in the full chill of the cold war, when he had been frequently summoned to the White House for briefings by Eisenhower and Foster Dulles. In "responsible" bipartisan fashion he generally supported their foreign policy objectives in Congress.

Johnson was a middle-aged man of small-town America, both a Westerner and a Southerner, and except where politics had

demonstrably forced his growth — as on the question of civil rights — he functioned, like most men, as a product of his background. There is little to suggest that at this time he saw the world moving away from the stereotype he had accepted in the fifties — the notion of the "Communist bloc" monolithically seeking to bury "the free world." Like any Rotarian or state legislator and many members of Congress, he saw this world conflict in terms of good and evil, and if he was by no means a right-winger who spied a Communist under every bed and believed in holy war against them, he still was at the time of his accession to the presidency one of those millions of Americans who were nationalist almost to the point of nativism, impressed by the lesson of World War II that aggression unchecked was aggression unleashed, and whose years of greatest activity had coincided with the frustrations and passions of the cold war. Thus his kind of "internationalism" was in many ways only the reverse coin of the old isolationism of the thirties; both were based on a self-righteous sense of American superiority, on a sort of "higher morality" that derived from pride in democracy, free enterprise, and material success. And in Johnson's case it would never be entirely free from the attitudes

of the hard-scrabble Texas hill country in which he had grown up, amid dust, poverty, and struggle.

"I know these Latin Americans," he remarked privately to a group of reporters, not long after becoming President. "I grew up with Mexicans. They'll come right into your yard and take it over if you let them. And the next day they'll be right up on your porch, barefoot and weighing one hundred and thirty pounds and they'll take that too. But if you say to 'em right at the start, 'Hold on, just wait a minute,' they'll know they're dealing with somebody who'll stand up. And after that you can get along fine."

If there was a suggestion here that despite his genuine concern for the poor and downtrodden, Johnson thought somewhat in terms of a "white man's burden" to do something useful for other races without yielding much to them, he was more explicit, early in 1964, about his attitude toward Communists. He didn't agree, he said in another private conversation, with the liberals who thought that "fat Communists" were better than lean and hungry ones. Communists were all alike, he went on, and he believed in keeping them off balance and worried. "The more trouble they have the better for us," he said.

Johnson had not presided over disaster at the Bay of Pigs, nor necessarily drawn Kennedy's conclusions about the dangers of relying upon so-called "experts" rather than upon his own judgment or that of men he knew to be sound and trustworthy whether or not "expert." He had not personally suffered the frustrations, anguish, and political dangers of that debacle or undergone the "somber" experience of Khrushchev's polemics at Vienna, or found himself and his government unprepared and embarrassed by the Berlin Wall. With the military, Johnson's primary experience had been in congressional committees and then more as an ally against the traditional enemy, the executive branch politicians, than as a critic or judge.

Significantly, Johnson came into office with considerable confidence in Secretary Rusk, who had been of declining influence in the Kennedy Administration, and in Secretary McNamara. Rusk had been the official deputed by Kennedy to keep the touchy Vice President Johnson informed on world affairs; with his bureaucrat's scrupulous attention to detail and possibility, Rusk had carried out the assignment generously, and Johnson took to the White House with him no little gratitude as well as the impression that the Secretary was a man who appreciated him and with whom he could work. Since, in more influential circumstances than the Kennedy Administration had accorded him, Rusk would reveal himself as the hardest of the "hard-liners" on Asian Communism,

this relationship was of profound importance for the future. Of McNamara, with whom he had at that time no such special relationship, Johnson was nonetheless admiring. A month after becoming President, Johnson said flatly: "I think McNamara is the ablest man I ever met."

Johnson, for sound political and diplomatic reasons, had chosen "continuity" as the theme of his new Administration; on November 27, he would say to Congress: "Let us continue." Already, he had asked Kennedy's Cabinet and staff to stay with him. His personal belief in the Secretaries of State and Defense also meant that continuity in foreign policy was not likely to be a quick pose for political effect but would be a fact for some time to come.

Rusk and McNamara were closely identified with the Kennedy Administration's policy in Vietnam. They had a vested interest in its success, on which largely depended their own reputations. They were not likely to recommend its abandonment or fundamental alteration, and as long as Johnson wanted them to remain in office and retained his own real admiration for them, continuity in Vietnam—more of the same—was very nearly certain. And Kennedy, at his death, was not moving openly toward ending the war.

A GOOD deal, moreover, is known of Johnson's own views on Southeast Asia at the time of his accession to the presidency. In May, 1961, under instructions from Kennedy, he had visited Southeast Asia on an official mission, stopping in South Vietnam, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand, India, and Pakistan. Among other things, Johnson reached an agreement with Ngo Dinh Diem—whom he incautiously called "the Churchill of today"—for increased American military assistance. According to news reports of the Johnson tour, he also discussed the possible stationing of American troops in both Thailand and South Vietnam.

Johnson also effected an increased military assistance agreement with Thailand. In South Vietnam, he laid heavy stress on combating "Communism's allies"—the poverty and misery he saw in the native villages. Upon his return to Washington, his public statements were concentrated on this aspect of his finding—the need for the United States to do its part in the economic and social development of Southeast Asia as a major means of keeping that area in "the free world."

At a news conference immediately after his return, however, Johnson was asked about the need for sending American troops to the countries he had visited. There was no plan or need for

such a step at that time, he replied, and no promises had been given. But, he added: "I would not want to forever foreclose the possibility of America *protecting her interests* wherever it might be." (Italics added.)

And, he said, he had been "disturbed" that "so many Asian leaders should express doubt as to United States intentions."

In his private report to Kennedy, Johnson stressed the need for economic and social development but bore down much more heavily on the military problem than he had done in his public remarks:

Our mission arrested the decline of confidence in the United States. It did not — in my judgment — restore any confidence already lost. . . .

I cannot stress too strongly the extreme importance of following up this mission with other measures, other actions, and other efforts. . . .

The report presented an almost classic statement of the so-called "domino theory":

The battle against Communism must be joined in Southeast Asia with strength and determination to achieve success there — or the United States, inevitably, must surrender the Pacific and take up our defenses on our own shores. Asian Communism is compromised and contained by the maintenance of free nations on the subcontinent. Without this inhibitory influence, the island outposts — Philippines, Japan, Taiwan — have no security and the vast Pacific becomes a Red Sea.

The "key to what is done by Asians in defense of Southeast Asian freedom," Johnson wrote the President, "is confidence in the United States. There is no alternative to United States leadership in Southeast Asia. . . . SEATO is not now and probably never will be the answer because of British and French unwillingness to support decisive action."

Of course, "these nations cannot be saved by United States help alone." They had to help themselves, particularly in fighting ignorance, poverty, and disease. Nevertheless:

We must decide whether to help these countries to the best of our ability or throw in the towel in the area and pull back our defenses to San Francisco and a "Fortress America" concept. More important, we would say to the world in this case that we don't live up to treaties and don't stand by our friends. . . . I recommend that we move forward promptly with a major effort to help these countries defend themselves. . . .

This decision must be made in a full realization of the very heavy and continuing costs involved in terms of money, of effort and of United States prestige. It must be made with the knowledge that at some point we may be faced with the further decision of whether we commit major United States forces to the area or cut our losses and withdraw should our other efforts fail. We must remain master of this decision.

This is an important Johnsonian document. It shows, first, a full acceptance of the Eisenhower-Dulles "domino theory," which in itself is an expression of an *American interest*: maintaining the frontier in Asia, keeping the battle away from American shores, and holding the "vast Pacific" as part of the "free world" rather than seeing it become a "Red Sea." Johnson's report, moreover, is couched throughout in terms of American interest — enlightened interest, it may be, but American nonetheless; and that is the context in which he spoke to the press about the possible use of American troops in Southeast Asia.

By May, 1961, when there were only a few hundred American advisers and technicians in South Vietnam, Johnson, so seeing the American interest, laid down to Kennedy what was to become a blueprint of the policy he himself would follow in years to come, *including the risk of committing "major United States forces to the area."* Since the term "major" is an imprecise catchall, it is debatable whether Kennedy ever went that far; at his death, U.S. forces in South Vietnam numbered only about 25,000, which no one could have believed was sufficient for the purpose of which Johnson had written. Johnson ultimately raised this number to well over a half million, and there is no doubt that this makes up a "major" force.

This was a significant switch by the Vice President — had it been generally known — because in 1954, during the Dienbienphu campaign, Johnson and Senator Richard Russell of Georgia — the Democratic leader in the Senate and the chairman of the Armed Forces Committee — had been the loudest and strongest opponents of the Eisenhower Administration's tentative plan to go to the aid of the French; both argued strongly the lesson of the Korean War, that the United States never again should become "bogged down" in a land war on the Asian mainland, with its teeming millions, its human waves of soldiers. By early 1961, however, Johnson could already think of putting "major United States forces" into Southeast Asia in pursuit of the *American interest* as expressed in the "domino theory."

FOLLOWING the overthrow of the Diem government and the murder of Diem and his brother, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge was ordered home for consultations. He was to have had lunch with President Kennedy at his new Virginia country place on Rattlesnake Mountain on Sunday.

Lodge was at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco when he heard the news of Kennedy's assassination. Even in the excitement and panic of that weekend, however, he was told to come on to

Washington since the new President would be even more in need of consultations than the old.

Lodge arrived on Saturday, visited the East Room of the White House where Kennedy's body lay in state, and early on Sunday afternoon met with the new President in Johnson's high-ceilinged and roomy old vice presidential suite in the Executive Office Building. Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, John McCone, the CIA director, and George Ball, the Undersecretary of State, met with Johnson and Lodge. Rusk, McNamara, Lodge, and Bundy all had taken part a few days earlier — before the assassination — in a general political-military review of Vietnam that had been held in Honolulu.

Lodge's report was bleak, although he made no specific requests for Johnson to decide upon. In the wake of Diem's removal, the ambassador said, the new government of South Vietnam was shaky and ineffective, political rivalries were sprouting in and out of it, and the various forces set free by the end of Diem's repression were threatening political chaos. The Viet Cong, already powerful enough, seemed to be redoubling their efforts to take military advantage of what amounted to a divided and leaderless nation. The South Vietnamese Army had managed the coup, but otherwise it was corrupt and inefficient and lacked a real will to fight as well as the leadership to succeed in such battles as it could not avoid.

In short, Lodge, an old friend of Johnson's from their Senate days, whom Johnson once had recommended to Eisenhower for Secretary of Defense, and who was thus close enough to the new President to speak his mind (Lodge is not a man to mince words, anyway), told the emotionally drained Texan that if Vietnam was to be saved, hard decisions would have to be made.

"Unfortunately, Mr. President," Lodge said, "you will have to make them."

The new President, as recalled by one who was present, scarcely hesitated. "I am not going to lose Vietnam," he said. "I am not going to be the President who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went."

"What kind of political support will you have?" Lodge, the experienced politician, asked his old friend and vice presidential opponent.

"I don't think Congress wants us to let the Communists take over South Vietnam," Johnson said.

So the tragedy of Lyndon Johnson — for it may well be that — was set in motion, barely forty-eight hours after he had taken the oath on the plane at Dallas. The moment, if it was there at all, would pass — that moment when, with Diem gone, there might have been the faint possibility of some initial reconciliation between Saigon and the National Liberation Front, and the history of the 1960s

might have been changed. All that would follow — the bombing of the North, the half million young Americans trudging the roads and hills and through the jungles of Vietnam, the huge expenditures, the political divisions at home, the decline abroad, the sapping of a Great Society then unborn, the collapse of the consensus yet to be constructed — had been determined in that hour of political decision.

It was a political decision, made by a political man, in political circumstances that left him no real choice. For the first but not the last time Lyndon Johnson's cherished "options" were foreclosed; and even if he had been a different person of different experience, even if he had not chosen continuity and clung to Kennedy's men, even then he could have said nothing else.

Because he was, after all and above all, a new President; he was virtually unknown; he was not universally trusted, and he was even less understood. Throughout the Kennedy years, the people had been narrowly divided; nothing in American politics then was certain — nothing but that a President who failed to pursue a strong line against "Communists" would be vulnerable to political opponents at home and to ambitious adversaries abroad. Even Kennedy, in 1960, had been forced to abandon his "soft" line on such unimportant matters as Quemoy and Matsu; his willingness to apologize to Khrushchev for the U-2 incident had been a major liability, exploited in pre-convention days by none other than Lyndon B. Johnson.

Adversaries at home and abroad were watching the new man. Both would measure his responses, his politics, his attitudes, probing for any weaknesses. Above all other things that dreary November Sunday, Lyndon Johnson had to be strong, which is to say that, at the minimum, he had to *appear* to be strong; in his own words, he, no less than the nation he now must lead, had to convince the world "not to tread on us."

It is a necessity any new President feels, and not merely as an ambitious politician. That a nation should be respected for its strength as well as its purpose and its past is essential for its security and its ideals, let alone for international leadership. It may well be argued that the greatest respect of mankind should flow to moral rather than military strength, and it is certainly true that there are times when retreat is more to be admired than attack, and when the frank confession of error is more courageous than persistence in it. It ought even to be true that, in Wilson's phrase, there is such a thing as a nation being too proud to fight — or even too moral.

Unfortunately, it cannot be true because in the world of men that strength which unerringly gains the most respect is armed strength; and if might

does not truly make right, who can say that it does not rule most of the affairs of men? Thus, political leaders, no matter how beneficial their purposes, tend always to gird up their good intentions with ample armament. "We arm to parley," Churchill said, and in his inaugural address President Kennedy declared ringingly: "Only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed."

This instinct may be regrettable, but it is based on a sure knowledge of man, a predatory animal who does not in practice often turn the other cheek. Thus, armed strength and the willingness to use it are the first requisites of international power, and if this fact is sometimes blamed on political leaders, the righteous who make the charge should ask themselves which came first, men or politicians?

AFTER the Bay of Pigs and after the Khrushchev confrontation, as an example, John Kennedy was in something near despair because he sensed that Khrushchev thought he was inexperienced and weak; James Reston saw Kennedy before he left Vienna, and Kennedy told him he feared that he could never negotiate or deal with the Soviet leader as an equal until he had shown strength and convinced the world of his steadfastness. It is instructive that it was not until the Cuban crisis over a year later, when he threatened to use nuclear weapons on Moscow, that Kennedy finally achieved that goal.

In the meantime, one of the actions he took in pursuit of it may have been his fateful first escalation of the American commitment in Vietnam during the fall of 1961. In his conference with Lodge in November, 1963, President Johnson, under the same pressing necessity, for much the same reason, had taken the second step that would lead to so great a war that none of the distinguished men in the room with him could possibly have imagined it. *"I am not going to be the President who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went."*

A whole lifetime of political and human experience was distilled in that sentence; the deepest meaning of the endless adventure is to be found in the circumstances that impelled it. Still, it is doubtful that anyone that day, even Johnson himself, thought about the confidential report he had written in 1961 on his return from Southeast Asia. Nor is there anything to suggest that even in the harsh echoes of Lodge's summary anyone foresaw that terrible decision of which the new President once had written "we must remain the master."

The first significant public statement Johnson made about Vietnam as President came on Febru-

ary 21, 1964. He was so new to office that he actually was keeping an appointment made by President Kennedy when, at Charter Day observances at the University of California at Los Angeles, he said:

The contest in which South Vietnam is now engaged is first and foremost a contest to be won by the government and the people of that country for themselves. [But] those engaged in external direction and supply [of the war in Vietnam] would do well to be reminded and to remember that this type of aggression is a deeply dangerous game.

It may be that the first of these sentences was the most significant in the long run. At the time, however, both the President and the public were more interested in the second sentence.

There is no doubt that Johnson intended this passage as a warning to the North Vietnamese and perhaps to the Chinese that the armed intervention he had been willing to think about in May, 1961, was still a possibility in his own mind. Just to dispel any doubt, Pierre Salinger, the White House Press Secretary, saw to it that White House reporters traveling with the President understood how important Johnson considered the statement.

Those who not only disagree with Johnson's policy in Vietnam as it has developed, but also feel that he duped them during the campaign and later betrayed their hopes, may be right on the facts, but it is a little too much to allow them to have it both ways. In fact, the protests of domestic doves following the Los Angeles speech were so great that Secretary Rusk called a news conference and denied any implication that the United States was planning to escalate the war. Even so, he carefully repeated that external support of the Viet Cong was a "serious business," but insisted: "Whatever happens in the north, there is a large problem in South Vietnam to be dealt with. . . . No miracle in the north is going to suddenly transform or eliminate the problem in South Vietnam."

Johnson himself let the impression get around that he did not understand how the press could have interpreted the UCLA speech as a threat to escalate. I spent an hour with him in his office four days after the speech and asked specifically for the President's own interpretation, and here are the notes taken on the response:

Asked him [LBJ] for his version of meaning of passage in UCLA speech. Never got it in so many words but did get long lecture on Vietnam. LBJ started by saying if Gen. Eisenhower had tried to invade Normandy the way we have tried to run the Vietnamese war, the Nazis would be in Paris today. Describes our situation in Vietnam as "new" because Lodge now has new general, new chief of mission, new CIA man, complete authority from LBJ. McN [McNamara] to look into new Lodge request, for more pay for the [Vietnamese] troops. So

in position to get something done. The policy there is to train Vietnamese troops to win their own war. Notes we already pulled out 1,000 men no longer needed. Says more can be pulled out as more Vietnamese get training. Praised Khanh [the latest general to have taken over in Saigon, Nguyen Khanh] as young, vigorous. Used analogy of somebody coming into my yard, burning my trees, killing my mother. Wouldn't that be a "deeply dangerous game?" But no suggestion in itself of expanding the war or enlarging American commitment. Implied criticism of Kennedy because we have mess on our hands over there.

The political situation in which Johnson found himself in February, 1964, was clearly not conducive to frank talk about a wider war in Vietnam. Even then, Goldwater was "pooping around" snow-covered New Hampshire, beginning the process of making himself an open and irresistible target for a "prudent" candidate, while horrifying much of the old-line Republican Party. Whatever Johnson may have been thinking privately, whatever the actual situation in Vietnam, the demands of politics — which is to say, the demands of men and circumstance — dictated that Johnson disclaim the intention, if not the possibility, of "going north." Just as Goldwater's campaign was being shaped in New Hampshire, so was Johnson's, in the response to his Los Angeles speech.

On June 28, however, Johnson gingerly warned again of the possibility of escalation. As more than fifty thousand people attending the *Svenskarnas Dag* (Swedes' Day) picnic listened in Minnehaha Park in Minneapolis, he said the United States, "when necessary," would not hesitate to "risk war" to preserve peace. This was a last-minute alteration of a prepared text which had declared that the United States "would use the force necessary" to maintain South Vietnam's freedom; some reporters already had filed stories based on the first text and all called attention to the change. The altered wording showed how politically delicate the matter was, but also that Johnson had not fundamentally changed the views he brought home from Southeast Asia in 1961.

The nation was "strong enough to protect ourselves and our allies," Johnson said, but it also was committed to "restraint in the use of power." It would never intervene in "honest clashes or belief or goals." But, he warned, "we seek neither dominion or conquest but where it exists we must work to dispel it." Both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations had portrayed the war in Vietnam as, at least partially, an effort at "dominion or conquest" from the North, and thus the *Svenskarnas Dag* speech was essentially a repetition of the UCLA warning.

Up to this point, a nice ambiguity had been achieved about Vietnam; Johnson had promised to

support Saigon but had not made clear how far he was prepared to go militarily. But in August, with Goldwater nominated and campaigning against what he called the Administration's "no win" policy, with Johnson ready for his own anointment at Atlantic City, a startling development caused the President to make his attitude even clearer.

North Vietnamese gunboats attacked an American destroyer in the Gulf of Tonkin on August 2 without success. Johnson ordered American ships to destroy such attackers in the future. On August 4, new gunboat attacks were reported in the Gulf, and the President went even further. He ordered retaliatory air raids directly against North Vietnam. Explaining this action in a late-night television appearance on August 4, Johnson called the air raids a "positive reply" but said "we still seek no wider war." The next day, in a speech at Syracuse University, he added:

To any who may be tempted to support or to widen the present aggression, I say this: there is no threat to any peaceful power from the United States of America. But there can be no peace by aggression and *no immunity from reply*. And that is what is meant by the actions that we took yesterday. [Italics added.]

Whether there would be no immunity for whatever Johnson defined as aggression or just for attacks directly on the American flag, like those in the Tonkin Gulf, the President did not make clear — which, with Hanoi presumably listening, he could hardly have been expected to do. But the operative words *no immunity* were still another way of saying the same thing that had been said at Los Angeles and Minneapolis.

Johnson also seized the moment of the Tonkin crisis to send substantial new forces to Southeast Asia; these were primarily air and sea units, and their presence in the area was to play a large role in the future. Finally, he also used the episode to drive through Congress the celebrated resolution that gave him congressional authorization "to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the United States and *to prevent future aggression*." (Italics added.)

In one stroke, Johnson had been able both to flex his muscles and prudently to limit what could have been a war-provoking crisis. One of his aides said later that one of the President's purposes had been "to win Republicans and conservatives with a responsible show of force. He already had the Left."

But the cost was high. The Tonkin crisis, however it seemed at the time, ultimately produced for Johnson two of his major difficulties. No doubt he handled it superbly; yet it would return again and again to haunt him because the circumstances that apply one day may be, usually will be, entirely

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1. We could use oil that costs a lot less than \$7,000 a gallon.

2. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion-resistant layer of nickel.

3. We could skip removing burrs from every part of the movement.

4. We could stop cleaning movements ultrasonically.

5. We could skip polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

6. We could have parts exposed instead of protectively encased.

7. We don't have to use more gold on the case than government standards require. But a case wears better that way, especially around the edges.

8. We could hand-polish the case instead of diamond-polishing it, but it wouldn't be as lustrous.

9. We could use steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

10. We could test every tenth watch for waterproofness instead of every watch.

11. We could add the oscillating weight onto the movement instead of building it right into the movement, but it would make the watch bulky.

12. We could use a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

13. We could stop using a precision hairspring and buy one of lesser quality.

14. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

15. We could make crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.

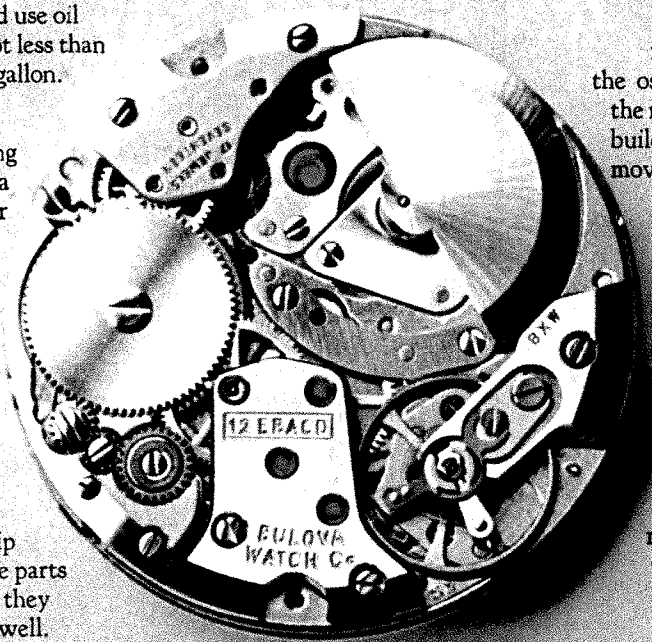
16. We could make a 3-piece case instead of a 1-piece case, but it wouldn't be as waterproof* and dustproof.

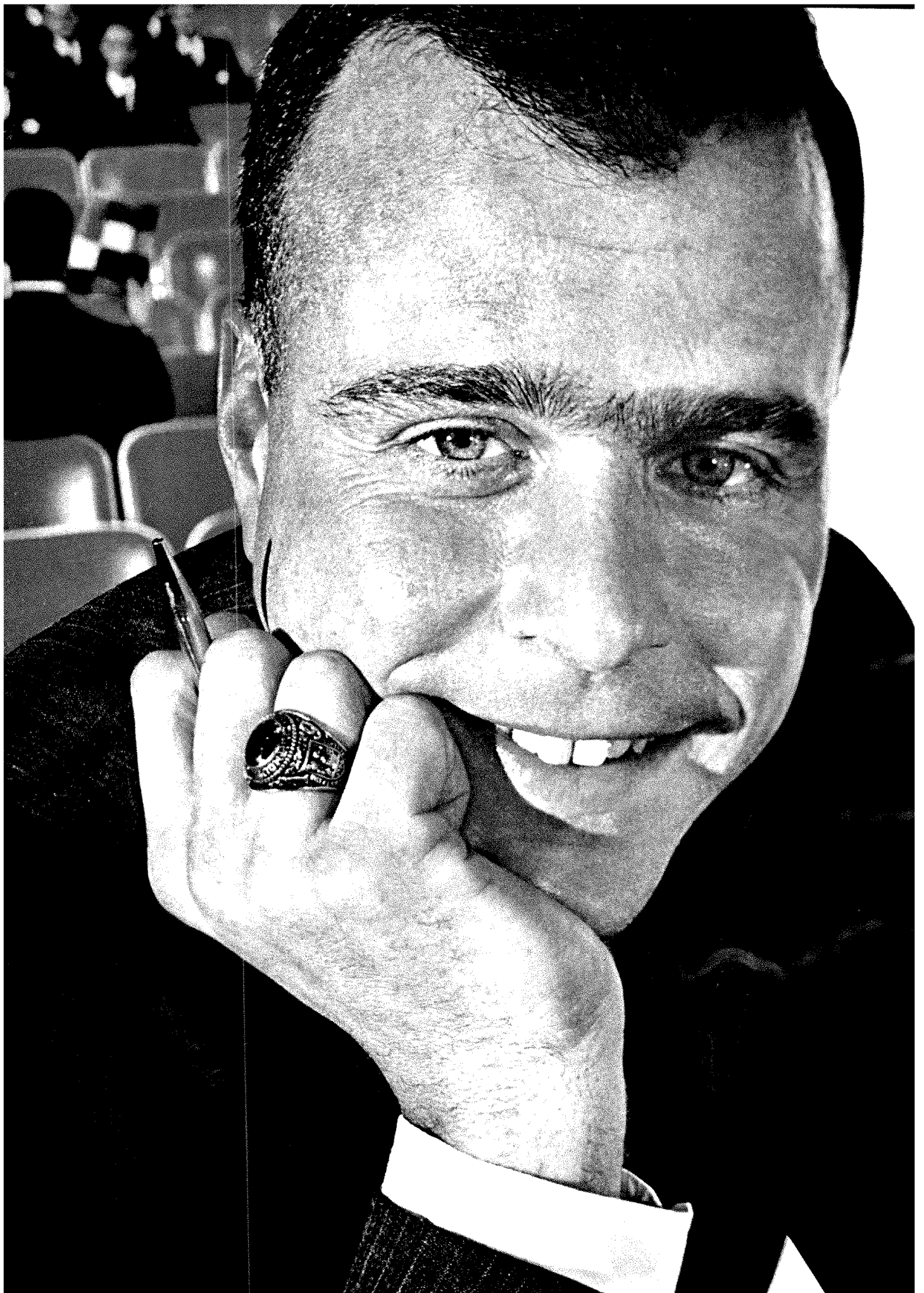
17. We could use embossed numerals instead of hand-applied numerals.

18. We could skip hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

19. We could skip hand-brushing the dial, but then the face wouldn't be as beautiful.

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Technology in the data processing industry has developed at a remarkable pace. So fast, in fact, that computer salesmen must return to school regularly to keep up.

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"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy*; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer*.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

"*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

"'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'

"How so?"

"'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds*.'

"'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'

"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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different on another. And particularly in politics, what one does to achieve success may prove more important and lasting than the success itself.

With the resolution that the President maneuvered through Congress, and with the deception or guile — whatever description one chooses — that he used to keep it intact and his freedom of action unhampered, the most astute congressional strategist of our time planted the seeds of distrust and suspicion in that body. He alienated not just Senator Fulbright; in both houses, an undetermined but significant number of members came to look back upon the episode of the Tonkin Resolution as a ruthless power play and a betrayal of the congressional-executive trust.

The success of his response in the Tonkin Gulf would guide Johnson straight into an even more damaging mistake than his congressional tactics on behalf of the resolution. For the fact was that, having shown his strength, having diminished Goldwater's ability to charge him with a "no win" policy and with soft-headedness toward Communism, having established his own "restraint," Johnson seemed free to do what came so naturally to so political a creature. With every rattle of the Goldwater sword, every reference to the use of nuclear weapons by the Air Force general on the Republican ticket, every provocative remark about bombing the North from the avid jet pilot who was his opponent, Johnson was lured by politics into the profitably contrasting position of deploring — even forbidding — war, escalation, and nuclear brinkmanship. The Tonkin Gulf was the background against which he seemed able to do so safely; in the long run, it was the birthplace of the credibility gap.

ALL the evidence visible at the time, and much testimony gathered since, suggests that in 1964 Johnson was not deeply concerned about Vietnam. The excellent Rusk and McNamara, as well as Lodge's competent "new team," were on hand to handle it, and anyway, the "issue polls" Johnson studied with as much care as he gave to CIA reports showed that Vietnam, then, was the major concern of only a small proportion of the voters. There was no real fear in the White House that the war would become the central issue of the years ahead, that every word spoken now would have its later impact, and not always the one intended.

But if the war was not a matter of night-and-day care, the election was. For eminently practical political reasons, Johnson wanted to win a landslide. Believing as he did in his Populist, politician's heart that the best politics was to deliver "something for the folks," with his Great Society pro-

gram already being drawn up, Johnson recognized that he had the chance to break the decade-long deadlock of American politics; he could win the overwhelming mandate Kennedy had never had, swing Congress decisively as Eisenhower had never done, and deal with the backlog of urgent domestic business that had been piling up since the fifties. Then, like his idol, FDR, he could go on to break new ground.

Goldwater, in short, offered almost unlimited opportunity to a politician who had proved his skill in domestic affairs (the Kennedy tax and civil rights bills had been moved, the long-threatening railroad strike had been settled) and demonstrated both his strength and his restraint abroad; few men, certainly not hungry, mercurial Lyndon Johnson, could have resisted the openings offered, with Vietnam and peace in many ways the greatest of them. The President knew he had Goldwater on the ropes, knew he could be champion, perhaps the greatest of champions, when for so many years it had seemed impossible; and it was just not in him to stop punching or to pace his attack carefully. Thus, on September 25, Johnson declared:

We don't want our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys. We don't want to get involved in a nation with 700 million people and get tied down in a land war in Asia.

And on September 28, with enthusiasm rising:

We are not going north and drop bombs at this stage of the game, and we are not going south and run out. . . . We are going . . . to try to get them to save their own freedom with their own men. . . .

And a little later, with Goldwater clearly in mind:

Sometimes our folks get a little impatient. Sometimes they rattle their rockets some, and they bluff about their bombs. But we are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves. . . . There is only one road to peace and that is to work at it patiently, deliberately, wisely, step by step, year by year, never to become reckless, never to become weary of the journey and irritated with folks who may not agree with you the first time you talk to them.

In the fall of 1964, Lyndon Johnson may or may not have known that he was not going to deliver on his promises that he would not "go north." He told the reliable Charles Roberts of *Newsweek* that he had decided to bomb North Vietnam as early as October, 1964. He told me in 1965 that as early as October, 1964, the targets had been chosen for attack, if bombing was ever decided upon. Given Johnson's obfuscation of his own motives and actions, and his occasional bombast, he may have been saying the same thing to both of us, in different ways. Contingency plans for bombing the North had been in existence for years;

planes were readily available, as the Gulf of Tonkin had demonstrated; as early as 1961, Walt W. Rostow had been an ardent advocate of bombing, and his proposals and justifications had been brought to Johnson's attention. General Taylor, who had succeeded Lodge as Ambassador to Saigon in 1965, advocated bombing strikes in October, 1964, after earlier opposition.

During the campaign, however it may have diverted his attention, Johnson — or any President — could not have failed to know that the situation in Vietnam was deteriorating. Nothing anywhere suggests that Johnson himself had fundamentally changed the view he had expressed in 1961 — that a “free” South Vietnam was vital to American interests and that, if necessary, “major American forces” would have to be committed to keep it “free.” Given everything, it is fair to say that if he did not know that he could not keep his promises not to “go north,” he certainly did not know that he *could* keep them.

In his search for personal vindication, for consensus, and for the power consensus would bring him, therefore, he had gone a step too far. He had transgressed the acceptable limits of his political reach. If he had not actually made up his mind what to do in South Vietnam, he had no way of knowing what might be required of a President who believed protecting it so vital to American interests. Yet, he could say: “As far as I am concerned, I want to be very cautious and careful, and use it only as a last resort, when I start dropping bombs around that are likely to involve American boys in a war in Asia with seven hundred million Chinese.”

But he was not that “cautious and careful” in what he said in his campaign, or in how he said it. And this would be what was remembered.

The drama of the confrontation with Goldwater, the monstrous outpouring of crowds, the posturing television images, the insistent words, the ever mounting ebullience of Lyndon Johnson, the souring, vaguely ominous tone of his opponent — all these combined to produce an enormous impact on the public, as a presidential campaign usually does. In that impact, the earlier warnings, the carefully maintained ambiguity of policy for the sake of consensus, the clear suggestions of what might have to be done, all were forgotten by President and public alike. Lyndon Johnson was promising peace, and Barry Goldwater was promising war; the President had shoved in all his stack; that was the effect on men, and in the endless adventure it is not the fact, so much as the impression, that controls.

“It seems,” Lyndon Johnson told reporters on election night at the LBJ Ranch, near where he had grown up in the dust and poverty of the hill

country, “that I have spent my life getting ready for this moment.” And as the returns poured in, state after state falling into his column, the electoral total mounting, the great sweep developing, governors, senators, congressmen, members of legislatures riding in on his coattails, that long wait seemed eminently worthwhile. Everything seemed justified because it was the greatest election victory in history. The deadlock was smashed; the consensus was built; the Great Society was on the way; and Lyndon Johnson, the accidental President, would belong to the ages.

But history played a demonic joke upon Lyndon Johnson and, therefore, upon us all. Once, in 1964, he had told some reporters he had invited for lunch that he did not intend to make the mistake that he believed had ruined Franklin Roosevelt's second term. “Roosevelt was never President after 1937 until the war came along,” he said. Lyndon Johnson would not forget the limits of power; he would not carelessly throw away the fruits of his great victory for some unattainable goal, as Roosevelt had done in trying to pack the Supreme Court.

But he did.

HANOI and Saigon, of course, had heard the campaign oratory too. By the time the election was over, South Vietnam was in deep political and military trouble and its American advisers were nearing despair. A succession of coups in Saigon had resulted neither in political progress toward needed reforms and stability nor in military advances. Diem had been followed by chaos. Neither the Viet Cong nor the North Vietnamese had failed to take advantage of this situation.

Militarily, the Viet Cong were mounting ever bigger and more successful battles, and the evidence suggested that they were getting more and more help from North Vietnam. Deliveries of weapons and supplies apparently had increased, although there are no reliable figures to suggest by how much. So, apparently, had the infiltration of North Vietnamese fighting men, although here again the figures are fuzzy. On July 10, 1967, the Defense Department gave the following infiltration figures for the period.

November 1964	800
December 1964	800
Total 1964	12,500
January 1965	2000
Total 1965	26,000

Whether or not these figures are precise, there is little reason to doubt that they give a fairly accurate picture of increasing infiltration, which was getting to be a serious matter by the beginning of 1965. The United States itself had put in an additional

five to six thousand troops in August, 1964, though not ostensibly for purposes of combat, and as the war seemed to be moving toward a showdown, the North Vietnamese would have had every reason to increase the military pressure in the South, and the NLF to welcome the assistance.

Two days before the American election, Viet Cong mortars had destroyed six B-57 bombers and killed five Americans in a surprise attack on the South Vietnamese air base at Bienhoa. Lyndon Johnson had done nothing — not surprisingly, from an American point of view, because as the campaign had developed it might have been a bad risk for him to have launched even limited reprisal air raids that close to Election Day; his image as a “man of prudence” might have been shaken, and although the election surely could not have been lost, Johnson was by then in no mood to jeopardize even one vote. He wanted them all.

But it is also not surprising if Hanoi and the NLF drew their own conclusions. Bienhoa was a more costly attack than the one in the Tonkin Gulf — a Communist victory, in fact, resulting in dismaying American losses. Since it was generally believed that the American bombers were at Bienhoa to impress the North Vietnamese with the potential of American air power, and since they had been placed there as part of the response to the Tonkin Gulf crisis, the mortar attack could have been nothing but a direct challenge to the United States — the sort of thing Johnson had said would be accorded “no immunity.” American men were killed, and that made it surely the kind of attack on American forces that the Tonkin Resolution had authorized him to “take all necessary steps” to repel. But he did not act.

These events, taken with the general tone of Johnson’s campaigning in the final months against Goldwater, can have had no other effect in Hanoi except to convince Ho Chi Minh’s government that it could step up the level of its military effort to a final push in 1965 without danger of major American intervention. A mortar attack directly on an American billet in Saigon just before Christmas also drew no American response; Johnson is reported to have been reluctant to shatter the Christmas season with warlike acts, or to dispel the general good feeling of his pre-inaugural period; but again, the North Vietnamese were unlikely to take such considerations into account. It is no wonder that in January, according to the figures quoted above, the first big increase in infiltration into the South could be counted, or that General Taylor’s intelligence agents had detected whole North Vietnamese units gathering for the kill. Hanoi had decided it had the green light.

This interpretation is supported by events in Saigon and elsewhere. As 1964 turned to 1965,

seldom if ever had there been such unrest and turmoil in that unhappy capital. It is not part of this narrative to trace the bewildering successions of governments, uprisings, riots, resignations, statements, and outside influences at work, but in sum, a powerful anti-American, neutralist sentiment was visible, with Buddhist street mobs its most dramatic instrument; a strong South Vietnamese anti-Communist military bloc opposed it; and insofar as the outside world could judge, there seemed to be a climactic struggle between these elements for power. Some Americans in Saigon actively feared the emergence of a Buddhist-neutralist government that would seek peace with the NLF.

IN THE world at large, both De Gaulle of France and U Thant of the United Nations were seeking negotiated peace, and it even appeared to some that the Soviet Union was in the same mood; *Izvestia* called for a Johnson-Kosygin meeting, and Peking was alarmed enough to accuse the new Soviet leaders of practicing “Khrushchevism without Khrushchev.” Both in Saigon and elsewhere, it was apparently believed that Johnson, as he had seemed to say in the campaign, would countenance no “wider war” and that peace, therefore, was the realistic alternative.

At home, too, involvement in Vietnam was not popular. The Gallup poll for November 29, 1964, reported that 50 percent of the respondents believed the United States had handled Vietnam badly; in January, Lou Harris showed that 23 percent wanted to “negotiate and get out,” and another 40 percent were willing to do no more than “hold the line.” A few respected Senate voices — Mike Monroney of Oklahoma and John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, for instance — were expressing public doubts.

On its face, it might therefore seem that here was a second moment, somewhat comparable with that following the fall of Diem, when peace could have been had in Vietnam.

Johnson, it well may be, could have found a reasonable excuse for disengagement. He could have pointed out that there was evidently in Saigon neither sufficient will to win the war nor anything resembling the free government and free people for whose benefit both he and Kennedy had maintained the war was being fought. Following the theme Kennedy had insisted upon, and which Johnson had sounded fervently in the closing stages of his campaign, he could have said that it was a war for Asian boys to win; that the United States was willing to lend technical and material support, but since the Asian boys and their leaders displayed too little concern whether they won or not, the United States thought it the better part of good

policy not to send good money — much less men — after bad. It is even possible, considering the state of things in Saigon and how the United States had influenced events at the time of the Diem overthrow, that a government could have been nudged into power that would have announced peace aims and made further United States participation a moot question.

Johnson not only had this on-scene situation within which to operate in the weeks following his election; he also had a solid domestic position to cover any retreat. He could have extricated himself from the war with less difficulty, probably, than De Gaulle had during the Algerian disengagement. The Texan had won the most enormous political victory any President ever had; his mandate was unchallenged. He had spared the country Goldwater, and the collective sigh of relief was as audible as any political sentiment of this century. The response to Johnson's "peace" statements on Vietnam during the campaign, while not universal, were as near an expression of solid public support as most Presidents ever get. The Republicans and the Southern Democrats, the only conceivable organized political powers that could have objected, had been shattered in the one case and badly shaken in the other. Never again would Lyndon Johnson have anything approaching the "free hand" that the 1964 elections gave him in the opening months of 1965.

In his State of the Union Message that January, Johnson himself made it clear where he wanted to go. He propounded a sweeping program of domestic reform, and, as he later would do in his Inaugural, called for rapprochement and a pooling of energies with the Soviet Union for peaceful purposes. A major war in Vietnam could do little to advance — it would actively pervert — both his domestic and his international purposes, particularly his desire to end the cold war and cooperate with the Soviets. Given the activities of U Thant, France, and the Soviet Union, it is likely that a strong Johnson move toward a negotiated settlement would have met some international cooperation that might have borne fruit; U Thant, for one, is convinced that it would have.

There probably had been no other point in the Vietnamese involvement, as we have seen, when the American effort seemed so near to abject failure. Political chaos in Saigon; apathy toward the war evident among the South Vietnamese populace; corruption everywhere; an aggressive Viet Cong pushing its sanguinary efforts in the countryside; tough North Vietnamese units and replacements arriving in force to help the insurgents; and the South Vietnamese Army badly, if not criminally, led by an inept, closed, and politically divided officer corps: these facts meant that a

major defeat was at hand unless something was done, soon, and in Washington. And more than a year earlier, that grim November afternoon in the Executive Office Building, Lyndon Johnson had told Cabot Lodge, "*I am not going to be the President who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went.*"

Lyndon Johnson was personally and politically committed. Steeped in and shaped by the cold war era of American history, a devout believer in the "domino theory" and the evil intentions of Communism, he was not looking for a way out; he was looking for a way to win, or at least to get the terms he believed were necessary.

The important thing, therefore, was that Johnson had no bargaining position whatever in Vietnam. In early 1965, he was on the edge of defeat and toppling over, and Ho Chi Minh knew it as well as he did. Given a little more strength, a little better field position, it might have been possible even for sincere anti-Communists like Johnson and Rusk to have made a pragmatic settlement, as the best of a bad bargain, on which the face of victory might have been painted. But the only way Lyndon Johnson or any other President could have negotiated his way out of Vietnam early in 1965 was by the virtual surrender of the anti-Communist government in Saigon and the abandonment of the American commitment to it.

Political negotiations, after all, do not create new situations; they only ratify power relationships that already exist. A negotiated settlement of any controversy is a ratification of the status quo (unless one side or the other foolishly gives away its position). In early 1965, the power relationship that existed was that North Vietnam and the NLF had all but won their war; they were in general control of South Vietnam outside Saigon, and any conceivable negotiation would inevitably give that status quo legal as well as de facto standing. Lyndon Johnson not only knew that better than anyone; he believed that to permit such a conclusion to the Vietnamese affair would be disastrous abroad and politically explosive at home.

Johnson was confronting the new Soviet regime of Brezhnev and Kosygin, and he wanted them to be under no illusions about the strength and determination of the man in the White House, just as Kennedy, after Vienna, had desperately wanted to prove his steadfastness and nerve to Khrushchev. This concern on the part of Johnson was neither idle nor vain. To the extent that power is a determining force in the affairs of men — and who would deny that that is a great extent? — one of the essential ingredients of power is its credibility. Power has no meaning if it will not or cannot be used, and not all of America's might would have impressed the Soviet leaders had they

believed Johnson feared or had not the political ability to use it.

After the long campaign of 1964, with Johnson in the role of peace candidate, there might well have been a question in Moscow on that point. It was sound diplomacy, as Johnson saw it, to remove any doubt about his willingness to stand fast when challenged. Moreover, it was characteristic of his whole experience in politics that, having established in his campaign a position of moderation and restraint on the war, he then faced the other way and set about proving his readiness and ability to use his power when he had to.

But Johnson was not concerned merely with his own position, important as that was in the world, and particularly in the eyes of his Soviet counterparts. On October 16, 1964, as he and Goldwater drew near the end of their one-sided contest, the Chinese Communists had exploded a nuclear device in the interior of Asia; the increased power and prestige that immediately accrued to Peking were a new factor in the balance of forces in Asia. Believing, as Johnson did, in the threat of Asian or any kind of Communism, he could only have seen an American withdrawal from, or compromise in, Vietnam as a further, and unacceptable, gain for the Chinese.

As he had in 1961, he saw the containment of Communist expansion and influence in Southeast Asia as a necessity of American national security, and he saw South Vietnam also as the key "domino," not only in Asia but in the whole string of American commitments upon the credibility of which — so Johnson and Dean Rusk believed — world peace depended. If he pulled out of Vietnam, he believed, Communism, seen almost as a mystic force rather than as a policy of national states, would in swift progression outflank Thailand, menace the Malaysian peninsula and Indonesia, surround India, and throw the American line of influence, perhaps even defense, back somewhere into the Pacific. Wars of liberation, vindicated as a technique, would spring up like bonfires throughout the underdeveloped world. Even Europe might be in difficulties because the American commitment to defend it, and particularly West Berlin, was a key factor in its security; and Johnson believed that if he pulled out of Vietnam ignominiously, no one, least of all Brezhnev and Kosygin, would believe that he would honor a commitment anywhere.

JOHNSON played it safe as he began his full term. There would be as little break with the Kennedy image as possible. That meant not only that the "commitment" of Eisenhower and Kennedy to

South Vietnam had to be honored — one might find a way to escape that kind of entanglement — but it meant also that Rusk and McNamara and Bundy and Maxwell Taylor, and ultimately, even Cabot Lodge, would still be there. The architects of the Vietnamese involvement would be Johnson's advisers in the new circumstances created by his landslide, just as they had been Kennedy's in the fall of 1961 and Johnson's in November, 1963.

Among Johnson's high-level advisers, only Undersecretary of State George Ball openly took the negative on Vietnam. In October, 1964, he had sent the President a hundred-page memorandum advocating a withdrawal from the "gluepot" of Indochina; or, if that could not be done, at least a concentration upon the ground war in South Vietnam itself rather than "going north" with air power. Ball's memo thus confirms the fact that even before the election, while Johnson was still assuring the voters that he did not want to "start dropping bombs around" in an Asian war, an air attack against North Vietnam was considered likely enough by a sub-Cabinet officer to get up a major argument against it.

But Ball was only one among many, and Johnson's decision to retain the Kennedy Cabinet deprived him, practically speaking, of much of the political freedom a landslide election in his own right had provided. He might talk to reporters about "keeping his options open," but he already had limited them severely for the sake of political continuity. The men with the greatest vested interest in winning the war, and in demonstrating its rightness, would continue to be his principal advisers — advocates as well as judges, fact-finders as well as fact-weighers — on war policy.

Several officials who were close to Johnson at that time also recall the sheer ebullience of the moment. One of them had also served Kennedy and remembers the same sense of omnipotence in the White House in early 1961. "Everything had always worked out for us," he said. "The primaries, the convention, the debates with Nixon, the confrontation with the Houston ministers, the election itself. We thought we had the golden touch. It was just like that with Johnson after 'sixty-four.' "

In Kennedy's case, the sense of the golden touch vanished at the Bay of Pigs, never really to return. But by January, 1965, Lyndon Johnson had even more reason for sheer confidence in his ability to make things come right. He had maintained the government in an hour of crisis, taken over the Democratic Party from the Kennedys, pushed through the legislation John Kennedy couldn't (as Johnson saw it), crushed Goldwater, and won the White House with the biggest vote margin in history.

People who have known Johnson the longest

maintain without exception that he is at his best when the going is toughest — as, for instance, when he had a Democratic majority of only one senator in 1957, or just after he succeeded Kennedy in the White House. Richard Nixon put it another way during the campaign of 1964. He was working as hard for Goldwater as he could, he said privately, because as a political realist he was most afraid of a Johnson landslide. He had observed Johnson over many years in the Senate, and he agreed with Johnson's friends. When the going was hardest, when there were practical restraints on him, Johnson was an exceptionally able leader; but when he was powerful enough to have a free hand, Johnson lost his otherwise sure touch, and his vanity and mercurial temperament were likely to take charge of him.

IF JOHNSON nevertheless maintained most of his habitual political caution as 1965 opened, that had little to do with his attitude on military operations in Vietnam. He might worry about Republicans being able to charge him with softness, but he had no fear that Americans would condemn a fight against Communism, or that their soldiers could not win a war.

It would be too much to suggest, in the light of the Korean War and of the French experience in Indochina (not to mention the American experience to that point in South Vietnam), that Johnson or his advisers thought the war could be easily or quickly won by an American intervention. But the history of the war, one of these men has said in retrospect, is "a search for the quick fix." It has been one effort after another to force a quick end to a situation that cannot even be sharply defined, much less circumscribed. Men in Washington now understand, a great deal more clearly than they did in early 1965, that the war in Vietnam is neither as simple as a rebellion nor as clear as an aggression. It is an immensely complicated struggle, with historical and social as well as political and economic roots, a terribly total, but curiously limited, war in which military power is only one of the weapons needed. Even in its strictly military aspects, it is not necessarily a war in which firepower and sophisticated equipment and tons of supplies (in all of which twentieth-century American armies specialize) can be decisive.

But how could Lyndon Johnson, in his moment of triumph, with his sense of the golden touch, doubt that his superbly equipped forces, representing all the technological and industrial genius of America, organized by the incomparable McNamara, with his modern administrator's skills, trained and led by the impressive generals and

admirals with whom Johnson had conspired politically in his congressional days, backed by the most powerful industrial capacity and the most impressive economy in history — how could he doubt that this juggernaut could deal with a few ill-clad guerrillas, if necessary with the old-fashioned Chinese-style infantry divisions of Vo Nguyen Giap, with an enemy who had to steal his weapons, bring in his supplies on bicycles and the backs of old women, and whose soldiers were regimented Communist slaves without the incentives of freedom and democracy to make them fight well?

As for the political aspect of the thing, was not Lyndon Johnson the man who had brought the R.E.A. to Texas? He knew how to deliver the political goods to the people. And once America brought its famous know-how to the task of raising the Vietnamese standard of living, the Saigon government ought to have no more difficulty winning the loyalties of the people than LBJ had had in getting elected to Congress down in the hill country.

And there is something else, too, something that must be discussed delicately, but discussed nevertheless. Lyndon Johnson was not then, and is not now, a racist, or even an imperialist. He was and is, however, a fervently nativist American who still, in the White House, could remember and recite his childhood oration from George Frisbie Hoare, the famous encomium to the colors that includes the phrase ". . . the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land," and whose patriotism and conviction of his country's superior virtues were passionate and instinctive.

He was and is a man of the South in whom the heritage of Ol' Massa has been overcome but not forgotten, as it never can be by any Southerner. He was and is a child, too, of Texas and Colonel Colt, influences just as powerful. He was and is a man, therefore, of power and pride, and the latter will not brook much hindrance of the former, particularly from men who, though not perhaps inferior, still have to be reminded from time to time of the realities of things:

They'll come right into your yard and take it over if you let them. And the next day they'll be right up on your porch, barefoot and weighing one hundred and thirty pounds and they'll take that too. But if you say to 'em right at the start, "hold on, just wait a minute," they'll know they're dealing with somebody who'll stand up. And after that you can get along fine.

The enemy in Vietnam was barefoot and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. He was the kind of man who might be fine in his place, who could be a useful citizen and a good friend if he let you train him right and help him a little, but who would take over your front porch if you didn't

stand up to him. Lyndon Johnson was not about to let little brown men who skulked in the jungle do that to him and to the United States of America, and he was not capable of believing that the bare-foot guerrillas might try to take the front porch anyway, even if told to "hold on, just wait a minute." The French had had no helicopters and no aircraft carriers and no political backing at home, and Ho Chi Minh could deal with *them*, all right. But when it came to the full might of the U.S.A. — when God's country struck with the righteous wrath of freedom aroused — surely then it would be Glory, Glory Hallelujah, as it had been in every war in American history. And that symbolic flag of George Frisbie Hoare's fervent oratory again would be "terrible as a meteor."

It seemed then that it might not even be necessary to send in American troops, although Ball, dissenting as usual, had argued that if there was to be an intervention, it ought to be on the ground in the South, where he thought the war would be won or lost. But that would guarantee ugly casualty lists, for one thing. For another, a generation of Americans had been brought up on the proposition that never again should their troops get embroiled in a land war on the continent of Asia, as they had been in the stalemate in Korea.

Air power was cheaper. It was what the South Vietnamese officers wanted. It was most acceptable in Congress, where for years airmen had lobbied assiduously and well. It would engage a Navy impatient for a piece of the action, with its carriers already steaming in the Tonkin Gulf. Air and sea power, after all, were the great American assets in the Pacific area; why not fight one's own war rather than Giap's?

Kept away from sensitive areas along the Yunnan border, moreover, air raids also were less likely than a troop commitment to alarm the enigmatic Chinese into the kind of massive retaliation they had launched when American forces in Korea had approached the Yalu River in 1950.

Besides, the enemy in North Vietnam had not yet felt the sting of war. It cost Hanoi little to sponsor and support terrorism and guerrilla action in the South. If the scourge of war could be carried to Ho Chi Minh and the zealots of his government, not just to their troops and agents far off in the South, they would get a clear and painful idea of what their ambitions could cost. There would be "no sanctuary" in North Vietnam, and that would make it an entirely different war.

ALL in all, air power appeared on its face to be the quickest way to meet the main need of the moment, which was bolstering the morale and

prestige of the anti-neutralist South Vietnamese Army and government factions and keeping them in control in Saigon. This was necessary if the war was even to be continued, let alone concluded advantageously.

Still, Inauguration Day passed, and Johnson had made only a characteristically limited commitment to the air power advocates. But at some point during these turn-of-the-year months, he had agreed with his military advisers that deliberate attacks on Americans (as distinguished from attacks on South Vietnamese which might incidentally kill Americans) would be answered with air strikes against the North. That was no more than implementing the pledge of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, and the action would be modeled on the Tonkin Gulf retaliation, which had pleased the President with its blending of power and restraint.

This limited commitment again was predictable, given Lyndon Johnson's political *modus operandi*. He was under military pressure to bomb; he was under political pressure for restraint; every instinct derived from his lifelong war of political survival told him to alienate neither force but to placate both with half a loaf for each. In his retaliation decision, he found the middle ground, that comfortable territory on which he saw no reason not to stand in Vietnam, as he had always stood in Texas and in the Senate.

A more sweeping policy of bombing the North, in general punishment for what it was supposed to be doing in the South, had long been advocated by Walt W. Rostow, among others. The President, although deeply concerned at the possibility of a South Vietnamese collapse, was not willing, as February began, to undertake such a portentous campaign. McGeorge Bundy was in Saigon, however, on a mission partially designed to determine whether general air attacks as recommended by Rostow ought to be launched.

The question was never answered. On February 7, vicious Viet Cong mortar fire came down on the American Special Forces camp at Pleiku, and Viet Cong infiltrators breached the South Vietnamese security perimeter to blow up several aircraft. Eight Americans were killed, and 108 others were injured. This case fitted the circumstances under which Johnson had decided to retaliate against North Vietnam enough so that, on the same day, with Bundy urging him on by overseas telephone, air strikes were launched by forty-nine carrier planes against staging areas and base camps around Donghoi in North Vietnam, just above the Demilitarized Zone. A second wave of South Vietnamese planes, escorted by American jets, struck the Vinhlinh communications center, even nearer the DMZ, on February 8.

These raids against the North, according to the official White House statement, were "in response to provocations ordered and directed by the Hanoi regime," which had been reported by American intelligence as ordering "a more aggressive course of action against both South Vietnamese and American installations."

The statement also contained the official rationale for attacking the North Vietnamese in response to Viet Cong attacks in the South: "These attacks were only made possible by the continuing infiltration of personnel and equipment from North Vietnam. This infiltration markedly increased during 1964 and continues to increase."

Official after official, in public and in private testimony, explained at the time that the Pleiku raids had been an open and direct challenge of American will and purpose, ordered by Hanoi and carried out on Hanoi's orders; the resulting air raids had been a "limited and fitting response." Even George Ball, no doubt reflecting sadly on his hundred-page memorandum of October, 1964, testified loyally at a news conference that the Administration had had no choice but to respond, so that Hanoi could not mistake American intentions, so that American lives could be protected.

"Secret intelligence," of course, was adduced to prove that Hanoi had planned and precipitated this test. Nevertheless, Charles Mohr, a reporter who had spent enough time in Vietnam to have a sense of its complexity and who was, in February, 1965, the White House correspondent of the New York Times (later, he returned to Saigon), analyzed the Administration explanations skeptically in a Times article on February 8:

The Administration contention clearly is that North Vietnam made possible the attack on Pleiku. But the questions about the incident grow out of the apparent fact that a small Vietcong unit, armed with captured [American] weapons and protected by a lack of field intelligence on the part of the South Vietnamese Army, succeeded in creeping onto the American base and dealing a bloody blow.

Thus the final question is how much of the responsibility for Pleiku can be laid not just to Hanoi but to a failure to prosecute the antiguerrilla war in South Vietnam itself in a more vigorous and successful way.

And one Administration official, asked why Pleiku had been considered more of a North Vietnamese challenge than Bienhoa (two days before the election), replied: "There's a limit to America's patience. When the attack was repeated, and repeated under those circumstances, there was no alternative."

Another official put it more bluntly. "They were hitting us," he said, "and we asked ourselves, 'Why the hell don't we hit them one?'"

Still, there was something ambiguous about this

first attack on the North. There was unquestionably an element of retaliation about it, just as advertised. The attack on Pleiku was certainly the latest of a series, and the usually imperturbable McGeorge Bundy, who was on the scene shortly after the night battle, gave an emotional report on the carnage; weeks later, in his White House office, he could still speak to me with obvious feeling of the President's right and duty to protect American boys against being butchered in their tents. Soviet Premier Kosygin also was in Hanoi at the time, and there were those in the Administration who believed that to suffer the Pleiku attack without response would only permit Hanoi to argue to him that American power in Southeast Asia was a paper tiger; hence Kosygin might be more inclined to help along the Communist war effort, scornful of American response and moving *ipso facto* nearer Peking in the process.

THE rationale of retaliation, however, was subject to serious doubt from the start. For one thing, only twelve hours elapsed between the beginning of the Pleiku attack and the American strike on Donghoi; many critics doubted whether a policy determination as well as a combat operation could have been put together so quickly.

These doubts have been greatly strengthened in many minds by subsequent events. On February 14, for instance, while the headlines still glared, General Taylor said in an interview on CBS television that future attacks on the North would be determined "by the behavior of the Hanoi government." Adlai Stevenson had already said, in a letter to the United Nations Security Council president, Roger Seydoux of France, that despite the retaliatory attacks the United States had no intention of carrying on a general air war over North Vietnam.

Yet, writing for his book, published two years later, in February, 1967, General Taylor never mentioned retaliation. Explaining the origins of the bombing, he wrote:

The first reason was to let the people of South Vietnam feel that for the first time, after eleven years of bitter warfare, they were striking back against the source of all their troubles. . . . The second reason for our use of our air power was a military one. It was to utilize superiority in the air to strike military targets which, if destroyed, would have the effect of restraining or making more difficult the infiltration of men and supplies from North Vietnam to South Vietnam. . . . The third reason for the air campaign . . . was to remind the leadership in Hanoi, the men who were directing the war in the South, that little by little through the progressive, restrained application of force by bombing, they would pay an ever-increasing price for a continuation of their aggression in the South.

And when a member of the White House staff later in 1965 asked McGeorge Bundy for a guidance memo on why the bombing of the North was necessary, Bundy's reply cited the first two reasons advanced by Taylor in his book, and added another—to convince Hanoi that the United States intended to make good its commitment to South Vietnam.

By the spring of 1965, moreover, there were plenty of officials in the Administration who would confide that the *real* value of the bombing was as a "bargaining card"; that is, they said, it was something that could be traded at the proper time for value received. The destruction being wrought on North Vietnam could be used in a negotiation to offset the military superiority then enjoyed by Communist forces in the South. Barely three months after the Pleiku response—on May 13—President Johnson ordered the first "pause" in the bombing, an obviously diplomatic move; nothing happened, and the bombers went back to work on May 19.

There was a glaring weakness, in fact, in the Administration's own statement about retaliation for direct attacks on American troops. McNamara inadvertently made that weakness public on February 7 when, in response to a news-conference questioner who asked how the Viet Cong had been able to penetrate the base defenses at Pleiku, he said he did not believe "it will ever be possible to protect our forces against sneak attacks of that kind."

The hard-hitting Viet Cong quickly confirmed this. On February 10, three days after the Pleiku attack and the first wave of "retaliatory" raids against Donghoi, the guerrillas launched another assault, this time against American barracks at Quinhon. They blew up the barracks, killed nineteen Americans, wounded thirteen, and got away.

The next day, 160 American and South Vietnamese planes bombed barracks and staging areas in Chanhua and Chaple, North Vietnam, again in "retaliation." The essential absurdity of the scheme could not have been made plainer. McNamara had pointed out that there could be no base security in the South while the guerrillas were free to operate; yet, once retaliation had been publicly pledged after Pleiku, for every attack on Americans there would have to be a response directly against North Vietnam. If that were not so, whatever deterrent value, whatever credibility for American determination, whatever boost for South Vietnamese morale had been gained at Pleiku would have been dissipated, and in effect, a gigantic American bluff would have been called with impunity. Such a paper-tiger effect would surely generate even more attacks against Americans.

On the other hand, to strike back only when struck was ridiculous and impossible. It handed

the enemy the initiative. It made the lives of American boys a sort of trigger for American air raids. It gave over to the Viet Cong the decision whether an American air raid could be launched against North Vietnam. Retaliation was simply untenable, and even the word could be justified only if it were a "cover," a sugar coating, for the launching of a general air bombardment of North Vietnam; and only then if that bombardment could ultimately be shown to be a justified, logical, and feasible military strategy designed to bring the war to a close.

But the bombing was not that, either. The Pleiku raids were neither purely spontaneous retaliation, as the Administration at first fatuously insisted; nor were they, as this lack of candor suggested to so many critics, the first step in a long-planned, carefully conceived air campaign against North Vietnam, a campaign the launching of which had only awaited some such pretext as Pleiku.

THE truth is characteristically Johnsonian; it lies somewhere between these poles. Johnson *had* decided that air strikes were needed, primarily to boost South Vietnamese morale and confound the neutralists, secondarily to protect American troops, and incidentally to make life and war more difficult for Ho Chi Minh and his government. But with a wary eye on public opinion in the United States and a healthy respect for the potency of peace as a political issue, in his established pattern of going two ways at once, as a man of restraint as well as power, he had not been willing by the time of Pleiku to order a general air bombardment—to order the bombing of the North, in a phrase Richard Nixon was then using, "day by day, and for that matter, night by night" until its collapse.

The raids, then, were both agreed upon in advance *and* retaliatory; just as Stevenson wrote Seydoux, Johnson then had not ordered continuing overall aerial warfare. In his first great test as a war President, he was relying upon his tried and true method. He would bomb, all right, but he would not really turn the bombers loose. He would retaliate, but he would not initiate. He would show his muscle but only suggest how tough he could be if he really tried; as Taylor said in his February 14 broadcast, the raids were "deliberately planned . . . to suggest the possibility of other and bigger forms of reaction."

Wars are not elections in Texas, however, and what suffices in one theater will not necessarily do in the other. A former official who participated in the post-Pleiku discussions has privately described what happened on February 7, 1965:

We began the bombing with no philosophy of what we were doing. We didn't necessarily even intend to start a campaign. We ignored the difficulty of halting the natural growth of something once started, and we considered the whole thing too much in terms of immediate effect and not enough in terms of long-range problems.

A policy, by definition, is a course of action intended to produce a desired end at an acceptable cost. Bombing the North might have formed such a policy had it been believed in the Johnson Administration, however erroneously, that the assault eventually would cause Hanoi to sue for peace on terms advantageous to the United States; but *that* policy would have required the difficult, dangerous, and repugnant decision to launch the "strategic bombing" of populations and cities, as well as the tactical bombing of "military targets."

Bombing might also have been a policy, in the true sense, had it been aimed at interdicting every route from the North into the South — stopping at the border or beyond every man and ounce of material coming down in aid of the NLF, sealing off the indigenous part of the war from any outside aid and sponsorship. But the bombing was never so aimed, and no military man was foolish enough to maintain that air power could close mountain and jungle trails to men carrying mortar shells on their backs or to old women trotting under chogi sticks loaded at both ends with sacks of ammunition, much less to battalions of determined, hardy soldiers slipping one by one through the hills to a prearranged rendezvous in the South. McNamara, for one, never contended that air power could cause any worthwhile reduction in the amount of supplies and the number of men being sent from North to South; he said only that it would make it more difficult and costly to get them there, and no doubt it has.

In either case, however, the bombing would have been aimed at ending the war at an acceptable cost, and that would have been a policy, however bloody or futile it might have proved. So would Ball's alternative suggestion of a commitment of combat troops to help the South Vietnamese Army. Control of the South Vietnamese populace, after all, was what the war was about. Johnson might have taken a real step forward in that struggle by making a troop commitment before the full weight of the North Vietnamese intervention cited by Taylor could have been brought to bear. He might even have staved off a major part of the ultimate infiltration of North Vietnamese troop units, by

giving Hanoi a clear signal of his determination to fight, and by getting superior forces on the scene "fustest with the mostest." A troop commitment at that time, moreover, might have been defended against adverse American and world opinion; the troops would have been fighting *in the South*, in defense, against men who could be clearly pictured as invaders.

If North Vietnam actually was responsible for the war in the South — and with the political campaign over, the Administration insisted that Hanoi was responsible — it perhaps made some sense to "raise the price of aggression" to Ho Chi Minh. But to punish him for what he was supposed to be doing would not necessarily make him stop it, unless the punishment was total; and vengeance is not a worthy or sensible reason for making war.

Moreover, meting out punishment in this world of sin and sadness demands an Olympian regard for one's own purity that bodes ill for one's judgment; and it is a dubious psychological proposition, anyway. A nation assaulted by another, with whatever justification, is likely to feel aggrieved, particularly an underdeveloped, formerly colonized, often invaded, Communist, Asian country bombed from the air by a powerful, capitalist, white, Western, occasionally imperialist nation. It could just as well have been argued that bombing the North would create a fierce will to fight on and win in a people who had borne the worst of the nationalist struggle against the French and who, almost alone among Asians, had mounted an underground resistance against the Japanese occupation in World War II.

Finally, bombing the North in any systematic, planned way was seen, even in 1965 and by many high in the Johnson Administration, as a largely irrelevant war, what McNamara would later describe to me as a "diversionary effort" that would only nibble at the edge of the fundamental problem of coping with the guerrillas in the South. McGeorge Bundy, returning from Saigon and Pleiku just after the retaliatory raids, reminded reporters that "the primary contest is in South Vietnam."

So no bombing campaign to bring the North to its knees was planned or intentionally started. The bombing began because Lyndon Johnson, in the ebullience of his power and in the fatal grip of an irrelevant experience, wanted to strike and thought he needed to strike and found in the rationale of retaliation the political stance required to fit his lifelong method of operation. The result was the fourth bloodiest war in American history.

LYTTON STRACHEY The Success of Excess

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

MICHAEL HOLROYD's two-volume *Lyttton Strachey: A Critical Biography* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$21.95) runs to almost 1200 large pages and well beyond half a million words. A performance so immoderate, once a prime target of Strachey's own campaigning, Mr. Holroyd is the first to confess to, while offering reasons to justify such length. One reason, that his own biography is altogether unlike any of Strachey's, might seem valid were it not that it is also altogether unlike any "critical biography" I can recall. It's not that Mr. Holroyd has neglected Strachey's work; he has treated it, indeed, in painstakingly ample detail. But, when set against all the minutiae of Strachey's life, all the people he knew, all the details of the way he lived and of the world he lived in, Strachey's work resembles a respectable hill dwarfed by the great bulky mountain range encompassing it. Nor does one bring the book into focus by designating it a *Life and Times*, there being much less sense of Strachey's general era than of his particular environment, of a cultural *Zeitgeist* than of a clique-ridden *Weltanschauung*. What leaves much the strongest impress is Strachey's very private affairs, which involve many other people, some of them still alive. Perhaps the subtitle that would come closest to being accurate is *Life and Letters*—in the special but crucial sense that there could have been no such *Life* as Mr. Holroyd has written without such letters, hitherto unpublished, as Strachey wrote. To make no genteel mystery of it all, it is chiefly Strachey's emotional and homosexual involvements, which I shall presently return to, that seize the limelight; yet it is neither the nature nor the pattern of this that really makes for such disproportion. It is the extraordinary profuseness and increasing unprofitableness of it, the so much greater sense of glare than of light, the sense of Strachey's history endlessly repeating, one might almost say Xeroxing, itself.

Mr. Holroyd has gone at his elephant of a book



Lyttton Strachey by Max Beerbohm

with unwearied thoroughness. That there has been no prior life of Strachey may partly explain the dimensions of this one. Strachey the man has for the general public been very little known; and since his death in 1932, there has been a considerable reaction against Strachey the writer. Hence, with man and writer alike, today's belated, fact-ravenous biographer, embedded in research, can deem it mandatory to start at scratch and tell everything, while a generation after Strachey's death, he may equally decide that enough time has elapsed to Tell All. To implement both objectives, all of Strachey's letters and papers have been put at Mr. Holroyd's disposal "without any form of embargo in using them" by Strachey's "family and friends." Mr. Holroyd has not spared himself in telling everything, or spared others in telling all; moreover, he has shown no partiality between the

two categories. An obscure Strachey cousin has been given equal space with a weird Strachey crotchety; an adolescent report card with a middle-aged billet-doux. Sometimes the same word will speak for both categories: a country inn can mean a wholly calamitous weekend because Strachey forgot to bring along the stopper to his hot-water bottle, or because of a failure of rapport with his traveling companion. Mr. Holroyd's volumes, in other words, are often as trivial and tame as a Victorian spinster's journal, and again as unguarded as a reckless black sheep's diary.

The book's endless alternation of Bovril and Tabasco may well possess, for those with unbudgeted leisure, the kind of value born of being omniscient about a man and his milieu, in the precise form of the size of the shirts he wore and the shape of the earrings. But any value in coming to know everything is in serious conflict here with that perhaps third of the book which is really worth knowing about. Mr. Holroyd's Total Research makes for the utter ruin of what one of Bloomsbury's chieftains once called Significant Form. The problem is intensified because, concerning the Strachey who most deserves a biography—Strachey the writer—there is nothing very new to be said; what is called for is much less revaluation of someone earlier misjudged than rehabilitation of someone unduly neglected. For general background material to Strachey's world there have been, of course, any number of books—in the form of letters, journals, memoirs, biographies, autobiographies, *romans à clef*—written by Strachey's close friends and contemporaries and portraying the Cambridge-cum-Bloomsbury set. By contrast, the thirty-two-year-old Mr. Holroyd never did see Strachey plain, though he has been in touch with many people who did.

What, in any case, Mr. Holroyd has been dealing with is a man in whom there were decided contradictions, yet an even more pronounced consistency; for, though many things madly clashed in Lytton Strachey, virtually nothing altered. Extremes met, and met so often as to come to seem like practiced dancing partners. Known already in childhood for his high spirits, little Lytton was also "cold to the touch." The grown-up mingled a fastidious sensibility and a tittering sensuality; a nature that could be as rationalistic as any observation in Voltaire, and as operatic as any climactic scene in Verdi. In life as in letters Strachey was at once the master and the slave of effect, with an appearance eccentric but most effective. "He drooped," said Frank Swinnerton, "if he stood up and sagged if he sat down"; and the gangling form, the long tubular arms and legs were supported by the large brown beard, the wide-brimmed hats, the horn-rimmed glasses to make him unfor-

gettable, whether in Max Beerbohm's famous caricature, Henry Lamb's famous painting, or virtually any good photograph.

THE eleventh of thirteen children and the son of a notable government administrator in India, Strachey was on both sides part of that upper-middle-class aristocracy of brains and talents containing Darwins and Huxleys, Stephens and Arnolds, Wedgwoods and Trevellyans. A frail, rather sickly child, he was sent to a rather monstrous school run on "natural methods," which included doing without water closets. It was at Cambridge, and most of all, in that very exclusive intellectual club, the Apostles, that Strachey first found himself. Among his contemporaries were Clive Bell, Leonard Woolf, Thoby Stephen, and John Maynard Keynes, while such elders as G. E. Moore, Bertrand Russell, Desmond MacCarthy, and E. M. Forster were frequent Cambridge weekenders. Though Strachey met people while at Cambridge "with a mixture of distrust and hostility," he encountered there the atmosphere best suited to his life and made friends who were lifelong; he and they, indeed, were to replant Cambridge in Bloomsbury; and he and they, supplemented by Thoby Stephen's sisters—the future Vanessa Bell and Virginia Woolf—and such others as Roger Fry and Duncan Grant, became indeed the Bloomsbury Group.

Around them revolved most of Strachey's personal and artistic interests. He was early dominated, says Mr. Holroyd, by two types: those who became a kind of ideal for him and "excited his lust and adoration," and those whom he confided in and who bolstered his self-confidence. About Strachey's infatuations and attachments, even at their most coy and most maudlin, his biographer would seem to be notably explicit, although Lytton's brother and executor, James, a well-known translator of Freud, taxes Mr. Holroyd with being "unnecessarily prudish." It is refreshing, when a man's biography is being written, to find a close relative who puts facts, or Freud, before family; the mere stranger, however, might reject prudish for lavish.

Both Strachey and Bloomsbury represented an elite, a kind of pedigreed bohemia, a nonconformity with exacting house rules, a humanitarianism often conveyed by cold stares, a hospitality by chilly fingertips. Cultivated and enlightened, pro-French and wonderfully English, Bloomsbury created its own version of the salon. In its taste it was unfettered rather than avant-garde (Virginia

A teacher at Brandeis University, Mr. Kronenberger was Regents Professor at Berkeley during the winter.

Woolf called *Ulysses* "tosh," and Strachey saw nothing in Matisse and early Picasso). In its temperament, it was faintly *ancien régime*, quite supercilious, quite mandarin. Everything about it was so unmistakably *crème de la crème* that it was naïve in one to expect the mere milk of human kindness. (When Henry Lamb hurt his painting hand, Roger Fry commiserated — it would not seem jokingly — by hoping it wouldn't affect his piano playing.) Bloomsbury, it appears, had much less run away from home than done over the house, with a good deal more stress on light than air. Being overcivilized, it was, except here and there, militantly neurotic. It could also smack of the purest middle-class gentility: while Strachey's cultivated mother and Virginia Woolf were having tea, a dog made, between the two women, a "large conspicuous mess on the carpet," which both of them carefully and completely ignored. It could smack again of bluestocking froufrou, with James Strachey's wife "reading Rabelais with the aid of six dictionaries."

There was a kind of Greater Bloomsbury, with Lady Ottoline Morell and others providing a peerage, Mark Gertler and others a peasantry. Behind its protective walls were glass houses where Bloomsbury vibrated with liaisons, realignments, *ménages à trois*. It also bought country cottages, endorsed rural weekends, went on walking tours, visited back and forth. It had much playfulness, not altogether free from nail-scratching, and much sensibility that tended to choke on its own bones. There were parlor games till all hours and fresh gossip by every mail. Strachey's letters keep pace with his love affairs, and his confessors emerge at times as his rivals. Amid all this, he one day, despite a heavy cold, dashed across London to propose marriage to the future Virginia Woolf. "I proposed," he wrote to his brother, "and was accepted. It was an awkward moment . . . especially as I realized, the very moment it was happening, that the whole thing was repulsive to me." Fortunately Virginia, though perhaps offended, in no way pined, and promptly released him.

Many Stracheyan and Bloomsbury triangles had not just a Freudian but a Euclidean air, with two people amorous of the same person becoming amorous of each other. Such ricocheting relationships, such ticklish contretemps so abound that Mr. Holroyd, though badly miscalculating their value, can hardly be accused of merely making capital of them. How, indeed, protest the letters in view of Strachey's public announcements on the envelopes:

Deliver this to SENHOUSE (Roger)
I prithee, postman debonair.
He is the handsome upstairs lodger
At number 14 Brunswick Square.

There was, along with this, a love of indecency in Strachey, sometimes adolescent and callow, sometimes donnish and overripe. This is a taste that others in Bloomsbury seemed to share: at a fancy-dress party, one man appeared as a eunuch and another as a "whore great with child." A good many of Bloomsbury's members, it would seem, led rather escapist lives on rococo lines. Conversationally they could be very emancipated at their famous late-at-night cocoa parties; but as E. M. Forster remarked, they "would have shrunk from the . . . freedom which results from a little beer." The whole thing makes for a somewhat precious, rather than a hearty, coarse *chronique scandaleuse*; in the end, indeed, Bloomsbury behavior suggests less this or that form of sexuality than a kind of environmental incest.

THE sense of excess in *Lytton Strachey* is not confined to sex; it is ubiquitous. After a dozen of Strachey's weekend jaunts, we can only yawn; with his interminable ailments, we have trouble not laughing. Clearly, he was never an altogether well man; clearly too his ill health was often self-created, was a form of "hysteria." He took to his bed — often in other people's houses — with "indigestion," "fever," "palpitations and piles," "a chill on the entrails," "vertigo," "influenza," "colic," "biliousness," "back trouble," "shingles," "collywobblers," "swollen glands" — on and on, with such sickroom specialties of his own as "a bandage round his head," "not properly ill," and "*angoisses*." At the theater, he had to sit on the aisle "in case he should faint" during the performance.

He dramatized his plights as he did his plots, as he did so many things. Few skeptics have shown such a turn for histrionics, few outright romantics worn their hearts on so many sleeves or cried on so many shoulders. So much Richardsonian weepsiness, so much self-induced *Sturm und Drang* argue against real passionateness or intensity. The hints of suicide ("The thought of suicide," wrote Nietzsche, "is a great consolation: with the help of it one has got through many a bad night"), the melodramatic heartaches and despairs, the dashes across London to propose marriage smack rather too much of the boy who cried Woolf. In other ways — as a pacifist, for example, during World War I — Strachey showed courage and character, and the real if waspish loyalty which was a kind of Bloomsbury badge. He could also be incredibly wrong, and vulgarly snobbish to boot. E. M. Forster, he wrote, is "a mediocre man . . . he will come to no good, and in the meantime he's treated rudely by waiters and is not really admired even by middle-class dowagers." Often disliked,

Strachey was equally an object of devotion. He could be, it seems, dreadful and delightful by turns, and friendship with him apparently depended less on his becoming an acquired taste for others than on their passing muster with him. His Bloomsbury friends remain something of a blur and individually lack faces; but it is with Bloomsbury as a whole that Mr. Holroyd is perhaps most successful. He provides, in effect, the history of an attitude, itself a short chapter in the cultural history of England. That attitude by now is peeling and discolored; yet it had its own notable distinction, and the best of its work, in Forster, Virginia Woolf, Maynard Keynes, Roger Fry, and in Lytton Strachey, should prosper for a considerable time to come.

As for Strachey, he was not just a brilliant biographer, he was a revolutionizing one. An *Eminent Victorians* had, indeed, a greater immediate impact than a *Ulysses* or a *Waste Land*, for at a stroke it antiquated a method and enthroned a manner. When *Eminent Victorians* appeared, biography, while displaying hopeless anarchy of form, was all too lacking in freedom of speech. Strachey gave it the polish of style, the sting of plain speaking, the tensions of fiction, and brought, along with his new kind of technique, a new kind of target. He recast four popularly revered Victorian figures; and if, with Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, and General Gordon themselves, there were signs of contrivance, there was truth enough generally to set biography free. There was talent enough to raise biography high. There were tremors enough to break bones and smash statues. Overnight, as it were, biography turned from burying facts to burying reputations.

At times, in proclaiming the truth, Strachey could tamper as shamelessly as others had done to suppress it. In the interests, again, of art, he was not above taking liberties with nature, as in his deliberately shortening Dr. Arnold's legs a trifle. And indeed, given an inch, Strachey might stretch it out into two feet of clay. The Dr. Arnold is an unjust caricature; Florence Nightingale's personal faults are made to overshadow her achievement. Manning is pointedly contrasted with Newman, but even if Manning was truly a sinner, Newman was far from a saint. I agree with Mr. Holroyd that the study of General Gordon is much the best of the four. It has the most body, the truest "story," the deftest storytelling; and its tragic bravura is a fact of history. A desire to indict the vices and faults of an era overhangs the whole book but essentially fails. The indictment, in any case, is perhaps less Victorian than merely English: much that is muddled, scheming, snobbish, ambition-ridden still twitches and throbs at the level

of society Strachey dug into. And Strachey himself was overeager to show that a great deal of history's size and brawn was only excess fat. He pounced on every gaffe or banality or oddity, he dwelt on people's soup stains and squints and warts, so that in the end he as much showed up his method as his man. Himself no mere debunker, he yet made debunking inevitable. *Eminent Victorians* is the most trenchant of Strachey's books and proved the most influential, but I disagree with Mr. Holroyd and others that it is the best of them.

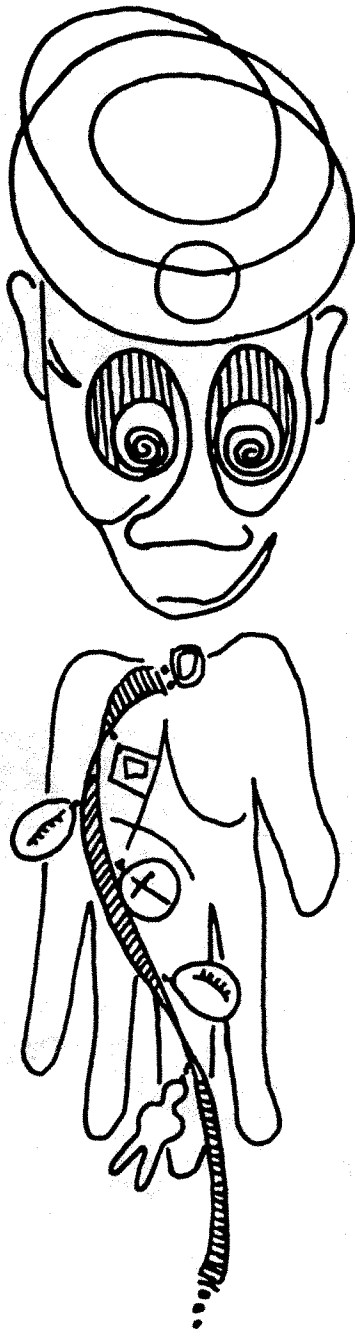
I prefer, though Mr. Holroyd fairly enough speaks of its "softness," *Queen Victoria*; for along with the softness goes less pretension to scope. If Strachey in *Eminent Victorians* sought on too meager grounds to indict large forces, in *Queen Victoria* the heroine herself is grand scale, but her actual importance quite minor. The empire she really ruled over was her vast, far-flung family; the terror she often inspired evokes the hearthrug or the dinner table; the most ironic contrast she presents is between a tremendous manner and a tiny mind. The tone of the book is not coldly acidulous but comic; Strachey withheld the knife and flourished the dress sword. *Queen Victoria* gains in texture and tone what it loses of stature and toughness, and is on such modest terms well-nigh perfect.

With *Elizabeth and Essex* Strachey failed. He stretched rhetoric into verbal melodrama, offered grandiose tapestry passions that do not stir us, and complexities in the Queen that end up as simplification: as I have said elsewhere, she twists and turns, and turns and twists, until she resembles Indecision in a morality play. Far more rewarding are some of the relatively early pieces about eighteenth-century figures, the "Madame du Deffand" and the "Voltaire and Frederick the Great." Here a "classical," witty, urbanely malicious era matched Strachey's own temperament and called forth his best talents. His essays vary, but, to go no further, two of them possessed great pioneering value, paid able tribute to Racine and Stendhal when they had small place among the English-speaking.

Mr. Holroyd has usefully elucidated various controversies concerning Strachey's accuracy and open-mindedness, and has made some sound critical comments on Strachey's work. Unhappily, turned loose among so much old and slight, so much new and startling material, he has allowed it to swamp him. His use of it is deficient in perspective, architecture, economy of style. Of such weaknesses Strachey was himself never guilty; his writing had shapeliness and grace, so that, though quite lacking greatness, not always loyal to truth or at home with the deeper forces of history, he can still offer us pleasure of the most civilized sort — a gift that only a fool or a prig would decline.

YAW MANU'S CHARM

An Atlantic "First"
by Ayi Kwei Armah



Now that he is in prison, some people are afraid even to say that they knew Yaw Manu. He has become a leper. That's because he was caught, not because these people shun evil. After all, everybody knows that it is impossible for an honest man to become rich, and yet the rich are respected. I often think that this our world is full of traitors, Judases who are your friends as long as things are going well for you, but turn your back or have something go wrong, and they will be there betraying you, insulting you, and saying that they don't know you, they have only heard your name somewhere. The evil that men do lives after them, so to speak.

I am not ashamed to say that Yaw Manu was my friend. We went to elementary school together from class one to standard seven, ten years in the same village Catholic school. He was very serious, always thinking of winning a big scholarship and going to England for further studies, even though he wasn't our first boy. In fact he wasn't even one of our clever boys. We were forty-five in our class, and he was about twentieth in the big tests. Yet he was never discouraged. England was always in his head. It was in him like a disease, eating him and making him live only in the future, far away from us all and everything around him. First he wanted to go to Achimota or Mfantipim or one of the really famous secondary schools, where they only take one hundred students a year, all first and second boys from the town schools. Yaw Manu tried when we were in standard five and failed the Common Entrance. In standard six he tried again and failed again. Our standard seven teacher told him to choose a smaller school for which it would not be necessary to sit the Common Entrance. He said the same thing to all of us who wanted to continue our education, even the first boy. Manu didn't like the idea of going to an unknown college, but in the end the teacher brought him to his stomach senses.

We studied hard for the big examination at the end of the year, and also prayed hard. The girls made Saint Philomena's cords with white, blue, and red threads for us to wear around our waists for luck, and we even got the Dutch priest to bless all our cords for us when he came to visit our village. We were very lucky, because he came only once

a year, and some years not at all. We also remembered to get Hausa charms from a maalam who lived near our village, because we knew that even though white magic was very strong, black magic was even stronger if it wasn't badly used. We all agreed that if we could combine the two, nothing could stand against us, although at first some of the clever boys were worried and said that magic worked sometimes by addition and at other times by subtraction, and that if we added black magic to white magic we might get subtraction instead of addition; in which case everything would be lost. This disturbed us a bit, until our prayer leader, a very old boy with a big body and an even bigger voice, proved that this was all nonsense by asking, "What about multiplication and division?" We all laughed at that.

Then the smallest boy in the class, who was really a dwarf and a very good joker, asked, "And long division?" We laughed louder at this; in fact I wept with laughing so much that day. So we went on making plans, and forgot about subtraction. Some of us wanted the maalam's charms to be given to the priest for blessing, but our first boy warned us that it was a bad idea, because priests and witch doctors never ate from the same bowl, so to speak. We said that this was a pity, but we also decided that since discretion was the better part of valor, so to speak, we would not give our maalam's charms to the priest to bless after all.

When the priest came and blessed our cords, he said that it was very important to have the protection of Saint Philomena and Saint Anthony of Padua, the friend of animals, and Jesus Christ and Mary full of grace, and many other big saints, but we must never forget that God and the saints would help us only if we worked hard and helped ourselves in the first place. This speech of his caused a lot of trouble among us because we all knew the catechism by heart, and with our little knowledge, although we did not want to boast or disagree with the white priest, still we knew that something was wrong with what he had said. Of course we did not argue with him while he was talking to us, but as soon as he was gone a serious argument broke out. You see, the catechism said that although as human beings born of women we could never save ourselves, yet if we only had faith we could level mountains. That is exactly what the catechism said; but here was this priest telling us that faith was not enough. Our clever boys could not agree on the correct approach. Some said that it was well known that the big examination was inhumanly difficult, so only faith could bring success. The other group said that God would never come down to take anybody's examinations for him since he was very busy keeping his only eye on Mary sitting on his left-hand side and on Jesus

sitting on his right-hand side. This was a disrespectful thing to say, but then these were rough boys who never went to church, and the teachers were afraid to cane them on Monday mornings when the church-attendance register was read.

About three months before the examination, a strange man had come from the nearest town saying that he had a cousin who worked at the Examinations Council in Accra and that through this cousin of his he had obtained some tips which he was willing to sell us. We had arranged a very secret meeting with him in the bush, and there we had each given the man sixpence in return for twenty questions with long, learned answers, full of impressive big words, written, he said, by some secondary school teacher in Accra who had lately gone mad with too much intelligence. Brain fag, he called this disease, which is brought on by too much cleverness.

WELL, now we had these precious rumors and the answers. The only thing remaining was to chew, pour, pass, and forget. I mean all we had to do was to chew every word thoroughly, so that on the day of the big examination we could pour all this amount of stuff onto the paper, pass the examination, and forget everything after that. Simple. Were we now to stop chewing the tips just because we knew God was on our side? Some decided to put their entire faith in God, Saint Philomena, Saint Anthony of Padua, who loved animals, and the Muslim maalam. Yaw Manu was one of these believers.

From night till morning they prayed, and in the daytime they fasted. They suffered terribly, but they liked it, because they despised those of us who ate regularly, and the more their bellies ached with hunger, the more they became convinced that God was helping them. They burned long Indian candles wrapped in black ribbons, and the urine smell of incense was always on them. On our classroom floor they drew a large Star of David, with little crosses in all the corners, and "SAX ET SARAT, BE YE OUR GUIDES" written boldly at the bottom. In the middle of the star they set a glass of clear water, and when everything was ready, they would step outside and catch some little boy and bring him in, trembling all over. First they would ask him if he was seven years old. I think the catechism says that children of less than

Mr. Armah is a young Ghanaian writer who was educated in his native country and at Groton and Harvard. His first novel, THE BEAUTYFUL ONES ARE NOT YET BORN, will be published in May by Houghton Mifflin.

seven are less corrupt than those over seven. If the child was over seven, he was beaten a little and sent away. But if he said he was six or something like that, then the thing to do was to ask him if he had ever slept with a woman. You know, not like sleeping with his mother, but the real thing. The question was important because the star and the crosses and the water were for calling Saint Anthony to speak to us, and only a virgin boy was useful for that purpose. A child who had already seen the secrets of womanhood would be beaten quite severely and sent away, but a pure boy would be told to stoop there in the middle of the floor and look into Saint Anthony's glass of water.

"What do you see?" our prayer leader would ask, his voice stern.

"Nothing," the boy would say, looking harder.

The prayer leader would clear his throat and say, "Close your eyes"; a long pause, then, "Open your eyes. Now what do you see?"

"Nothing yet," would come the uncomfortable reply.

"Look harder. Can't you see a man in black holding a cross?"

After a moment the little boy would say, "Ooooooh, I can see him now. Yes, he is wearing a black . . ." A quick kick in the buttocks, and the boy would be thrown out, because we knew that Saint Anthony was white magic, and therefore only wore white. If the little boy saw the real Saint Anthony, then he was told to turn his eyes away from the glass, put his ear to it, and listen to his message.

"Is Saint Anthony speaking now?" the leader would ask in the still silence.

"Yes, Saint Anthony is speaking now."

"What language is he speaking?" The correct answer was not Fanti, since the saint only spoke English. At first I found it difficult to understand how a boy could understand what was said if Saint Anthony only spoke English, but the prayer leader explained to me that the saint had the power to make anybody understand him if he chose to, and that this was a mystery and a miracle like the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary of which the catechist spoke during the benedictions in October, and also like the miracle of Christ turning water to champagne at the wedding.

"Will all of us pass?" the leader would ask.

"Saint Anthony says no," the little boy would reply after a while.

"How many failures?"

"Saint Anthony says three."

For some reason the number was always three. The three boys who were usually at the bottom of the class would pray very hard, and fast harder. Yaw Manu, even though he was not one of these

three, also prayed and fasted with them. He was a very careful boy.

On the day of the big examination, we all went to early morning Mass. The catechist gave his speech about crossing the rivers and bridges of life, and all the way from the church to the examination hall we formed a slow procession, singing "Lead, kindly Light." Examination day was always a holiday, and the other schoolchildren and the women of the village stood by the wayside and said admiring words and "May the Good Friend go with you" to us. Some wept, and we all cast our eyes downward, for we knew that indeed we were descending into the valley of death.

WHEN the results came in December, we were told that nineteen of us had failed. Actually this was very good for our school because every year more than half of our standard seven boys failed. Even though our teacher tried to look sad and disappointed as he read out the results to us, it was plain that his mournful look was for the benefit of those who had failed, and that in his belly he was quite happy. Later we met by ourselves and tried to explain why more than three had failed. Our prayer leader, who was himself among the failures, became very angry and said that it was all because some of us had not fasted and prayed well enough, and that the extra failures were only bearing upon themselves the sins of the careless ones. In fact he became so angry that I was happy when the meeting broke up after the singing of "Lead, kindly Light."

Both of us passed, I mean Yaw Manu and myself, and the next year we went to the town to attend the small secondary school.

I do not like to talk about those five years I spent in the secondary school. Nobody had any friends there, and the work was very hard. The priests who taught us made us go to chapel every morning, and there were evening prayers every day. I was very unhappy, but Yaw Manu was happy. All the priests liked him because even though he was a poor student, he was the best Catholic in the school. He seemed to live in the chapel. In the very first year he became an altar boy. How he learned all those Latin sentences was a mystery to me because he found it difficult to chew his history notes. Whenever I saw him he had one of those little missals in his hand, and was repeating the Latin words that altar servers use. He would screw up his face, and the funny words would roll out: "*Ad deum qui laetificat juventutem meam. . . . Quia tu es Deus, fortitudo mea, Quare me repulisti. . . .*"

The Church became something between us, and Yaw Manu did not really like me anymore, but to

me he was always a friend and a brother. I am also a civilized man and a Christian, but I think Sunday is enough for people to be holy; otherwise the Good Lord would not have bothered to set apart the other six days for ordinary work. I think it was the Church that caused Yaw Manu to fail the Cambridge School Certificate Examination, which we took in form five. It is well known that these examinations, being set in England, are extremely difficult, and it is no disgrace to fail them. I myself was lucky to get a grade three. But I still think Yaw Manu could have passed the School Cert. if he had not spent so much of his time at the altar. Of course the priests liked him so much that they let him stay another year to try again, which is something I am sure they would not have done for a boy like me; but it is also well known that once you fail the School Certificate, it will take a miracle to pass it after that.

I did not return to my village after I got my certificate, but came to Sekondi to seek employment, and that is how I got my job in the British Bank of West Africa. I wrote to Yaw Manu, and he sometimes replied, though not very warmly.

That year Yaw Manu failed again. He went to his priest friends and told them that if they would favor him with one more year, this time he would definitely pass. The priests told him that he was the best boy they had known, and they knew that God would always be with him if he continued to be good. Then they said they were really sorry, but they could not let him stay another year. They told him that the Lord Jesus Christ had never been to a secondary school, and had certainly never been given the chance to take the Cambridge School Certificate Examination; that Peter, the first Pope, was a simple fisherman, and also that Saint Joseph, the father of God the Son, was only a poor carpenter. Now I say that Yaw Manu was a good Christian, a very good one indeed, and so he knew all this. Still, he had the desire to make himself a big man in the world, especially to go to England to pursue his education. He was very disappointed that he couldn't stay another year, but there was nothing he could do about it, so he came to Sekondi to look for employment. The manager of the bank hired him without too much trouble.

I AM the last person to expect anybody who works in a bank to be happy, but I must say that even I found Yaw Manu's behavior surprising. Not that he did not work well; in fact, the opposite was true. His books were always the neatest, and he was never late, not even once, and unlike the rest of us, he took sick leave only when he was

actually sick. But he never joked or laughed when everybody else did, and believe me, we bank clerks have some very funny things to say about the way people live. There were all these funny people, dirty, ugly people who look far from rich, and they had these fat balances in the bank, and the only thing we could do when we thought of such people having all that money when we needed it so desperately was to laugh. But Yaw Manu never laughed with us, not even at the woman who was so afraid of losing her money that she came to us every week and asked to count it. And there were some very laughable things happening even among ourselves. For instance, when the manager first told us we would have to wear ties when at work, we grumbled, saying that this was the Gold Coast, hot Africa near the equator, not cold England in the Arctic Sea. We actually said that, and this manager of ours didn't get angry; he just laughed and said England was not Eskimo country, and we also laughed very loudly, I don't know why. But not Yaw Manu. He kept on adding up his neat rows of figures. And then when we saw that because of the ties we had on all these rich people were beginning to call us "Sah," we joked about it a lot and laughed, but Yaw Manu kept silent.

I remember at another time something very funny happened. You see, we all brought our food to work because the bank was in European Town and so we couldn't go home at twelve to eat. We knew it was shameful to carry food plainly through the streets like illiterates, so we all had big tobacco tins in which we put our food. With a matchbox on top of a tobacco can and a pipe between our teeth, each of us looked very respectable, like a graduate. Now one day one of us, James Sackey, who bluffs so much that we call him "Yankee-Yankee," was coming to work when, just outside the bank, a small boy hit him with a bicycle. It was nothing serious, but you know Sekondi people: even before Sackey was down, a small crowd was rushing to see the accident. Then the man fell. He tried to hold on to his tobacco tin, but it also fell down, and what do you think fell from it? Groundnut stew. Oh, the crowd laughed and laughed. We also laughed when he came in. But not Yaw Manu.

I don't think it was the work or the bank itself that made him unhappy. In fact he didn't seem to care for the bank at all. The truth is that he was working too hard, studying at home and hoping to take the London matriculation. I found this out when I visited him in his room. He was always studying when I went to see him. On the wall above his desk he had a sign that said something about great men. I can only remember the last two lines:

But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

And indeed, that was what Yaw Manu was trying to do. He told me proudly that he was paying for two correspondence courses from England, one called Rapid Results College and the other Bennett College. He explained to me that though most people took one at a time, he was taking both so that things would go faster. He was also subscribing to a magazine from England called *Psychology*, which would give him confidence plus the secrets of success and health. He even gave me a copy of *Psychology* to read. I was impressed with it. It had many big words, and I had difficulty understanding it. Yaw Manu said this was only because I had not been reading it regularly.

"Look," he told me, pointing to a large can in his meat safe. "Bemax. That's what I drink to clear my brain. It's very powerful, so it's very expensive. It's for brainworkers. I get very tired working all night, but I drink that, and I am all right for work in the day. Of course I take brain pills like Pro-Plus and things even more powerful. I order them from England, and they are very expensive."

I wondered whether this would not affect his health.

"Oh, no," he said. "I have ordered this." He showed me a catalogue with all sorts of pictures and pointed to one showing ropes and bars and many queer things. "From America. Charles Atlas, you know. A sound mind in a sound body, so to speak."

Yaw Manu stopped going to church when he came to work in Sekondi, and did not talk so often about the goodness of God. I thought that would make him easier to live with, but I was wrong. He still talked distantly, like a priest or a catechist, but only about things no one could understand, and I felt uncomfortable listening to his new ideas. He said he had new beliefs, but when I asked him about them, he would use big words like "positive" and "rationality" and "strategic effort." His room was full of books and papers and those pills that he said were so good for his brain. The bottles came with testimonials from doctors in England to prove their power: pictures of silent men in long white coats holding test tubes and other instruments to the light.

In spite of all this, Yaw Manu failed his examinations again and again. He said nothing about them, but it was easy enough to guess what was happening. Every six months he would ask for a day's casual leave, and that was how we knew about the examinations. After that he would come back to work, and for about a month he would be quiet and superior, like a man with a

great secret; but nothing ever came of it in the end. If he had passed the examinations, he would immediately have asked for promotion, or at least an increase in his salary, but he remained in the same position all the time he was with us, and his salary increases were the usual ten shillings we all got at the end of every year. That is why he had to borrow so heavily to pay for all those pills and books and exercises. Some people, talking like wise men from the East, have asked why Manu did not borrow from the bank itself instead of going to the moneylender with his heavy rates of interest. These are childish questions, clever on the surface but having no experience behind them. We who work in the bank are supposed to arrange our affairs as neatly as we do the affairs of the bank. What would the manager think of us if he knew that we could not live within our means? Maybe Yaw Manu was a fool to take those courses and buy those books that cost so much, and to buy the pills too, but since he was only trying to advance himself, he was not wrong to go to the moneylender. Many young men borrow money in that way to advance themselves, and when they are promoted, it is not too hard for them to pay back what they owe.

It is a great pity that Yaw Manu's pills did not clear his brain and help him to pass his examinations. He continued to study hard right up to the end. Perhaps if he had relaxed a little now and then, he would not have grown so thin and weak. After all, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so to speak. It's bad enough to have to study so hard, but no girls, no drinking, no dancing: that's an impossible life for any young man to lead.

I WILL never agree that Yaw Manu was mad. Those who say he was mad have little experience. Some people have even said it was brain fag, the disease caused by too much cleverness; as if Yaw Manu were clever enough for that.

They are sending him to the asylum in Accra, like a real madman. Perhaps if I did not know him better, I also would think him mad. I must say that if you look at his behavior from the outside, it is hard to see the truth about him. That was the mistake of the reporter from the *Daily Graphic*. He told the truth about Yaw Manu's outside behavior, but that was not enough to give the real truth. I have carried that article with me since the day after the trial, and even though there is nothing false said in it, I am dissatisfied whenever I read it:

SEKONDI, 14 June. At the Magistrate's Court today a 26-year-old Bank clerk was sentenced to three years —

in the Mental Asylum. Throughout the proceedings, the accused, one Yaw Manu, did not once open his mouth. Counsel appointed by the Crown on his behalf pleaded guilty while asking for leniency on the grounds that the mental balance of the accused was plainly disturbed.

According to Prosecuting Witness Mr. J. D. McCarthy, District Manager of the British Bank of West Africa, Market Street Branch, Sekondi, the said Yaw Manu had been an employee of the Bank for a period of just over 18 months. During that time he had behaved himself excellently, and had been well known as a punctual, serious, neat, and careful clerk. Until the 6th of May last, the accused was said to have done nothing to arouse anyone's suspicions.

At 2:27 P.M. on May 6th, Mr. McCarthy said, while he was balancing the Bank's books after hours, he saw Mr. Manu, the accused, take twelve bundles of currency, totaling £1150. The accused, continued the Witness for the Prosecution, then made his way out of the Bank premises; he did not seem to have heard the shouts of the witness, and when the latter attempted to block his exit, he extricated himself "slowly and silently, but very firmly, with extraordinary strength. He did everything as if he were in a trance," added Mr. McCarthy.

The accused is said to have gone home after the theft. Because of the accused's strange behavior, Mr. McCarthy said, he had hesitated to notify the Police, but "waited to see what would happen the next day. Primitive Psychology is a hobby of mine, and the chap's behavior struck me as deuced interesting."

The Magistrate at this point reprimanded the Witness for not having notified the Police immediately, a correction which seems to have been accepted in good spirit. The case continued.

The day after the theft, according to the Witness for the Prosecution, the accused came back to work, "and acted as if nothing had happened." It was only then that the Police were called in. The accused had tried to slip past the Police "again as if he were in a trance," and had had to be subdued by force. His home was later searched, and the missing £1150 found intact.

Official sources indicate that the accused will be treated as a special case and be sent to the Mental Asylum in Accra.

Now, there is nothing wrong with that report, but I say it is not enough. The article does not even mention the fact that Yaw Manu took the money at accounting time. Every two weeks we have to bring all the books in order. We sit for hours adding up rows and rows of figures, first the black and then the red. To those who have it, it is all money to be used, but to us it is figures upon figures, like soldier ants swarming through our heads and giving us not a moment of peace. I have often spent my nights just dreaming of these figures. One moment they are ants crawling through me and eating my poor brains to little bits and mashing it all to build their hill with.

I must say that I have often thought of things

I could do if I had half the money some people have. All of us talk of this sometimes, and I know that each of those working in the bank would have gone to England to study if only he had enough money. We were all honest men, with no great debts, and yet we were sometimes heavily tempted. And as for Yaw Manu, though he was honest enough, in fact more honest than even I, he had his pills and books and courses to pay for, and he wanted to go to England more desperately than any other young man did, and besides that, the money-lender was crying for his very blood.

I WAS not there myself the day he stole the money. Only our manager was present. Usually, we were all in a hurry to get home after two o'clock, but Yaw Manu often stayed behind, so I for one found nothing strange in his behavior at that time. I remember, however, that when I left, Yaw Manu was in the lavatory, and that he had been there for rather a long time.

The day after the crime, Yaw Manu did something unusual. He came in late. Not only that — he was whistling as he came in. As soon as he sat down he was called into Mr. McCarthy's office, and we whispered among ourselves that perhaps at last he was going to be promoted.

When we heard Yaw Manu's voice loudly shouting insults at the manager, we knew something was very wrong. Soon Yaw Manu marched out of the office, looking very angry and saying repeatedly, "I'll teach you not to call me a thief!"

Mr. McCarthy came out after him, his face all red. He asked someone to call the police, and told us not to let Yaw Manu leave the bank or go to his counter. It was then that Yaw Manu remembered that I was his friend. He looked at me, and told me something in Fanti. He said I should look into the left corner of his drawer, and I would find something there. This thing I was to take into the lavatory. I did everything as he instructed me to do it, like his good friend. What I found in the drawer was a bangle, made of leather, with cowries and little talismans attached to it. I took it to the lavatory, and a moment later Yaw Manu went in there.

When he came out of the lavatory he looked completely different. He was so silent and serene, like a priest when he is walking toward the altar. He did not seem to see anybody or to hear anything as he walked past us to the door. The police had come by now and wanted to ask Manu some questions; but he did not seem to notice anything. He just tried silently to go past them into the street, and when they tried to stop him gently, he pushed them away in a strange, quiet way, like slow-motion

films. That is what Mr. McCarthy meant when he said those things about Yaw Manu being in a trance. Manu struggled with the police until they broke his arm and held him down, and all through this he said nothing at all.

I visited him as early as possible in the police station. He had been beaten rather hard, and could not talk very long, but he gave me the bangle and told me to take it to a certain maalam, whose address he gave me.

"Tell him I did everything he told me to do, but it did not work," Yaw Manu said, looking away from me. I told him I would do whatever he asked me to do, since a friend in need is a friend indeed, so to speak.

"And don't forget to ask him to give you back my twenty-five pounds," he added.

When I entered the maalam's dark, musty room, he greeted me like a long-expected brother even before I could see him properly. He took both of my hands in his, stared long at my palms, and said heavily, "Ah, my friend, plenty devil follow you; plenty plenty devil."

I told the maalam I had not come to find out anything for myself, but to return Yaw Manu's charm and get back the money he had paid for it. I gave the man the bangle, and he squinted at it. I could see better now, and I looked at the maalam as he studied his bangle through half-shut eyes. His eyes were enormous; his eyelids slipped wetly over and away from the huge balls while he spoke through lips so dry and old he had to wet them constantly.

"You savvy what dey inside dam juju?" he asked, fixing his eyes on me. I shook my head.

"Bring shilling; I go tell you." Curiosity won, and I gave him a shilling. When he had the shilling safely in his hand, he said, "Bring twenty-five pounds. I go give you." I kept myself from laughing and told him I could only decide to buy it when I knew what kind of charm it was. He looked at me suspiciously for a moment, closed his eyes, and in a funny, singsong tone, began: "Dis ting, like you wear am for you arm like so, and you say some word way I fit teach you, man no fit see you. You fit do anytin, no man fit see you. You fit steal, you fit kill self, no man fit see you. You and air be one, like so. You like dam juju?"

It made me angry to see this man try to fool me too, so that when I spoke, my voice was so loud he opened his eyes in surprise. "Look, maalam, my friend told me to let you know that he had tried all your tricks, and they hadn't worked." By the time I had finished speaking, the man had become calm again, and his eyes were closed.

"He go wrong someplace. He do sometin wrong,

my friend. Dis juju no miss. He do sometin wrong, my friend." He repeatedly told me of the virtues of the charm, urging me to buy it and make myself invisible with it.

"My friend," he kept saying through those wetted lips, "you no want money? You fit be rich. Like you wear dam juju, no man fit see you. You fit do anytin. Com', com', my friend. I reduce for you. Twenty pounds."

I shook my head. I had already decided to go to the police.

"Look, my friend," he persisted, "eighteen pounds."

I was at the door, and he was at my elbow. "Fifteen pounds, my friend." I was out in the street.

At ten pounds, my friend, I was already halfway to the police station. This is the first time I am going to be mentioned in the *Daily Graphic*. People will read the words of someone called the witness for the prosecution, but how many of my old classmates will know that I am the one? I wonder.

THE PREPARED PIANO

(For John Cage)

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

It knocks. Does it knock? What knocks?
Neither grief nor joy.

A whisper

plunders what never was heard
by a piano before.

Perhaps a mechanical bird,

not Byzantine, not of gold,

yet a wonder, sings

in a cold hall

of a thing

never seen by the eyes

of a piano before.

Has the instrument gone daft?

Can it know what is meant?

Or is it intent only

on what is learned by laughter?

earned by

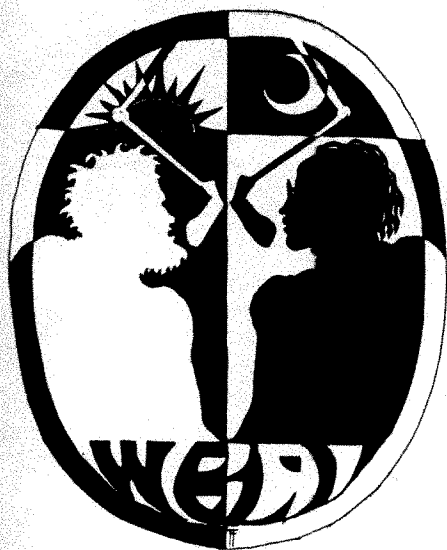
surprise? Surprise!

Surprise!

accent

Radio Free New York

by Alfred Mayor



WBAI, the only New York FM station supported entirely by its listeners, operates from a squat, pinkish nonbrownstone on East Thirty-ninth Street. Outside there is a bronze plaque saying Vera Institute of Justice, but nothing about a radio station. Inside, in the narrow vestibule, sits a bored policeman day and night. WBAI's transmitter was expertly sabotaged one Sunday last September, and a few days later a mysterious fire very nearly burned the brownstone down. One of the station's own engineers was arrested on suspicion of setting the fire. WBAI attracts special people.

Theoretically, the station begins to serve its listeners at 7 A.M. each weekday. But generally East Thirty-ninth Street is dead at that hour. The policeman is asleep in the vestibule; fluorescent lights burn in the station's second- and third-floor offices, but the transmitter is shut off and loyal listeners are tuned to whatever electronic music the 99.5 megacycle band chooses to offer them.

About 7:20 on good mornings, a taxi disgorges a bearded, bearlike man, who shambles slowly toward the nonbrownstone. He looks very unhappy. You can see patches of scalp where his black hair has been crushed into disks against the pillow. He is tieless, and he fumbles deliberately through a hedgehog of keys that is another manifestation of tightened security at the station. The policeman wakes up, grunts, and dozes again. Larry Josephson, the bear, climbs to the third floor and enters what was once a maid's room when the house was inhabited by real people. The room measures about seven by eleven feet, and the floor is gritty with mashed cigarette butts, superfluous correspondence, crushed coffee cartons, worms of white recording tape leaders, and honest gray dirt. One corner of the room is fitted with three worn turntables, a huge electric clock, and a cantilevered microphone that hangs over a console of switches and buttons and dials. A green swivel chair sits in front of the console. It squeaks — as 50,000 listeners can tell you. Another wall is a confection of tape recorders, more buttons, and more dials. There are two chairs for guests and a disused typewriter table, also frequently used as a chair.

Larry fiddles with the electronic wall and turns the station on. Then

he plucks LPs from the record library — a claustrophobic corridor that leads away from the "studio." A light blinks under the console. Larry picks up the phone and articulates his first words of the day: "Yes, it will be in a few minutes." At 7:35 he tells the microphone that the policeman was asleep downstairs. "Wonderful to see someone get some rest for a change." He puts on the *William Tell* Overture, his current favorite in an ambitious series of the great musical cliché and — those with long memories will note — the theme song to *The Lone Ranger*. Larry recites "the official FCC litany so we're legal" — the station's name, address, wattage facilities. This suggests another dialogue with the microphone: "What is the Communications Commission? Can a Communications Commission over thirty-five find happiness with a transmitter fifty times its power? He says that Bonnie and Clyde are in charge of security at the station transmitter in the Empire State Building, and that Bosley Crowther is WBAI's man in charge of good taste.

After a while Larry the bagelman arrives with a large box full of breakfast — coffee, orange juice, triple order of bacon, two fried eggs, and bagels, split and buttered. Larry the B. lingers until Larry the J. puts him on the air, as he does every morning; Tonto and the Lone Ranger. Larry the B. and the *William Tell* are about the only legitimate motivs to the program. An interview is playing and the record scratch is terrible. Larry the J. turns down the volume, but the surface noise goes on. It's one of the unique features of the station, Larry tells the microphone, that the scratch remains when the record fades. "In fact," he says, "if WBAI's equipment didn't gurgle, pop, snap, and whine, lots of people wouldn't know we were on the air. This is WBAI bringing you boredom in the public interest." A station break is required by the FCC every half hour and Larry never plays it straight. The phone blinks; Larry picks it up, listens, grunts, and hangs up. "Kid, telling me a shaggy dog story," he announces humorlessly. Lisa calls a fifteen-year-old art student with a strep throat. One of Larry's regulars just checking in. Larry has about ten regulars, including one who invariably says, "There's some

ing very funny I think you ought to see in the *Times* on page . . .” and an incoherent fellow who after five minutes of prattling still has not reached the point of the story. Larry rarely puts the calls on the air immediately “because it’s so hard to green out the clucks.” There is also an FCC rule against obscenity. Once, during a talk that Larry had with his microphone about whether obscenities are obscene if they are in a foreign language, he put on the air a caller who discussed the French word “con.” What? said Larry, whose French is shaky. “Con, con, you know, c-u —” Happily, Larry reached the switch just before the FCC had cause for complaint. But he’s not averse to flirting with possible disaster.

A call comes in which makes him laugh and laugh, and he sums it up over the air: “And he called me a mother-blanking Jew bastard and said I could insult blacks over the air because he had just insulted me.”

It’s nearing nine o’clock and the program’s end, and Larry is still scraping coagulated egg from the oil pie plate in which his breakfast arrived more than half an hour before. He has on one of his favorite records, a hypnotic litany urging at-chested women to develop their breasts. The phone rings and a girl says, “Would you please take that off, I’m up to Forty D already,” which Larry promptly relays to his listeners.

“You have been listening to Tilla the Hun, sometimes known as Larry Josephson. This is WBAI, and another day has gone by that haven’t resigned on the air.” It is nine o’clock, but the announcer who is to change the records on the morning music program has not arrived. Larry says to his listeners, I wish the announcer would get here on time . . . Whoever the announcer is, you’re fired.”

The announcer is, of course, not fired for being late, nor is Larry Josephson, who rarely arrives at 5 A.M. Sometimes he never arrives at all, and once he telephoned at 5:58, just in time to catch the arrival of the music program announcer, who, with WBAI’s habitual unpredictability, was early. Larry said over the phone, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” and that message went out over the air, followed by the deadpan announcer, “You have just heard *In the*

Beginning, with Larry Josephson.” No one seems to mind, for in less than the year that he has conducted his eclectic, erratic morning programs, Larry Josephson has attracted a faithful following of extremists of every persuasion and a satisfying number of intelligent people who prefer him to the *New York Times*.

The station management is satisfied too, in fact rather surprised that he had the program in him. Like a number of the twenty-odd underpaid employees at WBAI, Larry Josephson joined as a volunteer on the technical side because he felt he needed a hobby. Even today, he earns the major part of his living by programming computers that program other computers, although he considers this simply a trade. Larry has a theatrical agent, and there is every likelihood that he will not remain forever with WBAI. He freely admits that he is often bored with the program; sometimes up so tight that he snarls into the microphone between long moments of dead air, or tells his callers to “go to hell” or angrily “all right, so have a nervous breakdown. Leave me alone.” At other times, his rambling wit will have his listeners doubled up over their coffee cups.

He shares a resistance to the platitudes of commercial broadcasting with his colleagues at the station and with the Pacifica Foundation, of which WBAI is a part. Pacifica (so called not because it came into being on the West Coast, but by analogy with the word *pacific*) was founded in 1946 by Lewis Hill, an ex-White House man for a Washington, D.C., station. Hill came to California determined to set up a listener-supported radio station which bowed neither to sponsors nor to the tastes of a mass audience. He wanted not to compete with commercial stations but to complement their programming by offering a free forum for opinions of every persuasion, and the flexibility to continue commentaries and panel discussions until the ideas, not the stopwatch, dictated a logical ending. In 1949, KPFA went on the air from an office building in Berkeley. In 1959, KPFA began to operate from Los Angeles, and in 1960, a millionaire paper manufacturer named Louis Schweitzer gave Pacifica his commercial FM station in New York, WBAI.

Pacifica’s evolution has not been peaceful. In 1963 the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee investigated the foundation following “reports of possible Communist infiltration or penetration.” For thirteen months the FCC refused to renew the station’s licenses, and although it finally exonerated Pacifica from any skulduggery and renewed the licenses, Pacifica continues to be somewhat left of center in its views. One WBAI man, freely admitting this, did, however, suggest that free speech for the past few decades has largely been a left-wing hang-up. Except for the name he chose for the foundation, Lewis Hill never limited the ideological content of his ideal station. He did envision “some conscious flow of influences, some creative tension between broadcaster and audience that constantly reaffirms their mutual relevance. Listener sponsorship will require this mutual stimulus if it is to exist at all.”

Almost axiomatically, WBAI does not live up to this lofty principle every day. There are hours of non-stimulus; hours of belligerent or boring commentaries by Ethical Culturists, civil rights lawyers, associate professors of international relations. And there are hours of amateurishness: “We are now twenty-two minutes behind schedule.” “Certain parts of the tapes were damaged in processing. We apologize . . .” “We thought we had enough in the can” for the summer folk-music programs, “but we didn’t, and the producer was away so our hands were tied, our tongue was tied, and everything else was tied.”

The refreshing thing is the candor with which the management admits the station’s failings. “We can sometimes be as incompetent on tapes as on live broadcasts,” says Dale Minor, WBAI’s gaunt, harried program director. His sense of professionalism rebels at the thought of broadcasts always lagging beyond their appointed time. He is not happy with the cramped chaos at the studio which causes tapes to be damaged or lost, or with the economic bind that forces the station to erase some programs so that there is tape available to record others. He also admits that the freewheeling attitude of Pacifica toward the expression of the most divergent points of view, from Bircher to Communist, does tend to “attract unstable people who kind of come here and make a home

of the place. And at the same time it's probably worse for them than any other place because of the pressures." He remembers one assistant producer who, when evicted from his apartment several years ago, brought a cot down to East Thirty-ninth Street and began sleeping in his office. And although the *New York Times* played up the sabotaged transmitter and the abortive fire on East Thirty-ninth Street, suspecting that the perpetrator might be an irritated extremist of the far right or the far left, "one of our own nuts," as Dale Minor calls him, is being held on suspicion of arson.

On the other hand, WBAI's ideological flexibility allows for the kind of original programs that commercial networks would reject because they might offend sponsors or bore all but a tiny audience. The drama department can risk a four-and-a-half-hour adaptation of *The Trojan Horse*, Christopher Morley's novel, recorded by the station and presented on two successive evenings. The music department can present the Baroque Players of New York in a three-part series of rarities taped especially for WBAI, and the public affairs department can budget an hour and fifty minutes for an eyewitness report of the Battle of Danang in South Vietnam, perhaps

Programming at WBAI has always been offbeat, but not always so daring. When it first became a Pacifica station its program director, Eugene Bruck, devoted 50 to 60 percent of the air time to music, his special interest, for he felt that "music can be as informational as anything else." He played outstanding 78s that had never been transcribed to LPs. He had stereophonic broadcasts by arrangement with WRVR, a noncommercial (though not listener-supported) New York FM station. He carried live broadcasts from the Metropolitan Museum's concert series. He inaugurated a continuing tradition of broadcasting the entire *Ring of the Nibelungs* on Washington's Birthday. Brendan Behan spoke off the record "on such subjects as nationalism, homosexuality, the H-bomb, his Broadway play, *The Hostage*, Sean O'Casey, diet in the U.S., Samuel Beckett, James Joyce, Communism, and Brendan Behan." Allen Ginsberg appeared on the station, so did Ralph Ginzburg, Orson Bean, Celeste Holm, James Mason, Saul Bellow, Marianne Moore. You name them and they have probably aired their views over WBAI, without compensation, then as now. But Eugene Bruck worried about punctuality, the pronunciation of foreign

tion manager, received pledges for \$250 in ten minutes. Neither found anything remarkable in such a swift response. When WBAI stages a party in a West Side hotel, as it does four or five times a year, 500 people show up to dance and meet each other. A party usually nets the station at least \$1500.

This kind of instant listener response makes the station's staff believe it is worth putting in sixty hours a week for minuscule salaries, and it justifies Frank Millspaugh's vision of someday moving WBAI into a real brownstone in which there would be a theater and a coffee shop, wired for sound so that listeners could come to the station and participate in the programs. His ideal audience is not made up of people who say "Let's turn on the radio since we've nothing else to do." "We want the people who say, 'Let's listen to the radio because I want to *do* something interesting tonight.'"

Perhaps the chief reason there is such a lively relationship between audience and station is what one WBAI man calls "our stable of kooks": Larry Josephson, the morning man, and Steve Post and Bob Fass, who close the station at night. Each is surrounded by a cult of personality that would have doomed them to instant and everlasting Siberia in Khrushchev's Russia. But this is New York, and each has a fanatic following.

Steve Post, says one of his colleagues, "is the kind of little boy that when he is ill, listeners send chicken soup." He came to the station as its unwilling bookkeeper, and the accountants have apparently never quite recovered. Now he is chief announcer, but his cult gather in force at their radios on weekends to listen to his open-ended Saturday and Sunday programs that begin at midnight. During the rest of the week, while Larry Josephson's listeners sleep peacefully, insomniacs listen to Bob Fass. For a thoroughly revealing demonstration of WBAI's eclecticism there is no better way than to sit in on one of Bob Fass's shows—if you can find an empty chair. It's a kind of "creative tension" that Lewis Hill probably never even dreamed of.

At 11:59 p.m. Bob Fass belts up the stairs and sweeps into the same tiny studio where Larry Josephson began the day. He is well over six

To a Too Persistent Protégé

by Richard O'Connell

Pale Poetess

why pester with sound?

You are no Sappho

and I am no Pound.

last year's best program. It was recorded on the spot by Dale Minor, who spent more than half of 1966 in South Vietnam for all three Pacifica stations. The fact that the program was not put on the air until about a year after the event did nothing to lessen its impact. It is an unemotional descriptive commentary, minute by minute, death by death, setting straight a record that Dale Minor feels other reporters falsified. In the script an asterisk indicates gunfire, a double asterisk prolonged gunfire. The asterisks appear like coarsely ground pepper across the pages of the script. None of the firing was dubbed.

names, and "the regular, conservative republican listeners" who were his special pride.

Today, no one at the station can give you a profile of the listeners, except to say that there are about 13,000 who have paid \$15 (\$10 for students) to receive a monthly program listing called "The Folio." Paradoxically, the station management knows that it can reach its listeners by simply saying the word over the microphone. On a recent morning, Larry Josephson called for \$98 to complete matching a large donation. He raised over \$200 in fifteen minutes. On the previous evening, Frank Millspaugh, the sta-

feet tall, a bit pudgy, balding in the front, but with lots of lank blond hair falling over the collar of his tawny turtleneck at the back. He wears thick horn-rims, a wedding ring, a necklace of what looks like wizened cherry pits, and off-white workman's pants — the kind with a loop for a hammer. When he shuffles LPs, ceaselessly looking for something he cannot find, the records look like greasy playing cards. A stout girl in a beret enters and says, "There are some people in the back room." Bob replies: "I'll talk to them. Send one of their number in."

At 12:40 A.M. there is a mess of thirty records on the console. A young man with a mustache and Levi's is pawing through an untidy bookcase full of tape reels, and Bob is whistling, puffing, and frantically shuffling through the records. He finds what he wants, cues up the three turntables and a tape machine, and mixes a cacophony that includes the recorded roar of a lion. He beckons through the glass partition to someone in the next room, and a swarthy, crew-cut man in new Levi's and a string tie made of tiny beads comes in and takes the last free chair. Bob is on the phone. To the caller he counts out eleven people on both sides of the glass partition, and says, "And that's too many, but if you really want to come up . . . I'm really sorry . . ." Then he tells the man with the mustache that he is in charge of the people in the back room: "You can tell them to go or shut up or whatever you want to." But Bob thinks better of it and lunges out of the studio to do the job himself.

When he returns, he begins to interview the man in the string tie, who turns out to be a member of the Rosebud tribe of the Sioux Nation, and who talks fluently and musically about the abysmal state of Indian civil rights. "I don't know if we'd want the country back today," he concludes. Then the Indian speaks of peyote and of yuwipi, the spirits whom the Rosebuds turn to with their problems. His tone wavers; his confidence is gone. He says that he's never taken peyote, but that the yuwipi are uncanny. Through the medicine men, he says, the spirits correctly predicted the number of votes he received each of the four times he was successfully elected president of the tribe.

The Indian takes his delegation

away about 2 A.M. because "we're pretty tired now." Not so a milling group of others in the studio and in the anteroom. A tiny young woman with solid legs and a grape-colored wool hat comes in and kisses Bob warmly. Linda, for that is the girl's name, sits down in the chair not yet cool from the Indian and begins twisting paper clips into pieces. She continues to do this throughout the interview when she is not smoking Kools or fiddling with rings on both her fourth fingers. She and Bob tell of their first contact — when Linda called him to say that the Visiting Mothers had no milk for the babies on Tenth Street. Linda organized the Visiting Mothers to care for homeless or indigent mothers and their children. She says that in August, when the call for milk went out over Bob's program, the Mothers almost floated away in the stuff. She repeats "you know" like a verbal tic, but her face lights up when she talks of the Mothers, and she finds a winning flow of words somewhere. The Mothers work a fifty- to sixty-hour week for \$40, she says. "Speaking of working for forty dollars a week, this is WBAI in New York." The station break is on the dot. Linda talks of "the happy chaos of Visiting Mothers," and Bob remarks that it is "a very tribal situation." The Mothers are supported by Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist*. Linda says, "He's nice, he's good," but it turns out he is also asleep on the floor of the anteroom and can't be roused to come to the microphone. Bob tries to bring in "the big boom" in the anteroom so that other Mothers can tell their story, but there is only dead air. "Typically, the microphone is not connected," says Bob to his listeners, and dashes out to fix it.

It is 3:20 A.M. and the air conditioning is no longer able to compete with the crowd in the studio. It is close and very steamy. A handsome boy of about eleven, with long black hair and "Kill Christ" and "Ban the Bomb" buttons, wanders in and pledges \$1 to WBAI saying, "I'm all too happy to get this off my chest."

Paul Krassner has woken up, and he settles down at the microphone to sing in falsetto "Less Work for Mother," which he says he and his brother performed long ago on the *Horn & Hardart Children's Hour*. He has brought with him a red-haired

girl in a thick, woolly lamb coat. There are six people in the studio now. Krassner and Bob Fass shoot the breeze for a long time to an audience that must be shrinking by the minute, so incredibly in are the topics.

There is a talk of a recent *David Susskind Show* about hippies ("You and I, Bob, were not on the show because we are considered Establishment hippies," comments Krassner); of the Associated Press man who called Krassner after his death notice appeared as a joke in *Cheetah* and asked, "Is this God's honest truth?" when Krassner assured him that he was really alive; of a typo in the next morning's *Times* that had "fass media" for "mass media"; of the suggestive implications of "penal colony," "naval stores," and "windbreaker." Krassner suggests that the word hippie is just a label because "Einstein had long hair, and I have an uncle who's a judge who smokes pot."

As records play over and under each other, Linda tells of her arrival this evening. "I'm here to blow up the building," said she to the cop on duty at the entrance. "Good," he replied flatly, "then I won't have to sit here any longer." It's getting very, very late. I look longingly at a large electric coffee pot on a shelf in the corner. On it is a sign: "This pot may give a slight electric shock, so watch out." The word "this" has been crossed out, but there is nothing going on inside the pot. I wish I had some coffee.

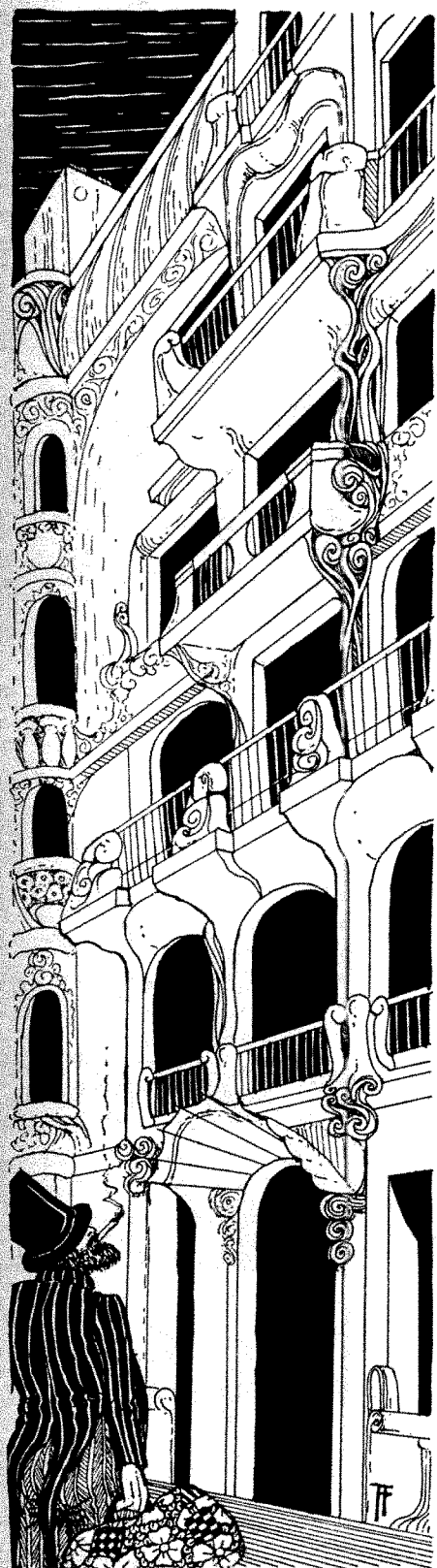
Krassner says, "Even though I have a daughter by my former marriage, my parents think I'm a virgin." Bob tries to sign off: "At this time WBAI concludes another day of scaring people." But there's a lot to be said before this actually happens. Krassner sings "bye, bye" in falsetto every time Bob draws breath during the FCC litany that Larry Josephson recited so many hours ago, and which he will recite again so soon. Krassner is replaced by a record of the same song that sounds so like his rendition that one suspects he recorded it on the *Horn & Hardart Children's Hour*. At 5:35 A.M. Bob Fass throws a switch and WBAI is off the air. The day is just beginning. There are nine survivors; the most lively is the little boy with long black hair.

places

Southern Hotels:

Vale et Salve

by Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.



Atlanta has a spectacular new hotel, the Regency-Hyatt House. Another impressive, nineteen-story hotel is rising on the site of the old DeSota Hotel in Savannah, and a Statler-Hilton has been announced for downtown Macon, Georgia. The hotel, it seems, is staging a comeback, and the South is very much a part of it. The hint of a new era is enough to send a Southerner into a lingering look at the old one. At least it does this Southerner, who is admittedly newly in love with the Regency-Hyatt House.

Southern hotels have never received proper notice. They didn't fit the stereotype Southern landscape; never *looked* Southern. Most of the hotels built in the South since the Civil War were Victorian or Edwardian or Spanish Renaissance or neo-Romanesque, sprigged with towers and turrets, crystalline with filigree attributed to Stanford White. In that period there were hotels built to look like Moorish castles, Turkish mosques, Venetian doges' palaces, and Mediterranean villas. But none I know of reproduced the look of Jefferson's Monticello or Mount Vernon or "Twelve Oaks." Some of the elegant resort hotels and spas, such as the Monte Sano Hotel on a hill outside Huntsville, Alabama, did have deep porches and rows of rocking chairs, which made good sense in the South; but the prevailing tone in most resorts was strictly knickers and wicker, greensward and flagpoles, not string ties and bourbon and rebel y'all.

The Old South was never enthusiastic about hotels. Discounting a few like the original St. Charles in New Orleans, which opened in 1837 as "the gathering place of creole social leaders and dashing young officers," the prevailing attitude among the ruling class was that the idea of a hotel was a trifle unseemly. It smacked too much of commercial hospitality.

"When a gentleman comes to town," said Confederate statesman Robert Toombs, putting a stop to plans for building a hotel in his hometown of Washington, Georgia, "he will stay with me. If he is not a gentleman, then, most certainly, we do not want him to remain overnight."

The New South, on the other hand, was practically born in a hotel, in a smoke-filled lobby where legislators met Yankee entrepreneurs

(carpetbaggers to the Old South) and connived ways of rebuilding railroads destroyed by General William T. Sherman in his march through Georgia. Rebuild, expand, promote, develop, and get rich quick. In that era of progress and corruption a wheeler-dealer from Chicago named Hannibal I. Kimball moved to Atlanta, became the financial adviser to the governor, president of three Georgia railroad companies, and built a stately hotel in 1870 at "five-points," the heart of downtown Atlanta, which he named the Kimball House. He "was never able to convince many Georgians," wrote a historian later, "that he had not used the state's money doing it."

It was part of the forgotten spirit of the times that General Sherman was toasted at the old Kimball House when he visited Atlanta in 1878. It is also indicative that when the Kimball House burned down in 1883 it was rebuilt in less than two years, the new one gaudier than the first, with brickwork towers bulging out from the corners in a masterpiece of masonry. And once more politicians and promoters found each other in the cigar smoke, and together fashioned schemes both greedy and benevolent.

The town of Fitzgerald, Georgia, for example, was invented as a philanthropic railroad promotion. The town was built and settled by Civil War veterans from both sides of that conflict—an enterprise of reconciliation between former enemies. It worked. Streets were laid off and named for Yankee and Confederate generals. Georgians balked only at the naming of the new hotel the Grant-Lee; they insisted it be changed to Lee-Grant.

A look at the records of the building of these post-Civil War hotels tells a lot about the local hustle and the eagerness of foreign capital; it also reveals some of the problems and occasional languor of spirit. Take the Albert Hotel in Selma, Alabama. It took thirty-eight years to complete. The original architect, James E. Sweet of Albany, New York, was called home in April, 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War. A year after the end of the war the half-finished structure stood, in the words of the local paper, "a reproach to the enterprise of our people." The next year enough of the building was completed to provide "eleven bed-

rooms, a bridal apartment, two parlors, and a skating rink" on the second floor, where a dining room had originally been conceived. But not until 1892 was it completed (the skating rink eliminated) and named after Albert G. Parrish, "who was active in procuring the money to purchase the property."

The Albert is the hotel designed after the palace of a Venetian doge, and it is also historic to reporters from all over the world as the hotel in whose lobby Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was slugged as he made a symbolic registration. The last time I stayed there the Albert still had a deep-red carpet covering the lobby, fine old oak woodwork, a grand stairway that divided at the stained-glass-lit landing. The upper hallways had the same high ceilings of the last century and a sign: "These corridors are air cooled."

The South has always had numberless mineral springs with little inns and latticed pavilions that had been popular with the local leisure class since the 1820s. Their curative claims were as varied as the establishments — "marvelously useful in curing cutaneous disorders, also for removing freckles and tan from the skin, leaving the flesh as soft as a little child's," said a report on the waters at Cullman Springs, Alabama. The most fashionable with antebellum Southerners was White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where in 1877 a charity ball was held to raise money for an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee.

But the South also had mild winters, "salubrious air" that was said to contain ozone — a superoxidized air with bracing and cleansing effects — in certain piny sections. And it had Florida. Well, it didn't really have Florida since that state has never been considered part of the South. And the newly minted millionaires who wintered in the exotic chain of hotels Henry M. Flagler built along his Florida East Coast Railway, and those of Henry B. Plant on the Gulf side of the state, had little to do with the natives beyond tipping the red-caps who handled their steamer trunks and the caddies who carried their clubs.

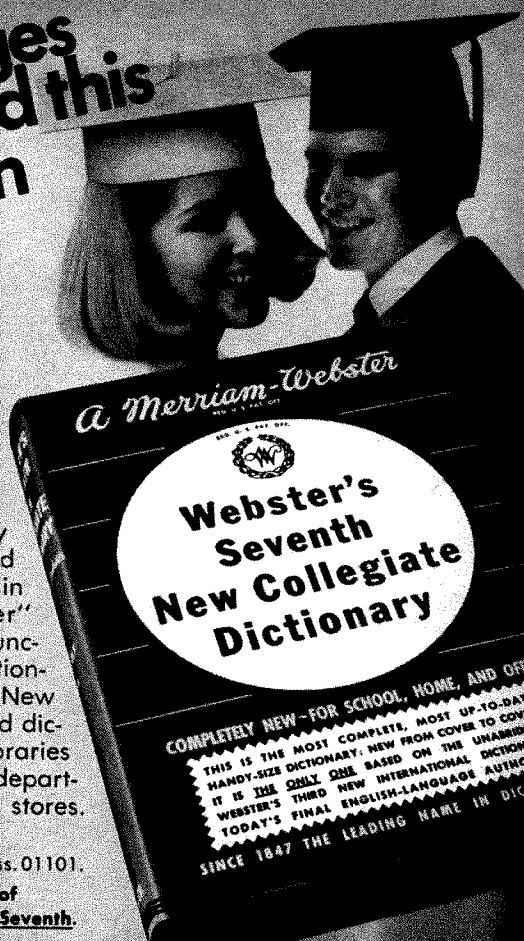
But in towns all across the South the local hotels did represent a meeting ground for provincial and outside views. The hotel was a social center for local people, often serving in the absence of a country club as a place

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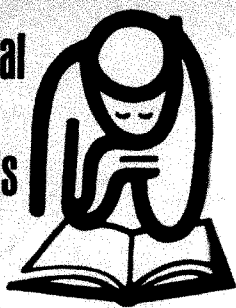
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Shapiro, Theodore
Weiss

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WILLIAM TROY

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history and biography

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where the elite held their debut balls. Inevitably they would mingle in the lobby with the out-of-town guests.

In my hometown of Augusta a substantial winter colony grew from the annual visitors to the Bon Air Hotel. Ladies of my grandmother's generation served tea and cinnamon toast at the Cranford Club on winter afternoons. Mr. William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale and a winter guest at the Bon Air for a quarter of a century, would be invited to come and read poetry.

"Visitors would get to be perfectly mad about getting in with local people," Mrs. Rodney S. Cohen, a grand dame of Augusta society, recalled. "There was always an interchange of magnificent parties — really magnificent parties — as fine as anywhere in the world. In the class with Newport."

The resort hotels began to die one Tuesday morning late in October,

1929. Many burned or went bankrupt, or both; some became VA hospitals, senior citizens' homes, or denominational colleges. One of them, Savannah's DeSota, departed this life with a rambunctious cork-popping costume ball and dinner party on New Year's Eve, 1965, exactly seventy-five years after the New Year's Eve party that celebrated its opening. Some died so slowly the only sound you could hear, as my grandfather said of the Bon Air in the 1930s, was "the clicking of knitting needles and the hardening of arteries."

What is left from that time in the Southern psyche may be no more than a faint, false memory of linen plus fours and a trim green grace. Certainly no Southerners became Yankeeized by so fleeting an exposure to well-heeled elegance. And the wealth that still bore telltale signs of being freshly acquired certainly never penetrated the Southern

Imagination

Near a 54-Q

by Stephen Dunn

The biggest
bra
I ever saw

was hanging
from
a skinny

line
to dry.

Stretched
out
it

was Amazonian;
the type

of artifact
anthropologists
find

and mistake
as
typical

of kind
and time.
Being civic

minded, I
decided
(for history's

sake) to
see if
I could

capture it,
the it
who

would
claim it
dry.

You will not
be (though I
was) surprised

the
claimant
was commensurate

in size
with her garment;
the biggest

woman
I ever saw
hung

me skinny
next to empty
elephant's

drawers.

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sense of longer rooted, superior gentility. Yet I cannot get away from the notion that, in some subliminal way, the encounter with Edwardian style on the golf course and at cocktail parties had its part in shaping the affinity certain city-dwelling, milkily affluent Southerners today have for thick tweeds, headmasters, and squash courts.

The purely commercial hotels lived on a while longer, falling into their own fly-buzzing silence with aging bellhops dozing in threadbare lobbies, bibulous old-timers reclining to the neck in deep leather chairs, slapping out the evening paper to the sports page. But the action had shifted to the edge-of-town motels, where Hertz and Avis car doors slammed richly shut at 7:30 in the morning as keen-edged salesmen got an early start on the day.

Once motels began to move into town, add meeting rooms and even ballrooms, solicit convention business, and shift their generic name to "motor hotel," there was little left for an old hotel. Except, it suddenly occurred, do exactly what a hotel is best at doing—the same job these downtown motor hotels were doing.

So today the fight is on. In Memphis the Sheraton chain bought out the historic old Peabody (all dying Southern hotels seem to be historic, usually because of the famous men who slept there; the Peabody because it figures in a famous definition of the mysterious Mississippi Delta—"It begins in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis and ends on Catfish Row in Vicksburg"). In the hope of recapturing the growing convention business, Sheraton spent money adding Italian marble to the lobby, crystal chandeliers to the ballroom, and Louis Quinze and Seize furniture to the rooms. And they have continued the quaint afternoon ritual in which five ducks that swim in the pool in the lobby of the Peabody are escorted, to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever," by bellhops, over a special red carpet, to the elevator, where they are conveyed to their sleeping quarters in the penthouse.

Stars and Stripes may not be forever since the Downtown Motor Hotel is building a facility with a large convention hall just across the street from the Peabody.

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music

The Hunchback and the Ape by Herbert Kupferberg



When Dr. Samuel Johnson defined opera as "an exotic and irrational entertainment" he surely didn't have Hans Werner Henze and Alberto Ginastera in mind. Yet contemporary composers of opera are turning out products far more bizarre and unlikely than any the good doctor ever heard. Relatively far out artists are taking up opera in a big way, with the result that new life seems to have been infused into a form of music which was regarded not too long ago as hopelessly ailing. True, some people regard the cure as worse than the disease; nevertheless, operatic premieres are being held with increasing frequency these days, accompanied by a public anticipation and excitement that haven't existed for years.

Two recent cases in point are Henze's *Der Junge Lord* and Ginastera's *Bomarzo*. Both have been widely acclaimed, *The Young Lord* having entered the repertory of a number of European houses since its premiere in West Berlin in 1965, and *Bomarzo* having created a sensation in the only two cities where it has so far been given, Washington, D.C., in May, 1967, and in New York this past March. Both operas have just been released in complete recordings. Both are the works of composers who, when it suits their purposes, adapt such devices as the twelve-tone system, serialism, microtonality, aleatory, or chance, music to their own ends. Finally, both deal with spectacularly weird subjects. *The Young Lord* is a black comedy that has as its hero an ape. *Bomarzo's* central figure is a hunchbacked Renaissance prince who dabbles in black magic and lives amid hallucinations. It has been called a "topless" opera, and presumably because of its alleged eroticism, has been banned from its composer's native city, Buenos Aires.

In a way, *The Young Lord* is the more surprising of the two works simply because it marks a backward turn in the composer's style. Henze, who is forty-one, has written five symphonies, several stage works, and a prodigious number of other pieces, demonstrating a mastery of the most advanced musical idioms. Yet in *The Young Lord* he has deliberately abandoned atonal music because, he says, it does not "radiate cheerfulness" and is otherwise unsuited to comic opera. Henze's reversion has earned him the reproaches of avant-

gardists, who argue that both Verdi and Wagner used *their* most advanced techniques in their comic masterpieces, *Falstaff* and *Die Meistersinger*, and that Henze has sold out. Nevertheless, *Der Junge Lord* has achieved a good deal of popularity in Europe and may win a wider audience here through its excellent new recording (Deutsche Grammophon 139257/59: three records).

Despite its avoidance of the more extreme new techniques, *The Young Lord* is anything but an old-fashioned *bel canto* opera. Modernity is written all over it—in the pointillism of its scoring, the terseness of its melodies, its jagged dissonances, its explorations of the upper register.

Its ironic story, too, is of a decidedly modern turn. A British nobleman takes up residence in a fine house in a small German town in the nineteenth century. The townsfolk, especially the high society, are agog over their new resident and look forward to a round of parties, receptions, and visits. Sir Edgar, however, turns out to be a recluse, and to the outrage of the townspeople, invites no one to his home except a small, shabby circus troupe which plays in the village square. Finally, he surprises the sulking villagers by inviting them all to a grand reception he is giving for his young nephew, Lord Barrat, just arrived from England. When the youth is presented to the guests, they eagerly imitate his foibles, which include dancing wildly about the ballroom floor and smashing champagne glasses after draining them. When the party is at its peak, Lord Barrat suddenly strips off his clothing, his wig, and his mask, and turns out to be the ape from the circus, who has been trained to imitate a human. He hops from one piece of furniture to another while the horrified guests cry "*Ein Aff, ein Aff*"—"An ape! An ape!" End of opera.

This curious plot gives Henze a wide latitude for musical expression. There are dance rhythms, march rhythms, circus rhythms—one of them lifted boldly from Mozart's *Abduction From the Seraglio*. The music manages to be at once raucous and subtle, with Henze artfully depicting the pomposity and pretentiousness of small-town society. The ensemble writing is delightful, with the whole town first turning out to welcome Sir Edgar, and then clustering about his house in indignation. There's a



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brassy circus sequence and a vivid ballroom scene, with the music becoming increasingly garish as the final disaster approaches. Over all hangs the torment of the ape himself, whose anguished cries as he is being beaten in preparation for his new role pervade the climactic scenes. Only a pair of lovers emerge as rather wooden figures, with a love duet whose conventionality is downright distressing. Perhaps Henze is better at setting human foibles to music than feelings.

The recording, which is by the cast of the original production by the Deutsche Oper of Berlin, is first-rate. Although the work is sung in German, a good many of the leading singers are American, as is attested by such names as Loren Driscoll, who performs the role of the ape; Barry McDaniel, who sings the part of Sir Edgar's secretary (Sir Edgar himself is a mute role, and isn't heard in the recording); and Vera Little, who plays Begonia, a Creole serving girl with piquant memories of days in Jamaica. Libretto and translation are provided, along with an elaborate brochure containing color photographs of the stage production.

The plot of Ginastera's *Bomarzo* is even more bizarre, and its music is uncompromisingly exploratory throughout, going beyond his earlier *Don Rodrigo* in that respect. It is the work of a composer who has spent almost fifteen years experimenting with sonority and who, at the age of fifty-two, clearly intends to continue. Its spectrum of sound is astonishing. Dissonances abound; quarter tones produce strange and piercing colorations; sighs, moans, and mutterings, rather than words, are emitted by the chorus; percussive effects range from tinkling bells to dull thuds. These sounds are eminently suited to accompany a stage portraiture that includes grim skeleton dances; distorting mirrors that spring to life; astrological ceremonies; visions of devils and various monsters; and a good deal of orgiastic dancing.

Yet for all its range in tonal scope, *Bomarzo* provides its singers with plenty of strong vocal music, clear in line, lyric in feeling, expressive in nature. The work opens, after a dark, rumbling, edge-of-the-abyss kind of orchestral prelude, with a little pastoral song in which a shepherd announces that for all his poverty he would not change places

with the wealthy but hunchbacked Duke. Two hours later, after the Duke has been tormented to death physically, spiritually, and morally, the opera closes with the shepherd lad singing the same simple song. It is a masterful stroke.

As original as are many of Ginastera's concepts and methods, there are echoes of earlier composers, notably the Debussy of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. He is particularly resourceful in his use of the chorus, which produces some straightforward, intricately textured singing, but which also echoes the derisive or demonic cries of various personages in the action, and which in an orgy scene is called upon to provide some unmistakably amatory sounds.

With its vivid stage action and its extensive use of dance, *Bomarzo* is largely a visual opera. Yet the recording (CBS 32-31-0006: three records, with Spanish-English libretto) certainly conveys the dramatic strength and nightmarish quality of the work. It is performed by virtually the same cast that appeared at its world premiere in Washington and its recent performance by the New York City Opera Company under Julius Rudel: Salvador Novoa, tenor, as the Duke; Richard Torigi, baritone, as the astrologer; Isabel Penagos, soprano, as the Duke's wife; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, as a courtesan who tries to reassure the Duke concerning his manhood; and Claramae Turner as Diana Orsini, the Duke's sympathetic grandmother — one of the most fully realized and beautifully sung roles in the recording.

Bomarzo has never been given in Argentina, being banned by the municipal authorities of Buenos Aires "because of its obsession with sex, violence, and hallucination," according to the official decree. Oddly, the novel from which the story is taken, by the Argentine poet Manuel Mujica Láinez, is freely sold in Buenos Aires and has won several literary prizes there. It will soon be published in an English translation.

Both Mujica Láinez and Ginastera came to New York in March to attend the rehearsals and performances of their work at the State Theater in Lincoln Center. Both gave lectures and demonstrations about *Bomarzo*; few operas in recent seasons have had musical circles so stirred up.

Mujica Láinez says he found his inspiration on a visit to Bomarzo,

near Viterbo in Italy, where an actual sixteenth-century duke built a garden full of grotesque stone monsters. To Ginastera, the story is a parable of modern man who, like the deformed Renaissance prince, is torn by his own doubts, fears, and subconscious instincts.

Ginastera, sober-looking, conservatively dressed, more of an Argentinian businessman than a composer in appearance, says he expects to go on writing even more advanced and adventurous music in the future. His third opera will be about another violent Italian family, the Cenci, which ought to provide a subject suitable to the most extreme musical techniques.

Ginastera believes that atonalism is becoming a kind of *lingua franca* of music, obliterating the distinctions between national styles — Italian, German, Russian, French — that marked nineteenth-century opera. "Distance is not measured in kilometers anymore, but in dollars," he said as we talked in his hotel room during an interval in the *Bomarzo* rehearsals. "The important thing is not how far a place is, but how much it costs to get there. Humanity is drawing closer together, and we are living in an epoch of constant change. Our music keeps changing too. As a composer I want to be more like Beethoven, who kept on changing his style throughout his life, than like Mozart, who did not. But it is a matter of changing gradually and out of spiritual necessity, not just to be *à la mode*."

Whether Beethoven's achievement or Mozart's represents a greater challenge to composers of today remains a debatable proposition; so, perhaps, does the contention that only atonalism offers a path toward the future. In Ginastera's case, spiritual necessity has produced a *Bomarzo*, in Henze's *Junge Lord*. Both pertain to our own times, and both are flourishing on the operatic stage. For the moment, perhaps that is enough.

Record Reviews

Bach: Complete Organ Music, Volume I
Lionel Rogg, organist; Epic B3C-166:
three records

This is a fine example of the textual perversity of record manufacturers. The extensive liner notes of this album are replete with standard

information about the music being played, but not a word about the performer, the type of organ being used, or the place of origin. Such information happens to be highly pertinent, for the playing is of an extraordinary quality. In fact, this is one of the noblest and most sensitive Bach organ albums to have appeared in years, with sound that is room-flooding without being overpowering. Actually, Lionel Rogg is Swiss by nationality, and the organ sounds more modern than baroque. Since this is to be the first of a series (welcome news!), Epic will have an opportunity to tell us more of this superb organist and his instrument. Included in this album are such works as the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor and the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

Britten: A Charm of Lullabies

Maureen Forrester, alto, with John Newmark, pianist; Westminster WST-17137

One danger of a lullaby record is that it may well put a listener to sleep. This collection by Maureen Forrester does no such thing. In addition to the cycle of five Britten songs which provides the title, the record includes lullabies by a half dozen other composers, in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English. All are sung with limpid freshness by the warm-voiced Miss Forrester. There's plenty of variety before she reaches the climactic and inevitable Brahms Lullaby, but a couple of unexpected delights are a French Languedoc doll song by one Déodat de Severac, and a charming Berceuse by, of all people, Charles Ives. There are twenty-two songs altogether, and never a yawn among them.

Gay: The Beggar's Opera

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting Elsie Morison and Monica Sinclair, sopranos; John Cameron, baritone; Owen Brannigan, bass; and actors of Old Vic Company; Seraphim SIB-6023: two records

When the London theater-owner John Rich put on John Gay's *Beggar's Opera* in 1728, the saying ran that the success of the work had made Gay rich and Rich gay. It has been providing at least gaiety ever since, and it continues to do so in this stimulating recording. The presence of an Old Vic speaking cast provides a ripe theatrical atmosphere, and the singers more

than match them in gusto. The saga of Polly Peachum and her MacHeath had a good deal of sharpness even in the pre-Brecht era, and its songs are tasty, if a bit repetitious. There's plenty of fun in this album, and some lusty, understandable English.

Strauss: Elektra

Georg Solti conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Birgit Nilsson and Marie Collier, sopranos; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; Gerhard Stolze, tenor; Tom Krause, bass; and others; London OSA-1269: two records

Birgit Nilsson's inability to achieve quite the same electrifying effect on records that she produces in the opera house remains a puzzlement. This recording has plenty of musical thrust and intensity, and a couple of harrowing screams at the right moments. Yet it remains only an approximation of what Miss Nilsson accomplishes when she sings the part of Agamemnon's daughter on the Metropolitan Opera stage. Regina Resnik is a stalwart Klytemnestra, and the London engineers pour on the sound. Yet the best advice remains for anyone wishing to experience the excitement of a Nilsson Elektra at the Met: buy a ticket.

Satie: Piano Music, Volume II

Aldo Ciccolini, pianist; Angel S-36459

The piano music of Erik Satie, brisk, brusque, and altogether bracing, occupies a world of its own, and Aldo Ciccolini inhabits it gracefully. The titles should suffice to give an idea of these comic, satiric, and derisive pieces — "The Eccentric Beauty," "Automatic Descriptions," "Veritable Flabby Preludes (for a Dog)," "Unpleasant Glimpses," and the like. Ciccolini has demonstrated his flair for such pieces with a previous record, and in this new collection his touch is as sure as ever. Chopin preludes they're not, but we all need a change of pace from time to time.

Portugal's Golden Age: Classical Music of the Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries

Ruggiero Gerlin, harpsichord; Geraint Jones, organist; Gulbenkian Foundation Chamber Orchestra and Chorus; Mercury SR-4-9122: four records

This album lifts a curtain on a musical tradition hitherto largely unknown. The Gulbenkian Foundation of Portugal has sponsored re-

search into the country's musical past and come up with a fair amount of intriguing material. Especially noteworthy are several motets by one Pedro de Cristo, and a perky, prickly organ toccata by "Brother Jacinto," whoever he may have been. And a composer named Carlos Seixas, whose works run throughout the album, approaches major stature. A good share of the music is thoroughly conventional and uninspired, but some of these ancient Portuguese worthies wrote pieces that can freshen up a jaded musical palate.

An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music

W. H. Auden, reader, with Noah Greenberg conducting New York Pro Musica Antiqua; Odyssey 32-16-0171

Words and music have seldom been blended more fascinatingly than on this record, made in 1954, and now rereleased on the low-price Odyssey label. The British poet W. H. Auden reads poems by Ben Jonson, Thomas Campion, Edmund Spenser, and others, and each verse is followed by a musical setting exquisitely performed by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua. Most magnificent of all is a setting by Thomas Tomkins from the biblical Book of Samuel, "When David heard that Absalom was slain." Tomkins' intertwining musical lamentations on the words "Absalom, my son, my son" are unforgettably moving, and demonstrate that Elizabethan composers were as capable of intense musical expression as any who came after them.

The Godfrey Cambridge Show

Godfrey Cambridge, comedian; Epic FLS-15115

Godfrey Cambridge is a Negro comedian who uses a scalpel rather than a meat-ax to score his points on racial as well as other matters. In addition, when he's at his most serious he's also at his funniest. For example, a sequence in which he dolefully wonders why Negroes score so low in nonviolent crimes: embezzlement, tax evasion, art forgery, to name three. Now, those are crimes for which he'd like to see some racial equality, he says. Virtually all of the record is both shrewd and entertaining, its only drawback being the annoyingly hysterical live audience at the Las Vegas nightclub where the recording was made.

books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks



JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH has never lost much sleep over tradition. At Harvard his appointment was opposed on the ground that he had departed from what was known in the Yard as "Taussig Economics," as indeed he had when, with young economists here and in England, he saw the light generated by John Maynard Keynes. In Europe at the war's end he made himself quite unpopular with other members of the commission to assess the bomb damage by repeatedly questioning the claims of our precision bombers. Now in his short novel *THE TRIUMPH* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) it is quickly apparent that he has less than reverence for the men and methods wherewith the State Department pursues its devious policy of foreign aid. That policy, so bounteously endorsed by John Foster Dulles in his day, proffers hardware and cash to any government pledged to be on our side and against Communism. Embarrassment arises when a Latin-American dictator who has used our gifts to feather his own nest is about to be dethroned by a Yale-educated liberal promising democratic reforms but bringing with him, in addition to the support of the military junta, some associates who may or may not have leanings toward Communism. This is the situation with which Galbraith opens *The Triumph*, and let me say at once that the novel is more authoritative and vastly more entertaining than Henry Adams' *Democracy*.

The country under review is the Central American republic of Puerto Santos, long ruled by the dictator Luis Martínez, who is as unscrupulous as they come. In his prime he was a woman-eater, preferably having a different one every afternoon; he was also profuse in adopting the suggestions that came down from the Good Neighbor: an experimental farm, new housing for the peons (begun but never finished), new boulevards (ditto), a dreadful non-functioning hotel for tourists. He even sent his son and heir to study at Ann Arbor. Such new business as ventured into Puerto Santos — cigarettes, Coca-Cola, the Latin-American edition of *Time* — he shared in. Now grown old and weary, Luis Martínez has been reduced to one mistress, but he is still demanding — "every time Pethwick has seen Martínez in the past two years it has cost us another \$5 mil-

lion," one official remarks, and this is the way the State Department, as represented by G. Worth Campbell, the Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, would prefer to have it rather than risk an overthrow. It comes as no great surprise to Luis when his generals ease him out and on his way to Lisbon, but it is a disagreeable shock to Pethwick, the American ambassador who has mollified his superiors in Washington with reassurance that Martínez would ride out the storm.

The improvisations of the new ruler, Miró (who must improvise since Martínez has cleaned out the treasury), the "watchful waiting" in Washington, the statecraft of the imperturbable Worth Campbell, the vague testimony before Congress, and the anything but vague tactics of young Martínez when he makes his move from the University of Michigan Galbraith relates with an ironic relish which makes me laugh. The full-dress review in Worth Campbell's office is enlivened by such thinking as this from the representative of the Joint Staff that the "bombing was now designed not to keep the Communists out of the capital city but to keep them in. It would need to be combined, they recognized, with maximum emphasis on winning the hearts and minds of the people." Sure, these people, many of them, are types and predictable, but what sets this novel apart from the fat cats we have had about our national Capital is Galbraith's irreverence, his cool wit, and his perception of policy-making which only an insider could gibe at so effectually.

The scarlet cloak

It used to be said that no book about Napoleon or Abraham Lincoln, even a mediocre one, could fail to find an audience. If Julius Caesar has a lower rating in hero worship, it is because we know less about him and he is too distant for us to feel his warmth. The blanks in his career as much as the written record have given poetic license to Shakespeare, Shaw, and Wilder to dramatize the Caesar of their imagining; the protagonist in *THEODORE H. WHITE'S* essay-melodrama *CAESAR AT THE RUBICON* (Atheneum, \$5.00) is more merciful than any other I have seen, though no less ambitious.

This is the story of the political

man who dwelt within the conqueror and who might ultimately have subdued the soldier had Rome given him the chance. In a lucid, knowledgeable prologue, Mr. White sets the stage: at the age of fifty-two and at the head of the most powerful army in the world, Caesar has paused at Ravenna, on the bank of the Rubicon, on his way home after nine years of fighting. His bloody triumphs in Gaul, against the Germanic tribes, and in Britain have leaned him; he no longer craves women; the tenderness in him shows in acts of unorthodox mercy toward his captives. For his veterans he wants land and the right to vote in the Assembly; for himself and his chief of staff, Titus Labienus, the chance to stand for the consulships when his command expires March 1. He has only one legion with him — the 13th — but a system of beacons he learned from the Gauls can alert or recall the army in a few days. So the three-act play begins.

But Rome, grown rich and corrupt with his spoils, is no longer for his bidding, and his Intelligence knows it: Antony and Balbus have come to tell Caesar that if he puts off his scarlet cloak and comes to Rome as a citizen, as the law decrees he must, the Senate will try him and pick him clean. When Caesar's appeals to Cato and Pompey are rejected, he is faced with the final choice of civil disobedience, and the risk of pitting legion against legion in civil war, or of surrendering himself to the mercy of his enemies. If he defies the Law, what will become of the Republic, and of the reforms which he had hoped to enforce? In his uncertainty he awaits a sign from the gods or a compromise from the Senate.

What we are asked to judge then is a play and the historical essay which precedes and completes it. I know from experience how compulsive a great actor can make a script, and I can imagine that if Paul Scofield were to play the part of Mr. White's Caesar, we would soon be under his spell. The action takes place in Caesar's headquarters with the trophies of his conquest on the walls; and with scenery by Oliver Smith and skillful lighting — lighting which will eventually reflect the beacons that call to arms — this would be a memorable forum for men in rage.

Were I a director the scene which

would trouble me most is the opening of Act Two when Caesar, thinking to placate the gods, impulsively decides to wash the feet of Vercingetorix, his prize captive. The huge blond prisoner is hobbled, with hands locked in a wooden bar, but not enough to prevent a tussle in which Caesar loses his robe and might have lost his life. This would be hard to play. The big scene is the explosion when Labienus realizes that Caesar has gone behind his back to alert the march on Rome. "I am not a fool behind whose back a little boy is sent to mobilize my legions on the Rhone," he thunders, and Caesar interrupts: "Not your legions, Labienus — Caesar's legions!"

The prose finds me where the play does not, and what Mr. White relates in the afterword, more poignant than anything in the play, is Caesar's isolation as he destroys his enemies and with them the Republic. Caesar may not have wished to be a god, as the author suggests, and when he donned the purple his decrees did gain him immortality but at the cost of liberty. This book, the May selection of the Literary Guild, springs from the political authority and the anxiety of the author at a time when the growth of executive power in our republic has been of increasing concern to us all.

Durrell's black humor

Seven years have elapsed since LAWRENCE DURRELL's last novel, and I had happily forgotten how hard he makes the reader work. He throws at your head characters with cockeyed names and little or no identification; words like "pogon," "konx," "parahelion," some of his own invention, some that can't be run down in Webster's; puns ("for better or for hearse," "Is there a life beyond the gravy?"); perversities; doggerel; dead bodies unaccounted for; and an assortment of compliant women each stranger than the last. In this maze the reader is expected to find his own way; some do and some give up. I made four different attempts to orient myself in TUNC (Dutton, \$6.95), and each time gave up in the neighborhood of page 80, in the midst of a long lecture, spoken at the Parthenon to some sophisticated Athenians by an architect named Caradoc. His remarks were

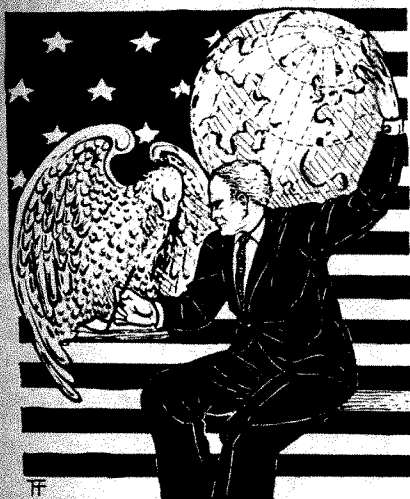
probably intended as a parody but, heaven knows, they are dull enough in themselves.

But on the fifth try I made it. I escaped from the Athenians, and in the more savory murk of Istanbul I at last began to fit the pieces together. The hero is a gifted, impetuous inventor, Felix Charlock. He has artificial diamonds and other salable projects in the back of his mind, but at the moment he is carrying about the equipment for a giant memory bank, a computer he calls Abel (for some time I thought Abel was a slave), an invention which has been spied on and greatly desired by Merlin, Ltd., an international holding company which for no good reason has a large office in Turkey. Felix has an undeniable way with him, and Merlin's wants him in the firm; when he hesitates over signing the papers, the beautiful Benedicta, Merlin's daughter, is sent to complete the transaction.

Benedicta is alluring and so eccentric that she has to go to Switzerland for prolonged treatments. She has scads of money, which she spends in an imperious way that adds to Felix's infatuation. Despite his protests, she wills him half her fortune as part of the marriage contract; she is in short the bitch goddess, success. This is the story of the corruption of a pure scientist for commercial purposes, but the novelist warns us that Benedicta is an unwilling party to the plot. ("I only really loved you when I thought you were determined to be free from the firm." . . . "But," Felix retorts, "you made me sign on, Benedicta. It was you who insisted, remember?")

This Englishman can write like the best of them when he tries. His description of the Bosphorus at sunset is brilliant. His characterization of Shadbolt, one of the five solicitors of the firm, as he prepares the marriage contract, is a little gem: "A heavy-breathing slothful little man with plum-colored countenance, whose spectacles were attached to his lapel by a heavy black ribbon. When he put them on he did so reverently, as if he were in mourning, Voice of an old bugle full of spit." But he loves to show off, and since readers have encouraged him to do so for this long, why should he do otherwise? This novel from its leer-ing title to the close is too often the work of a lazy satyr.

Reader's Choice by Oscar Handlin



Among the failings of United States foreign policy in the last half century was the tendency to formulate objectives in sweeping, universal terms. Partly, no doubt, because American statesmen had to justify their decisions to a democratic electorate, they were inclined to describe wars as crusades and to promise extraordinary redeeming results from every resort to arms. Since those promises could not be fulfilled, periods of painful disillusion alternated with those of extravagant hope.

It is therefore encouraging to observe a great change in this respect among American policy-makers. Whatever their other shortcomings might be, those charged with the conduct of our diplomacy in the past eight years have made no extravagant claims and conjured up no illusions. Their moderation reflects the awareness that the use of power has both limits and responsibilities.

GEORGE W. BALL in **THE DISCIPLINE OF POWER** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.50) illustrates the developing maturity of American views of foreign policy. Ball was Undersecretary of State for six critical years during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. His thoughtful analysis is a humane and realistic appraisal of the world today and of what it would take to develop a structure conducive to peace.

Ball's analysis is informed by a sense of the precariousness of life in the 1960s. He has been close enough to power to know how easily the Stone Age could return on the wings of science. The present differs

from the past in scale; everything is radically nearer, swifter, and more distinctive. Military and industrial force has become so massive that it can be effectively mobilized only in large units; and the states thus organized must learn to accept the discipline that their size and their strength impose on them. Yet Ball is also a realist who knows that no retreat to isolation is possible for the United States. The nation must therefore unceasingly reassess its situation to be sure that it can use its power and use it well.

Today's problems are the product of yesterday's successes. The containment policy of the post-war decades was static and defensive. But it kept us alive and checkmated Soviet power. We bought time on the assumption that the tides of history were with us, but now, Ball argues, it is necessary to move toward a more durable formula for easing world tensions.

He calls for modernization of the political structure of Europe. He sees the necessity of creating in Western Europe an entity that will be capable of mobilizing the resources of the Continent to serve its own resources. The European Coal and Steel Community and the Common Market were first steps. The men who planned those institutions anticipated that they would lead to closer political ties and ultimately to a European parliament. Ball desires the prompt implementation of that intention. To that end, it is desirable that Britain become a part of Europe. It has already set out on that course by surrendering the relics of its imperial past. It should, in addition, dissolve those elements of special relationships with the United States which in the past impeded adherence to the Common Market.

The unity of Europe would make possible a common effort to meet the needs of the Continent and would also permit it to play an appropriate part in world affairs. Only in this context will it be possible to approach a reunification of Germany which would neither threaten the Soviet Union nor be a danger to the neighbors of a revived Reich. The existence of a truly independent Europe would further the détente between the East and West; its developing trade with the U.S.S.R. would increase contacts and help dismantle the Iron Curtain. Europe

could also take a more forceful part in aid to the underdeveloped countries. United, it would be able to play a constructive role in areas like Africa with which it had historic connections.

Union would also be a help to the United States. Europe would then cease to be a subservient instrument of the cold war and become capable of entering as an equal into an Atlantic partnership. "Until Europe knows the reality of roughly equivalent power, Europeans will never risk the full acceptance of a partnership relation." Only when Europe as a whole is strong enough to protect its own interests will it make sense to build more comprehensive institutions for European-American cooperation.

Europe remains central to Ball's thinking, and properly so, because that is where the weight of military and industrial power outside the United States and the Soviet Union still lies. Yet Ball envisions a comparable pattern of adjustment in Asia. He would like to see Japan assume a much wider role, commensurate with its potential strength, and he hopes that new regional arrangements will relieve the United States of its present security obligations in that region. We need not "permanently maintain our presence in the Far East at anything like the present level. It is sound policy to encourage the Asian people to form regional groupings and to learn to work together for their common economic good."

Vietnam, in this perspective, seems almost incidental. It is true that Ball wrote before the Tet offensive and may therefore have exaggerated the degree of progress in pacification; and he certainly overestimated the value of the electronic barrier that was to have sealed off the northern frontier. But his comments still have relevance.

Ball was always against bombing the North and was an advocate of a moderate policy in Vietnam. He nevertheless understands the purpose of the American presence in Vietnam. "The lines enclosing Communist power were determined pragmatically by the play of force and counterforce, but now they have been sanctified by a whole series of security assurances of varying degrees of dignity." One of those lines ran across Vietnam, and the threat to it was a threat to the

whole system. As a result, simple withdrawal is impossible.

More important than the rehearsal of past mistakes is the ability to learn from them in order to avoid comparable errors in the future. Ball suggests more forethought and hesitation. Yet he is aware that every situation is complex, that no course is free of risks, and that hard choices are always necessary. He offers no easy formula for success, only a set of helpful guidelines for picking our way through the perils of the future.

Among the nations

S. Y. AGNON was scarcely known outside Israel when he won the 1966 Nobel Prize for Literature. In this case the award was not simply a token of recognition for the literature of a small nation; it went to a man of genuine genius whose merit was not widely perceived because few outside his country could read his writings.

A GUEST FOR THE NIGHT (Schocken Books, \$6.95) is the most important of Agnon's novels thus far to be made available in English. The translation is good, although it cannot convey the full flavor of the religious overtones of the original. The book does give outsiders an adequate basis for judging the merit of a writer who can be measured by the standards of world literature.

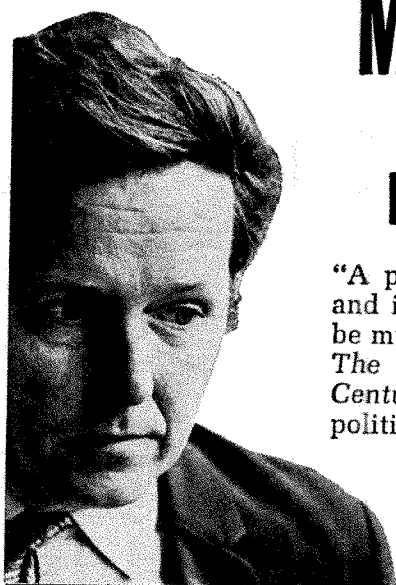
A Guest for the Night, which was originally written before World War II, is partly autobiographical, and it is rich in realistic detail. The precise and sympathetic portrayal of people and places vividly re-creates the world of Eastern European Jewry as it existed in the 1920s.

But the novel is more than a story. Agnon never escapes the awareness that there is a religious denotation to the word "writer" and thus to his profession; and he imparts almost a sacred quality to the language he uses. The result is a prose that is often lyrical and always deeply moving, as if the words were put into his mouth by God. In addition Agnon weaves into his narrative parables, dreams, legends, and stories that give full scope to the play of his imagination without diminishing the realism of the book as a whole. There is also a good deal of symbolism in the writing.

The plot itself has two levels of symbolic meaning. On the more

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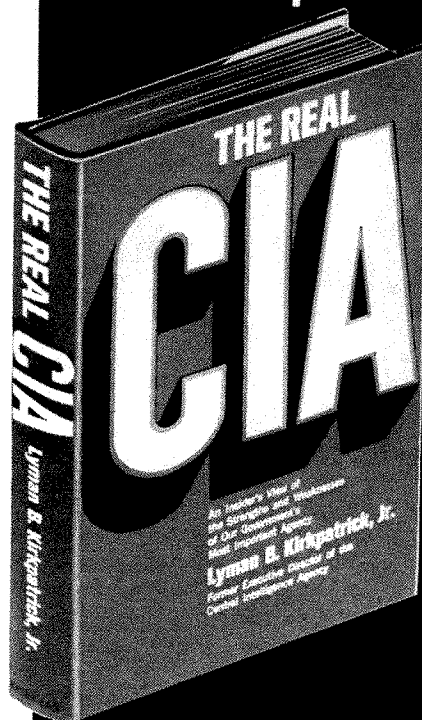
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literal level, the guest for the night is a man who comes back for a year from Palestine to the place of his birth in Poland. But the guest can also be understood as Israel, which passes fleetingly through the history of the nations. While the story has a particular setting, it also has a universal connotation.

The protagonist returns from the Holy Land to the village of his birth in Poland just after the disasters of World War I and of the pogroms which followed it. The survivors in Szibucz remain alive only to undergo fresh tribulations. Some of them migrate to America and "to other countries where even Adam never set foot." There they become like the mud of the street, which every passerby wipes off his boots. Among those who stay, faith has drained away. Like Daniel Bach, they are skeptics who no longer know the meaning of "the sanctities, the sanctity of life, and the sanctity of labor, and the sanctity of death," about which the teachers preach. Others engage in petty wrangling over the details of life.

The guest alone cares about the past of the town, and he therefore receives the key to the house of study in which are kept the books of traditional wisdom. When he loses the key, he has a new one made, for it is important to him to be able to resort to the place of study. There, as the days go by, he recalls his own childhood and unravels the characters of the people of the place. Toward the end he visits the old graveyard where are entombed the great men "who glorified our town with their learning and revealed its merits to the world."

All this he discovers has little meaning for most of the young people in the village. "Babtchi, the innkeeper's eldest child, has her hair cut like a boy's, wears a leather jacket, and is never without a cigarette in her mouth. She behaves like the young men, and not like the best but like the worst of them." Rachael, whose whole life was an exception, stands apart. But even she asks, "Why should I take on myself the burden of past generations? Let past generations look after themselves and my generation look after itself. Just as the generations before me lived in their own way, so my generation lives in its

own way." And she marries not the intended of her father's choice, but Yeruham Freeman, a road mender and a Communist.

When it comes time for the guest to depart, he bestows the key he had made upon the newly born son of Rachael and Yeruham. Agnon thereby expresses symbolically his compassion for the world Israel is about to quit. True, the old town and the old learning will never again become alive. The sojourner can only hope that the new society which will rise in the same place will learn to understand the tradition it once sheltered. Yet when the guest returns to Palestine, he discovers that the old key, which he thought he had lost, is still with him. Agnon thus expresses the hope that in the new land there will be a place for the old tradition.

The basic tone of the book is thus optimistic. It does not minimize the tragic quality of Jewish life in Eastern Europe. Nevertheless it voices the fervent belief that the presence of this guest among the nations will eventually be felt, both in the land which temporarily sheltered him and in that to which he ultimately returns.

The end of Europe

Since early in the nineteenth century Americans, like Englishmen, have been fascinated by the society and culture of Spain. That country seemed to mark the borderland beyond which European civilization failed to take hold. To Protestants, rationalists, and liberal democrats, Spain seemed more alien than Italy or the Slavic East, partly no doubt because in the nineteenth century it seemed to reject the dominant economic forces that were transforming the rest of the continent. Here an earlier, more primitive—perhaps more authentic—style of life resisted industrialization and urbanization with all their monotony and uniformity.

JAMES A. MICHENER's first visit to Spain was as a boy when he shipped on a freighter that carried oranges to the marmalade factories of Scotland. He has traveled repeatedly through the country, and his book *IBERIA: SPANISH TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS* (Random House, \$10.00) sums up the observations of four decades. Yet it is more than a travelogue; it incorporates



the author's continuing search for the mystic or romantic aspects of life.

Iberia begins with a series of speculations. Why was Spain not altogether a part of Europe? Why in 1492 did it reverse the pattern of ethnic tolerance which had earlier been characteristic of its society? What accounts for its regionalism, for the inability to industrialize, for the role of the Church, and for the mystical strains that run through much of Spanish culture?

The book does not attempt to answer these questions systematically, although it draws together much relevant material. Michener describes a series of visits to Badajoz, Toledo, Córdoba, Seville, and other cities. In each, the observer's vision takes in both people and places; and he describes what he sees with sympathy. Tucked in among the anecdotes and the personal narratives are bits of history, discussions of art, music, and literature, and reactions to the natural landscape. Each place visited becomes a stimulus to elaborate but interesting digressions, on Seneca as a philosopher, on the flight of the storks and other birds in their migration to and from Africa, on publishing and popular literature, on rounds of festivals, and on politics. The book darts off into a biography of St. Theresa or of the lecherous Isabel II. It recounts the Don Juan legend and catalogues the paintings in the Prado. It is therefore neither coherent nor analytical. But it is unfailingly interesting. Michener does not resolve the speculations with which he began. But he introduces the reader to a civilization which is not quite identical with his own.

Tales of three cities

VIÑA DELMAR'S *THE BECKER SCANDAL* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75) is an interesting evocation of a criminal case that rocked New York City in 1912. Herman Rosenthal, a fashionable gambler, charged Lieutenant Becker of the police vice squad with being first his partner and then his blackmailer. The day before Rosenthal was to have testified before the Grand Jury, he was murdered. Lieutenant Becker was accused of the crime and ultimately convicted and executed. In the process the unsavory aspects of

New York life were uncovered, and District Attorney Whitman earned a reputation that took him to the governorship. The scandal rocked the whole city.

Viña Delmar tells the story as it intersected the life of her own family. Her actor father was one of Rosenthal's friends, raised in the same slum neighborhood. Her mother, aspiring to respectability, disliked the gambler and therefore refused to believe in Becker's guilt. The story, skillfully told as seen by an adolescent girl, blends the personal conflict of man and wife with the political ramifications of the murder and trial.

Somewhat less than a year after Rosenthal was shot, fourteen-year-old Mary Phagan was murdered in Atlanta. Leo Frank, the Jewish superintendent of the factory in which she worked, was tried and convicted of the crime. The anti-Semitism responsible for the verdict induced the governor to commute the sentence to life imprisonment, but shortly thereafter Frank was abducted from the jail and lynched.

LEONARD DINNERSTEIN'S *THE LEO FRANK CASE* (Columbia University Press, \$6.95) is a meticulous study of the incident, grounded upon a careful examination of the documents. It reveals the deficiencies of the judicial system, the effects of passion, and the corrupting results of violence. It also shows the connection between this case and the founding of the Ku Klux Klan shortly thereafter.

Two years before the Becker case broke, Tom Pendergast took control of the ward organization his brother had built in Kansas City. Tom extended the influence of the machine to the whole county, which he thereafter ruled for a quarter of a century. LYLE W. DORSETT IN *THE PENDERGAST MACHINE* (Oxford University Press, \$6.00) gives us a competent history of the Pendergasts and of boss rule in the environment from which Harry Truman climbed to the presidency.

All three of these books treat the disorders of American urban life early in the twentieth century. Yet curiously, none of them says much about the cities themselves. Who were the 150,000 Atlantans who came gleefully to look at Frank's corpse? Who patronized Rosenthal's tables? Who filled the ranks of the Pendergast ward organization? Such questions still call for answers.



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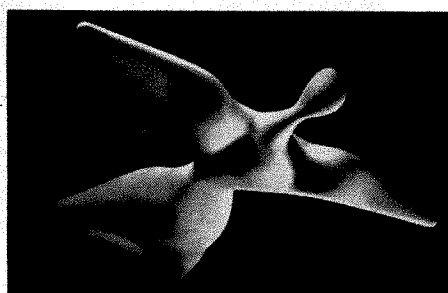
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"Whatever we do," ISAMU NOGUCHI observes in *A SCULPTOR'S WORLD* (Harper & Row, \$20.00), "we end up with ourselves, no better, no worse." This belief accounts, in an oblique way, for both the considerable merits and the exasperating omissions of Mr. Noguchi's venture into something resembling autobiography. It has not occurred to him that writing, an accretion of words building up meaning as a coral reef builds up from the sea bottom, is not the same process as knocking off chips of stone to reveal one of many possible shapes. Mr. Noguchi writes of action, tools, the working qualities of clay and granite, the differences between a piece which makes a hole in space and one which encloses space, one which sits on ground and one which floats in air. He seldom offers reasons other than availability or novelty for the choice of one material or objective over another, and makes no attempt to relate the events of his life to the remarkable variety of styles in which he has worked. As a history of work done and methods used, the book is unusual and highly interesting. One must be grateful for it, but it nags at the mind by raising questions that the author does not answer. Behind the abstraction and cool practicality of Mr. Noguchi's prose one detects, or seems to detect, the presence of a quite different person—a demonically energetic basher and hewer, a hotheaded experimenter, a man of odd history, wide travel, interesting acquaintance, and a certain gift for high-minded imbroglia. Mr. Noguchi refuses to introduce this fellow.

It is astonishing that any author should assume the possibility of arousing general interest in the history, recent changes, and current condition of a remote farming dis-

trict in Connecticut, and more astonishing that in *THE CHANGING LANDSCAPE* (Oxford University Press, \$5.00), CHRISTOPHER RAND has succeeded with the project.

There was a Laurel and Hardy film in which they tripped on a wintry mountain and became incorporated in a snowball which grew larger, faster, and funnier as it rolled and bounced down what was, to judge from the length of the trip, a moderate alp. When the snowball finally hit a tree and burst, it disgorged Laurel, Hardy, and an unforeseen but obviously disgruntled bear. This is the trick in GEORGE DEAUX's novel, *SUPERWORM* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.50). It starts out in a barbershop with a scene of such hilarious satirical lunacy that even while laughing one cringes from the inevitable letdown, for the author cannot possibly keep up this pace. So much for prophecy. He does keep it up. He even increases it by adding matters of sober public concern to what began as the slapstick nervous breakdown of a history professor. Professor Flowers, a nice man but mad, has assumed home-dyed black underwear and the title of Superworm and proposes to correct all the abominations of modern society. Flowers is improbable, to put it gently, but the abominations are real. Mr. Deaux has got a live and nasty bear wrapped up in that snowball, and its emergence brings a chill of belief. This is a very funny, very clever, savagely pessimistic book.

BABELTOBYZANTIUM (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95) assembles ten years of criticism by James Dickey, as shrewd, versatile, learned, and sympathetic a poet as ever discussed his art and his colleagues.

TOM STOPPARD, author of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, has written a first novel called *LORD MALQUIST & MR. MOON* (Knopf, \$4.95). He is quoted as maintaining that the book is not a fantasy because "everything in it is possible." It is true that bankrupt noblemen, homemade bombs, persons who believe themselves to be the Risen Christ, shooting unnoticed by the neighbors, and urban Europeans who dress up as cowpunchers are all individually

possible, but when the lot of them converge in a single book, the result looks too like fantasy to be considered anything else. The story is told in a variety of styles, Pepysian, Boswellian, Heyer Regency (pastiche of a pastiche—how far can this game go?), and Victorian romantic being the most obvious. These tricks are held together by perfectly good modern prose and are used, with amusing ingenuity, to convey the visions that the principal characters see of themselves. The plot is merely the sad adventures of Mr. Moon, gentle victim of a disorderly world. Since the background of the ruckus seems to be Churchill's funeral, one is tempted to assume that Mr. Stoppard laments the passing of certain antique virtues, but the action and attendant symbolic decorations are so ambiguous that he may instead be celebrating the birth of some new freedom. This uncertainty does not matter much, for the interest of the book lies primarily in Mr. Stoppard's capacity for inventing unexpected but perversely logical episodes.

STEFAN THEMERSON'S *TOM HARRIS* (Knopf, \$5.95) is another meaningful fantasy. It starts out like a thriller, with a nameless narrator scrabbling together old clues and gossip about what may or may not have been a murder. After this promising beginning, the book drifts into philosophizing about life and society and personal identity and what is called the generation gap (one feels these words should all be capitalized) and a general portentiousness. All these matters finally arrive at stagnation rather than conclusion. It is disconcerting to start with Wilkie Collins and end with an unfunny Nichols and May act.

Fearing that it may naturally attract only meditative vegetarians, I want to recommend *THE YOGI COOK BOOK* (Crown, \$3.50), by YOGI VITHALDAS and SUSAN ROBERTS. It is full of delightful oddities and should beguile even entrenched curry haters.

ONE FOR THE DEVIL (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) is a sequel to *Seven Days at the Silbersteins*, and like that earlier novel by ETIENNE LEROUX, it is a fantastic parable of social and religious decay, so intricately constructed that serious purpose disappears under rococo ornament.

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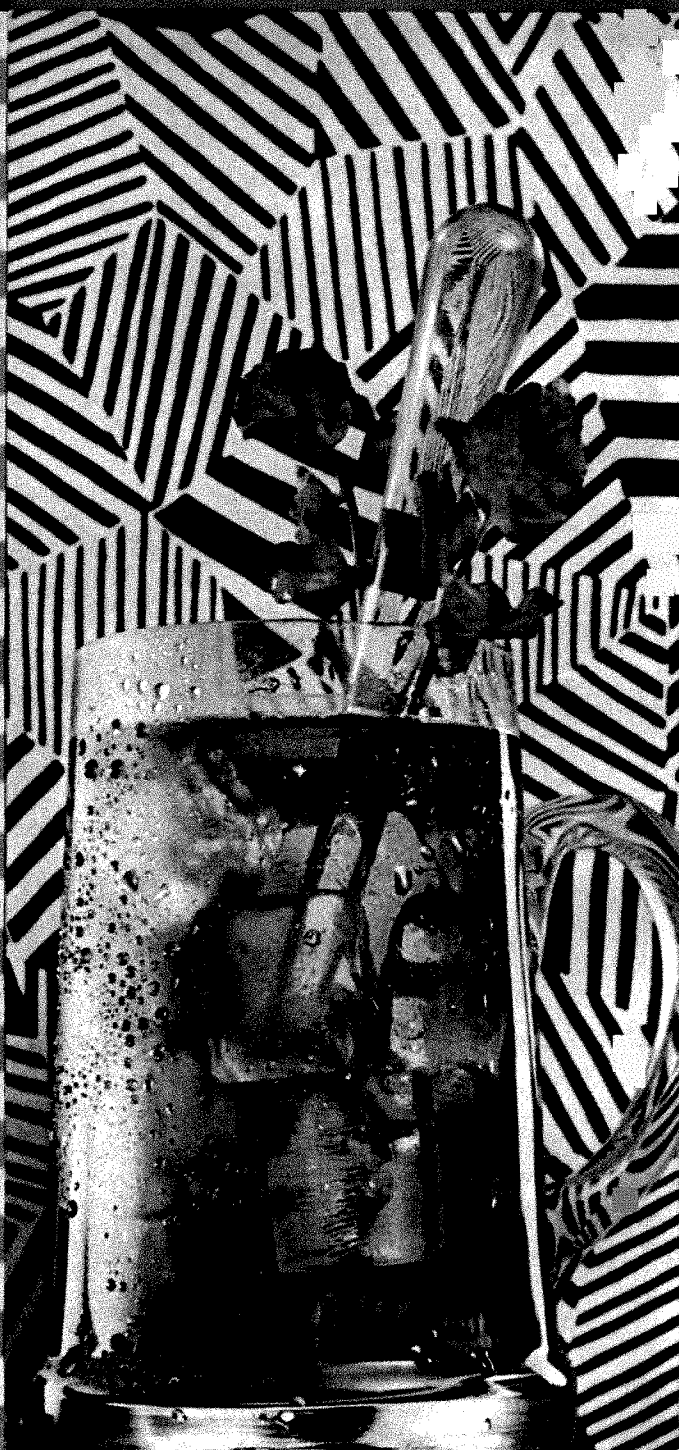
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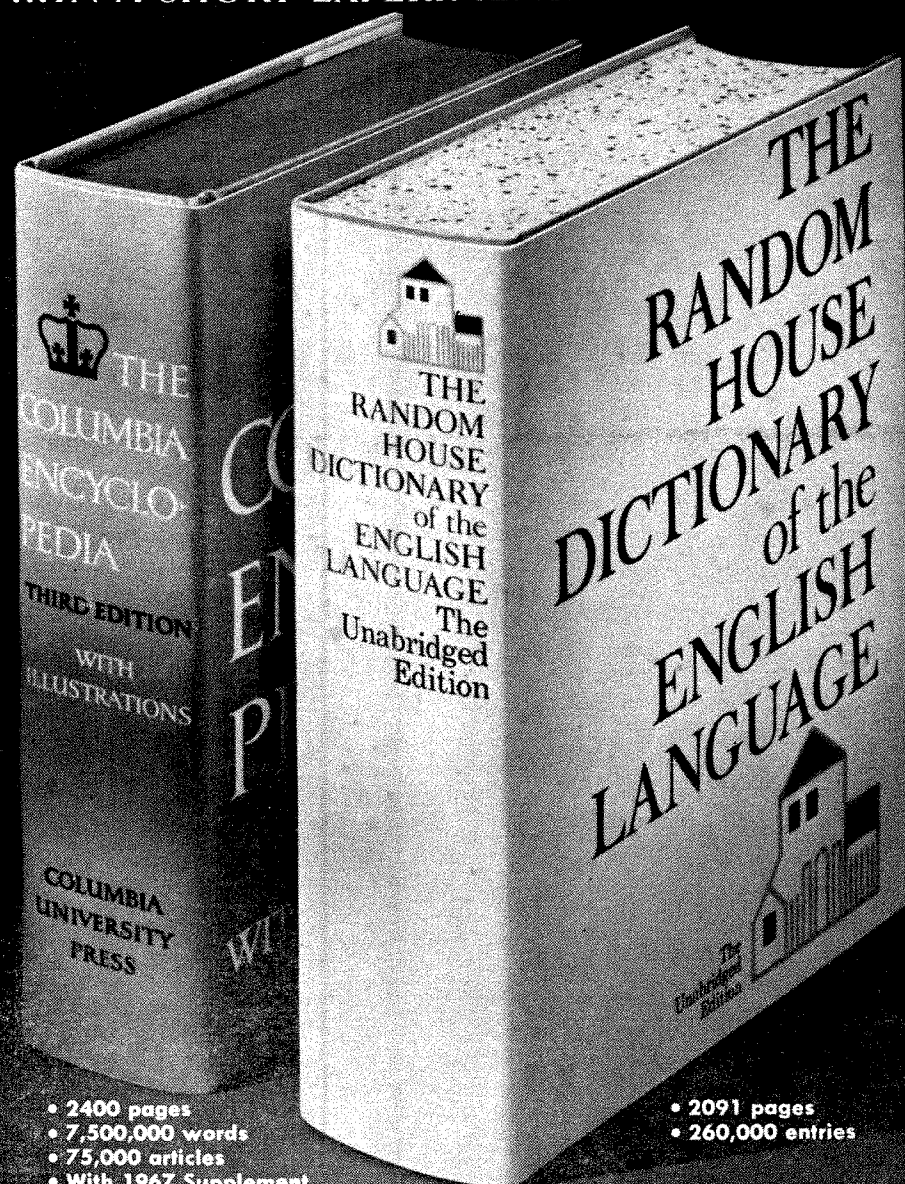
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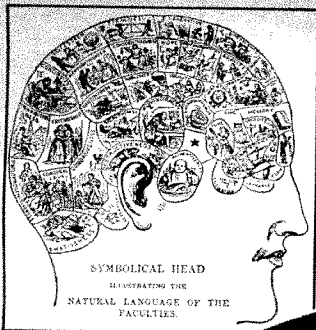
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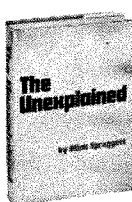
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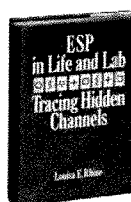
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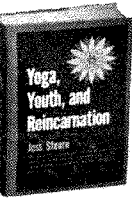
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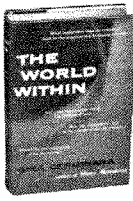
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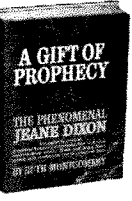
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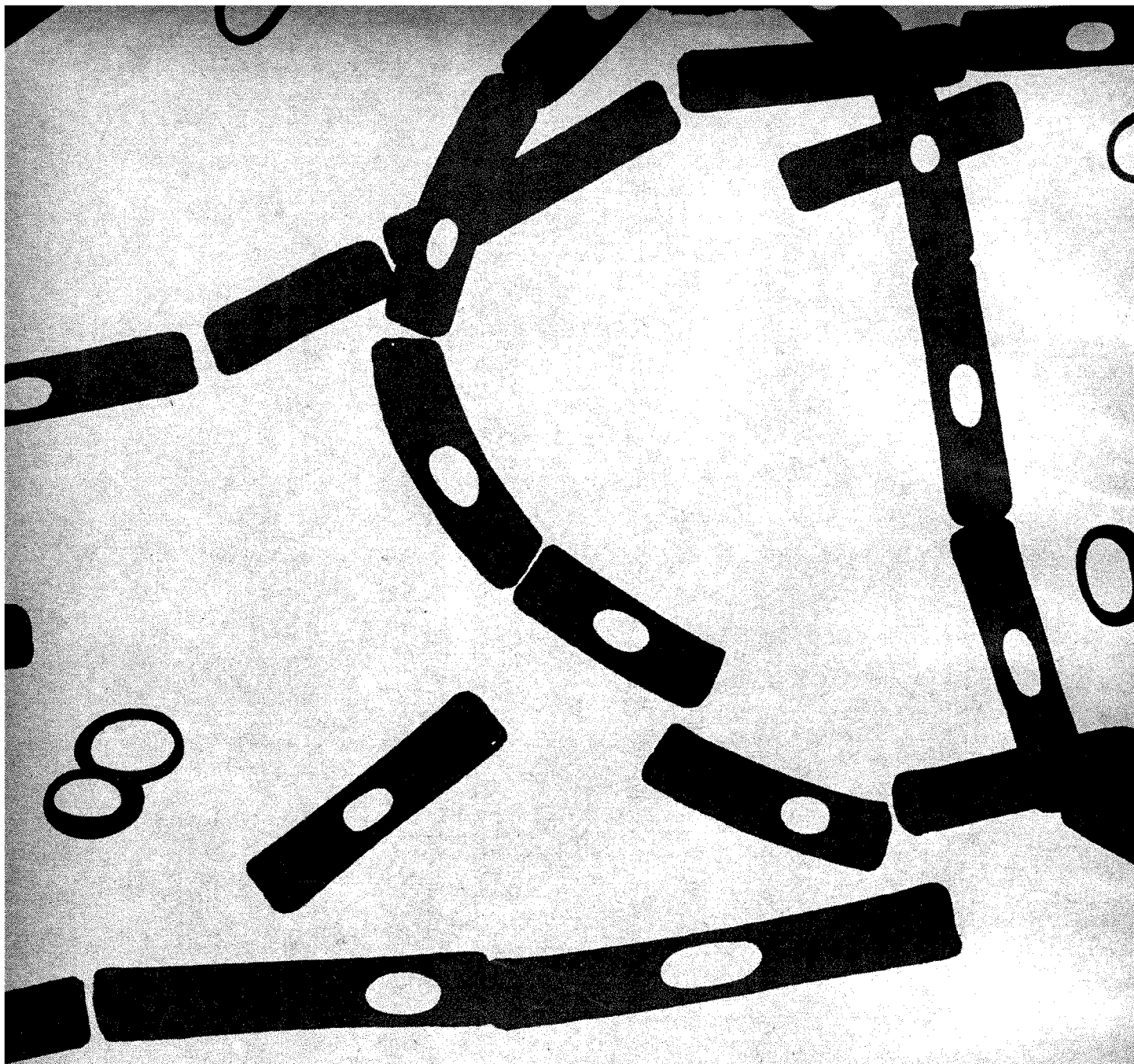
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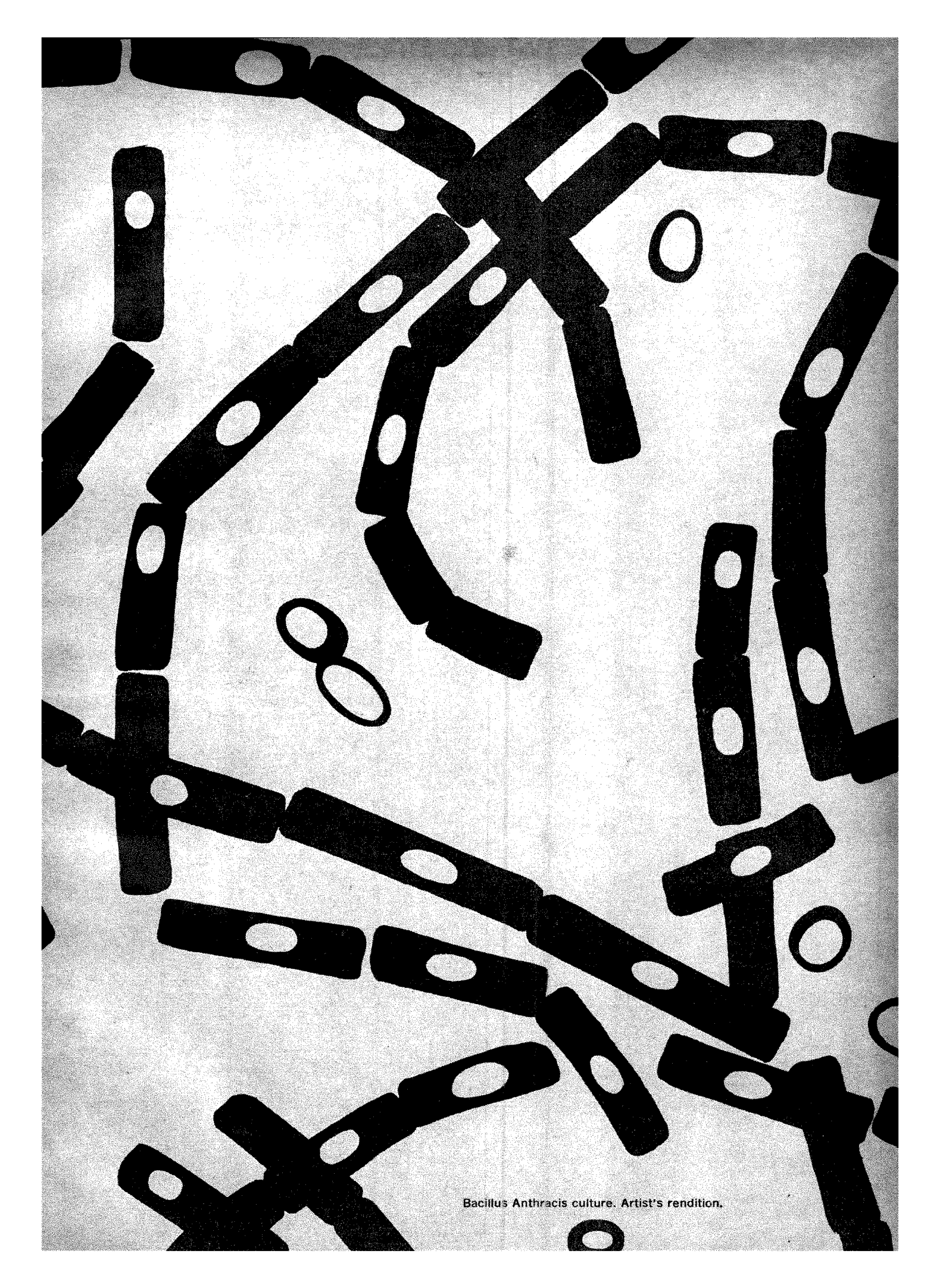
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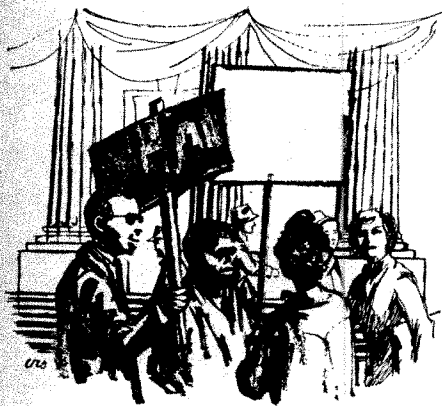
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reports

Washington



Several political insights which are commonly accepted as sophisticated should lead to the conclusion that the labor movement does not count for much in this political year. The old Democratic coalition, with labor as a keystone, has been steadily disintegrating. The labor movement is losing its dynamism and is groping for its reason for being. The members, increasingly middle-class, are led by an aging leadership which is out of touch with the times and cannot deliver the vote.

Yet while much of this is true, it is also true that George Meany's fervid embrace of Hubert Humphrey just after President Johnson's withdrawal helped make the Vice President a serious candidate, and threw the Kennedy campaign momentum into lower gear. It was not that Humphrey could be put across with labor support alone but that there would have been no point in his trying for the nomination without it. Kennedy, on the other hand, would have to win not only without labor support but over its substantial opposition. McCarthy was the second

choice. Rockefeller, who has successfully cultivated labor ties in New York State, could receive substantial labor support in November if his party nominated him. In the case of a Nixon-Kennedy contest, several labor leaders would go fishing. That's how much they dislike Kennedy.

All of this applies to Meany and his allies, who do not, of course, include Walter Reuther. The UAW leadership, consistently more dovish and progressive than the Meany forces, was far less enthusiastic about Mr. Johnson before he withdrew, and is now divided in its sympathies for the Democratic candidates. The UAW, which has always been less hierarchical anyway in arriving at its political positions, has therefore freed its leaders and members to choose sides.

However it all turns out — and nobody in his right mind is still making hard political predictions this year — the power and position of organized labor in the elections are worth examining.

The party's over

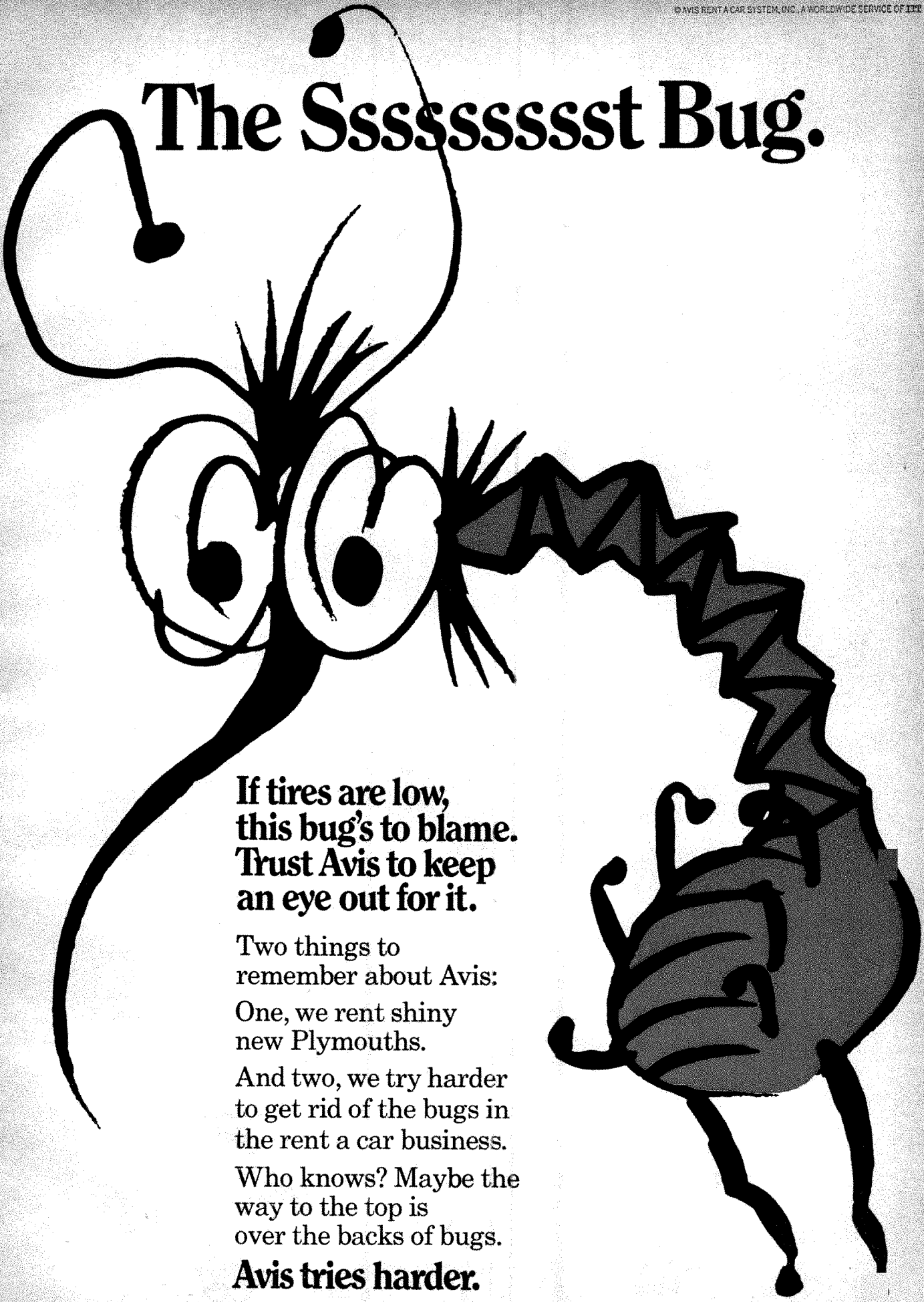
Simply put, labor is important almost precisely to the extent that the Democratic Party itself has deteriorated over the last eight years, and the party has deteriorated badly. Republicans govern the key states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and California. It was, in fact, the loose Democratic structure in these states that enabled Robert Kennedy to give serious thought to the possibility of ousting Mr. Johnson. The only major industrial state controlled by the Democrats, with consequent power over patronage, delegate selection, and electoral machinery, is Illinois. The general disrepair would not have

been so serious if the national Democratic Party machinery had not also been permitted to atrophy.

President Johnson, reared in one-party Texas politics where every man built his own organization, never had much use for the Democratic National Committee. When he was the Senate Majority Leader, the committee was dominated by the Stevenson wing of the party, which challenged his claims to national party leadership. He suspected that the committee delivered the 1960 convention into the arms of John Kennedy. In 1964, the presidential campaign, which would have been difficult for him to lose, was conducted from the White House. When the committee came out of the 1964 election more than \$4 million in debt, the President ordered the debt eliminated. The man entrusted with the job was his assistant Marvin Watson. Watson, who wasn't just being modest when he denied knowledge of national politics, took the President at his word. In the process of substantially eliminating the debt, he also eliminated the voter registration section, which the architects of John Kennedy's 1960 campaign felt had been crucial to their victory.

After the big Republican gains in the 1966 congressional elections, angry Democratic governors and state chairmen pressed the President to rebuild the party machinery. Once more the task was assigned to Watson. The registration section was reinstated under Billie S. Farnum, a one-term Michigan congressman defeated in the 1966 elections. Farnum, it seems, had let it be known that he was very well connected in the highest UAW circles. Yet the registration section's performance has been less than mediocre. This may be because Farnum's UAW ex-

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Washington

perience actually consisted of routine jobs, such as serving as Victor Reuther's bodyguard.

To give just one idea of the consequences, Democratic registration in Michigan is now 1.5 million below what it was in 1964. One group that moved into the vacuum, doing the weary, dreary work of drawing up lists, making telephone calls, knocking on doors, was Eugene McCarthy's students. The other was organized labor.

Hard labor

Labor officials insist upon the technical point that Meany did not "endorse" Humphrey, any more than he had "endorsed" Johnson. What he did do was "strongly" urge the Vice President to "declare himself now as a candidate for the presidency" and throw the considerable machinery at his command behind Humphrey. Until then, it had been geared up to work for Johnson.

The Meany-Johnson intimacy was of rather recent vintage. At the 1960 Democratic convention, Meany had sought, and received, Robert Kennedy's assurance that Lyndon Johnson would not be John Kennedy's running mate. Shortly after President Kennedy was assassinated, Meany wired Johnson, offering his help and support. The new President reciprocated by inviting Meany to his Spring Valley home and asking him, among other things, whether or not he would like Willard Wirtz to continue to serve as Secretary of Labor.

From then on, the two old pros were in business. Meany gave unwavering support to the President's domestic and foreign policy. When the old civil rights coalition or the new Urban Coalition wanted to press the President to spend more on the urban crisis, AFL-CIO representatives — again not including the UAW — demurred. Before the President withdrew from the race, labor representatives rather indelicately upbraided senators and congressmen who needed their support for differing, even appearing to be considering differing, with the President over Vietnam. After the President withdrew, a convention of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO, now the surrogate Democratic machinery in that state, petitioned him to recon-

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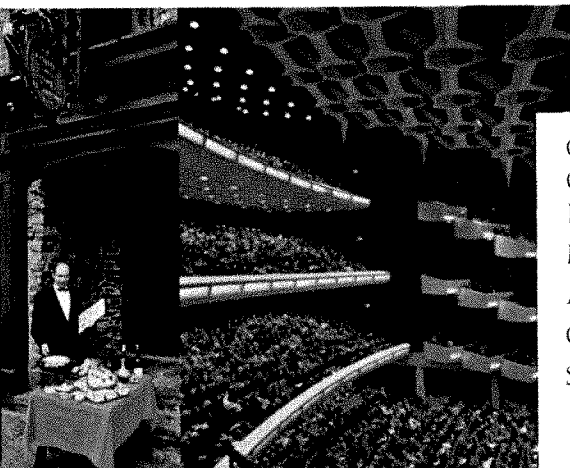
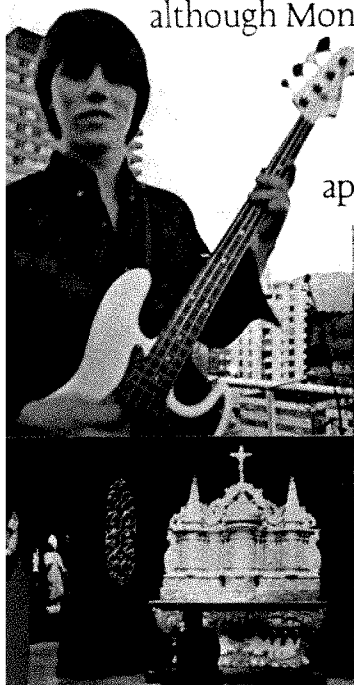
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Washington

sider. A few days later, the convention, according to the *AFL-CIO News*, "staged a four-minute dancing, shouting demonstration as Humphrey entered the hall for a 50-minute address that was interrupted by applause at least 50 times." Steelworkers President I. W. Abel announced that he concurred completely with Meany's statement urging Humphrey's candidacy.

The labor leaders' affection for Humphrey and antipathy to Kennedy stem from both history and temperament. Although the Kennedy camp writes it off as a "fantasy," it is a fact that Meany and his colleagues have never quite forgiven Kennedy for what they consider his vindictive role in the McClellan Committee hearings on labor racketeering, or his treatment of James Hoffa. Not that they condone either racketeering or Hoffa, but they were disturbed by Robert Kennedy's style, and they have been ever since. Their relations with Kennedy were never good while his brother was seeking the presidency or while he was President. Meany was vehemently opposed to Robert Kennedy's entrance into the presidential race, and was angered by Kennedy's attacks on his friend the President. Robert Kennedy, in short, they do not trust. Humphrey, on the other hand, they have gone to the well with, and that counts for much in politics. He has been getting to know labor officials since he was mayor of Minneapolis and now can call hundreds of them by first name; he has long been a favorite speaker at union conventions, and has probably attended almost all of the AFL-CIO executive council meetings in Miami Beach.

It is commonly accepted — and the Kennedy forces counted on it — that the labor leaders lag behind their followers in their politics, but there is not a great deal of evidence that this is true. There has been more pro-Kennedy sentiment among union staff members and the rank and file than among the leaders, but Mr. Johnson was the heavy favorite among members before he withdrew. Even with bumbling organization work, he ran very well in the blue-collar wards of New Hampshire and Wisconsin. The evidence is that the leadership is, if

anything, ahead of its rank and file. It gave strong support to Richard Hatcher, the Negro mayor of Gary, in his election bid, but the members gave him strong opposition. It supported the federal open-housing bill, and the members were largely opposed. It lobbied hard for what used to be known as the Great Society, yet a poll taken last year for the AFL-CIO by John Kraft showed that the members largely were more concerned with suburban problems — tax assessments, zoning, street repairs, and garbage disposal — than with national issues. Forty-six percent of trade union members now earn \$7500 to \$15,000 a year, and nearly 50 percent of them live in the suburbs. While signs of backlash are everywhere, however, out-and-out Wallace support, thus far, has been relatively low, lower even than in 1964. Obviously, the events of the coming summer could change that. In any event, the rank and file does not relate to a man strongly identified with the Negro revolution, and curiously, although it is almost impossible to distinguish between Humphrey's and Kennedy's recent civil rights records — and Humphrey was out front on civil rights long before the Kennedys — Kennedy has that identification and Humphrey does not. To counterbalance this, the Kennedy forces counted on the power of the evocation of the dead President, to whom the blue-collar ethnic groups gave massive support in 1960. But there was no — apparent — racial crisis then.

Margins and muscle

To a significant degree, the union leaders' attitudes lie with the fact that their overriding worry is the makeup of the next Congress. The last two years have not been notably successful for them, and they fear a still more conservative, whether or not Republican-dominated, Congress. They are haunted by specters of bills to impose stiffer strikebreaking machinery, apply antitrust laws to unions, or spoil their friendly relations with the National Labor Relations Board. They consider the loss of 25 or so seats held by friendly members, which could bring about the worst, a real possibility. Some 100 House districts are considered "marginal" this year — that is, liable to go either way — and the Committee on Political Education, the political arm

of the AFL-CIO, is hard at work on about 80 of them. COPE itself seldom contributes more than \$2000 to \$3000 to a single congressional campaign, but since the constituent AFL-CIO unions also maintain their own political arms, the total union contribution can come to considerably more. As important as the money, however, is the help which the unions can provide with registration, manpower, and mailings. For most "marginal" liberal House and Senate members, the unions' monetary and organizational aid can make the difference.

The unions' concern with the next Congress was another reason for their strong opposition to the Kennedy race, for a party split could further imperil the re-election of many of labor's friends. Following the President's withdrawal, the Kennedy, Humphrey, and labor leader camps were agreed that a key to labor's activities would be its perception of the presidential candidate with whom most of its congressional allies would run best; but while the Kennedy forces argued that this should bring them to one conclusion, the labor forces came to quite another one.

Producing

There is a great deal that they can do for a presidential candidate in the critical preconvention maneuvering. There is of course the money and the machinery to do canvassing and registration work. There are organizations of retirees waiting to receive instructions. Labor's organization work in primaries is all the more significant because of the ordinarily low turnout of voters. If a candidate does not want to enter a primary, the unions can turn these efforts — as they, particularly the Steelworkers, did in Indiana — toward helping the candidacy of a favorite son. The Steelworkers can also be quite influential in the non-primary and crucial states of Pennsylvania and Illinois. They can even be somewhat helpful in California.

It is now estimated that some 250 to 300 delegates to the Democratic national convention, and an equal number of alternates, will be AFL-CIO members in any event. Possibly an equal number of delegates and alternates will be indirect union representatives. Even if all of these are not behind one candidate, the fact that most of them back one or

Washington

the other can be quite important, particularly as they work within their state caucuses.

There are many more subtle ways unions can be helpful. For all the talk about the importance of the media, the hoary practice of crowd-building still has a hallowed place in politics, and because of the media, it is more difficult. (Thus, at the outset, Robert Kennedy's appearances were at college campuses and business sections during rush hours, which may or may not have helped him.) There is nothing more humiliating to a politician, or more damaging in his press coverage, than to speak to a near-empty hall. The unions can produce, say, 3000 people at the Pittsburgh airport on a day's notice; they can pack an auditorium. The Retail Clerks, whose members can buttonhole supermarket shoppers, and the Communications Workers, who have ladies in just about every town willing to make phone calls on behalf of a candidate, can be particularly useful, as they were to John Kennedy in 1960. The unions can bring pressure on congressmen dependent upon their support to go along with their presidential preference, or at least to stay neutral.

Just about any strong mayor has cultivated and made his peace with the local building trades and service unions, and they are therefore a source of pressure on the mayor, who influences a number of convention delegates. The building trades are an important part of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's machine, and they urged Daley not to endorse Robert Kennedy; since Daley is the strongest mayor of them all, however, there is some question whether the unions make up his mind or he makes up theirs.

Delivering

Ever since John L. Lewis, feuding in 1940 with FDR, found that he could not deliver the Mineworkers to Willkie, it has been an accepted fact that there is no "deliverable" union vote in this country. To the extent that union members follow their leaders in November, it is more a coincidence of perceptions of where their interests lie than anything else. The extensive union publications and "education" efforts,

however, can be important in guiding those perceptions. In November, too, moreover, the organizing effort to get out the vote can be crucial, for there are many areas where labor can make the difference in a close election, and many elections are won by less than 5 percent.

It is in these pre-convention months, however, that the unions are playing their biggest part, bigger than appearances would suggest. While they cannot make a candidate, they can help him a great deal, and they can also contribute a great deal toward breaking one.

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Spain



In a speech announcing his country's new constitution late in 1966, Generalissimo Francisco Franco put the case for retaining Francoism in Spain this way: "Every nation is surrounded by its own particular demons, and those of Spain are: an anarchistic spirit, a penchant for negative criticism, the disunity of men, extremism, and mutual enmity." The alternatives for Spain are clear. But with a history of demons rampant, it is impossible to know which course Spain will follow after Franco.

Veinte y cinco años de paz, read the peeling signs scrawled on walls in the parched villages of the countryside. The faded tributes to tranquillity on the whitewashed walls are all that remain today of the Generalissimo's silver anniversary of absolute power in 1964. Now, near the thirtieth year since the end of the Civil War, "*la paz española*" is evermore the favorite slogan of supporters of the regime.

Franco, however, is now seventy-five years old. There is today an intense struggle for power developing, not only among Franco's op-

ponents but among many of the diverse groups that have provided the foundation for his monolithic rule. The struggle is not a conventional clash between liberals and conservatives, but an eclectic stew of pressure groups and amorphous political "groupings." The contents include neo-fascist Falangists and Communist workers; monarchists of various colors and anarchists; liberal democrats and socialists; old-line Francoist military men and the young technocrats who are gradually superseding them in the government. Each group is bent on molding the post-Franco era to its own conception of the future Spain.

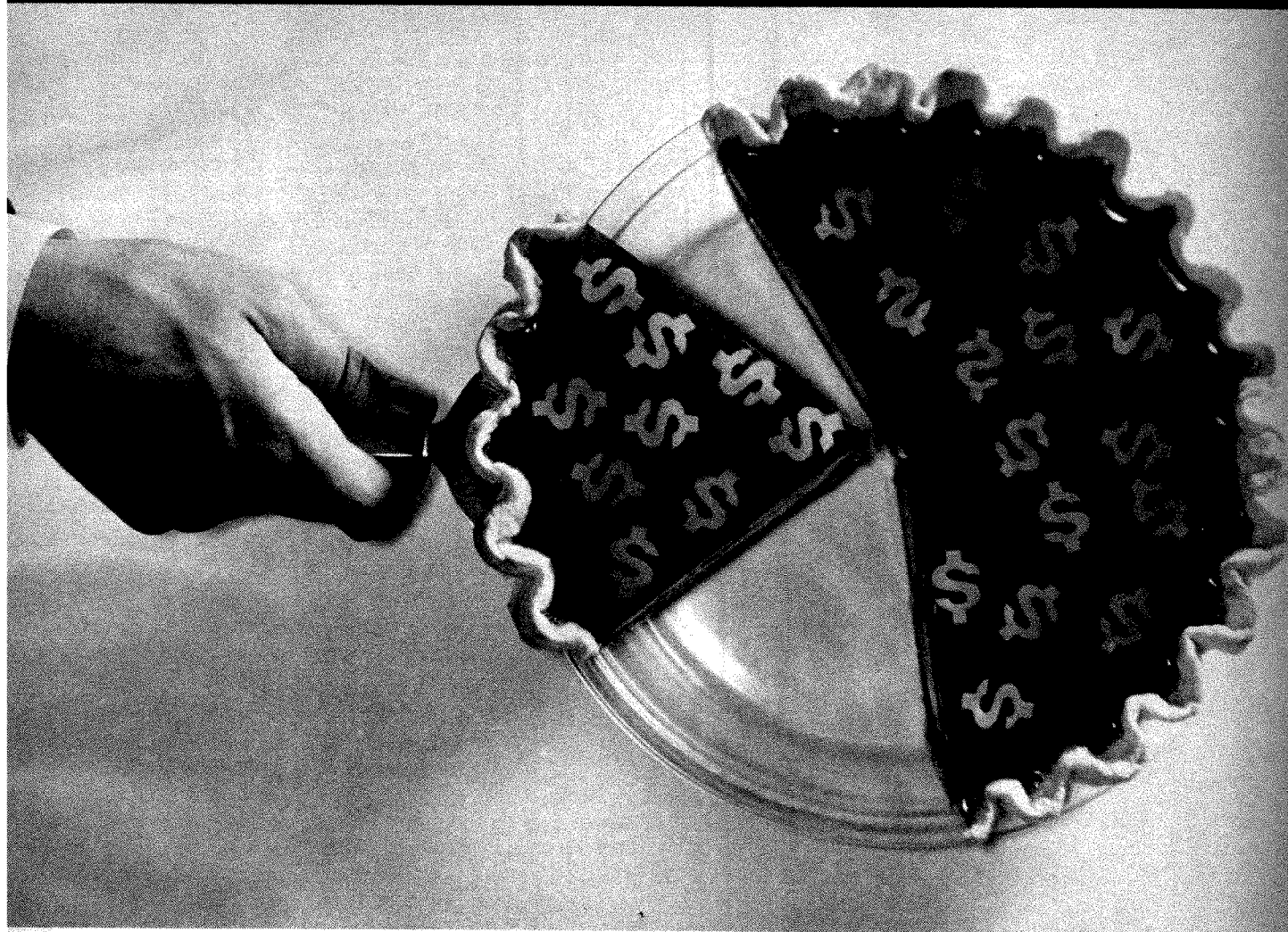
There are three central conceptions: that of the old guard, which wants to preserve the present system, and its position in it, with as little alteration as possible; that of the reformers, who want to democratize the nation along Western European lines; and that of the monarchists, who stand between the two. The monarchists tend now toward one side, now the other, hoping to restore a king but unable to agree on what manner of society he should govern.

The tempo of the contest has hastened in recent years as an aging Franco has withdrawn from the public eye, except for ceremonial appearances and an occasional stiff televised address to the nation. The initial easing of Franco's dictatorship occurred in the first half of the decade, though it has since become apparent that meaningful reform was largely in the imaginations of foreign observers. Pressure for liberalization came in fact from pragmatists within the regime who were more interested in moving Spain into the Common Market than in adhering to an obsolete ideology.

Pragmatists or liberals, their most important reform came in 1966, and it was basic by Western republican standards: a new press law, which relaxed but did not abolish Franco's censorship. It brought a cautious political debate in the newspapers, and expectations of more radical change. Those expectations were most apparent among the splinter groups of former Franco supporters who became disaffected by the political immobilism of the regime, and in the ineffectual "opposition" which has futilely contested the Caudillo's rule over the years. For the first time since the Civil War, newspapers be-

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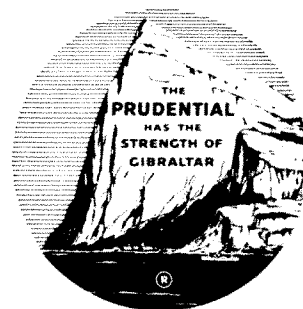


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Spain

gan to run editorials about the need to modify the institutions of government. Opposition attacks on the regime were beefed up, and workers and students openly challenged the government to permit free unions and democratize the nation.

Thaw

Throughout 1966 rumor of a thaw in the Spanish autocracy persisted, sustained by the fact that the Cabinet was debating a new constitution: the Organic Law of State. This document was supposed to create political guidelines for the future of Spain, and to establish an institutional framework for Franco's succession. The constitution was eagerly awaited throughout the country as an indicator of just how far Franco was willing to go.

Franco's announcement of the constitution in the Spanish parliament, the *Cortes*, at the end of 1966 was a letdown. The key issues — labor reform, religious liberty, structural modification of the National Movement (the only legal political organization), and the question of popular election of some deputies to the previously appointive *Cortes* — were all ambiguously stated, pending clearer statements in later constitutional amendments. But the new constitution did streamline the government: a Premier was to be named to take over some of the workaday labors of the government from the Chief of State (Franco). (As yet, Spain has no Premier, though the phlegmatic Franco, never one to rush a decision, is expected to choose one this year.) The problem of succession machinery was acknowledged too by a clause empowering the Council of the Realm, previously an honorific body with no real powers, to select a new Chief of State, either king or regent, if Franco should fail to do so before retiring from the political scene. The *Cortes* would then approve him.

But the liberals' hopes were too high. Today, just a year and half after the new constitution was ratified in a lopsided plebiscite in which no opposition was tolerated, it is apparent that the regime's intentions toward democracy and reform were merely flirtatious. If 1966 was the year of liberalization, 1967 was the year of reaction. Franco's domina-

tion of Spanish politics remains unchallenged.

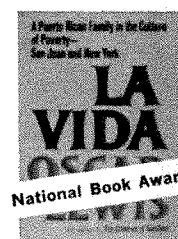
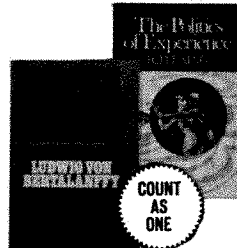
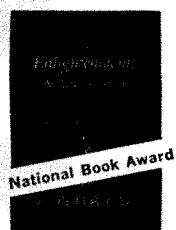
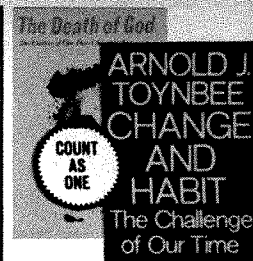
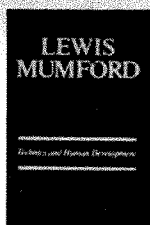
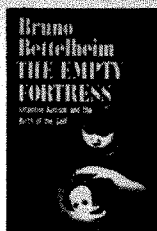
The key amendments clarifying Franco's general statement of the constitution emerged from the Cabinet for approval in the do-as-you're-told *Cortes*; they were as liberal as a suit of armor. The long-awaited religious-liberty reform was watered down and has been condemned by Protestants because of provisions to force all non-Catholic churches to register their members with the Ministry of Justice. The bill to redefine the *Falange*-dominated National Movement elevated the Movement's own national directorate to a form of upper house charged with arbitrating the nation's politics. Nothing was done to ease the *Falange's* hold over Spanish politics. When the ground rules were laid down for the popular election of one fifth of the *Cortes*, the game was carefully fixed in favor of National Movement candidates. After the October election, the bloc of 108 new deputies, with few exceptions, made a congenial complement to the four fifths of the *Cortes* appointed by the regime.

Breath of freedom

For those who still had any doubts, Franco reiterated that so long as he lived political parties would not be allowed. And the breath-of-freedom press law was decorated with a revision of the penal code to make journalists liable to six years' imprisonment for writing "false or dangerous" information. The promised labor reform has yet to materialize.

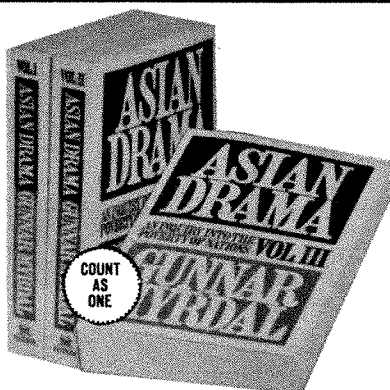
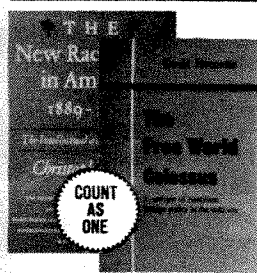
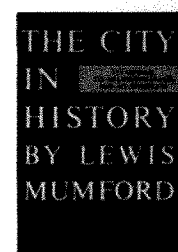
Last summer the ailing vice president of Spain, Captain General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, a moderate anti-monarchist who once was thought certain to succeed Franco, was quietly retired. In September he was succeeded by Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, a Cabinet secretary, no liberal, one of Franco's most trusted background advisers since the Civil War. This new post sets him in line to be Premier when and if Franco is moved to name one, and to succeed Franco thereafter.

This swing to the right was accompanied by a campaign to silence the discord and dissent which urged the liberals on. Cries of "Democracy yes, Franco no" and "Down with 1936" were heard in worker districts and universities; they terrified the regime stalwarts, who equate all



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such statements with the chaos of the old republic. The government's reaction was swift. Meetings of anti-Franco workers were dispelled and their leaders rounded up, intellectuals and journalists were tried or fined for breaking the bounds of legitimate expression, and university activists were arrested and harassed.

Reaction lashed out just as forces for change in Spain were emerging. Franco's brief fling with liberalization did not, of course, create these new forces, as reactionaries have charged in urging Franco to curb them. But the fling did give them a season in which to flower.

The most visible — and until recently the most effective — of the new groups was that of the young technocrats in the regime who fired Spain's American-primed economic boom in the late 1950s and early 1960s. The group includes the dynamic Minister of Industry Gregorio López Bravo, Economic Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó, and Minister of Commerce Faustino García-Moncó. All three are members of the Opus Dei, the apostolic Catholic lay order which is trying to maneuver itself into a dominant position in any future government.

Hangover quarantine

These men have found their readiest support among similarly non-ideological, market-hungry industrialists eager to do business with Europe. Their political fortunes have naturally risen and fallen with the state of the economy, and as the economy flourished in the early 1960s under their tutelage and because of an unprecedented tourist boom, their stock with Franco soared. Madrid's foreign policy has really consisted of a campaign to break down the West's hangover quarantine against Hitler's passive ally Franco, and to win acceptance of Spain as an equal partner among its European neighbors. So the technocrats have attempted subtly to maneuver the regime into a position where it might qualify for the democratic criteria of the Treaty of Rome. In the early part of the decade, Spain began seeking admission to the Common Market. Madrid is now negotiating with Brussels for an associate membership which, it is hoped, would

lead to full EEC membership within six years. But EEC members like Belgium and Holland do not forget Franco's alliances with Hitler and Mussolini, or overlook his commitment to authoritarianism. Because of this, the technocrats, backed by liberals outside the government, succeeded in forcing what reforms they could before the regime once more stiffened. Recent economic setbacks, however, have cut into the clout of the Opus Dei technocrats.

Black, white, and blue

A more formidable reform bloc has sprung up in the Catholic Church, traditionally one of the foundations of Franco's power. The Ecumenical Council forced a split in Franco's church support by drawing many of the younger and more active priests away from the conservative church hierarchy. The latter, under Spain's 1953 Concordat with the Vatican, is virtually appointed by Franco. The bishops, whose mean age is sixty-eight, are fighting for control over the "new wave" priests. The latter in turn are shocked by a drop in church attendance, which they attribute to the church's embrace of the regime. Influenced by post-Pius Vatican liberalism, a whole generation of Spanish priests are beginning to speak out against the social and economic conservatism of the regime and actively to support their parishioners. In every recent workers' demonstration clerical collars have been there in black and white complement to blue-collar protest.

The toughest challenges to the regime, however, have come from worker and student groups. Labor discontent has kept pace with a flight of a dangerous inflation that the government appears unable to constrain. While Spain's economy has grown at the rate of 8 percent annually, lifting its per capita income to almost \$700 per annum in 1967, consumer demand has forced up the cost of living in the past three years by 30 percent. Last summer prices were hiked on everything from bread to public transportation. Despite the government's September increase in the minimum wage to 96 pesetas (\$1.37) a day, salaries have failed to keep pace with the cost of living. After the recent devaluation to bring the peseta into line with the pound, the government launched an austerity drive, freezing

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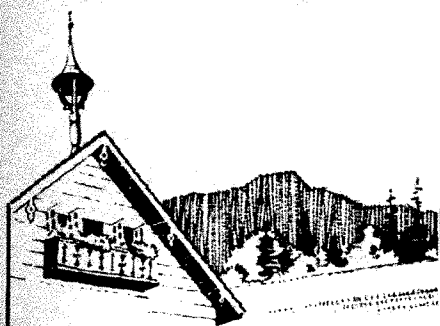


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wages and prices and cutting down on government spending in an effort to bring the economy back into balance. But austerity has only kindled labor unrest by cutting back long-sought wage increases (many of which were long ago negotiated), and the situation was aggravated by the threat of mass layoffs. U.S. plans to cut overseas investment and curb tourism are hardly a boon to Spain. But though strained by inflation and austerity, Spain's economy is basically sound and full of potential for growth. Last year brought more than 17 million tourists, spreading ideas along with one billion dollars of foreign exchange.

The government-controlled *sindicatos* (compulsory unions), which ought to serve as the vehicle through which labor could push for a better economic deal, have been more interested in neutralizing wildcat labor pressures on the economy than in challenging the status quo. The result has been a spin-out from the *sindicatos* to the new and powerful "workers commission" movement.

Catholics, Socialists, Communists, and Basque separatists have all had their own clandestine labor organizations in the past, but there was no serious opposition labor movement until the workers commissions began to evolve in 1964. The informal commissions follow the tradition of the anarcho-syndicalist movement of the early part of the century. They eschew any formal political ties, and demand that members enter as individuals and not as members of political factions. The commissions sought to weld a true labor movement around the basic economic issues facing the working classes: inflation, lagging wages, and the need for a democratic reform of the nation's labor laws. By 1967 they had become the most powerful opposition force in the nation, and, despite stiff government repression, staged three national demonstrations to demand labor reforms.

Siege on campus

Opposition to the government is loud on campuses, but because of the transience of university populations it is ephemeral. Militant students have succeeded in Madrid, Barcelona, and Santiago de Compostela, and to a lesser extent in

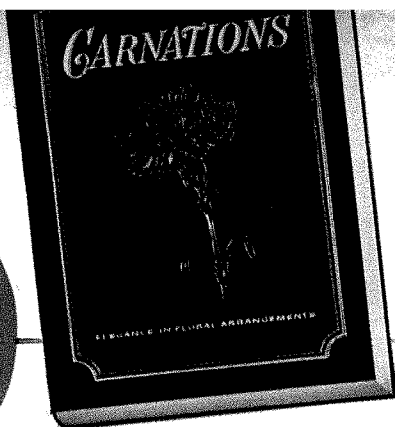
Seville, Bilbao, and Valencia, in doing for academia what the workers are seeking to do for industry: to supplant static, state-dominated unions with an independent democratic organization. Since the first democratic student union was installed at the University of Barcelona in 1966, over police and academic opposition, the movement has all but drowned the official Professional Students Association (A.P.E.). In its place has risen the University Students Democratic Union (S.D.E.U.). With success the S.D.E.U. has turned from initial organizational battles to more frankly political concerns such as anti-Vietnam War rallies, and skirmishes with police over attempts to hold protest marches against "the general repressive policies of the regime." At Madrid University the demonstrations are invariably broken up by the tough riot police who hover almost constantly on the edges of the campus in jeeps and trucks, supported by water cannon, mounted policemen, and German shepherds. In January and March, student demonstrations provoked a police siege of the university campus.

Tendencies

Challenge to the regime has also come from the nation's meager formal opposition, which, with the exception of the small and tightly disciplined Communists, doesn't really consist of political parties. Middle-class intellectual salons are grouped around such liberal luminaries as Social Democrat José Maria Gil Robles, the former Republican minister. These groups are fractured into dozens of tendencies which, lacking unity and organization, have very little influence. Though some of the leaders and members are deeply sincere in their dislike of the regime, the opposition is not taken seriously because of its propensity for talk rather than action. Except for the Communists and regional Basque nationalists, the old parties in exile, the Anarchists and Socialists, play no role in today's Spain. They have no followers inside the nation, where completely new alignments have arisen, and because of their prolonged exile they have little grasp of what is going on in their homeland.

Behind Spain's new politics are the generations for whom the Civil War is nothing more than history — terrible history but nevertheless not

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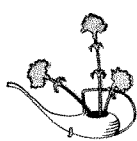
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and you see the happy result just after it was finished
on the workroom bench.*



The trick here is to keep the carnations in place. Compressed chicken wire inside the container acts as a frog to hold the first three flowers.



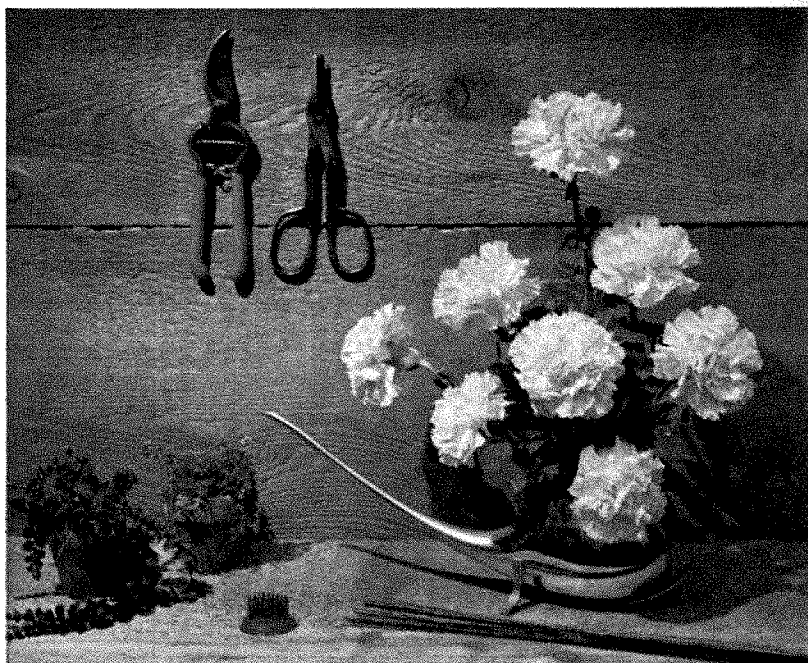
The stems of the next three flowers are inserted firmly into the loops of the chicken wire inside the container down into the water.



The last two carnations are placed. They are last, because building them in a lower position requires the chicken wire loops plus the stems of the other carnations.



A few sprigs of leather leaf foliage are placed in between the flowers to fill in open spaces and cover the chicken wire inside the brass pitcher.



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■ "... We have learned that the power structure still rejects alien bodies. The paranoid reaction of state and local politicians to the community action program . . . all but murdered the concept of participation by the poor. . . . The poor in our cities . . . have been the wards of the political machines. The machines needed them to exist, and they needed the machines to survive — the benevolence of the politicians toward the poor kept the arrangement going. But when the poor began to go beyond benevolence, when the poor began to want power — well, that was something else again. . . . I remember one local politician calling up the White House in alarm to say, 'It's all right for you fellows to talk about a revolution, but can't you just stop there? I'm going to be revolutionized right out of office.' . . . Adam Clayton Powell and John Connally reacted the same way — they knew change to be inevitable, but they wanted it to be on their own terms" — from "Politics and Statecraft," an exclusive *Atlantic* interview in which **Bill Moyers**, former Press Secretary and confidant to President Johnson, talks about war, power, poverty, the White House, and LBJ.

■ "... CBS clearly assumes that Cronkite will be able to handle Chet Huntley head to head, while the literate, incisive Seavareid and the irreverent Mudd swarm all over Brinkley. If this sounds like basketball-coach talk before the big game, that is how it is. But make no mistake, the CBS strategists are deadly serious about their game plan" — from "TV and the Conventions" by **Charles McDowell, Jr.**, a full and witty survey of the networks' multimillion-dollar plans to bring this summer's national nominating conventions into the American living room.

■ "... Probably never in human history have so many people had such a sense of 'too much' happening as we in America have right now. Why, then, has the exciting sense of possibility with which so many of us live had the distinct effect of morally depressing our fiction writers?" — from "Our Middle-Class Storytellers," an assessment of the state of American fiction in which **Alfred Kazin**, the brilliant critic, not only poses questions but suggests answers.

■ "... The railroad, assuredly one of the supreme achievements of the nineteenth century, has become, in America at least, one of the most blasted burdens of the twentieth. . . . What can we do to bring . . . coldhearted, cashminded railroad executives to their knees? I can't imagine that the classic device would help much — nothing would make these men happier than a boycott" — from "Who Shot the Iron Horse?" by **Louis Kronenberger**, a study in benign exasperation.

■ "... Casting spells may be the specialty of one witch; breaking them the art of another. The problem lies in choosing the right one" — from "Prophecies, Witches, and Spells" by **Ann Cornelisen**, a delightful look at some of the people and customs in the obscure village of Torregreca in southern Italy.

Spain

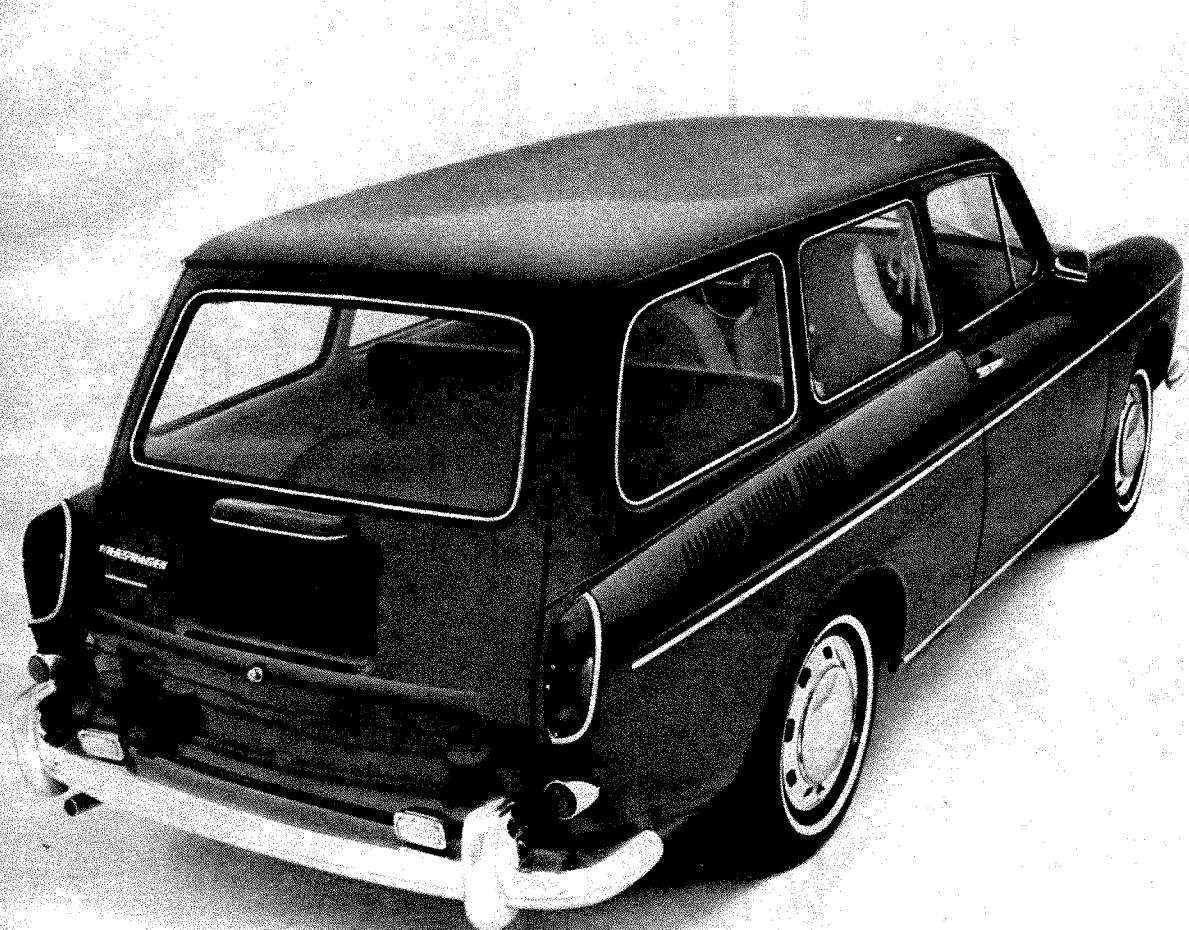
a part of their experience. These generations, however politically minded, do support a relaxation of Franco's autocracy. Technicians, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and teachers, they want a freer society. They have been nurtured on the economic boom of the past decade which has brought them cars (the ubiquitous little Spanish-built SEAT) and seaside holidays; they pay little attention to the regime's obsession with the horrors of the past. They feel entitled to the economic freedom that other Europeans have, and a form of democracy seems to them the only mechanism that will bring it.

Franco's position remains unchallenged. Though he has never been loved, he is respected, even among many who oppose his rule. Only the Communists and the impotent or exiled extremists talk today of toppling him. His support among the military, the affluent, and the church remains strong despite the young dissidents.

The issue in Spain is therefore not to change Franco, but to mold the post-Franco era. As the Caudillo envisions it, the future is to be much like the past. Parties will not be allowed, and all debate will be contained within the National Movement. The country will be run as in the past by a tight group of loyal Francoist ministers committed to keeping the faith, with a Chief of State at the summit of the authoritarian pyramid.

After Franco

The question remains, Who will succeed Franco? Since 1947, Spain has been officially a monarchy without a king. Candidates for the post abound, but the most serious are Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, the exiled pretender whose father, Alfonso XIII, was Spain's last king, and Don Juan's thirty-year-old son, Prince Juan Carlos. Don Juan is alienated from the regime because he is suspected of favoring a constitutional monarchy. Prince Juan Carlos, who for a long time was considered Franco's preference by virtue of his more ambiguous political formation, has said that he will never oppose his father. Monarchists support Don Juan, while senior members of the administration have sup-



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Spain

ported Prince Juan Carlos, who has been educated under Franco's tutelage and now lives just down the road from his mentor's Pardo palace. But the prince is considered by many to be devoid of the dynamism and intelligence that would be needed to rule Spain. The less than inspiring role played by his brother-in-law King Constantine in Greece has also given rise to doubts about the wisdom of placing a young and inexperienced king on the throne.

The other possibility for Franco's succession is the appointment of a regent. Vice President Carrero Blanco and the tough Minister of Interior, General Camilo Alonso Vega, commander of the paramilitary police, are considered likely candidates for the regency should the anti-monarchists in the Cabinet and the Council of the Realm win out.

In either case the quest for Francoism after Franco would persist. If a military regency should in fact be established it could only maintain itself through the loyalty of the army, or of the powerful national police. The church and the affluent — those other foundations of Francoism — would probably fall away. Most observers feel a regency would give way to military nationalism and a form of Iberian Nasserism.

The great unknown

The army, of course, will be the key element in any post-Franco situation. Its sentiments, however, are the great unknown in Spanish politics. There are powerful Francoist elements, though they, like Franco, are aging. There is also a strong monarchist strain in the military establishment, but it too is split between Don Juan and his son. The young officer corps, and especially the colonels, are unknowns, and it is they who will ultimately be the arbiters of any changes in the present system.

A third possibility is the democratization advocated by the forces of the new Spain, but since the apparent checkmate of reform within the regime, it is unclear how this move would evolve if it could.

Quiet contacts have recently been taking place among powerful elements of the establishment, both within and outside the government,

to discuss the possibilities of setting up an alternative to Francoism. Administrators, military men, industrialists, and technocrats are actually exchanging views with certain key members of the intellectual opposition and the workers commissions. Although these contacts are embryonic, they could become a united liberal force, powerful enough to impose itself on the regime, including the military. In such a case, a parliamentary democracy might be in the offing, perhaps after a quiet post-Franco palace coup.

—Loren Jenkins

Jerusalem



Peace remains elusive in East Jerusalem and the West Bank of Jordan, conquered by Israel a year ago. The twentieth anniversary of Israel's birth and the end of the first year of its occupation of all of Palestine have passed. It has been a season of celebration, and the government has made every effort to feature its twin victories. But there is no peace.

On the bright side, the barbed wire is down in Jerusalem. It is exhilarating to move freely both ways — into the western side of the city, where modern Israeli buildings line the hills surrounding the core of central structures left by the mandate government, then back into East Jerusalem, where another new town has grown up outside the walled city under Jordan's rule since 1948.

There is much movement between the two sides today. But there are invisible barriers too. In spite of Israel's annexation of greater Jerusalem last June, and even with the best

efforts of Israeli Mayor Teddy Kollek to integrate the city's people, there is a gap. The atmosphere in the western city is that of Mediterranean Europe, with Eastern touches. The other side of the city remains a capital of the East, following the pace and rhythm of its natural Arab hinterland. Of 70,000 Arabs resident in this Jerusalem up to June, 1967, about 5000 have either left or were absent at the time of the Six-Day War. The rest remain, tentatively accepting Israeli control but regarding it as occupation rather than a natural condition of life.

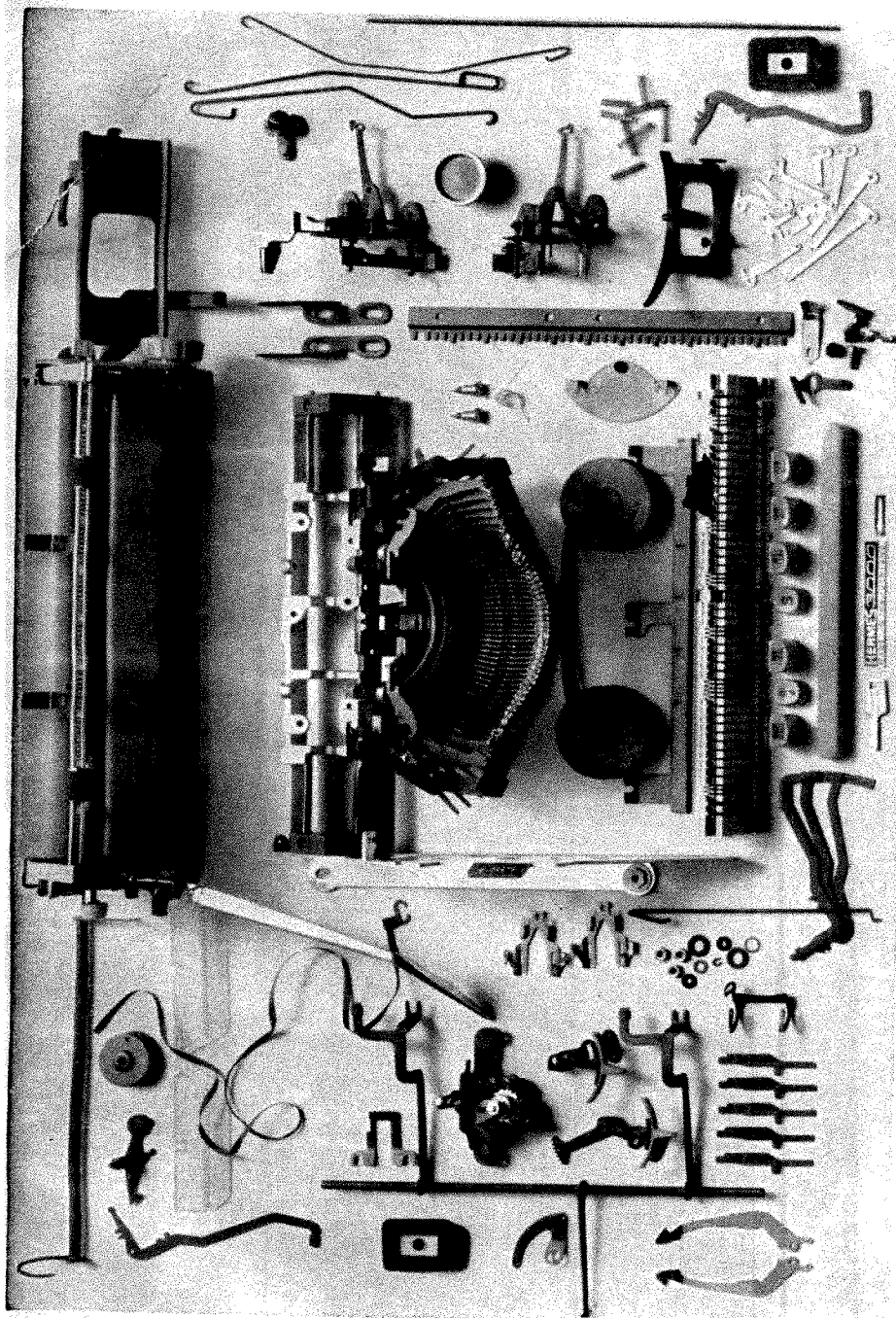
This view of themselves as passive guardians of their Jerusalem is sustained by repeated affirmations from both East and West, and from the United Nations, that unilateral Israeli measures cannot alter Jerusalem's international character. Each time the issue is put, the hopes of Jerusalem's Arabs rise. But they admit freely that this international interest is not very concrete and that they may have a long wait before resuming their position in the city as the representatives of Christianity and Islam.

Blueprints

Meanwhile, in the western city Israeli planners are speeding blueprints for new housing for Jewish settlers and putting some government functions into East Jerusalem. The Ministry of Police is being moved from Tel Aviv to the new Jordanian government hospital building. At the same time the Israelis have expropriated 838 acres of land owned by the Jordanian government and some private owners. This property runs from Mount Scopus to the former armistice line adjacent to the Sanhedrin sector of Jerusalem. Here 1000 housing units for Jews and 400 for Arabs removed from within the walled city last summer will be built.

The housing scheme was envisioned in a master plan for greater Jerusalem drawn up for the mandate government in the forties by Britain's Henry Kendall. Much of this plan has been followed by the Jordanian government in its own reconstruction and extension of the city since 1948. The result has been the harmonious pattern of housing extending almost to Ramallah, faced with or built with local stone, and kept at low heights to preserve the approaches to the city. The same

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by
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Jerusalem

urban planning guided Jerusalem's last Arab mayor, Rouhi al-Khatib, in undertaking reconstruction at the Damascus Gate to the walled city. Excavation was completed before the Israeli take-over. The Kendall plan called for a parked, wide approach to the Old City. Here Mayor Kollek has indicated that he will follow the same general plan and extend it.

Mayor Kollek has suggested that an international rescue operation in the style of those carried out for Abu Simbel and the city of Florence should be begun for the Old City. He believes that the secular antiquities of Jerusalem deserve the same sort of worldwide support. Implicit in this appeal is the recognition that Jerusalem has great archaeological as well as religious significance. As Kollek points out, "The secular sites are part of the cultural inheritance of the whole world."

Exclusive

The Israeli government has not yet faced the full implications of its political annexation of all Jerusalem for world religious interests there. In the census taken late in 1967 it was found that there were 65,857 residents in East Jerusalem of whom almost a third lived inside the walls of the Old City. Of the total, 82 percent are Muslim, 17 percent Christian. It was one of the glaring mistakes of the Jordanian regime in Jerusalem that it excluded Jews from the Old City when it gained control in 1948. Today there is an effective exclusion by the Israeli conquerors of Muslim pilgrims. In the absence of peace treaties, no Muslim from the Arab world will be able to make his way to Islam's third most important shrine, the Mosque of Omar. There are many hurdles to peace between Arabs and Israelis already. The effective isolation of Islamic holy places adds another. The chorus of protest from Saudi Arabia and Pakistan has already begun.

Christians may find it easier now to make their pilgrimages to the holy places since they can enter without restriction from the Mediterranean side. The ecumenical movement, which has begun to bring some rapprochement between Christians and rabbis, may possibly further Christian acceptance of an

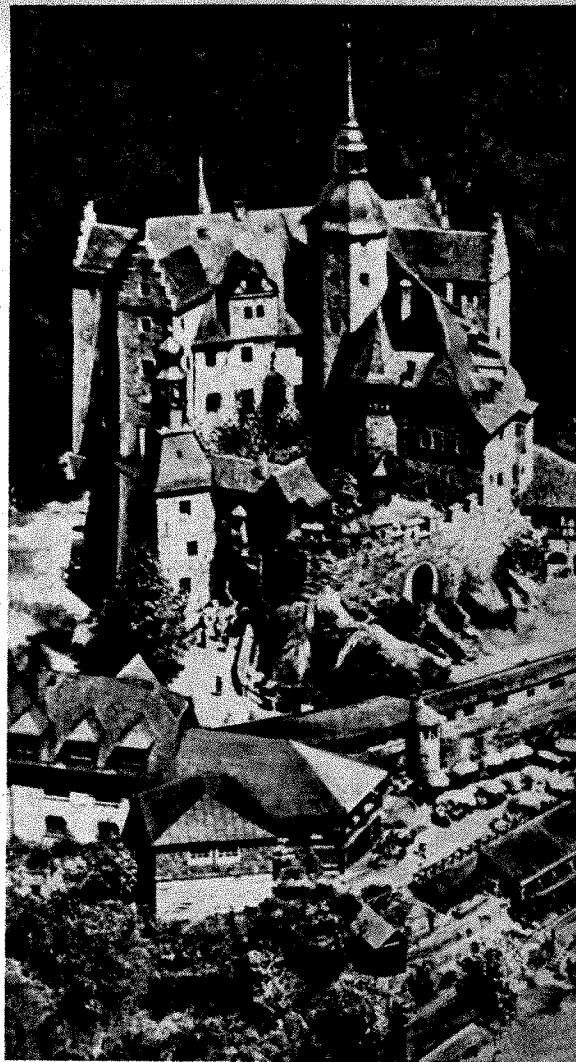
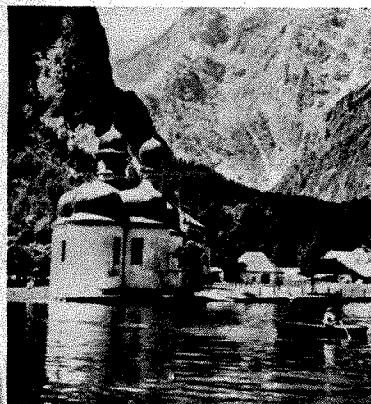
Israeli-controlled Holy City. But it is too soon to say; there are inauspicious signs. Christians did not flock to Jerusalem as usual last Christmas. Even the Easter celebration had a subdued flavor this year. The Vatican has not accepted the change, does not recognize Israel diplomatically, and has so far refused Israel's offer to cede to it control of all Christian shrines in Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

Two UN resolutions on Jerusalem in 1967 cloud Israel's title to Jerusalem. They called on Israel to rescind all measures taken to alter the city's status and specifically enjoined Israel from unilateral action. London and Washington have been equally opposed to foreclosing the situation in the city, which President Johnson has described as being "over and over a center of conflict. . . . Men of all religions will agree that we must now do better. The world must find an answer that is fair and recognized to be fair."

There is no real communication between Israel and the rest of the world on this matter. In the euphoria of victory a year ago all practical considerations were swept aside. By conquest Israel increased its territorial control in Jerusalem by two thirds. It acted at once to consolidate its rule by moving the High Rabbinical Court to East Jerusalem, assuming jurisdiction over Muslim religious courts and over the content of sermons in mosques. The Arab Municipal Council found itself dissolved. A customs barrier was set up for goods coming to the city from the West Bank. Arab families were uprooted from the former Jewish quarter of the Old City, as Jewish families had been in 1948. Many of these families were part of the early summer exodus to Jordan. They left knowing that they could not return, a condition for any Arab Jerusalemite today.

Business controls

By fall Israel had extended control to nearly all business throughout the city. Arab doctors could practice, but patients had no money to pay. Arab banks remain closed because Amman will not free them from connections with their home offices there. Arab hotels have a sprinkling of guests where formerly they were full. Distribution agencies for overseas goods have been taken over by Israeli firms. An inventory tax,



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Jerusalem

retroactive to June, 1967, was immediately imposed, along with licenses and taxes at rates prohibitive in Jordanian terms.

It was the abrupt imposition of such taxes and restrictions which made adjustment impossible for East Jerusalemites. Income tax rates hit everyone. The Israeli rate after the first I£ 800 goes up steeply to 60 percent. Thus a man with two children on a salary of I£ 1600 a month pays I£ 500 a month in income tax. Charitable institutions are likewise now subject to tax.

Inevitably some Jerusalem Arabs were driven out, moving to Amman, where they have access to their bank accounts even though employment prospects are dim. Once they leave Jerusalem they forfeit their real property, which is tagged as absentee and put under an official property custodian. There is no return to Jerusalem and no recapture of property once an owner leaves.

Those who remain face unemployment and uncertain status. They may now be offered Israeli citizenship, which means conforming strict-

ly to Israeli ways. Arab lawyers in Jerusalem, for example, must pass a bar examination in Hebrew within two years. This stipulation, plus the removal of their appeal courts from the city, has caused them to refuse to practice.

Grip

It is possible to interpret these measures as a sort of shock treatment to impress on the world Israel's unyielding grip on Jerusalem. But from the point of view of long-term relationships the Israeli take-over in Jerusalem raises many questions. Arab leaders there differentiate between a military occupation, such as that in the West Bank, with which they cooperate, and the civilian incorporation of their Palestinian capital city into Israeli Jerusalem. Their position was explained to the personal representative of UN Secretary-General U Thant last September when he visited Jerusalem. Ambassador Thalman reported that the Palestinian leaders regarded this incorporation into the Israeli state system as a violation of the acknowledged rule of international law. Under such law occupying powers are prohibited from changing the

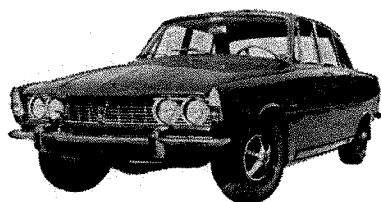
legal and administrative structure in occupied territory and they are required to respect private property and personal status. This reference to the Geneva Conventions on occupied lands has been repeated with increasing insistence as the months have passed and has been used in the latest protests from Washington against Israeli policy in Jerusalem.

Political debate within Israel reflects uncertainties in the government's position on overall occupation policy but little argument over shaping Jerusalem to Israel's desires. Only a rare leftist dissenter questions the annexation of the city and the drastic steps being taken to consolidate victory. But West Bank policy is a subject of frequent and troubled dispute.

It cannot be otherwise. For how shall Israel continue to assure its security within its greatly expanded borders and still deal with nearly a million Arab Palestinians now within its jurisdiction? Many approaches have been considered. One is a return to the partition idea of a Palestine entity on the Jordan River's west bank. But such a creation would have to be demilitarized and kept from returning to Amman's authority. Its possible role as a bridge to the Arab world appeals to many Israelis. But how can they be sure that it will not become a bridgehead for nationalist subversion directed against them? They cannot; and so the idea has been dropped. This leaves them with the conflict between territorial safety and demographic purity.

Territorial imperative

Looking at the map of Israel's conquests last year one sees the Jordan River as what Prime Minister Eshkol has recently called Israel's "natural border." To the north another conquest has put Israel in control of Jordan headwaters at Banyas and along the Yarmuk tributary where Jordan had the important Mukeibeh Dam under construction. Thus control of West Bank water resources is now in Israel's hands. It was access to this water, plus use of financial remittances from Palestinians abroad, which made possible the revolutionizing of agriculture in the Jordan Valley in recent years. Both the water increases and the remittances are suspended in this productive region while its status remains unsettled.



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Jerusalem

It does not reassure Jordan Valley farmers here to learn that Israel contemplates a five-year plan for West Bank agriculture designed to fit it into Israel's own production. This looks to them more like a prolonged occupation and eventual annexation.

Even while the political debate within Israel goes on, administrative changes indicate the popular view. When the status of the conquered areas was changed last February from "enemy territory" to "militarily occupied territory" and the old biblical names for Samaria and Judea came into official use, it looked in Arab capitals as though Israel had already chosen the territorial imperative and postponed the demographic problem. Perhaps the change was designed to spur the Arabs into peace talks. But it worked the other way, and the UN's Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, special representative of the Secretary-General, found his efforts to start negotiations blocked once more.

If even indirect talks cannot be achieved Israel will inevitably tighten its hold in occupied areas. This in turn will lead to further Arab resistance and possibly to the collapse of the Jordanian government. King Hussein can only survive now by tolerating the Arab commandos along the Jordan. It is held by many observers that it became impossible for Hussein to contain this raider movement after Israel's massive spring attacks in East Jordan. At best his government may be taken over by militant Palestinians (as Syria has long hoped). These leaders, with so little left to lose, could well agree to the Syrian proposition that only an Algerian-style struggle can finally free Palestine from its Israeli masters.

Fatalistic duel

Such a prospect explains the anxiousness of the great powers to put a damper on the guerrilla exchanges along the Jordan by the interposition once again of UN observers along the cease-fire line. Both Jordan and Israel object to this. Both seem to be opting for a fatalistic duel of wits and arms along the line. The dangers of this contest are obvious. Now that the young guerrillas have tasted action and found, as one of them put it, a

"purpose" in their lives, it will be doubly hard to hold them down. The Israeli Army and Air Force could simply take the East Bank, of course. But sane minds in Israel boggle at the prospect after that. King Hussein remains the key figure in this frightening tangle. He can still talk to East and West, and he remains a symbol to many Palestinians.

In all of this turmoil the civilian victims have once again had to retreat. Some 300,000 refugees from the West Bank and Gaza have moved farther and farther east. Among them are hundreds of youths from Gaza, unemployables made to order for guerrilla training. As the hopelessness of the refugee population increases, the pressures on Amman become crucial.

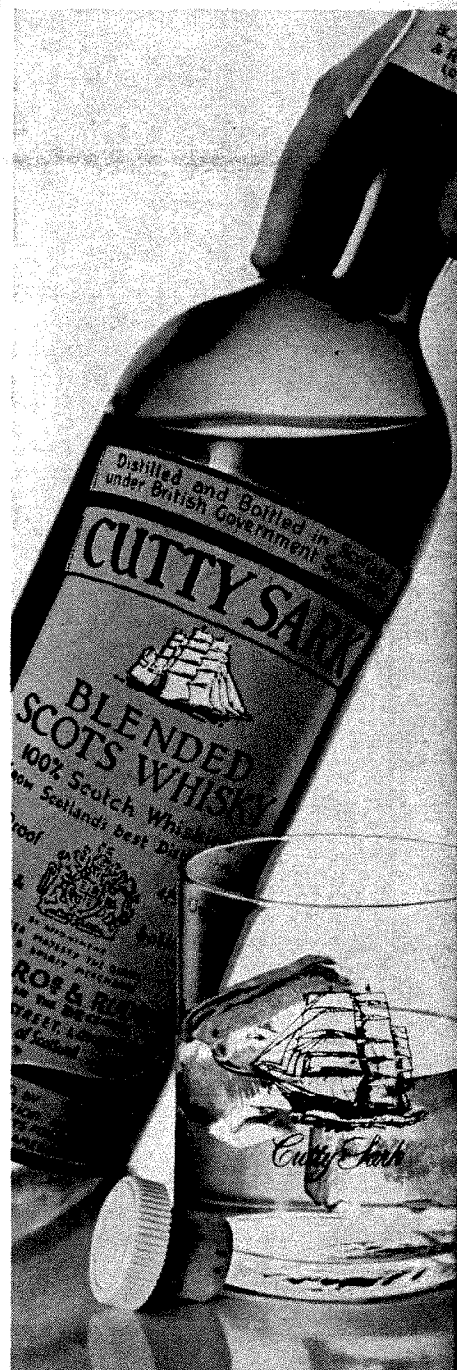
It would be tragically ironic if Israel, whose own commandos of the forties succeeded in driving the British from Palestine, should itself be confronted now with a concerted Arab activist movement. At the minimum such activists in occupied territories would disrupt civilian and economic life, frighten away tourists, and reduce all chances of reaching a modus vivendi in Jerusalem and the West Bank. It occurs to some Israelis now, and to some of their friends abroad, that one way to check this danger is to yield somewhere, to make the first peaceful gesture. Such a gesture would be hard for Israel to make. But it alone has the power to break the present impasse.

Israel is the only country in the region with any positive choices left. It could restore its aim of coming to terms with its bitter neighbors. It could still start in Jerusalem, with a fresh look at the condominium idea being put forth among church leaders. Or in the Jordan Valley, where most of the Palestinians are still in their "home" and only need to feel secure there.

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. Loren Jenkins has been an American correspondent in Spain since 1966. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

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the mail

The mongoloid child

SIR: In the April issue of the *Atlantic* theologian Joseph Fletcher recommends death for a mongoloid child ("The Right to Die: A Theologian Comments") because, well, it is really only an embryonic anomaly, clinically tagged as Down's syndrome.

Any teacher of Christian ethics who imagines that Christ or his disciples would endorse euthanasia for mongoloid children has allowed his faith to cool and dwindle into a parody of itself. (And even his *obiter dicta* on the Hindu practice of suttee is obsolete.)

It is not unknown in the history of asceticism that Christians stood witness to their faith by picking up the cross sent to them by their God in the hope that through the cross they might find salvation. Thus, when a father of a mongoloid infant writes, "I prayed for my child's death, cursing and damning myself as I did," it does not occur to the theologian that in the economy of the divine plan the retarded boy had less need of his father than the father had for his son.

JOHN J. FOX
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I share Professor Fletcher's scorn for hypocritical distinctions between killing by choice and allowing death to happen by omission. However, I believe that the specific example of Down's syndrome as a life which is not good, deserving neither protection nor preservation, is a particularly unfortunate one.

I strongly disagree with Fletcher's statement that "a Down's is not a person" and assume that this judgment must be based on a narrow acquaintance with the problem.

There is a distribution of intelligence in children with Down's syndrome, and although the mean IQ is definitely retarded (around 35-40), there is a significant and growing number who approach or reach

ligence. The recent publication in England of *The World of Nigel Hunt*, a diary written by a young man with Down's syndrome, is a dramatic illustration of what is possible, at least for a few.

When we look at the more typical mongoloid child and compare him against the standards for humanness set by Fletcher, I would say that he "passes" as "self-aware and consciously related to others," depending upon whether the ability to remember and follow directions constitutes "some initiative."

The idea that a mentally retarded child inevitably deprives other normal children suggests that there is a discrete amount of parental love available. While some parents remain in a state of chronic mourning, most parents work out of this with the support of the many community facilities now available to them. Some have gone so far as to say that making room for the "different" child has enriched their spiritual or emotional lives.

It is my impression that people want the child with Down's syndrome out of sight because he makes them feel uneasy. There is a basic anxiety aroused by the idea that someone has an irrevocable ceiling on his intellectual growth which has nothing to do with the human properties of the afflicted individual. It strikes at a universal fantasy that the "normal" human mind has limitless potential which can be realized through education and/or sufficient will. The mongoloid child makes us aware of our helplessness, and we don't like to be reminded.

JANE W. KESSLER
Director, Mental Development Center
Case Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR: Professor Fletcher's thoughtful discussion was both stimulating and rewarding. Unfortunately, restrictions on space probably served to obscure some of Professor Fletcher's

relation to first principles. Thus his statements that (1) death is bad when prolonged, yet good when quick, (2) the only difference between intra-uterine and extra-uterine existence is the sheer ability of the neonate to obey the physical law of pressure differentials (that is, "breathe with its lungs"), and (3) a Down's is *not* a person may represent either philosophical distillation or mere simplistic assertions.

At any rate, his article's moral cogency has been a welcomed stimulus to re-evaluation of these issues.

JOHN J. MANTOS
Dartmouth Medical School
Hanover, N. H.

SIR: Dr. Fletcher errs in choosing Down's syndrome as a point of departure for his discussion of euthanasia rather than severe mental and physical handicap in general. He obviously does not know, for instance, that such children as the Down's who are of the mosaic type, having some normal cells, can have intelligence approaching the normal range. He is not considering either the fact that in most retarded children it is not until they are three or four that one can assess their potential with any reasonable certainty.

Professor Fletcher states, "In dealing with Down's cases, it is obvious that the end everybody wants is death." This is simply not so, and will undoubtedly bring intense pain to many parents of much loved girls and boys (and about a ton of angry letters to you).

ELIZABETH B. GEZON
Psychologist
Walter E. Fernald State School
Waltham, Mass.

SIR: I have a bright, active twelve-year-old son, and a two-year-old daughter who is afflicted with Down's syndrome and epilepsy. Each of these children has brought both joy and sorrow to our lives, and each has required our care

Fletcher's statements, I could no more wish for the death of my beloved daughter than I could wish for the death of my son. Nor could I follow the professor's philosophy and teach my son a lesson in destruction and selfishness by letting his baby sister die so he could have her share of our time, affection, and money.

LESSIE M. SINCLAIR
Oklahoma City, Okla.

SIR: Thirty-five years ago this month I gave birth to a little mongoloid boy — like Bernard Bard's baby ("A Father Speaks"), a month premature. He is now a fine, healthy young man, and has never had a serious illness in spite of the fact that he was born well before the days of antibiotics. Like all mongoloids, he has a happy disposition, and a fondness for music and rhythm (not mentioned in the article).

Mongoloids have different potentials mentally; our Bobby is rated as "middle class" at our fine state institution at Southbury, Connecticut, which has been his home for many years. He gets real satisfaction out of the simple tasks he can perform there, the various entertainments which he can attend, and the association with boys whose mental capacity is on a par with his. Our visits to him are happy occasions for him and for us.

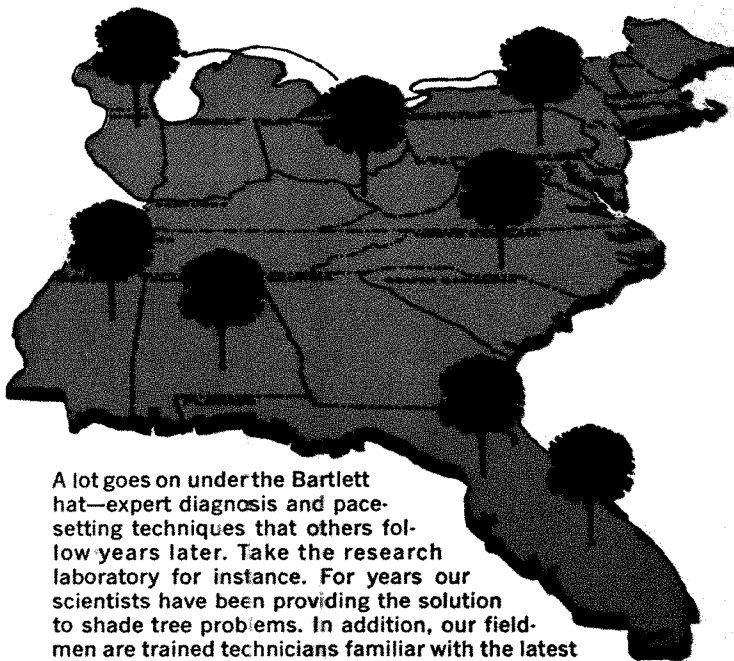
JANET F. PETERSON
New London, Conn.

SIR: My twelve-year-old brother is a mongoloid whom my parents have raised along with six other children. My mother will say that her twins were more of a strain on her and the family than Billy ever was; but of course she did not put them away because of it.

Billy attends a public school class for trainable mentally handicapped children. At least half of his class are mongoloids. Most of them speak fluently, all have mastered social courtesies, not to mention control of bodily functions, which they learned long before entering school at age six or seven. They smile, they respond, they recognize people and call them by name. In fact the one outstanding characteristic of mongoloid youngsters, as anyone who has known those raised by people who cared enough to love them, is their tremendous warmth and enthusiasm.



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unresponsive children in the hospital he visited. How long would a normal child remain vital lying in a crib with no one to hold him in the first few months of life, but only an occasional bottle thrust into his mouth, an occasional cold hand changing his diaper on a round of duty?

JUDITH COLLINS
Lake Villa, Ill.

SIR: Raising a mongoloid child adds a new dimension of love to life's experience. Our child lived only five years, but as few as they were, the effect of those years of growth for us and uncomplicated joy in a very precious child will last our lifetime. We found facing the reality of her birth far less difficult than facing the reality of her sudden death. I fully understand Mr. Bard's anguish at the time of his son's birth; I am only sorry that he never knew the love of his "special" child.

CONSTANCE RILEY
Arlington, Va.

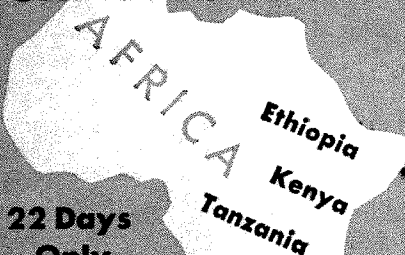
SIR: Thank you for publishing the articles by Mr. Bard and Dr. Fletcher.

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er. At last we have public dialogue on thoughts many hold in private. However, it would seem that present-day society demands these children live at any cost.

I have wrestled with this problem in the months since our mongoloid daughter was saved. When she was two days old, the young doctor on duty discovered an intestinal blockage and rushed her to Boston for an emergency operation. Four hours later he told me the operation was a success, and with words almost identical to those of Mr. Bard's pediatrician, told me the Boston doctors had confirmed his opinion that she was a mongoloid.

In my first shock, I screamed, "Why did you bother? How could you give that burden to an eleven-year-old boy? Shocking? I meant every word of it. The real tragedy is with our children, one who will never be a contributing member of society and the other who will be burdened with her when we are gone!

Dr. Fletcher speaks of a short lifespan for these children. The doctors tell us that is no longer true. We have been assured that with extra medical attention and antibiotics, she can outlive her brother. Seven weeks in the hospital with many problems proved to us that this is the case.

Despite popular opinion, we finally decided to have this baby live elsewhere. In Massachusetts the institutions will not take mongoloid children until they are two, and finding a place became a real problem. After several months, we were able to place her in a nice home. We see her occasionally, not out of guilt, but interest and a feeling that her brother must not forget her because she will someday be his responsibility.

We are told time and again that we are blessed and chosen by God to care for this special child. We are told it is God's will that she live, but I still answer, "No, it is man's will."

In the light of our experience, I doubt that many will agree with the thesis of Mr. Bard and Mr. Fletcher, but I applaud their courage to state it.

LUCILE F. STURTEVANT
Medfield, Mass.

SIR: Reading "The Right to Die" was a saddening experience, like a page from the dark ages in the care of the mentally retarded. It is as

if the forward strides in medicine and education had failed utterly to seep through to this pediatrician, minister, and parent.

LUTHER W. STRINGHAM
Executive Director
National Association for Retarded Children
New York City

More on supernation

SIR: Dan Wakefield's account of the "Parents Meet the Hippies" Town Meeting was good reporting ("Supernation at Peace and War," *March Atlantic*). However, he neglected to mention the courtesy extended the loud opposition in the person of the "silver-haired taxpaying lady" Mrs. Schuyler, who demanded time, on the platform. I did not "huddle" with the panel members, but extended her the democratic right to be heard from the platform.

I did not invite anyone to "leave" as reported.

In the old tradition of a town meeting, there was wide permissiveness extended along with courtesy to the dissidents present in the audience.

We are continuing these dialogues between parents and the youth wherever we are invited. Nothing is gained by implementing the alienation of children from parents, an unhappy phenomenon in our society today.

LILY WIENER
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I wish to comment on Mr. Wakefield's report on Sun City. I have never been there, but have seen such places in Florida, and speak as a widow of sixty-nine, retired, living alone and preferring it.

Those who live in the retirement communities are not compelled in any way to go there, and to spend a great deal of money to live there. They presumably had homes, and they chose to leave friends and go there.

I feel they are people of narrow horizons and poor initiative who expect the community in some way to make up for this.

My home is a poor thing by most standards, but it is debt-free and comfortable enough for one who knew few luxuries through the year. My children grew up and have their own families far from here. I visit but have no wish to live with the Who needs the raucous records of the teen-agers, the busy-busy parents



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who have little time for conversation? The generation gap is wide indeed these days, and try as she may, it is hard for grandmother to bridge it.

In the good old days when the old folks did stay with the children, it was often in their own homes or at least their communities. And they huddled, like as not, in the winter, wrapped in shawls in the chimney corner, no one wanting to take time with them then either. They often couldn't read because of poor glasses or none at all, had to eat the prevailing heavy diet with no proper teeth, and wore colorless gray clothes.

Now we can be independent, have our own social circles, and enjoy indulging our own tastes. Children often live in faraway places where climate, custom, and food are different. It does not lure.

The Sun Cities have their place. Many are happy there.

My advice is stay in your own place if you can. If health fails utterly, accept the nursing home as the best of a bad situation, and remember diligently with Milton, "The mind is its own place and in itself / Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

If it is not able to cope, no one can do it for you.

ROBINA BAGWELL
Spartanburg, S. C.

Cymry am Byth!

SIR: Kevin D'Arcy is a bit cross-threaded about the Free Welsh Army (report on Wales and Scotland, March *Atlantic*), insofar as saying they are a "dozen disappointed fascists." Though it is probable that one or two were at one time connected with the English right-wing extremists many years ago, the majority by far are Welshmen only too conscious of our country's struggle for survival through long, dark, bitter centuries against Roman, Viking, Dane, Saxon, Norman, and English. Our "War of National Liberation" has lasted, on and off, for twenty centuries, and our sons are scattered over all the earth. We have talked with the Saxon too many times to be confounded by him now. As for Europe, our brothers are everywhere else but in Europe (with the exception of Brittany, where live Celts of Welsh descent). There are more Welshmen in the United States than there

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are in Wales, so Uncle Sam had better pipe down, particularly as, since Madoc Gwynedd landed in Mobile Bay in 1170 A.D., we might decide to contest the Louisiana Purchase, once we have our independence again. As for the suppression of the Dragon's Tongue by Fat Henry, bloodthirsty scion of the turncoat House of Twdwr, well, it's still alive, which is more than can be said of him or any of his Saxon and Flemish mares.

Cymry am Byth!

TRISTAN JONES
Ibiza, Spain

SIR: The *Atlantic* deals sympathetically with Scottish nationalism but ascribes a purely English meaning to the word "nark." The "copper's nark," or police informer, is a creature of London and its environs. In Scotland "to nark" denotes to complain, in a querulous fashion. Certainly the Secretary of State for Scotland and Mrs. Ewing understood each other. Both referred to the kind of scolding which in a wife is known as "nagging." Complaining better describes Mrs. Ewing's intentions toward the august houses of Parliament than spying. The latter would be more appropriate in a strictly hostile nation than an annoyed vassal state.

THOMAS B. KING
Cambridge, Mass.

How could Vietnam happen?

SIR: James C. Thomson, Jr.'s "How Could Vietnam Happen?" (April *Atlantic*), with its telling postscript provided by W. S. Merwin's eight-line "After the War" ("And we will all enlist again"), is a most cogent and appalling summing up of American blunderings in Vietnam. To be sure, it underscores our good fortune in having no LBJ to worry about after January, 1969; but it also underscores how terribly difficult it will be to oust the many others in our government committed to those fateful Vietnam miscalculations as far back as Dienbienphu (1954) and before.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: What James Thomson now reveals does not shock so much as it confirms what millions of us have felt for some time — disgust. How many outrageous confessions of witless miscalculation must we be pre-

sented with before that bastion of ignorance at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is forced to hear its citizens.

GEORGE W. HEARNE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

SIR: I thought James Thomson's piece on the origins of the Vietnam policy was the best thing I have ever read on the subject, and you are certainly to be congratulated.

GEORGE J. W. GOODMAN
New York City

Advice and consent

SIR: It was a shock to me to read H. R. Catchpole's letter (April *Atlantic*) characterizing James Watson's account of the discovery of the structure of the double helix ("The Double Helix: The Discovery of the Structure of DNA," January and February *Atlantic*) as "ultimately tragic."

That Rosalind Franklin's data had been stolen was a fearful statement to have made. Before Max Perutz turned over to Crick and Watson the mimeographed report of what had recently been done at Randall's lab, Watson had himself visited Maurice Wilkins at his London laboratory. Watson's own account of this visit is as follows: "He revealed that with the help of his assistant, Wilson, he had quietly been duplicating some of Rosy's . . . X-ray work . . . since the middle of the summer Rosy had had evidence for a new three-dimensional form of DNA. . . . When I asked what the pattern was like, Maurice went into the adjacent room to pick up a print of the new form they called the 'B' structure."

When Perutz later showed the Randall mimeograph to Francis Crick and Watson, "Francis sensed with relief that following my return from King's [London] I had correctly reported to him the essential features of the B pattern."

This recital by Watson does not warrant your correspondent's implication that Miss Franklin's files had been tampered with.

WINFIELD H. WOODINGS, SR.
Portland, Conn.

SIR: Bernard Malamud's story "Man in the Drawer" (April *Atlantic*) will be read and remembered a long time. Its last words — "integrity," "heritage," "talent" — ought to replace as watchwords for writers Taine's famous "*la Race, le Milieu,*

le Moment" and even (hopefully) Joyce's "silence, exile, and cunning."

BROOKS A. JENKINS
Vancouver, Wash.

SIR: Your April report on Egypt deals with the unsuccessful attempt to free the stranded vessels in the Suez Canal. The blame, in your reporter's view, is on Israel, which is "denying clearance for its own political reasons."

In August, 1967, Israel and Egypt undertook before the UN that neither would navigate the canal until an agreement to the contrary would be arrived at between them. This became an integral part of the cease-fire arrangement. Consequently, launching of vessels into the waterway by either party without the consent of the other constitutes a violation of the cease-fire.

On December 26, 1967, Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, Special Representative of the UN Secretary-General, proposed that Israel agree to the southward exit of the stranded ships as a one-time operation. The next day, Israel expressed its full consent. Israel also made it clear that any scheme to extend the clearing operation northward would require a new and separate agreement. However, on January 30, 1968, Egypt sought to go beyond the clear specifications of the agreement by launching its vessels in the northern part of the canal. The vessels were warned off. The Egyptian guns opened fire, following which the Egyptian government has gone back on its agreement to facilitate the exit of the stranded ships.

Egypt's provocative action was intended to establish political facts and to demonstrate its refusal to be bound by the conditions of the cease-fire arrangements.

Israel's insistence upon strict compliance with the terms of the agreement is a matter of both principle and experience.

YOHANAN COHEN
*Consul General of Israel
Boston, Mass.*

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

How to describe Cointreau

FOR LESS INFORMED FRIENDS,
ACQUAINTANCES, AND UNCLASSIFIED STRANGERS.



80 PROOF, PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

New on-the-rocks idea.

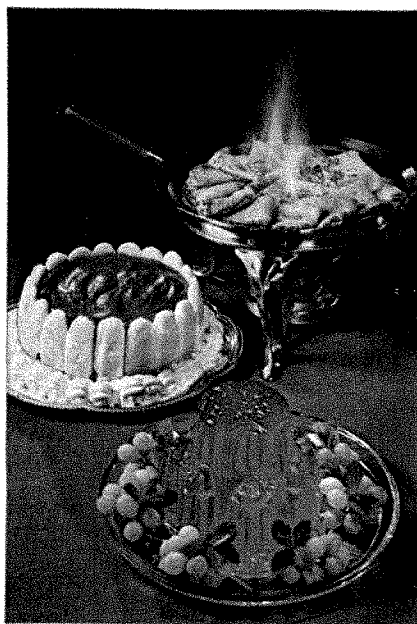
Pour Cointreau over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass. Tastes as refreshing as it looks.

The Cointreau Cocktail.

A cocktail you'll wish you had met years ago. 1½ jiggers Cointreau, 1 jigger vodka, juice of half a lime. Stir with ice and strain into a cocktail glass or serve in an Old Fashioned glass over ice cubes.

Cointreau Barbecue

Sauce. Simmer together one bottle red burgundy, 4 medium onions and 2 celery stalks chopped, 2 cans beef bouillon, 3 cans tomato paste, salt, pepper and Tabasco sauce to taste. Cook until reduced by half. Add 1 ounce Cointreau. Excellent for steaks, hamburgers, spareribs...indoor broiling or out. Extra sauce keeps well in refrigerator.



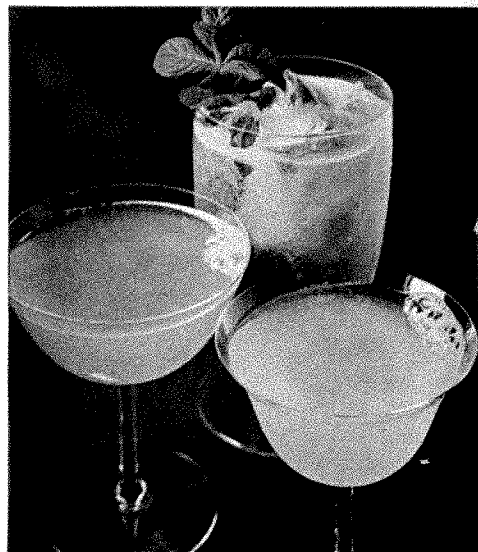
CREPES SUZETTE, CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE, LIME GELATIN

There's only one Cointreau.

But endless ways to use it. A crystal-clear spirit with a silky-smooth bouquet and a flavor to match, Cointreau is the versatile invention of those clever French. You can enjoy it anytime. And it's priced about the same as good Scotch.

Cointreau...the adventurous spirit.

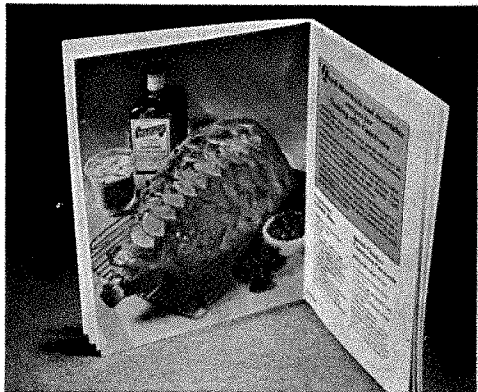
Don't try to list all the pleasurable possibilities with Cointreau or you'll shoot the whole evening. Simply hit the high spots: its use in the world's most adventurous cocktails, on the rocks, in cooking, and as an after-dinner companion.



SIDE CAR, CHAMPAGNE COOLER, ACAPULCO

Cointreau turns simple foods into creations.

One doesn't need a diploma from a gourmet school to use Cointreau in the kitchen. All it takes is imagination. Cointreau can add a touch of genius to meat, vegetables, fresh fruit...to puddings, ice cream, and desserts of all kinds.



You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know because we did. It tells you how to make all the tantalizing drinks and dishes shown here. And a lot more. Get a copy of our 20-page booklet, "Adventures with Cointreau," free for the asking at your local purveyor of spirits. Or write: P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Barrel and mainspring inside:
power source of watch.

Upper bridge:
works in conjunction with lower bridge
and supports the wheels of
the automatic winding mechanism.

Alternating gears and pinions:
permit constant winding
of the mainspring regardless
of which direction oscillating
weight turns.

Oscillating weight arbor:
pivot on which
oscillating weight
revolves.

Locking plate:
holds oscillating
weight in
position.

Lower bridge:
supports lower pivots
of automatic
train wheels and
oscillating weight
arbor.

Intermediate and
third winding wheels:
transmit power to
mainspring.

Automatic movement:
more accurate than
windup watch because
mainspring is always more fully wound.

**If it sounds like we know
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See your jeweler for his selection of Bulova automatic watches.
Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan, London,
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makes a watch tick
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THE MEDIA BARONS AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

An FCC Commissioner's Warning

BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON

The message aside, the medium may be turning into a quadruple threat, argues Federal Communications Commissioner Johnson. Local monopolies, regional baronies, nationwide empires, and corporate conglomerates are more and more in control of the nation's communications media — newspapers, TV, radio, magazines, books, the electronic "knowledge industry." The commissioner offers a brief in protest against the trend and in favor of steps to stop it. At thirty-three, Mr. Johnson already has one spirited David-Goliath role behind him: the President named him head of the Maritime Administration in 1964, where he fought for shipping industry reforms over the protests of both management and labor. He became one of the seven members of the FCC in 1966.

BEFORE I came to the Federal Communications Commission my concerns about the ownership of broadcasting and publishing in America were about like those of any other generally educated person.

Most television programming from the three networks struck me as bland at best. I had taken courses dealing with propaganda and "thought control," bemoaned (while being entertained by) *Time* magazine's "slanted" reporting, understood that Hearst had something to do with the Spanish-American War, and was impressed with President Eisenhower's concern about "the military-industrial complex." The changing ownership of the old-line book publishers and the disappearance of some of our major newspapers made me vaguely uneasy. I was philosophically wedded to the fundamental importance of "the marketplace of ideas" in a free society, and a year as law clerk to my idol, Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black, had done nothing to weaken that commitment.

But I didn't take much time to be reflective about the current significance of such matters. It all seemed beyond my ability to influence in any meaningful way. Then, in July, 1966, I became a member of the FCC. Here my interest in the mar-

ketplace of ideas could no longer remain a casual article of personal faith. The commitment was an implicit part of the oath I took on assuming the office of commissioner, and, I quickly learned, an everyday responsibility.

Threats to the free exchange of information and opinion in this country can come from various sources, many of them outside the power of the FCC to affect. Publishers and reporters are not alike in their ability, education, tolerance of diversity, and sense of responsibility. The hidden or overt pressures of advertisers have long been with us.

But one aspect of the problem is clearly within the purview of the FCC — the impact of *ownership* upon the content of the mass media. It is also a part of the responsibility of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department. It has been the subject of recent congressional hearings. There are a number of significant trends in the ownership of the media worth examining — local and regional monopolies, growing concentration of control of the most profitable and powerful television stations in the major markets, broadcasting-publishing combines, and so forth. But let's begin with a look at the significance of media ownership by "conglomerate corporations" — holding companies

that own, in addition to publishing and broadcasting enterprises, other major industrial corporations.

During my first month at the FCC I studied the cases and attended the meetings, but purposefully did not participate in voting on any items. One of the agenda items at the July 20 commissioners' meeting proposed two draft letters addressed to the presidents of International Telephone and Telegraph and the American Broadcasting Company, ITT and ABC, Messrs. Harold Geneen and Leonard Goldenson. We were asking them to supply "a statement specifying in further detail the manner in which the financial resources of ITT will enable ABC to improve its program services and thereby better to serve the public interest." This friendly inquiry was my first introduction to the proposed ITT-ABC merger, and the Commission majority's attitudes about it. It was to be a case that would occupy much of my attention over the next few months.

There wasn't much discussion of the letters that morning, but I read carefully the separate statements filed with the letter by my two responsible and experienced colleagues, Commissioners Robert T. Bartley and Kenneth A. Cox, men for whom I was already feeling a respect that was to grow over the following months.

Commissioner Bartley, a former broadcaster with the deep and earthy wisdom one would expect in a Texas-born relative of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, wrote a long and thoughtful statement. He warned of "the probable far-reaching political, social and economic consequences for the public interest of the increasing control of broadcast facilities and broadcast service by large conglomerate corporations such as the applicants." Commissioner Cox, former lawyer, law professor, counsel to the Senate Commerce Committee, and chief of the FCC's Broadcast Bureau, characterized the proposed merger as "perhaps the most important in the agency's history." He said the issues were "so significant and far-reaching that we should proceed immediately to designate the matter for hearing."

Their concerns were well grounded in broadcasting's history and in the national debate preceding the 1934 Communications Act we were appointed to enforce. Precisely what Congress intended the FCC to do was not specified at the time or since. But no one has ever doubted Congress' great concern lest the ownership of broadcasting properties be permitted to fall into a few hands or to assume monopoly proportions.

The 1934 Act was preceded by the 1927 Radio Act and a series of industry Radio Conferences in the early 1920s. The conferences were called by then Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover.

Hoover expressed concern lest control over broadcasting "come under the arbitrary power of any person or group of persons." During the congressional debates on the 1927 Act a leading congressman, noting that "publicity is the most powerful weapon that can be wielded in a republic," warned of the domination of broadcasting by "a single selfish group." Should that happen, he said, "then woe be to those who dare to differ with them." The requirement that licenses not be transferred without Commission approval was intended, according to a sponsoring senator, "to prevent the concentration of broadcast facilities by a few." Thirty years later, in 1956, Senate Commerce Committee Chairman Warren G. Magnuson was still warning the Commission that it "should be on guard against the intrusion of big business and absentee ownership."

These concerns of Congress and my colleagues were to take on fuller meaning as the ITT-ABC case unfolded, a case which eventually turned into an FCC *cause célèbre*. It also demonstrated the enormity of the responsibility vested in this relatively small and little-known Commission, by virtue of its power to grant or withhold membership in the broadcast industry. On a personal level, the case shook into me the realization, for the first time in my life, of the dreadful significance of the ownership structure of the mass media in America.

THE ITT-ABC MERGER CASE

ITT is a sprawling international conglomerate of 433 separate boards of directors that derives about 60 percent of its income from its significant holdings in at least forty foreign countries. It is the ninth largest industrial corporation in the world in size of work force. In addition to its sale of electronic equipment to foreign governments, and operation of foreign countries' telephone systems, roughly half of its domestic income comes from U.S. Government defense and space contracts. But it is also in the business of consumer finance, life insurance, investment funds, small loan companies, car rentals (ITT Avis, Inc.), and book publishing.

This description of ITT's anatomy is taken (as is much of this ITT-ABC discussion) from opinions written by myself and Commissioners Bartley and Cox. We objected, vigorously, to the four-man majority's decision to approve the merger. So did some senators and congressmen, the Department of Justice, the Commission's own staff, the American Civil Liberties Union, a number of independent individuals and witnesses, and a belated but eventually insistent chorus of newspaper and magazine editorialists.

What did we find so ominous about the take-over of this radio and television network by a highly successful conglomerate organization?

In 1966, ABC owned 399 theaters in 34 states, 5 VHF television stations, 6 AM and 6 FM stations (all in the top 10 broadcasting markets), and, of course, one of the 3 major television networks and one of the 4 major radio networks in the world. Its 137 primary television network affiliates could reach 93 percent of the then 50 million television homes in the United States, and its radio network affiliates could reach 97 percent of the then 55 million homes with radio receivers. ABC had interests in, and affiliations with, stations in 25 other nations, known as the "Worldvision Group." These, together with ABC Films, made the parent corporation perhaps the world's largest distributor of filmed shows for theaters and television stations throughout this country and abroad. ABC was heavily involved in the record production and distribution business, and other subsidiaries published three farm papers.

The merger would have placed this accumulation of mass media, and one of the largest purveyors of news and opinion in America, under the control of one of the largest conglomerate corporations in the world. What's wrong with that? Potentially a number of things. For now, consider simply that the integrity of the news judgment of ABC might be affected by the economic interests of ITT — that ITT might simply view ABC's programming as a part of ITT's public relations, advertising, or political activities. This seemed to us a real threat in 1966, notwithstanding the character of the management of both companies, and their protestations that no possibility of abuse existed. By 1967 the potential threat had become reality.

ITT'S EMPIRE

ITT's continuing concern with political and economic developments in foreign countries as a result of its far-flung economic interests was fully documented in the hearing. It showed, as one might expect, ITT's recurrent concern with internal affairs in most major countries of the world, including rate problems, tax problems, and problems with nationalization and reimbursement, to say nothing of ordinary commercial dealing. Its involvement with the United States government, in addition to defense contracts, included the Agency for International Development's insurance of 5.8 percent of all ITT assets.

Testimony was offered on the fascinating story of intrigue surrounding "Operation Deep Freeze" (an underwater cable). It turned out that ITT officials, using high-level government contracts in England and Canada, had brought off a bit of profitable international diplomacy unknown to the United States State Department or the FCC, possibly in violation of law. Further inquiry

revealed that officers and directors of ITT's subsidiaries included two members of the British House of Lords, one in the French National Assembly, a former premier of Belgium, and several ministers of foreign governments and officials of government-owned companies.

As it seemed to Commissioners Bartley and Cox and to me when we dissented from the Commission's approval of the merger in June, 1967, a company whose daily activities require it to manipulate governments at the highest levels would face unending temptation to manipulate ABC news. Any public official, or officer of a large corporation, is necessarily clearly concerned with the appearance of some news stories, the absence of others, and the tone and character of all affecting his personal interests. That's what public relations firms and press secretaries are all about. We concluded, "We simply cannot find that the public interest of the American citizenry is served by turning over a major network to an international enterprise whose fortunes are tied to its political relations with the foreign officials whose actions it will be called upon to interpret to the world."

Even the highest degree of subjective integrity on the part of chief ITT officials could not ensure integrity in ABC's operations. To do an honest and impartial job of reporting the news is difficult enough for the most independent and conscientious of newsmen. Eric Sevareid has said of putting on a news program at a network relatively free of conglomerate control: "The ultimate sensation is the feeling of being bitten to death by ducks." And ABC newsmen could not help knowing that ITT had sensitive business relations in various foreign countries and at the highest levels of our government, and that reporting on any number of industries and economic developments would touch the interests of ITT. The mere awareness of these interests would make it impossible for those news officials, no matter how conscientious, to report news and develop documentaries objectively, in the way that they would do if ABC remained unaffiliated with ITT. They would advance within the news organization, or be fired, or become officers of ABC — perhaps even of ITT — or not, and no newsman would be able to erase from his mind the idea that his chances of doing so might be affected by his treatment of issues on which ITT is sensitive.

Only last year CBS was reportedly involved, almost Hearst-like, in a nightmarish planned armed invasion of Haiti. It was an exclusive, and would have made a very dramatic start-to-finish documentary but for the inglorious end: U.S. Customs wouldn't let them leave the United States. Imagine ITT, with its extensive interests in the Caribbean, engaged in such undertakings.

The likelihood of at least some compromising of ABC's integrity seemed inherent in the structure of the proposed new organization. What were the *probabilities* that these potentials for abuse would be exercised? We were soon to see the answer in the bizarre proceedings right before our eyes.

During the April, 1967, hearings, while this very issue was being debated, the *Wall Street Journal* broke the story that ITT was going to extraordinary lengths to obtain favorable press coverage of this hearing. Eventually three reporters were summoned before the examiner to relate for the official record the incidents that were described in the *Journal's* exposé.

An AP and a UPI reporter testified to several phone calls to their homes by ITT public relations men, variously asking them to change their stories and make inquiries for ITT with regard to stories by other reporters, and to use their influence as members of the press to obtain for ITT confidential information from the Department of Justice regarding its intentions. Even more serious were several encounters between ITT officials and a New York *Times* reporter.

On one of these occasions ITT's senior vice president in charge of public relations went to the reporter's office. After criticizing her dispatches to the *Times* about the case in a tone which she described as "accusatory and certainly nasty," he asked whether she had been following the price of ABC and ITT stock. When she indicated that she had not, he asked if she didn't feel she had a "responsibility to the shareholders who might lose money as a result of what" she wrote. She replied, "My responsibility is to find out the truth and print it."

He then asked if she was aware that I (as an FCC Commissioner) was working with a prominent senator on legislation that would forbid any newspaper from owning any broadcast property. (The New York *Times* owns station WQXR in New York.) In point of fact, the senator and I had never met, let alone collaborated, as was subsequently made clear in public statements. But the ITT senior vice president, according to the *Times* reporter, felt that this false information was something she "ought to pass on to [her] . . . publisher before [she wrote] . . . anything further" about the case. The obvious implication of this remark, she felt, was that since the *Times* owns a radio station, it would want to consider its economic interests in deciding what to publish about broadcasting in its newspaper.

To me, this conduct, in which at least three ITT officials, including a senior vice president, were involved, was a deeply unsettling experience. It demonstrated an abrasive self-righteousness in dealing with the press, insensitivity to its independence

and integrity, a willingness to spread false stories in furtherance of self-interest, contempt for government officials as well as the press, and an assumption that even as prestigious a news medium as the New York *Times* would, as a matter of course, want to present the news so as to serve best its own economic interests (as well as the economic interests of other large business corporations).

But for the brazen activities of ITT in this very proceeding, it would never have occurred to the three of us who dissented to suggest that the most probable threat to the integrity of ABC news could come from *overt* actions or written policy statements. After the hearing it was obvious that that was clearly possible. But even then we believed that the most substantial threat came from a far more subtle, almost unconscious, process: that the questionable story idea, or news coverage, would never even be proposed — whether for reasons of fear, insecurity, cynicism, realism, or unconscious avoidance.

CONCENTRATION OF CONTROL OVER THE MEDIA

Since the ITT-ABC case left the Commission I have not ceased to be troubled by the issues it raised — in many ways more serious (and certainly more prevalent) for wholly domestic corporations. Eventually the merger was aborted by ITT on New Year's Day of this year, while the Justice Department's appeal of the Commission's action was pending before the U.S. Court of Appeals. However, I ponder what the consequences might have been if ITT's apparent cynicism toward journalistic integrity had actually been able to harness the enormous social and propaganda power of a national television network to the service of a politically sensitive corporate conglomerate. More important, I have become concerned about the extent to which such forces *already* play upon important media of mass communication. Perhaps such attitudes are masked by more finesse than that displayed in the ITT-ABC case. Perhaps they are even embedded in the kind of sincere good intentions which caused former Defense Secretary (and former General Motors president) Charles Wilson to equate the interests of his company with those of the country.

I do not believe that most owners and managers of the mass media in the United States lack a sense of responsibility or lack tolerance for a diversity of views. I do not believe there is a small group of men who gather for breakfast every morning and decide what they will make the American people believe that day. Emotion often outruns the evidence of those who argue a conspiracy theory of propagandists' manipulation of the masses.

On the other hand, one reason evidence is so

hard to come by is that the media tend to give less publicity to their own abuses than, say, to those of politicians. The media operate as a check upon other institutional power centers in our country. There is, however, no check upon the media. Just as it is a mistake to overstate the existence and potential for abuse, so, in my judgment, is it a mistake to ignore the evidence that does exist.

In 1959, for example, it was reported that officials of the Trujillo regime in the Dominican Republic had paid \$750,000 to officers of the Mutual Radio Network to gain favorable propaganda disguised as news. (Ownership of the Mutual Radio Network changed hands once again last year without any review whatsoever by the FCC of old or new owners. The FCC does not regulate networks, only stations, and Mutual owns none.) RCA was once charged with using an NBC station to serve unfairly its broader corporate interests, including the coverage of RCA activities as "news," when others did not. There was speculation that after RCA acquired Random House, considerable pressure was put on the book publishing house's president, Bennett Cerf, to cease his Sunday evening service as a panelist on CBS's *What's My Line?* The Commission has occasionally found that individual stations have violated the "fairness doctrine" in advocating causes serving the station's economic self-interest, such as pay television.

Virtually every issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review* reports instances of such abuses by the print media. It has described a railroad-owned newspaper that refused to report railroad wrecks, a newspaper in debt to the Teamsters Union which gave exceedingly favorable coverage to Jimmy Hoffa, the repeated influence of the DuPont interests in the editorial functions of the Wilmington papers which it owned, and Anaconda Copper's use of its company-owned newspapers to support political candidates favorable to the company.

Edward P. Morgan left ABC last year to become the commentator on the Ford Foundation-funded Public Broadcasting Laboratory. He has always been straightforward, and he used his final news broadcast to be reflective about broadcasting itself. "Let's face it," he said. "We in this trade use this power more frequently to fix a traffic ticket or get a ticket to a ballgame than to keep the doors of an open society open and swinging. . . . The freest and most profitable press in the world, every major facet of it, not only ducks but pulls its punches to save a supermarket of commercialism or shield an ugly prejudice and is putting the life of the republic in jeopardy thereby."

Economic self-interest *does* influence the content of the media, and as the media tend to fall into the control of corporate conglomerates, the areas of information and opinion affecting those economic

interests become dangerously wide-ranging. What is happening to the ownership of American media today? What dangers does it pose? Taking a look at the structure of the media in the United States, I am not put at ease by what I see.

Most American communities have far less "dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources" (to quote a famous description by the Supreme Court of the basic aim of the First Amendment) than is available nationally. Of the 1500 cities with daily newspapers, 96 percent are served by single-owner monopolies. Outside the top 50 to 200 markets there is a substantial dropping off in the number of competing radio and television signals. The FCC prohibits a single owner from controlling two AM radio, or two television, stations with overlapping signals. But it has only recently expressed any concern over common ownership of an AM radio station and an FM radio station and a television station in the same market. Indeed, such ownership is the rule rather than the exception and probably exists in your community. Most stations are today acquired by purchase. And the FCC has, in part because of congressional pressure, rarely disapproved a purchase of a station by a newspaper.

There are few statewide or regional "monopolies" — although some situations come close. But in a majority of our states — the least populous — there are few enough newspapers and television stations to begin with, and they are usually under the control of a small group. And most politicians find today, as Congress warned in 1926, "woe be to those who dare to differ with them." Most of our politics is still state and local in scope. And increasingly, in many states and local communities, congressmen and state and local officials are compelled to regard that handful of media owners (many of whom are out-of-state), rather than the electorate itself, as their effective constituency. Moreover, many mass media owners have a significant impact in more than one state. One case that came before the FCC, for example, involved an owner with AM-FM-TV combinations in Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada, along with four newspapers in that state, seven newspapers in Oklahoma, and two stations and two newspapers in Arkansas. Another involved ownership of ten stations in North Carolina and adjoining southern Virginia. You may never have heard of these owners, but I imagine the elected officials of their states return their phone calls promptly.

NATIONAL POWER

The principal national sources of news are the wire services, AP and UPI, and the broadcast networks. Each of the wire services serves on the

order of 1200 newspapers and 3000 radio and television stations. Most local newspapers and radio stations offer little more than wire service copy as far as national and international news is concerned. To that extent one can take little heart for "diversity" from the oft-proffered statistics on proliferating radio stations (now over 6000) and the remaining daily newspapers (1700). The networks, though themselves heavily reliant upon the wire services to find out what's worth filming, are another potent force.

The weekly newsmagazine field is dominated by *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News*. (The first two also control substantial broadcast, newspaper, and book or publishing outlets. *Time* is also in movies (MGM) and is hungry for three or four newspapers.) Thus, even though there are thousands of general and specialized periodicals and program sources with significant national or regional impact, and certainly no "monopoly" exists, it is still possible for a single individual or corporation to have vast national influence.

What we sometimes fail to realize, moreover, is the political significance of the fact that we have become a nation of cities. Nearly half of the American people live in the six largest states: California, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Ohio. Those states, in turn, are substantially influenced (if not politically dominated) by their major population-industrial-financial-media centers, such as Los Angeles, New York City, Chicago, and Philadelphia — the nation's four largest metropolitan areas. Thus, to have a major newspaper or television station influence in *one* of these cities is to have significant national power. And the number of interests with influence in *more* than one of these markets is startling.

Most of the top fifty television markets (which serve approximately 75 percent of the nation's television homes) have three competing commercial VHF television stations. There are about 150 such VHF commercial stations in these markets. Less than 10 percent are today owned by entities that do not own other media interests. In 30 of the 50 markets at least one of the stations is owned by a major newspaper published in that market — a total of one third of these 150 stations. (In Dallas-Fort Worth *each* of the network affiliates is owned by a local newspaper, and the fourth, an unaffiliated station, is owned by Oklahoma newspapers.) Moreover, half of the newspaper-owned stations are controlled by seven groups — groups that also publish magazines as popular and diverse as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Look*, *Parade*, *Harper's*, *TV Guide*, *Family Circle*, *Vogue*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Popular Mechanics*. Twelve parties own more than one third of all the major-market stations.

In addition to the vast national impact of their

affiliates the three television networks each own VHF stations in all of the top three markets — New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago — and each has two more in other cities in the top ten. RKO and Metromedia each own stations in both New York City and Los Angeles. Metromedia also owns stations in Washington, D.C., and California's other major city, San Francisco — as well as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Kansas City, and Oakland. RKO also owns stations in Boston, San Francisco, Washington, Memphis, Hartford, and Windsor, Ontario — as well as the regional Yankee Network. Westinghouse owns stations in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, and Fort Wayne. These are but a few examples of today's media barons.

There are many implications of their power. Groups of stations are able to bargain with networks, advertisers, and talent in ways that put lesser stations at substantial economic disadvantage. Group ownership means, by definition, that few stations in major markets will be locally owned. (The FCC recently approved the transfer of the last available station in San Francisco to the absentee ownership of Metromedia. The only commercial station locally owned today is controlled by the *San Francisco Chronicle*.) But the basic point is simply that the national political power involved in ownership of a group of major VHF television stations in, say, New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., is greater than a democracy should unthinkingly repose in one man or corporation.

CONGLOMERATE CORPORATIONS

For a variety of reasons, an increasing number of communications media are turning up on the organization charts of conglomerate companies. And the incredible profits generated by broadcast stations in the major markets (television broadcasters average a 90 to 100 percent return on tangible investment annually) have given FCC licensees, particularly owners of multiple television stations like the networks, Metromedia, Storer Broadcasting, and others, the extra capital with which to buy the New York Yankees (CBS), Random House (RCA), or Northeast Airlines (Storer). Established or up-and-coming conglomerates regard communications acquisitions as prestigious, profitable, and often a useful or even a necessary complement to present operations and projected exploitation of technological change.

The national problem of conglomerate ownership of communications media was well illustrated by the ITT-ABC case. But the conglomerate problem need not involve something as large as ITT-ABC

or RCA-NBC. Among the national group owners of television stations are General Tire (RKO), Avco, Westinghouse, Rust Craft, Chris Craft, Kaiser, and Kerr-McGee. The problem of *local* conglomerates was forcefully posed for the FCC in another case earlier this year. Howard Hughes, through Hughes Tool Company, wanted to acquire one of Las Vegas' three major television stations. He had recently acquired \$125 million worth of Las Vegas real estate, including hotels, gambling casinos, and an airport. These investments supplemented 27,000 acres previously acquired. The Commission majority blithely approved the television acquisition without a hearing, overlooking FCC precedents which suggested that a closer examination was in order. In each of these instances the potential threat is similar to that in the ITT-ABC case — that personal economic interests may dominate or bias otherwise independent media.

CONCENTRATION AND TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGE

The problem posed by conglomerate acquisitions of communications outlets is given a special but very important twist by the pendency of sweeping technological changes which have already begun to unsettle the structure of the industry.

President Johnson has appointed a distinguished task force to evaluate our national communications policy and chart a course for realization of these technological promises in a manner consistent with the public interest. But private interests have already begun to implement their own plans on how to deal with the revolution in communications technology.

General Sarnoff of RCA has hailed the appearance of "the knowledge industry" — corporate casserole dishes blending radio and television stations, networks, and programming; films, movie houses, and record companies; newspaper, magazine, and book publishing; advertising agencies; sports or other entertainment companies; and teaching machines and other profitable appurtenances of the \$50 billion "education biz."

And everybody's in "cable television" — networks, book publishers, newspapers. Cable television is a system for building the best TV antenna in town and then wiring it into everybody's television set — for a fee. It improves signal quality and number of channels, and has proved popular. But the new technology is such that it has broadcasters and newspaper publishers worried. For the same cable that can bring off-the-air television into the home can also bring programming from the cable operator's studio, or an "electronic newspaper" printed in the home by a facsimile process. Books can be delivered (between libraries, or to the home) over "television" by using the

station's signal during an invisible pause. So everybody's hedging their bets — including the telephone company. Indeed, about all the vested interests can agree upon is that none of them want us to have direct, satellite-to-home radio and television. But at this point it is not at all clear who will have his hand on the switch that controls what comes to the American people over their "telephone wire" a few years hence.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

It would be foolish to expect any extensive restructuring of the media in the United States, even if it were considered desirable. Technological change can bring change in structure, but it is as likely to be change to even greater concentration as to wider diversity. In the short run at least, economics seems to render essentially intractable such problems as local monopolies in daily newspapers, or the small number of outlets for national news through wire services, newsmagazines, and the television networks. Indeed, to a certain extent the very high technical quality of the performance rendered by these news-gathering organizations is aided by their concentration of resources into large units and the financial cushions of oligopoly profits.

Nevertheless, it seems clear to me that the risks of concentration are grave.

Chairman Philip Hart of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee remarked by way of introduction to his antitrust subcommittee's recent hearings about the newspaper industry, "The products of newspapers, opinion and information, are essential to the kind of society that we undertake to make successful here." If we are serious about the kind of society we have undertaken, it is clear to me that we simply must not tolerate concentration of media ownership — except where concentration creates actual countervailing social benefits. These benefits cannot be merely speculative. They must be identifiable, demonstrable, and genuinely weighty enough to offset the dangers inherent in concentration.

This guideline is a simple prescription. The problem is to design and build machinery to fill it. And to keep the machinery from rusting and rotting. And to replace it when it becomes obsolete.

America does have available governmental machinery which is capable of scotching undue accumulations of power over the mass media, at least in theory and to some extent. The Department of Justice has authority under the antitrust laws to break up combinations which "restrain trade" or which "tend to lessen competition." These laws apply to the media as they do to any other industry.

But the antitrust laws simply do not get to where the problems are. They grant authority to block

concentration only when it threatens *economic* competition in a particular economic market. Generally, in the case of the media, the relevant market is the market for advertising. Unfortunately, relatively vigorous advertising competition can be maintained in situations where competition in the marketplace of ideas is severely threatened. In such cases, the Justice Department has little inclination to act.

Look at the Chicago *Tribune's* recent purchase of that city's most popular and most successful FM radio station. The *Tribune* already controlled two Chicago newspapers, one (clear channel) AM radio station, and the city's only independent VHF television station. It controls numerous broadcast, CATV, and newspaper interests outside Chicago (in terms of circulation, the nation's largest newspaper chain). But, after an investigation, the Antitrust Division let this combination go through. The new FM may be a needless addition to the *Tribune's* already impressive battery of influential media; it could well produce an unsound level of concentration in the production and supply of what Chicagoans see, read, and hear about affairs in their community, in the nation, and in the world. But it did not threaten the level of competition for advertising money in any identifiable advertising market. So, it was felt, the acquisition was not the business of the Justice Department.

Only the FCC is directly empowered to keep media ownership patterns compatible with a democracy's need for diversified sources of opinion and information.

In earlier times, the Commission took this responsibility very seriously. In 1941, the FCC ordered NBC to divest itself of one of its two radio networks (which then became ABC), barring any single network from affiliating with more than one outlet in a given city. (The Commission has recently waived this prohibition for, ironically, ABC's four new national radio networks.) In 1941 the Commission also established its power to set absolute limits on the total number of broadcast licenses any individual may hold, and to limit the number of stations any individual can operate in a particular service area.

The American people are indebted to the much maligned FCC for establishing these rules. Imagine, for example, what the structure of political power in this country might look like if two or three companies owned substantially all of the broadcast media in our major cities.

But since the New Deal generation left the command posts of the FCC, this agency has lost much of its zeal for combating concentration. Atrophy has reached so advanced a state that the public has of late witnessed the bizarre spectacle of the Justice Department, with its relatively narrow mandate, intervening in FCC proceedings, such as

ITT-ABC, to create court cases with names like *The United States vs. The FCC*.

This history is an unhappy one on the whole. It forces one to question whether government can ever realistically be expected to sustain a vigilant posture over an industry which controls the very access of government officials themselves to the electorate.

I fear that we have already reached the point in this country where the media, our greatest check on other accumulations of power, may themselves be beyond the reach of any other institution: the Congress, the President, or the Federal Communications Commission, not to mention governors, mayors, state legislators, and city councilmen. Congressional hearings are begun and then quietly dropped. Whenever the FCC stirs fitfully as if in wakefulness, the broadcasting industry scurries up the Hill for a congressional bludgeon. And the fact that roughly 60 percent of all campaign expenses go to radio and television time gives but a glimmer of the power of broadcasting in the lives of senators and congressmen.

However, the picture at this moment has its more hopeful aspect. There does seem to be an exceptional flurry of official concern. Even the FCC has its proposed rulemaking outstanding. The Department of Justice, having broken into the communications field via its dramatic intervention before the FCC in the ITT-ABC merger case, has also been pressing a campaign to force the dissolution of joint operating agreements between separately owned newspapers in individual cities, and opposed a recent application for broadcasting properties by newspaper interests in Beaumont, Texas. It has been scrutinizing cross-media combinations linking broadcasting, newspaper, and cable television outlets. On Capitol Hill, Senator Phil Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee and Chairman Harley Staggers' House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee have both summoned the Federal Communications Commission to appear before them in recent months, to acquaint the Commission with the committees' concern about FCC-approved increases in broadcast holdings by single individuals and companies, and about cross-ownership of newspapers, CATV systems, and broadcast stations. Representatives John Dingell, John Moss, and Richard Ottinger have introduced legislation which would proscribe network ownership of any nonbroadcast interests. And as I previously mentioned, President Johnson has appointed a task force to undertake a comprehensive review of national communications policy.

Twenty years ago Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor of the University of Chicago, was named chairman of the "Commission on Freedom of the

Press." It produced a thoughtful report, full of recommendations largely applicable today — including "the establishment of a new and independent [nongovernmental] agency to appraise and report annually upon the performance of the press," and urged "that the members of the press engage in vigorous mutual criticism." Its proposals are once again being dusted off and reread.

What is needed now, more than anything else, is to keep this flurry of interest alive, and to channel it toward constructive reforms. What this means, in practical fact, is that concern for media concentration must find an institutional home.

The Department of Justice has already illustrated the value of participation by an external institution in FCC decision-making. The developing concept of a special consumers' representative offers a potentially broader base for similar action.

But the proper place to lodge continuing responsibility for promoting diversity in the mass media is neither the FCC nor the Justice Department nor a congressional committee. The initiative must come from private sources. Plucky Nader-like crusaders such as John Banzhaf (who single-handedly induced the FCC to apply the "fairness" doctrine to cigarette commercials) have shown how responsive government can be to the skillful and vigorous efforts of even a lone individual. But there are more adequately staffed and funded private organizations which could play a more effective role in policy formation than a single individual. Even the FCC, where the public interest gets entirely too little representation from private sources, has felt the impact of the United Church of Christ, with its interest in the influence of broadcasting on race relations and in the programming responsibility of licensees, and of the American Civil Liberties Union, which submitted a brief in the ITT-ABC case.

Ideally, however, the resources for a sustained attack on concentration might be centered in a single institution, equipped to look after this cause with the kind of determination and intelligence that the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation, for example, have brought to bear in behalf of the cause of public broadcasting and domestic satellites. The law schools and their law reviews, as an institution, have performed well in this way for the courts, but have virtually abdicated responsibility for the agencies.

Such an organization could devote itself to research as well as representation. For at present any public body like the FCC, which has to make

determinations about acceptable levels of media concentration, has to do so largely on the basis of hunch. In addition, private interest in problems of concentration would encourage the Justice Department to sustain its present vigilance in this area. It could stimulate renewed vigilance on the part of the FCC, through participation in Commission proceedings. And it could consider whether new legislation might be appropriate to reach the problem of newspaper-magazine-book publishing combinations.

If changes are to be made (or now dormant standards are to be enforced) the most pressing political question is whether to apply the standards prospectively only, or to require divestiture. It is highly unlikely, to say the least, that legislation requiring massive divestiture of multiple station ownership, or newspaper ownership of stations, would ever pass through Congress. Given the number of station sales every year, however, even prospective standards could have some impact over ten years or so.

In general, I would urge the minimal standard that no accumulation of media should be permitted without a specific and convincing showing of a continuing countervailing social benefit. For no one has a higher calling in an increasingly complex free society bent on self-government than he who informs and moves the people. Personal prejudice, ignorance, social pressure, and advertiser pressure are in large measure inevitable. But a nation that has, in Learned Hand's phrase, "staked its all" upon the rational dialogue of an informed electorate simply cannot take any unnecessary risk of polluting the stream of information and opinion that sustains it. At the very least, the burden of proving the social utility of doing otherwise should be upon him who seeks the power and profit which will result.

Whatever may be the outcome, the wave of renewed interest in the impact of ownership on the role of the media in our society is healthy. All will gain from intelligent inquiry by Congress, the Executive, the regulatory commissions — and especially the academic community, the American people generally, and the media themselves. For, as the Supreme Court has noted, nothing is more important in a free society than "the widest possible dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources." And if we are unwilling to discuss *this* issue fully today we may find ourselves discussing none that matter very much tomorrow.

(In a subsequent issue, the ATLANTIC will offer an electronic-age Burke's Peerage of some of the more interesting media barons, ranging westward from such nationwide corpulents as Time Inc. and the NEWSWEEK-WASHINGTON POST empire to a lesser-known Ponderosa spread which gives the Mormon Church dominion of the media in the Rocky Mountain region.)

THE AEROSPACE BONUS BOYS

by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

In growing numbers, the space-age talent hunters comb the campuses — and each other's laboratories — in search of brains. Bob and Ray, creators of "Mr. Trace, Keener Than Most Persons" and "Jack Headstrong, All-American American," follow up their fantasy about the proposed National Data Center ("The Day the Computers Got Waldon Ashenfeller," in the November ATLANTIC) with a guide to co-option, presented in all its military-scientific-industrial complexity.

OUR nation's political and economic structures have undergone considerable change since the days when the simple credo "the business of America is business" provided an adequate picture of whatever we were muddling through. Currently, a more accurate appraisal of the situation in industry might be expressed by another equally thought-provoking homily: "The business of America is the business of recruiting enough fresh, young scientific talent to latch onto the business to stay in business."

Beyond doubt, a whole new pattern of events underlies much of the frenzied activity that now takes place behind the bland facade of belching smokestacks. In many industries, survival depends upon a steady inflow of government contracts, which, for reasons that are far from obvious, seems to depend, in turn, upon a steady inflow of new college graduates steeped in the gobbledygook of space-age technology.

As often occurs when demand outruns supply, matters quickly get out of hand, and the law of the jungle tends to prevail. The annual epidemic of "brain recruiting" by big business on college campuses is living proof of this newest form of laissez-faire run wild.

However, the increasingly familiar sight of the scurrying recruiter on campus creates a false pic-

ture of purposelessness. Behind closed doors at every home office, strategic thinkers have laid careful plans that touch off the apparent frenzy. Day and night, dedicated men with the single-minded goal of building a winner are charting their course at just such gargantuan corporations as Complicated Aerospace Stuff, Inc.

Fade-in:

Interior — executive conference room — Complicated Aerospace Stuff, Inc. (The large walnut-paneled room is dominated by a long walnut-paneled conference table, around which are a dozen or so high-backed chairs upholstered in lush imitation domestic Naugahyde. There is a motion-picture screen at one end of the room and a projector at the other. On a side wall hangs an ornately framed color photograph of a transistorized component, resplendent in a jumble of red, blue, green, and yellow wiring, all tastefully arranged to create the impression that the item is functional. A bronze plate at the bottom of the frame identifies the component as "our very first one ever." At the open, the room is unoccupied except for Warren L. ("Buzz") Bodenhume, director of personnel manipulation for Complicated Aerospace Stuff, and Melville Sternbaum, by-lined columnist for "Diode Data, the Integral Devices Weekly." Bodenhume is clad in a sincere dark business suit and wears a nickel-plated whistle on a string around his neck. Sternbaum, clutching a notebook and pencil, wears an inexpensive necktie loosened at

the collar, a soiled felt hat, with the brim turned up in front, and phosphorescent suede shoes. Both men are positioned informally, with Bodenhume crouched on his hunkers atop one of the conference chairs, while Sternbaum sprawls in repose across three others.)

STERNBAUM: Well, it just figures that you'll be beating the bushes for new talent this spring, Buzz. After all, you finished a distant third in '67 behind Scientific Interplanetary Hardware and Unlimited Germanium Creations because you never displayed that front-line push to charge in there and pick off those government subcontracts when you needed them.

BODENHUME: Yes. But I've got a hunch this is going to be a season when you can throw the past-performance charts right out the window, Mel. Our rookie engineers can blitz the Pentagon with a lot more good, meaningless technical jargon in tight situations now. And, of course, Von Kleg-schmidt was on the sauce last year and only saw limited action. But the reports I get from the clinic indicate that he'll be back in top form for the opening of this season's government contracting.

STERNBAUM: Well, we've all seen how much territory a Nobel Prize hopeful like Von Kleg-schmidt can cover in Washington when he's sober. But some of the Pentagon procurement boys think it was bad strategy for you to let three veteran flow-charters go during the off-season in exchange for an untried utility physicist.

BODENHUME: Well, the way we look at it, a senile flow-charter can hurt team morale and cause you to wind up making the wrong product and all like that. The aerospace game's like anything else. If you start out to build a youthful organization, your best bet is to do it with young people.

STERNBAUM (scribbling hastily in his notebook): That's a concept in personnel I'm sure the whole industry will want to analyze, Buzz. And you see this rookie physicist playing a key role in your development program for the future, do you?

BODENHUME: That's right. He still hasn't got all the sophisticated moves you need for grabbing off those juicy defense contracts. But for a kid whose I.Q. will go maybe 210 or 215, he's real good at talking around in circles without saying anything that means much.

STERNBAUM: And, of course, when it comes to outlining proposals for government work, that's a big plus factor.

BODENHUME: Oh, absolutely. You can get in there with that low bid nine times out of ten if you never come right out and commit yourself to produce what the job calls for.

(The door opens, and the balance of Complicated Aerospace Stuff's top echelon tactical staff enters. The group is led by the firm's president, Newcomb N. Dibbleman, a silver-thatched veteran of the Electronic Thingumajig

Industry whose stately bearing attests that he still feels pride in having gotten his start wiring faulty dirigible instrument panels in an abandoned interurban depot. He takes his place at the head of the table, carefully guarding the file folders jammed with papers that he carries. Following a respectful distance behind Dibbleman are his somewhat trustworthy, but otherwise useless, assistants, Lucas Blethert, Orville Quillenthal, Jr., and Knute L. Fratch. All three wear inoffensive gray suits and vacant facial expressions.)

STERNBAUM (ignoring the others and continuing his interview with Bodenhume): But to make a smokescreen technique effective, you still need that forward wall of Ph.D.'s.

BODENHUME: Yes. The Washington brass always puts a lot of stock in counting those advanced degrees on your roster, especially when it gets down to a toss-up decision on doling out the loot. But nobody pays any attention to a guy's field of graduate study. That's how come we've already signed four new Ph.D.'s in Portuguese literature. We can only use them as file clerks, but they look good on paper.

STERNBAUM: Uh-huh. And I suppose you hope to beef up the team even more by recruiting some of this year's graduates who are still free agents.

BODENHUME (angrily): We don't go in for recruiting around here, fellah. We just offer career opportunities with rapid advancement incentives and liberal fringe benefits.

STERNBAUM: Well, I certainly didn't mean to imply —

DIBBLEMAN (bellows): Get that clown out of here, Bodenhume! You know we don't let outsiders eavesdrop when we're going over scouting reports from the recruiters.

BODENHUME: Right, N.N.

(Bodenhume beckons Quillenthal and Fratch as Sternbaum cringes in dread anticipation, clutching his pencil and notebook to his bosom. Quillenthal pries the notebook out of his clenched hand. Then the three assist him to exit in a graceful leap through the door, and all then take their assigned seats, with the exception of Dibbleman, who remains standing for reasons that he would rather not discuss.)

DIBBLEMAN: I don't suppose I need to recap the problems we're having with the J-27-dash-5 program. You all know we're completely tooled up for production, but we still don't have a first-rate man in research who can tell us why a solid-state gizmo like that with a crank on the side is a vital component in a space capsule.

BLETHERT (haltingly): The answer must be there someplace, N.N. Integral Dynamics turns out funny-looking things a lot like the J-27-dash-5, and NASA's been grabbing them up at \$38,000 a throw like they were going out of style.

(Dibbleman glares menacingly at Blethert as Quillenthal

stares hard at a coffee stain on the carpet in an effort to appear alert without seeming to pay too much attention.)

DIBBLEMAN: I don't need to be reminded that Integral Dynamics is displaying the kind of fancy footwork that could push us out of the running, Blethert. And I hope you don't have to be reminded that they're doing it with the brains they recruited right under your nose at Carnegie Tech last year.

FRATCH: But you know the unethical tactics they threw at us there, N.N. Integral Dynamics never told those kids that the Edward Teller in their research department is just some old coot with the same name who hoses down the lab.

DIBBLEMAN (icily): That happens to be the type of inventive strategy that picks off the plums, Fratch. Only you didn't think of it first.

QUILLENTHAL: Excellent point, N.N. You can take your run-of-the-mill punk fresh out of engineering school, offer him twenty-five grand a year, and he'll jump at it. But it's the idea of rubbing elbows with an all-time great that hooks the whiz kids. Now, I've just found this osteopath in Cincinnati named Doctor Oppenheimer, and I thought —

DIBBLEMAN: Forget it. Might still be a little stigma attached there.

BODENHUME: Right! And any hint of controversy can kill you. The type of boy we're after is a clean-cut, loyal American who's just looking for a challenging career and money under the table.

FRATCH: True, but not such a loyal American that our essential-industry draft-deferment pitch won't have a strong appeal.

BODENHUME: Don't start splitting hairs over terminology, Fratch. When I say loyal, we all know I'm not talking about some kind of flag-waving fanatic.

(Dibbleman glares at Fratch as Fratch glares at Boden-

hume as Bodenhume looks to Quillenthal for support as Quillenthal grabs a phone and begins dialing the recorded weather forecast number to indicate his firmly neutral position regarding all matters on which Dibbleman has not yet made his feelings abundantly clear.)

DIBBLEMAN: I wish all of you would stop wasting my time with chatter when we've got a pile of scouting reports to check out here.

(Quillenthal hangs up the phone with a sigh of relief.)

QUILLENTHAL: I think we should all stop wasting N.N.'s time with chatter when we've got so many scouting reports to check out.

(The others all stare at Quillenthal, who reacts by nervously picking up the phone and dialing for another weather forecast. Dibbleman takes a sheaf of papers from the table and begins flipping through them in a haphazard but businesslike fashion.)

DIBBLEMAN: Now, I think we all know why we hit the skids in Washington during the last fiscal year. Soft landings on the moon were the big thing, and Scientific Interplanetary Hardware was three-deep in retro-rocket component specialists. The only man we had to throw into the contracting fight was that nut from the branch plant who thought a rocket would soft land up there if you kept it attached to the earth with a long piece of string.

FRATCH: I've had my eye on a kid who shows a lot of promise in little retro-rocketry doodads, N.N. He'll be picking up his doctorate at Utah State this summer and —

DIBBLEMAN: Utah State! Fratch, you don't win the big ones in this league with untried kids from Utah State.

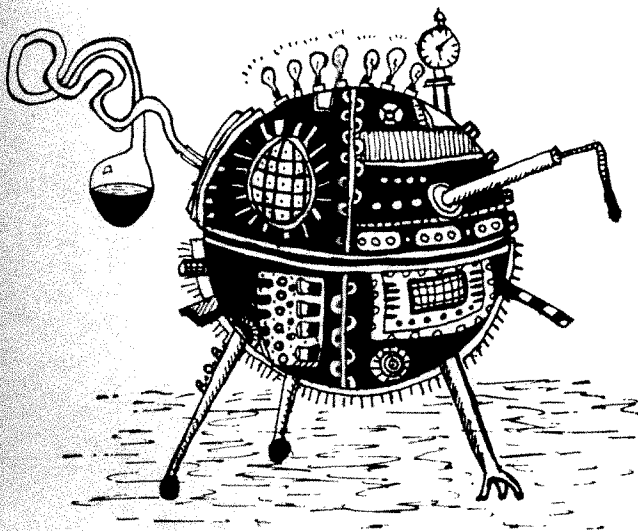
FRATCH: Well, his diction could pass for Ivy League. And I know he could figure out how to attach some of that old junk we've got in the warehouse onto retro-rockets and —

DIBBLEMAN: Forget it. If he was just going into the general Ph.D. pool, it might be OK. But for this job, a man's got to be able to name-drop an alma mater that'll open some important doors. Anything in this year's crop at M.I.T. or Cal Tech, Bodenhume?

BODENHUME: Well, most of Cal Tech's current strength is in civil engineering. I never saw so damned many experts on sewer-pipe seepage in my life. At M.I.T., we're still dickering with a young squirt who's number two in his class. But he's already got a \$30,000 offer from Micro Intricate, and he wants us to match that and throw in a '68 Toronado and a carpeted office with color TV.

DIBBLEMAN: Hmmm. Well, I suppose we could open a spot on the roster by bouncing that guy who has the big corner suite on the third floor. I've never figured out what he does around here anyway.

QUILLENTHAL: I don't think we ought to mess



THE J-27-DASH-5

with him, N.N. He's got an old picture of himself on his desk presenting Lady Bird with her first FCC television license in Austin.

DIBBLEMAN: Oh, is he the one? Well, then I remember how he got that corner suite and why we have to keep him. Any chance of making a trade for a retro-rocketry man, Fratch?

FRATCH: Well, I've put out some feelers to Scientific Interplanetary Hardware, but they only want to talk a deal for Haversham. And, of course, we can't give him up. He holds the patents on almost everything we make.

BODENHUME: I've been looking over a young professor at Michigan who's got a lot of style, N.N. I think it would be worth your time to see the action films we have on him.

DIBBLEMAN: Oh, all right. But those ivory-tower creeps never seem to get with it. They just sit around cooking up advanced theories to better mankind. And that kind of nonsense can disrupt a team's whole operation.

(Bodenhume crosses to position himself at the movie projector as Quillenthal rushes to draw the drapes.)

BODENHUME: I feel every bit as strongly about troublemakers as you do, N.N. But I'm sure this man would shape up fast. He's got a great little wife nagging him to jump to industry where the big money is. And his undergrad minor in political science is bound to give us a lift in the Washington game. He can move to his right or move to his left, all depending on how things go in November. Just catch this.

(Bodenhume flicks on the projector. Squiggly lines and upside-down numbers flash on the screen for a few seconds, prompting Quillenthal, Fratch, and Blethert to cough impatiently in a mass gesture of empathy with Dibbleman, who is notorious for his lack of patience in regard to squiggly lines and upside-down numbers on movie screens. The coughing subsides when a grainy image of a young man scrawling a mathematical formula on a classroom blackboard comes into semi-focus.)

DIBBLEMAN (thoughtfully): Maybe. Maybe not.

QUILLENTHAL: I don't like to make snap judgments, but that's the same intuitive reaction I get.

BODENHUME (defensively): Well, of course, he was just engaging in a light workout when we shot this footage. But notice how he's sprinkling all those Greek letters and square-root signs through that equation. Scribbles fast, too. Almost makes you think he's got a quick mind, if you don't notice he comes out with the wrong answer.

(The figure on the screen turns from the blackboard and faces the camera with an arrogant smile, tossing the chalk casually in one hand as he utilizes the index finger of the other to punch emphatically at various undecipherable symbols on the board.)

DIBBLEMAN (contemptuously): Nobody cares about that. But, for Chrisake, look at his bush-

league summation style. He's right down to the nitty-gritty, and he's not even using a chrome-plated pointer to make his hard-sell pitch.

BODENHUME: Well, you understand we're seeing him in a low-budget operation here, and —

BLETHERT: But double-talking his way through scientific mishmash with no attention grabber but his finger?! He'd put a Pentagon contracting session to sleep, Buzz.

DIBBLEMAN: Or worse yet, show his inexperience in handling a pointer by fumbling it and blowing the ball game. No dice.

(Accepting defeat, Bodenhume switches off the projector just as the figure on the screen is preparing to demonstrate his agility in erasing blackboard equations before their accuracy can be challenged. Fratch reopens the drapes as Quillenthal clears his throat in a nervous manner which he hopes will be interpreted as a gesture of righteous indignation by Dibbleman and of understanding sympathy by Bodenhume. After a moment, Blethert rises and spreads his palms flat on the table with a studied air of confidence that is betrayed only by an unconfident quaver in his voice as he speaks.)

BLETHERT: Boys, I hadn't planned to take the wraps off the greatest little deep thinker since Von Braun at this session because I know N.N. doesn't like to get in on the contract haggling with a kid who's playing holdout. But since he's virtually hooked, there's no reason why I should keep the good news to myself.

DIBBLEMAN (coldly): Blethert, I think you used the same identical buildup last year to sell me that bonus baby from Princeton. And if I'm not mistaken, he's now working out his option at \$40,000 a year keeping track of our toggle-switch inventory in the Des Moines warehouse.

(Blethert appears outwardly unmoved except for his knuckles, which whiten.)

BLETHERT: Well, maybe he wasn't quite ready. But this boy's got greatness written all over him. Built an IBM 360 out of empty beer cans for his junior high science project, and he's been going like that ever since. They're giving him his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago next month, and from the dope sheet I've got, I'd say they're doing it because nobody can understand the thesis he turned in.

BODENHUME: Sounds good, N.N. It could mean he's got that inborn talent for being ambiguous. You can't teach a thing like that to a scientist. If the spark isn't there, he'll keep slipping back into saying something specific just when it can do you the most harm.

BLETHERT (with renewed spirit): Right. But this kid's shifty; a natural broken-field talker. Now, I've had him flown out here for the weekend to look over our operation with his dad, and I figure if we all go to work on 'em —

DIBBLEMAN (explodes): You let him bring his father with him! Blethert, you know what that can get us into. The old man's probably a frustrated semi-pro scientist himself with all kinds of wild dreams of glory for the kid.

BLETHERT: Now take it easy, N.N. The old guy's a stiff. Knows from nothing. Just let me call them in, and I promise you our troubles in retro-rocketry are over.

DIBBLEMAN: All right, but I don't like the setup.

(Blethert moves hurriedly to the door and exits to the adjoining V.I.P. lounge and topless Whoopie Room.)

QUILLENTHAL: Personally, with the old man hanging around to kibitz, I don't like the setup.

(Blethert re-enters accompanied by Bruno Coskichekovic, a sullen youth clad in a University of Chicago letter sweater, emblematic of his four seasons of stardom in classified nuclear events under the football stadium. Bruno's father, Vladimir, follows a pace behind. He wears a traditional coal miner's cap, even though it is obvious that his lamp has been out for a number of years. Blethert introduces the pair to his colleagues, and half-hearted greetings are ad-libbed by all.)

DIBBLEMAN (feigning human warmth): Well, Bruno, Mr. Blethert tells me you may be trying out for a berth here at Complicated Aerospace. What do you think of our sprawling, multimillion-dollar little place?

VLADIMIR (truculent and with too much of an accent to be possible): He seen plenty better. How you fix, Bruno got to park car in middle of hot sun like anybody else. Even got to come up in same elevator with dumb people don't make much money. All very bad for fine boy with like what Bruno got inside his head.

(Dibbleman glares at Blethert, who looks beseechingly at Bodenhume, who shoots a sidelong glance to catch Quillenthal's reaction only to discover that Quillenthal is reacting by getting sick on the rug.)

BODENHUME: Well, of course, we're chiefly concerned with blazing new trails to the future here. The twenty-first century lies just over the horizon, Bruno, and Complicated Aerospace has its feet planted firmly at the frontier of tomorrow —

BRUNO (cutting in): Sure, sure. And at least four other outfits are right there with you, giving me the same pep talk word for word. So let's change the subject. I figure thirty big ones a year will do for openers so I don't get killed taxwise. Now, Complicated Aero closed on the big board Friday at 62 $\frac{3}{8}$, so let's say options to pick up 1000 shares a year at 15. That makes a neat package without giving me those high-bracket blues.

DIBBLEMAN (enraged): It does more than that, Sonny. It also enables you to avoid being hired here. Even our top executives don't have stock arrangements like that.

VLADIMIR (muttering): *Drajna mirich zvdoga.*

DIBBLEMAN (to Bruno): What was that all about?

BRUNO: Nothing you don't already know. He just said that top executives are a dime a dozen, but you ain't got a single retro-rocket genius in this whole glassed-in birdcage. And once I walk out of here, you won't be seeing another one in a long, long time, Bubalah.

(Dibbleman, apparently undecided whether to strangle Bruno with his bare hands or merely have him bush-whacked near the front gate, thoughtlessly pulls a pilot model of the J-27-dash-5 component from his coat pocket and fingers it angrily for a moment. Then, in frustration, he slams it on the table and begins stomping back and forth across the room as Bodenhume, Fratch, Quillenthal, and Blethert look on with accumulating terror. Meantime, Vladimir brings forth a Hubbard squash from his overalls and calmly peels it with his pocketknife as Bruno picks up the J-27-dash-5 component and examines it with mild interest.)

BRUNO (to no one in particular): Not bad. Needs a set screw next to the diode for a lead-in wire. But otherwise, it could do the trick.

(Dibbleman stops pacing and gallops to Bruno's side as Bodenhume, Fratch, Quillenthal, and Blethert rise out of their chairs and instinctively crawl across the conference table toward the center of activity in a move reminiscent of that of Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando during the momentous final session at Versailles.)

DIBBLEMAN: Do what trick? What trick is that? What can it do?

BRUNO: Well, nothing really — unless the last retro doesn't fire, and radio contact with J.P.L. is broken, too. That's a million-to-one shot, but if Uncle wants to throw away 40,000 bucks apiece on trinkets like this to backstop the main system, it ain't my worry.

DIBBLEMAN (staring vacantly at the J-27-dash-5): How much does it cost us to make these things?

BODENHUME: It depends. Like when we stamped out the pilot models on the Sunday graveyard shift and had to pay everybody double-double overtime, they ran us to almost six dollars and a quarter apiece.

(Dibbleman nods to Bodenhume with what appears to be a stunned inability to comprehend the magnitude of it all. Then, head high though ashen, he crosses to the wall safe and begins removing bundles of currency and stock certificates which, with the assistance of Bodenhume, Quillenthal, Blethert, and Fratch, he stacks in neat piles on the table in front of Bruno. Meanwhile, Vladimir, with one efficient sweep of his forearm, brushes the Hubbard squash peelings onto the carpet, and then carefully cleans his knife blade by rubbing it across a sooty trouser leg. The air of proud stoicism that has served him well through long years of misunderstanding born of abject confusion remains unbroken as he contemplates the sheer uselessness of a peeled raw squash.)

Fade-out.



WE COULDN'T SWING WITH IT

THE "INTREPID FOUR"

by Robert Stone "You're just one person against a whole system. And you think, what can I do?" The young man who said that, and three fellow crewmen of the U.S.S. INTREPID, deserted the U.S. Navy last fall and fled by way of Russia to Sweden. Former Navy man and novelist Robert Stone here tells their story, one which reflects "the values, moral responses, and alienation of a sizable proportion of American youth today."

THE four young men sit around a casually furnished room, sipping wine. The eaves of the ancient house, the cobbled streets below are deeply covered with snow. On the apartment walls are poster pictures of Bertrand Russell, Groucho Marx, and W. C. Fields. A Beatles record is on the machine.

"One thing really got to me," one of the young men says, turning the music down. "I picked up a *Fortune* magazine, and it said that in 1966 the five hundred major American companies had their biggest year. That was a year of war, that biggest year. And we're supposed to be a peace-loving society, we're supposed to be pursuing peace. But the biggest companies make their biggest profits when there's a war on."

"At the expense of American soldiers," a second young man says. He has a small trimmed goatee and a necklace of beads. "And at the expense of the Vietnamese." His speech is soft, Southern.

A third youth lights a cigarette and smiles bitterly. He is dark-eyed, intense. "Did you read *his* State of the Union Message? I mean that was the epitome of all the damn hypocrisy about the war, the same hypocrisy that's all over everything in the States. *He* uses words like Freedom and Democracy and Justice — the words are cool, they sound great. Everybody knows what those words mean, right? If people just sit back and listen and they don't know anything about what's going on, it all sounds real nice. But if you just look around, man, at the war and at the way things are in the

States now, you can't do anything but throw that damn piece of paper down. The hypocrisy of it slaps you right in the face."

"It ain't any cowboy can throw words around like that, though," the Southerner says. "He must have some staff. I mean they must be real cool, that staff he's got."

"I can't read the magazines anymore," the fourth says. "I can't read any of it. Johnson, Romney, Reagan — It's too sickening."

"I don't know," the dark youth says. "What's it gonna take to wake the eight-to-five deadheads up? You get a feeling watching it," he goes on, "a feeling of — what's the word? — of when you see something happening and you've got to do something to make it stop. But, like, you're just one person against a whole system. And you think, what can I do?"

The names of the four young men are Craig Anderson, Richard Bailey, John Barilla, and Michael Lindner. Until October 23, 1967, they were Airmen of the United States Navy, serving aboard the giant aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Intrepid* in the waters off North Vietnam. On that day, while their ship was in port near Yokohama, Japan, they deserted, subsequently destroying their identification cards and their uniforms. The act of desertion, all four affirm, was intended as an act of nonviolent protest against their country's intervention in Vietnam.

The events that followed their action have since entered the literature of the cold war. To the

Photo courtesy of Wide World Photos. Seated are Michael Lindner and Craig Anderson; standing, Richard Bailey and John Barilla.

propaganda mills of the Communist world, their lonely gesture was a gift to be exploited; to American apologists, a shameful, embarrassing piece of willfulness to be explained away into inconsequence.

Yet for all the exploitation and explanation, Americans are confronted with a disturbing fact. Four of their young countrymen from quite average backgrounds, who differed little from millions of their contemporaries at home, chose to invite prison, exile, and disgrace for themselves and their families in order to disassociate themselves from a war which their society declared to be a crusade. Like so many other incidents of the Vietnam War, it is unfamiliar, confusing, disheartening to most Americans. We cannot help wondering what moved these young men, what view of the world led them into a public act of defiance. For those concerned with exploring the values, the moral responses, the alienation of a sizable proportion of American youth today, their story is worth examining.

BAILEY, Barilla, and Lindner were members of the ship's company, assigned to duty on the flight deck as part of a catapult crew. Anderson was an Airman serving with VA-145, a jet fighter-bomber squadron.

They came to know each other in the course of the *Intrepid's* long voyage from Norfolk, Virginia, to the Tonkin Gulf. By the time the ship had settled into its tense wartime routine, launching daily sorties against the cities and factories of North Vietnam, they were part of a group of crewmen of about their own age (all were under twenty-one) who met regularly after working hours to listen to rock music, occasionally to smoke pot (a pastime which has become hardly less common among young servicemen in the war zone than it is among university students), and above all, to engage in long nightly bull sessions.

The topics they talked about were the usual concerns of their age group, girls, cars, music — meaning the Beatles, Ravi Shankar, and especially Bob Dylan — and, of course, the war. Quite a few among the *Intrepid's* crewmen, particularly the younger ones, had become aware that the action in which they were engaged was regarded as a moral wrong in quarters to which they looked for a sort of inspiration. One of the four deserters recalls listening to the chaplain's evening prayer and thinking of the Dylan anti-war ballad "God on Our Side."

"The ship was pretty much of a cross section of American society," John Barilla says, "at least of young guys. There were maybe 20 percent who thought the war was absolutely right and felt a lot

about it and maybe about the same who had questions in their minds. The rest I don't think thought much about it. They were just doing like they were told."

Barilla, twenty years old, comes from Baltimore. His father is a rigger with Bethlehem Steel; his two brothers work for a supermarket chain. When he left high school in Baltimore, he spent a few months wandering in Florida indulging his hobby of skin diving. Why did he join the Navy?

"I accepted military service just like all the other kids I went to high school with did. I had the same choice they had, college or the service. I didn't think college was my forte — there wasn't any academic subject I was really interested in, and I wasn't out to make a million dollars. Going into the service after high school is traditional in the society, at least where I come from. You don't fight it.

"You go along with anything until something happens that opens your eyes. You know, when you're young you tend to be a romanticist about things. It takes you a while to find out the difference between the way things are supposed to be and the way they really are. You go along accepting things for no other reason than that you're born into the system. I didn't think much about the military system, the war system, before I went in. Every once in a while it would occur to me — what a waste of time it is, what a waste of lives. But when I got out there and I was in it, part of it, the hypocrisy of the whole deal got to me — I couldn't dodge it.

"Every day we were out there getting the planes off, the pilots went out and dropped their bombs on those people, and every night at prayer time the chaplain told them how when they were up there doing the bombing they were close to God. I'll admit that chaplain looked like he was dead a lot of the time.

"But a time came when it was either go on swinging with the system or do something about it. And for us, the only thing to do about it was desert."

Michael Lindner, nineteen, is slightly built, bespectacled, cool of speech. If he had done his time and come home, he thinks, he would have gone on to college. He comes from Mount Pocono, Pennsylvania; his upbringing was Lutheran, and his parents, he says without sarcasm, are "righteous Christians." His father is employed as a technician at the Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, army depot where he works with radioactive matter.

Lindner also joined the Navy to fulfill his national service obligation. He had been in for only nine months when he deserted in Japan.

"There were bombs everywhere," Lindner tells it now. "They were stowed in every available space. You saw them when you went to chow,

and you saw them the first thing in the morning. You couldn't get away from the sight of them. Sometimes you could go out on deck and see explosions on the coast, mountains burning, tremendous fires going up. You think, we're killing an awful lot of people over there. And how do they know the difference between a Communist and a farmer?

"It was just being out there with all the time to think that did it. None of us found the Navy unbearable or anything. I mean, we were doing fine — we had hot meals and hot showers. We didn't have it anything like the troops on the line or the Vietnamese. But once we'd thought about it a lot and talked it over, we couldn't see things in the old ways, we couldn't go on swinging with it."

Richard Bailey, also nineteen, had written poetry while in high school in Jacksonville, Florida, and continued to write some in the Navy. When he joined in the desertion, he left unread the last fifty pages of *Crime and Punishment*. ("I'll get back to it when I get some time.")

Bailey's father is the Jacksonville branch manager of a national insurance company and a commander in the naval reserve. Bailey joined the Navy after graduation; he had not done particularly well in high school. When he signed up, he says, he had not considered the "moral aspects" of the war.

"When the time came," he says, "it was as easy for me as walking out of a room. It wasn't that the Navy was so bad — the Navy's just an extension of the society. But at a certain point while we were in Tonkin Gulf, the whole scene became intolerable. It's one thing to go along with a war when it doesn't touch you, but it's something else when you're part of it every day.

"Let's say we're supposed to be fighting for the American presence in Asia — well, just look at Subic Bay in the Philippines. There's an American presence there — it's five-year-old kids pimping for their sisters, bumming cigarettes in the street. I've talked to guys who've been in Saigon, and it's the same.

"One of the Marines I talked to aboard the *Intrepid* was in combat in Vietnam; he talked about how it was. Those guys are told to shoot anything that moves — don't trust anybody — even a little kid can kill you! No one fighting over there regards the Vietnamese as human. But that's not their fault. They haven't got the time.

"But what the hell are we supposed to be saving those people from that's any worse than what we're giving them?"

Craig Anderson, a tall, extremely quiet spoken Californian, was almost twenty-one when he went over, eldest of the four and the only one whose

attitudes toward American society and the war were set before his entry into service.

The son of a widowed secretary in San Jose, Anderson had spent a year at West Valley College, majoring in law enforcement.

"I wanted to see what the prospective police-types were like," he says.

Living within fifty miles of San Francisco, Anderson had spent some time on the fringes of the "hippie scene" in the Haight-Ashbury section there. He seems to have been more an observer than a participant in the action; he is not, in manner or speech, a hippie type.

"I joined the Navy because I thought — incorrectly, as it turned out — that the Navy would be the easiest service to get a discharge from. I didn't intend to fulfill my so-called military obligation. I felt I rejected American society on the basis of conditions in the United States, and the military in my view is just a sick extension of a sick social structure. When I was in boot camp, I stated my position to a psychiatrist there, and I was recommended for discharge. The recommendation was overruled.

"So my position wasn't something that just popped up, or came to me in the Tonkin Gulf. Out there, I felt as though I'd become a cog in the machinery, completely helpless. But feeling as I did, and having the time to think that I had, I decided that I was going to have to do something. I met Mike Lindner while we were both on mess cook duty, and later I met John and Dick Bailey. We discovered that we had essentially the same ideas about a lot of things, but we didn't find out how much we thought alike until we'd been out in the gulf for quite a while."

Lindner, Bailey, and Barilla agree that Anderson had the "most to lose" of all of them. While the other three still had years to do in the Navy, Anderson had only another month of service in Vietnamese waters and only six months more in the Navy. As the eldest, the most convinced in his rejection of America and the war, did he persuade them?

No, the others say.

"The situation was intolerable for all of us. Remember we worked on the flight deck. I don't even remember who brought up the idea of deserting first. We decided on it together."

DURING the long weeks in the Gulf of Tonkin, with the ship operating on wartime routine, all four had brushes with their immediate superiors.

"We'd stay up late at night, drinking coffee, bullshitting," John Barilla says. "Sometimes we'd talk and listen to music all night, we'd go nights without sleeping. Not only the four of us, but a

bunch of guys who more or less thought the way we did and were interested in what we were interested in. We talked about what we did before we went in, about our girls, about the war.

"We pissed a lot of people off, of course. Sometimes when we went into a crew's lounge, the old-timers, the lifers, would get up and walk out. We were all a little wigged out, I think. Like I'd sit on the mess deck at night and tell fortunes.

"There was a lot of grass being blown on the *Intrepid*, and they'd have locker inspections all the time to look for it. Now and then they'd find some in some cat's locker and he'd go up to the Man. Naturally, they suspected us. We'd be sitting around listening to Ravi Shankar, and the masters-at-arms would come in and roust us. *You know* what Ravi Shankar did to their minds. But they never caught us with grass. Sure, we burned some sometimes, no more than plenty of other people aboard who didn't mind the war at all.

"I got on to their shit list, of course. They were bugged at me because I went to Electronic Technician School and decided I didn't want to be an E.T., that was one thing. And they didn't like my friends — I'd get lectures, warning, you know. They'd give me very simple boring jobs as punishment, like watching fuel gauges. They knew we were staying up late, listening to music and like that, so one day I was sent up to the Air Boss [the Senior Flight Officer], and that man showed me pictures of what happened to people who got in accidents on the flight deck. I asked them if they had pictures of what happened to people who had napalm dropped on them.

"Sometimes they argued with me. They didn't want trouble, they wanted you to think like they did. I told this First Class that I was for life, and that I wasn't going to be for death, for killing people. The First Class got very shook, he said, no, he was for life — he was for defending the freedom of the people in Vietnam. But I don't think he really believed that himself. He wanted to feel good about it, but he couldn't."

Richard Bailey, a middle-class white boy from Florida, ran afoul of the race issue, which he says is one of his special concerns.

"One of the things I want to get with," Bailey says, "is soul music, the whole soul thing. I had a few friends among the Negro guys aboard. I used to hang with them sometimes to listen to music and just talk about how it is.

"One day a petty officer in my division took me aside and said, 'In this division we don't hang around with niggers.'"

There was a vogue aboard the *Intrepid* for carved belt buckles; sailors would chisel into their fatigue belts monograms, pictures, or names of girls, varieties of tattoo art. Shortly after the carrier took

up Station Yankee, Michael Lindner chiseled into his buckle the encircled, inverted Y which the international peace movement takes as a symbol.

He was promptly ordered to efface it. "It's not Navy," his superiors informed him — which was true enough.

"It was just a reaction to all the jive going on," Lindner says.

Anderson, the committed pacifist, refused to work on the flight deck at all. With him, as with the others, the authorities aboard employed a cautious reasonableness.

"I had a long talk with one of the division petty officers," he says. "I told him what I thought about the war and that I wasn't going to work on the planes. When he left, he looked like he was ready to cry."

Presumably in the interest of not rocking the boat, Anderson's superiors assigned him below-decks as the squadron's compartment cleaner, in which capacity he wielded nothing more lethal than Clorox.

But when the *Intrepid* steamed north from its combat station for liberty calls on Hong Kong and Japan, Anderson, Bailey, Barilla, and Lindner had "pretty much decided to desert."

"We thought about doing it in Hong Kong," Barilla says, "but we figured that wasn't a good idea. It meant that even if we could get away from the American military — which we didn't think was very likely — there wouldn't be anyplace for us to run to except Red China. And you can dig we didn't want any part of those people."

In Japan, they decided that the day had come. On the afternoon of October 23, when liberty commenced for the nonduty sections, the four presented their liberty cards to the officer of the deck, saluted the colors, and walked out of the lives they had lived for nineteen and twenty years. (Two other sailors who had intended to go with them decided against it at the last minute.)

"We meant it as a gesture of protest against the war," Anderson said. "We knew that we didn't have much of a chance to stay free in a country as saturated with the American military presence as Japan. You could say we expected to be apprehended. For myself, I didn't look forward to fifteen years in a federal prison. But I was ready to do it as an act against war."

As soon as they were able to change into their civilian clothes, they destroyed their military identity cards and their uniforms. In military jurisprudence, these actions define the difference between desertion and absence without leave, a much less serious offense. Once they destroyed their uniforms, there was no chance for them to "cop a plea" and plead guilty to the lesser offense at a court-martial.

"We went up to Tokyo, and we told every Japanese person that talked to us that we were American sailors and we deserted because of the war. We thought the S.P.'s were coming any minute," Richard Bailey tells it.

"But a funny thing happened. In all our wandering around coming on to people, we didn't meet a single Japanese person that wasn't against the war. Everybody — everybody that we spoke to — was for us. We had no idea that people in Japan felt that way. We assumed they were as brainwashed as Americans, because they've got a pro U.S. government that supports the war. But we weren't especially trying to contact peace groups. We were just trying to talk to as many people as we could."

One of the people that the boys talked to put them in touch with representatives of Bahrein, a youth-oriented, Marxist-influenced peace group which American authorities regard as Communist-run. In the meantime, the alarm had gone off. With Shore Patrol and Military Police searching the streets of Tokyo for them, the four gave a taped interview to a Japanese television producer who had sought them out. The brief interview, shown later on U.S. and Canadian television, was the first look that Americans at home got of the "Intrepid Four." Like most of the subsequent media interviews given out by the four, it was not counted impressive. They have tended to "freeze" decidedly when faced with cameras and microphones.

After the interview, American military authorities intensified their search. But while the Armed Forces Police canvassed the customary haunts of deserters, the beer joints and geisha houses along Japan's many "Fleet Streets," the four were being passed from house to house, sleeping each night at the home of a different sympathizer. A great many people in Tokyo, Japanese of quite varying political allegiances, and even some Americans, assisted in their concealment.

After several days, a member of Bahrein brought the boys into contact with the Russian Embassy in Tokyo, and at that point they entered into the overripe world of international intrigue and propaganda. Their story became, for a while, part of the literature of the cold war.

The involvement of Soviet diplomacy in this act of desertion brought a kind of comfort to the orthodox evangelists of both East and West. For the Russians, the propaganda points to be scored were obvious — the boys were true international proletarians, who refused to fight their Red brothers in an imperialistic war.

U.S. spokesmen were in a position to explain events in terms of Soviet intrigue — these men were "defectors," "turncoats," pawns of the Comintern apparatus.

As it happened, neither side drew the sustenance expected from subsequent events; the Russians, in terms of their investment, might have reason to feel particularly shortchanged.

"There was only one thing we wanted at that point," Barilla says, "and that was passage to a neutral country. We decided on Sweden; what we'd heard about it made it seem like the right place. Now, we couldn't get there by way of the United States, that was sure. We couldn't go by way of Vietnam. We weren't going to walk into Red China. When we were put in touch with the Russians, we decided to ask them for passage through."

"A lot of people have the idea from the press," Anderson says, "that we defected to the Soviet Union and then changed our minds. But there wasn't any question of that. We made it clear to the Russians from the beginning that we only wanted safe conduct. We aren't politicians, we aren't Marxists. We had no desire to change from one war-gear society to another war-gear society."

THROUGH the offices of Bahrein, the four sailors spoke with a Russian official at the Soviet Embassy. They were told that a Russian freighter would be taking on cargo in Yokohama within a few days. The official then presented them with visitor's passes which would enable them to board the vessel.

"That was it," says Richard Bailey. "They gave us the passes and let us go at that. It was like the rest was up to us. We went aboard and cooled it, and when we were sure we were outside Japanese territorial waters, we turned ourselves over to the Russian captain. He looked pretty shook. I don't know whether he was surprised or not." The ship, the S.S. *Baikal*, took them to the port of Nahodka on the Soviet Pacific Coast. There they were met by functionaries they understood to be representatives of the Soviet Red Cross.

"The people that met us at Nahodka were the weirdest people I've ever seen in my life. I mean, we didn't know anything about Russia, we didn't have any idea of what to expect; and these cats really freaked us. They sent us by train to another city where we were supposed to get an aircraft for Moscow, and they were all right along. If they offered you a cigarette or tea or vodka, you couldn't tell them no. They wouldn't hear no. You had to take it. They were like an American movie idea of Russian agents, you know?"

"The aircraft was like a flying houseboat. When we were taxiing into takeoff I couldn't believe the thing would ever get off the ground. And inside, it was divided into compartments like a European train. The flight to Moscow took over twelve

hours; we just sat up straight in our upholstered seats with these weird guys in the compartment with us. I'll never forget the smell of Russian cigarettes. They really stink."

The boys were lodged in a Moscow apartment. Delegations from the officially sponsored Soviet peace organizations visited them. There were official receptions and guided tours of the city and its surroundings.

A few days after their arrival, Moscow radio and television broadcast interviews with them, together with their statements. According to Craig Anderson, they were not coached or fed material, no effort was made by Russian broadcasters to bring their position into line with Communist policy. They feel that Radio Moscow treated them more impartially than the Western media to whom they later gave interviews.

Very shortly, however, the Byzantine-cum-Victorian splendor of their Moscow suite, the huge vodka-laced meals, the piety and occasional evasiveness of their guides began to rankle their cool adolescent sensibilities.

"They were so straight, you couldn't believe it," Bailey relates. "And at that point we'd already done our thing, we didn't give a damn. We started putting them on a lot."

Statues and images of Lenin abounded in the streets of Moscow. "Who's that?" the boys would ask innocently. They asked the question fifty times a day.

"Lenin," they were told solemnly each time, and Lenin's place in history was patiently re-explained to them.

"John Lennon?" (Ho, ho. Hollow laughter and stylized handshakes exchanged among the four. Simmering silence from the guide.)

"John? No, no. Not John. Nicolai —" and so forth.

"What kind of car is that?" Mike Lindner, mild teen-aged car freak, would inquire.

"That is a Volga."

"And what kind of car is that?"

"That is a Volga."

They inquired regularly about the make of passing cars. The cars always turned out to be Volgas. If the Soviet authorities in charge of this curious state visit experienced a flash of identification with the officers of U.S.S. *Intrepid*, they did not betray it.

"We were breaking their minds," Barilla says, "but they kept cool. They were extremely up tight. We began to want them to do something human, break a little — but they never did."

Mike Lindner occasionally pressed his embarrassed translators into service on his forays to pick up girls on the boulevards. Dick Bailey took to breaking down the formal rigor of haute cuisine

with such un-kulturny practices as spooning shrimp into his soup.

"I admit it was sort of stupid," he says. "But we kept feeling like we had to do something to loosen up the atmosphere."

John Barilla attended the Bolshoi Ballet wearing mismatching shoes, his jacket inside out, puffing furiously from a Russian cigarette in imitation of a Central European villain from a silent movie. He caused his hosts even more embarrassment by raising unpleasant questions. Why did they put writers in jail? How long did they put them in jail for? What had they written?

"We never got to see Lenin's tomb," Barilla says. "I guess they were afraid to take us there."

They were, however, taken for a flying tour of several Soviet regions, including the Caucasian Republics (on the tours they were generally not exposed to the "masses"), and presented with \$500 each as a parting gift from the Soviet Peace Union.

"We had a pretty good relationship with a few people there," Bailey recalls. "Some of the writers we talked to were nice guys. One of the official cats was all right too. Just before we left we'd been giving him a hard time and he sort of shrugged his shoulders and said, 'I don't know — I'm just a simple Communist.' The people who we had something going with were sorry to see us go, I think, and we were sort of sorry to leave them. They got a little emotional at the airport. You know, Russians are like that."

Had anyone there tried to persuade them to remain in the Soviet Union?

They laugh the question away. No, they say, the subject never came up. It had been understood from the start that their destination was Sweden.

"If we stayed there, we'd have been in jail in six months," John Barilla says. "It was a good feeling to go aboard that SAS jet for Stockholm. You know, a normal-type aircraft with a cool-looking stewardess, all that —"

ONCE in Sweden, they were looked after and lodged by a number of sympathetic Swedish intellectuals. They decided to split up to avoid forming what they called "an American enclave." Bailey and Lindner settled finally at the home of one of Sweden's leading actors, Gösta Eckmann. Eckmann and his wife, an attractive Ethiopian girl adopted in infancy and reared in Sweden, have a beautiful suburban house in the fir forest that surrounds Stockholm.

Anderson and Barilla took up residence at the Jakobsberg Folk School, an institution famous throughout Scandinavia for its experimental methods in adult education and sociological research.

After a week or two of seeming hesitation, the Swedish Foreign Ministry announced that the "Intrepid Four" were being granted permission to settle in the country. The decision was consistent with Sweden's traditional attitude toward fugitives from military justice and seems to have satisfied public and press opinion there. If there are any sections of the Swedish public who support America's Vietnam position, they are not in evidence.

Before the four arrived from Russia, two U.S. servicemen had already sought and received asylum in Sweden, and during the past winter the number of deserters has increased. Over twenty servicemen, mainly soldiers stationed in West Germany, have settled in and around Stockholm after deserting — nominally at least — over the war in Vietnam.

Many of the deserters there now have committed themselves to the violent destruction of the society they rejected. The more militant are in close touch with an ultraleft student organization which calls itself the NLF, after the National Liberation Front of Vietnam. Although the four sailors from the *Intrepid* have cordial relations with their fellow deserters, their brand of radicalism, inchoate and half-formed as it may be, is quite a different thing from that of NLF.

Craig Anderson spoke for all four when he told the Swedish Broadcasting Company that he and his friends rejected both the American and Soviet systems and all other systems "based on war."

"What we believe in," he said, "is reconciliation. We believe that what's poisoning the world now is ignorance. The force of ignorance is still so strong that man isn't ready to live in the technological society he's built for himself. The only thing worth doing is to try and work the ignorance out of both sides."

Bailey, who speaks occasionally of visiting India, has been reading Spofford Sibley's book *The Quiet Battle*, a work on the power of nonviolence. The book was given him by a Swedish pacifist family with whom he stayed on his arrival, and he intends now to read as much as he can on the application of "positive nonviolence" to social concerns. His desertion as well as that of his friends was a moral act, he says, not a political one.

The pacifist attitude, to which each of the "Intrepid Four" subscribes — perhaps an echo of the so-called "love revolution" among college-aged youth in America — is their principal expressed motivation. The answer, as in Bob Dylan's song, is blowing in the wind.

If they have not reasoned out the implications of this dream, they have yet held to it in the course of their wanderings with considerable strong-mindedness. Undoubtedly, they could have assured themselves a more cordial reception in Moscow and among the young revolutionaries of Stockholm

if they had professed militancy of a less idealistic sort.

All four agree that the war is not over for them; they intend to engage what they conceive as the forces of war in their own way. They talk about the possibility of a "supermovement," but they were disappointed by the small response they received from pacifists in the States.

Life in Stockholm is not unpleasant for twenty-year-olds. The loveliness and liberality of Swedish girls are well known (although Mike Lindner says that he and his friends haven't formed any close feminine attachments yet. "They took us around to a lot of parties, and we were kind of a curiosity. We have to wait until things settle to get anything human going"). In the streets of the Old City, there are discotheques and poster shops displaying the latest groove from San Francisco. Stockholm has hookahs and mandalas and hash. (The Animals were in town while I was there; Jimi Hendrix was due.)

Eric Hammerquist, headmaster of the Jakobsberg Folk School, expects them to do well. "They will be very busy here," he says. "If they learn the language sufficiently they may be in a position to go on to a university. They are quite intelligent."

A quietly jovial man, the very image of a Northern scholar, Hammerquist makes no secret of his delight in giving aid and comfort to opponents of the Vietnam War. "I think we may advertise abroad," he says dryly. "Special Summer Courses for American deserters. We may pose our prettiest girls in posters that say 'I Want You,' like Uncle Sam."

But exile, after all, must be lived by the day. What about the price, one asks, the forsaking of home, of parents?

They speak soberly about their families and about the hopelessness of making them understand. There is no rancor in what they say, only regret. They take comfort in a letter written them by an American pacifist woman who told them that it is the turn of their generation to provide answers.

Anderson, Bailey, and Lindner have all had mail from home — it expressed, for the most part, anxiety and incomprehension.

John Barilla has not heard a word from his parents since the day he went over the hill.

They express no regret over the loss of America.

Anderson says he misses San Francisco sometimes — "that's it."

Dick Bailey tells of hearing a record of Frank Sinatra's, "Strangers in the Night," in a restaurant; it made him miss nights in Florida, he says. "But then you think of the States and how everything is supposed to be that great and then you think — what? What is there really? Shit, the rewards aren't that great."

I saw the "Intrepid Four" for the last time at a party attended by students and faculty of the Folk School. It was, as they say, a wild scene — the students, a mixed bag of radicals, sociologists, and delinquents, were reacting to their beer in the customary Swedish fashion. The Rolling Stones were on the machine, there was dancing, a roaring fire against the subzero cold outside; the girls were gorgeous.

The sailors had skillfully separated girls from the general doings and were holding a semiprivate gathering of their own in Anderson and Barilla's living quarters.

They were using a drinking glass as an ashtray because the student in the room adjoining theirs

had broken their ashtray earlier to prove a revolutionary point. A dedicated revolutionary, their neighbor had also broken the huge windows of the United States Embassy during an anti-war demonstration.

"He wanted to know what our position was," Barilla told me. "He doesn't pick up on non-violence. I told him — all right, I'm a nihilist. He said, OK, if you're a nihilist then I can do anything I like. So he stepped on the ashtray."

Barilla smiled warily. "We'll do it our way, if we can," he said. "We didn't change the world by what we did, but it was a nonviolent act. It accomplished something. I mean, we don't pretend to know all the answers."

THE PRINCE MOURNS HIS LOVE

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

Kissing the dragon good-night
three years ago, I was amused
to note it turned into a Princess.

Come alive, I sang, you're
in the Pepsi Generation. She
was annoyed. A hundred years

in scales does the disposition
little good. She wanted not a song
but love. Love of a true Prince

had made her once again a Princess,
she maintained, and she was right.
I loved her. But I loved her

as the dragon she had been. I
was amused: the transformation
seemed unlikely to persist.

She raged. It made her mad
I loved the Princess less than
the enchanted dragon. She wished

the dragon's death. Because
she was again a true Princess,
she had her wish. The dragon died.

Days spun by upon her flaxen wheel
while she wept because I loved her
for her truest self. Three times

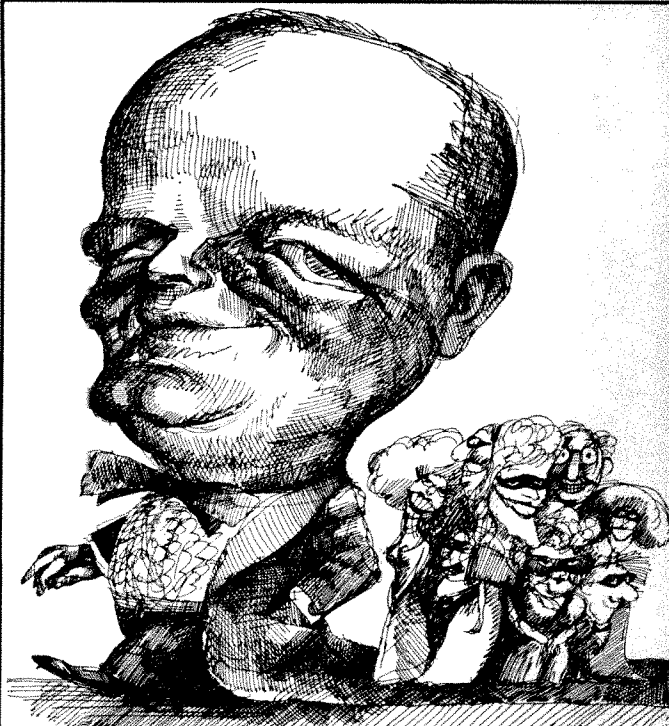
from violets to varnished leaves,
three times the disenchantment
of her humbled generation. Come

alive no more. The brass green
fire of her furious eyes grew dim.
She died upon my kiss in disbelief.

SOREL'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS



My country white or wrong.



Speak softly and carry a big clique.



Klanliness is next to godliness.



They also serve who only wait to stand.



PAX by Christopher Logue

R_{AT}
pearl,
onion,
honey:
these colors came before the sun
lifted above the ocean
bringing light
alike to mortals and immortals.

And through this falling brightness
through the by now
mosque,
eucalyptus,
utter blue,
came Thetis,
gliding across the azimuth,
with armor the color of moonlight laid on Her forearms,
palms upturned toward the sun,
hovering above the fleet,
Her skyish face toward her son,

Achilles,
gripping the body of Patroklos naked and dead against his own,
weeping terribly,
while Thetis spoke:

"Son . . ."

The soldiers looking on;
looking away from it; remembering their own:
*"Grieving will not change what Heaven has done.
Suppose you throw your hate after Patroklos' soul,
Who besides Troy will be the gainers?
See what I've brought."*

And as she laid the moonlit armor on the sand
it chimed;

and the sounds that came from it,
followed the light that came from it,
like sighing,
saying,
Made In Heaven.

And those who had the neck to watch Achilles weep
could not look now. Nobody looked. They were afraid.

Except Achilles. Looked,
lifted a piece of it between his hands; turned it;
tested the weight of it; then,
spun the holy tungsten like a star between his knees,
slitting his eyes against the flare, some said,
but others thought the hatred shuttered by his lids,
made him protect the metal.

His eyes like furnace doors ajar.

When he had got its weight
and let its industry console his grief a bit,
"I'll fight"
he said. Simple as that. "I'll fight."

And so Troy fell.

"But while I fight what will become of this" —
Patroklos — "Mother?"

"Inside an hour a thousand slimy things will burrow.
And if the fight drags on his flesh will swarm like water boiling."

And She:

*"Son, while you fight
Nothing shall taint him,
Sun will not touch him,
Nor the slimy things."*

Promising this she slid
rare ickors in the seven born openings of Patroklos' head,
making his carrion radiant.
And her Achilles went to make amends,
walking alone beside the broken lace that hung
over the sea's green fist.

The sea that is always counting.

*Since men began in time, time and
when they met in parliaments,*

*Where, in due turn, letting the next man speak,
With mouthfuls of soft air they tried to stop
Themselves from ravening their talking throats;
Hoping enunciated airs would fall
With verisimilitude in different minds,
And bring some concord to those minds, soft air
Between the hatred dying animals
Monotonously bear toward themselves,
Only soft air to underwrite the in-
Built violence of being and meld it to
Something more civil, rarer than true forgiveness.
No work was lovelier in history;
And nothing failed so often: knowing this
The Army came to hear Achilles say:
"Pax, Agamemnon." And Agamemnon's "Pax."*

Now I must ask you to concede reality,
to be a momentary bird above those men
and to watch their filings gather round
the rumor of a conference until
magnetic grapevines bind them close.

From a low angle the Army looks oval, whitish centered,
split at one end, prized slightly open, and,
opposite to the opening, Achilles
(whom they had come to hear) with hard-faced veterans
on either side, lance-butts struck down,
and here and there a flag. Even the chariot mechanics,
cooks, priests, helmsmen, heralds, and whores came up
to hear the Lords say pax.

And as men will, they came, the limping Kings;
Odysseus first, chatting to Diomedes, into the ring,
sitting them down; and after them, a trifle slow
but coming all the same, doomed Agamemnon,
King of Kings, his elbow gummed with blood,
walking as if he'd got five legs,
and sitting — rather wearily — beside Odysseus.

The ring is shut. Enormous quiet.
King Agamemnon and Achilles face each other
as different as polygon and circle.

Somebody coughs.

ACHILLES: "King,
I have been a fool.
The arid bliss self-righteousness provokes
addled my heart."

Odysseus nods.

"Remembering how I took her City,
and how its women offered me their bodies,
like simple creatures looking for a passage to the sea,
it would have been much better for us both
if Artemis had pinned her to the gates.
And as their mouths filled up with dust
doubtless the Greeks who died for our black amnesty
remembered me re-creating my exalted grudge each morning.

Yet I'm a man; I like my own.
And if another man — my King, what's more —
takes what is mine and lets the Army know it,
what are they both to do?

Kings can admit so little.
Kings know, what damages their principality endangers everyone.

If he is inconsiderate,
he is the King; if greedy, greedy King;
aoi! . . . if at noon the King says: *It is night*,
behold, the stars!

What if he damages the man on whom his principality depends?
He's still the King. His war goes on. The man must give.

But if the man in question cannot give
because the god in him that makes the King his chief dependent
is part and parcel of the god that cries revenge when he is wronged —
what happens then?

Stamp on my foot, my heart is stunned;
I cannot help it; it is stunned; it rankles —
here," touching his chest.

"I am not angry anymore.
My heart is broken. Done is done, it says.
And yet the pain can only mask my rancor.
So let pride serve.

When all is said and done — I am Achilles."

And the Army love their darling,
and they cry
"Achil! Achil! Achil!"
louder than any counting sea,
and sentries on the eastern walls of Troy
sweat by their spears.

King Agamemnon waits

And waits

Then,

AGAMEMNON: "Heroes . . .
I do not think your zeal will be injured
if those who are the furthest off stand still and listen,

and those close to stop muttering among themselves.”

Bad start.

“Everyone can’t hear everything, of course.”

Gulls cry.

“However, even clear-voiced heralds, accustomed as they are to public speaking, can lose their audience if inattention makes them feel they are indifferent to his message.”

Gulls.

“In fact, the things I have to say are, in a sense, meant for Achilles’ ears alone.

But if the Army and his peers witness our settlement” his voice gets hard “my purpose will be better served.”

“Like him, I am a man.

But I am also King. His King. Your King.

As such I have received

what most of you have not unwillingly agreed was mine: the best part of the blame.”

He has them now.

“BUT I AM NOT TO BLAME!”

And now.

“Undoubtedly I took, unfairly, pulling rank, the girl Achilles won.

I tell you it was not my wish.

Between my thought and action Até fell;

God’s eldest girl, contentious Até! . . . O,

soft are her footsteps but her performance keeps no day;

nor does she walk upon the ground, but drifts

into our human wishes like the sticky flecks of down

touching our lips in endless summertimes;

and with her episodes comes misery.”

“Let me remind you how God walked

across the courtyards of the sun and told his smiling cabinet:

Rejoice with me,

For unto men this day a child is born

Whose blood is royal with my eminence,

And who, all in good time, will be

A King called Hercules.

And Hera, looking at her fingers, said

We have been taken in before.

Still, if You swear that any child of Yours

Who will be born today . . .”

God swore — and Até sat between his eyes.

No sooner was the oath beyond his mythic lips

than Hera went as quick as that from Heaven to Greece

and with her right hand masked the womb

swaddling Hercules, and with her left

parted the body of another girl whose child was divine,

but only seven months gone, and held it up, and jeered

See what your oath has done!

God made the early boy his King and Hercules a serf,
and wept as men weep.

"If you will lead the Greeks, Achilles,
I will give Briseis back.
And we may be forgiven."

The sun is smaller now.

Achilles says: "Let us fight now — *at once* — "

"Wait" — slipping the word in like a bolt —

"marvelous boy," Odysseus says,

"you can do what you like with us except make men fight hungry.

Well . . . you could do that too, but . . ."

turning away from him, toward the moving ranks

"Wait!

The King will keep his promise now.

Young lords will fetch his penal gifts

for everyone to see and be amazed.

Everyone knows that men who get

angry without good reason,

conciliate without free gifts.

Therefore Achilles gladly takes

everything Agamemnon gives.

And he who gives steps free of blame

even as he adopts the wrong.

God bless them both."

And squatting by Achilles says:

"Boy — you are the best of us. Your strength is fabulous.

But in my way I know some things you don't.

In any case, I'm old; be patient with me.

"What we have got to do is not embroidery;

for you the battle may be gold,

the men will go through it like needles,

breaking or broken, but either way emerging naked as they went.

Think of the moment when they see the usual loot,

gold, horses, women, tin, is missing from this fight —

although the usual risks are not.

They do not own the swords with which they fight,

nor the ships that brought them here;

orders are handed down in words they barely understand;

frankly, they do not care a whit who fucks soft Helen.

Ithaca's mine; Pythia yours; but what are they defending?

They love you? Yes. They do. They also loved Patroklos;

and he is dead, they say; bury the dead, they say;

a hundred of us singing angels died for every knock

Patroklos took — so why the fuss? — that's war, they say,
who came to eat in Troy and not to prove how much
dear friends are missed.

"Certainly, they are fools.

But they are right. Fools often are. Bury the dead,
and I will help you pitch Troy in the sea."

* * *

Cobalt in heaven,
and below it
polar blue;
the body of the air is lapis, and
where it falls
behind the soft horizon,
the light turns back to Heaven.

A soldier pisses by a chariot;
another
sweetens his ax blade on a soapy stone,
and up between the dunes
with ribbons, tambourines, and little drums,
come twelve white horses led by seven women,
Briseis in their midst,
her breasts so lovely that they envy one another;
and they pass by . . .
and after them young lords escorting
twenty ewers of bright silver, each in a polished trivet,
their shining cheeks engraved by silversmiths
with files of long-nosed soldiers on the march;
and they pass by . . .
and after them a sledge
piled with twelve lots of Asian gold,
carefully weighed, worth a small city;
and they pass by . . .
and last of all, Talbythius, Chief Herald of Greece,
guarding a sacred hog,
passed by into the center of the ring.

Yellow mist over Ida.
The hog lowers its gilded tusks.
Is still.

By Agamemnon's feet Talbythius sprinkles barley,
snips a tuft from the hog's nape,
waits until a breeze nudges it off his palm
into the fire that burns between the Army and its King.

Haze covers Ida.
Sand falls down sand.
Even the gods are listless.

And Agamemnon spreads his arms,
raises his face toward the zenith, cries:

"GOD
be my witness,
EARTH
my witness,
SUN, SKY, WATER, WIND,
be my witness.
I have not fucked
or fondled
or in any way
tampered with her
I took unjustly from Achilles."

And drags his knife across the hog's silk throat.

Mists over Ida.
Slaves throw the dead hog in the sea.
The Army like a thousand yellow stones.

Achilles says:
"So be it. Eat and prepare to fight."

And took Briseis to his ship.

Under the curve the keel makes
where it sweeps upward to the colored beak,
Achilles' troops had spread their oars along the sand
and laid six thwarts across them.
Upon this table they had stretched their winter fleeces,
amid whose stirring naps Patroklos lay,
the damaged statue of a Prince awaiting transportation.
Near it Achilles sat, Odysseus beside,
and women brought them food.
"Patroklos liked to eat," Achilles said,
"and you cooked well, Patroklos, didn't you?
Particularly well that summer when
the Royal cuckold, crown in hand, came visiting from Argos,
saying *wife* and *theft* and *war* and *please* and
what is this *eat* of yours, Odysseus?
Say you were telling me: He's dead, you're father; well . . .
I might eat a bit, troubled, it's true, but
eat like any fool who came God knows how many mist

and danger mixed sea miles to salvage Helen.
Oh, I know you, Odysseus. You reckon
Achilles will fight better if he's fed.
Don't be so sure.
Everyone knows you tried to dodge King Agamemnon's fatal draft.
I do not care about his gifts. I do not care, Odysseus,
can't you see it? — do not *care!*
Patroklos was my life's sole love;
the only living thing that called love out of me.
At night I used to dream of how, when he came home to Greece,
he'd tell them how I died — for I must die — and showed my son
this house, for instance, or that stone beside the stream,
my long green meadows stretching out into the light,
so clear it seems to magnify. . . .”

And here Achilles falls asleep beside his dead,
Odysseus goes off as close to tears
as he will ever be,
and,
at a window of the closed stone capital,
Helen wipes the sweat from under her big breasts.
Aoi! . . . she is beautiful.

But there is something obscene about her, too.

Achilles wakes.

*Those who have slept with sorrow in their hearts
Know all too well how short but sweet
The instant of their coming-to can be;
The heart is strong, as if it never sorrowed,
The mind's dear clarity intact; and then
The vast, unhappy stone from yesterday
Rolls down these vital units to the bottom of oneself.*

Achilles saw his armor in that instant,
and its ominous radiance flooded his heart.

Bright pads with toggles crossed behind the knees,
bodice of fitted tungsten, wide, pliable straps;
a shield as round as rich and big as moons in spring;
the sword's haft parked between sheaves of gray obsidian,
from which a lucid blade ran out, leaf shaped, adorned
with running spirals.

And for his head a welded cortex, yes,
though it is noon the helmet screams against the light,
scratches the eye, so violent it can be seen
across three thousand years.

Achilles stands; stretches; turns on his heel,

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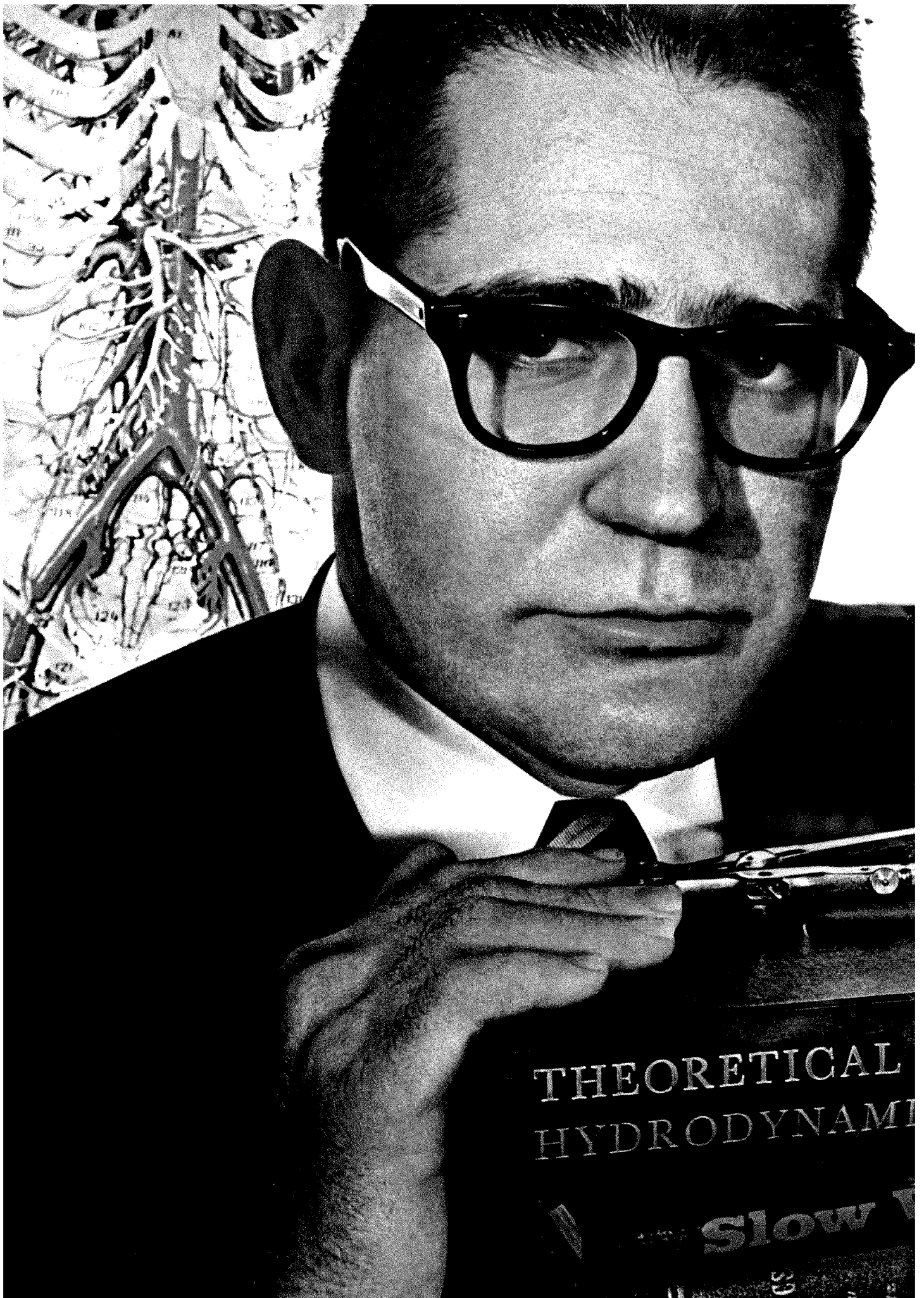
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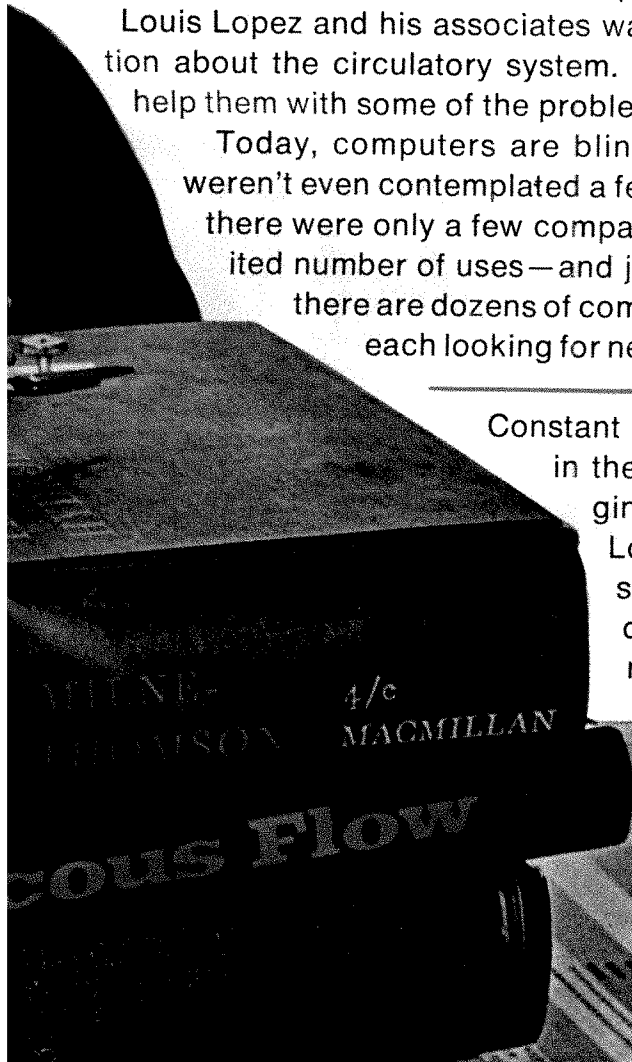
This mechanical engineer is trying to decipher the mysteries of blood circulation. Who'd guess he's in the computer business?

"Medical research may seem an odd field for a man in the computer business," says IBM's Louis Lopez, "let alone for a mechanical engineer. But we're applying engineering techniques to a study of the bloodstream."

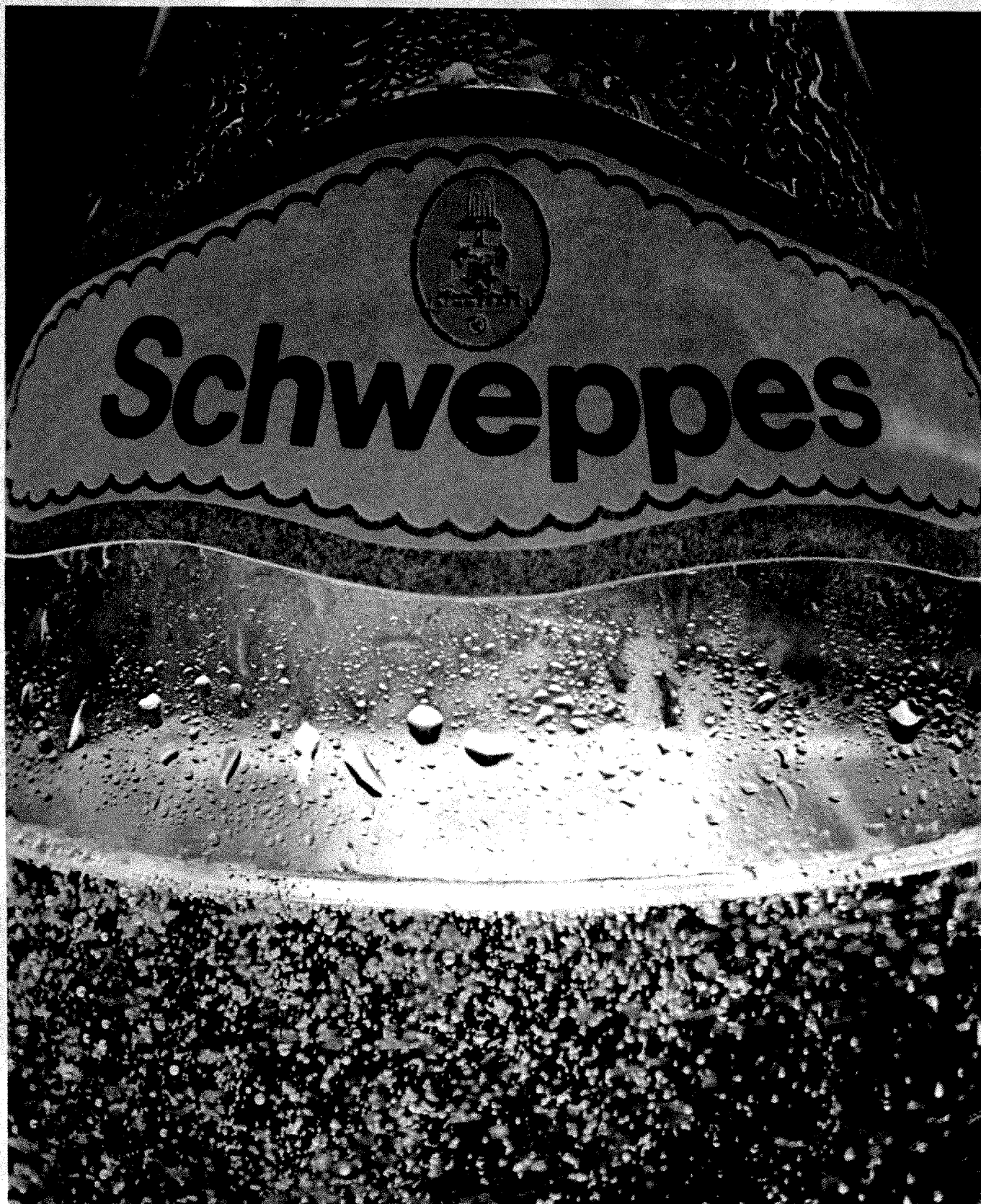
"In some aspects the human circulatory system resembles a hydraulic system. It has a pump, valves and fluid in motion. We're trying to express its mechanics in precise mathematical equations. This requires millions of calculations. Without computers, we couldn't do it."

Louis Lopez and his associates want to give doctors more information about the circulatory system. The kind of information that will help them with some of the problems of blood and heart disease.

Today, computers are blinking away on assignments that weren't even contemplated a few years ago. As recently as 1953, there were only a few companies making computers for a limited number of uses—and just a handful of customers. Now, there are dozens of competitors and thousands of users—each looking for new ways to put computers to work.

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Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Louis Lopez is typical of the thousands of men and women in the industry who continually search for new ways to use computers.



**The twelfth bubble from the left
is an excellent example of Schweppervescence.**

So is the one almost dead center. They're all rather good, actually. From the top of the bottle to the bottom. From first sip to last. Set a good example. Serve Schweppes Tonic. *Unique* taste. Curiously refreshing. In one way bottles, naturally.

Schweppes—a lively English tradition.

punches the sunlight, bends, then — jumps! . . .
and lets the world turn fractionally beneath his feet.

Noon.
In the foothills melons roll out of their green hidings.
Heat.

He walks toward the chariot.
Greece waits.

Over the wells in Troy mosquitoes hover.

Beside the chariot.
Soothing the perfect horses; watching his driver cinch,
shake out the reins, fold, lay them across the rail;
dapple and white the horses are, perfect they are,
sneezing to clear their cool black muzzles.

He mounts.

The chariot's basket dips. The whip
fires in between the horses' ears,
and as in dreams or at Cape Kennedy they rise,
slowly it seems, their chests like royals, yet,
behind them in a double plume the sand curls up
a yellow canopy,
is barely dented by their flying hooves
and wheels that barely touch the world,
and the wind slams shut behind them.

"Fast as you are," Achilles says,
"when twilight makes the armistice,
take care you don't leave me behind
as you left my Patroklos."

And as he ran the white horse turned its tall face back
and said:

"Prince,
This time we will, this time we must, but this time cannot last.
And when we leave you not for dead, but dead,
God will not call us negligent as you have done."

And Achilles, shaken, says:
"I know I will not make old bones."

And lays his scourge along their racing flanks.

Someone has left a spear stuck in the sand.

SHAME

A Story by JOYCE CAROL OATES

MUCH change here? No, not much. He had been worried about that but really there was little sign of change. Things were older, houses looked meeker, stores were crowded absurdly together along this familiar block. He felt a little perplexed, coming back here, as if he had been presented a gift he could not understand.

At one time this neighborhood had been his entire world, bounded on the north by the tire factory and its great, dangerous parking lots, and on the east by Grand Boulevard, and on the west by Lincoln Park; the southern end of the neighborhood just dwindled off into a twilight of street after street of ordinary shabby houses. Much of the neighborhood was now occupied by Negro families, but still things looked the same. He stood on the sidewalk where the bus had left him, staring with a foolish fondness at the old grocery store. Its interior looked murky as always, but detailed and promising, and "Salada Tea" on the window had the same trim white letters as always, the word "Salada" arranged in a semicircle above the word "Tea."

He seemed at first to see no people at all, only the street and the buildings. But gradually, as if awakening, he noticed crowds of schoolchildren and women with babies and men in baggy trousers, old men who were a sign of big cities: they wandered along the sidewalks to Lincoln Park, where they played cards all day long, arguing with one another in languages — Polish? Hungarian? —

no one else could understand. The schoolchildren were in a hurry and noisy. They reminded him of his classmates years ago, who had always seemed to know where they were going, who had the noise and bustle of adults. He glanced at the young women with their babies, wondering if they were the girls of his childhood now grown-up and married and, like him, committed to another life; he was a little shy before their smiles. Smiles were frequent in his life not because anyone recognized him but because he was a priest. Wearing the collar and the black suit did it, it was a complete transformation, and it pleased him because he was able to learn tenderness from the smiles of such people, and that was good. His name was Andrew Rollins, but he was called Father Rollins, and sometimes just "Father," which was a magical name. His life was a clutter of events that had somehow marked him for success in the competitive life he had chosen. This neighborhood looked untouched by complications. Time must have rushed through it, generations after generations, and yet the buildings still faced one another in that resigned, hunched way, and the thirteen-year-old girls with long swinging hair who passed giggling by him seemed the same girls he had known twenty years before.

The address he wanted was not far from the corner. After ringing the doorbell a few times, he knocked. The curtain at the door window was moved suspiciously aside, and a woman of about

forty squinted out at him. Then she opened the door quickly. "Yes, hello?" she said. She stood flat-footed in bedroom slippers, a messy, hopeful woman. "What did you want, Father?"

"Does Frank Taylor live here? I have this address . . ."

"Frank Taylor, oh, him — they moved away — I mean she moved away, his wife . . ." The woman stared at Andrew with a look of alarm and pity. She was very confused. "I'm terrible sorry to tell you this, Father, if you're a friend of his or a relative or something, but Frank is dead. I mean, he died, he had an accident, he's dead . . ."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead. He died," she said, shaking her head.

Andrew stepped back. "But when did it happen? I hadn't heard about it . . ."

"Oh, a few months ago, I don't know, it was real terrible — the two of them like that — I'm a friend of her mother's, I mean Frank's wife, her mother. I'm a friend of her mother's, and I moved right in here when Toni — that's the wife, you know her — when she didn't want to stay here — I moved in, it was real convenient for me —"

"He's dead?"

"I'm awful sorry, Father, were you a friend of his?"

"Yes, but we were out of touch . . ."

"He was a real nice boy, I'm sorry. I just don't know what to say," she said, looking up at him as if he had to think of something, had to make things right. As a priest he was always being tossed things, even in the midst of his own private grief; burdened with clumsiness and pain he had to make right through magic words.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," he said shakily.

"If you want Toni's address it's right down the street here . . ."

He had never met Frank's wife, and her name offended him. "Toni" was a name that made death seem cheap.

"I don't want to bother her."

"Oh, it's no bother, she'd like to talk to you. I know she'd like to talk to you, Father. It would be good for her," the woman said with a sharp downward twist of her lips, which Andrew interpreted as: the girl has stopped going to church. Or the girl is getting into trouble. "Her mother don't live up here now, and she'd be real glad if you went. I know that."

"How did Frank die?"

The question was too blunt, and he regretted

asking it. The woman, confused, muttered something about a car accident, two cars. She flinched away from that topic and latched onto the female topic, the wife, who was just down the street. And so he finally agreed to see the wife.

OUT on the sidewalk he was in the midst of a sudden gang of children. They rushed around him, on either side, and ran past and did not touch him. Their hard stamping feet and their cries mixed with the clamor in his head.

Frank had died?

Frank was his own age and had been his closest friend for many years, at a time in Andrew's life when he had needed a friend and had not understood what his life was to be. They had been friends as children and as young teen-agers, and in a way they were closer than brothers; Andrew was sure that he had loved Frank more than he would have loved any brother of his own.

Disturbed, he walked down the street. His legs felt weak. The neighborhood did not seem so familiar and friendly now. It was a great shock to him that Frank was dead. The fact that he would not see Frank but only hear of him from other people, from strangers, was a puzzling fact. He felt a surge of anger, as if he had been cheated.

He arrived at the old mustard-yellow apartment building and stood out front for a while, thinking, a tall, lean priest with a look of being lost. This apartment building was a familiar landmark; he remembered its ugly bulk from childhood. He did not want to see this wife of Frank's, this widow — he had never met her, knew nothing about her — but he had to go in, for he never let himself off easily. He climbed up the three flights of stairs, sensing how fatally he was being drawn back to this neighborhood, back to the smells and noises and faces he had left behind.

The door was opened quickly upon his knock, and a woman stared out at him, not speaking. He said, "I was a friend of Frank's. Your husband?"

Despite the gentleness of his voice the woman looked frightened. A blast of music behind her must have confused her thoughts. She said finally, "You heard what happened?"

"I was just told that he had died. Just now."

"You want to come in?"

She was thin and banally pretty; her voice had no depth to it but sounded like another voice from the radio. She stood aside awkwardly and he entered, prepared for the cramped living room and its bargain-basement furniture, the quilt fixed primly over the back of the sofa, the remnant rugs in doorways to protect the ugly brown rug be-

Joyce Carol Oates is a talented young author and teacher who resides in Detroit, writes prizewinning stories, and last summer published a stirring novel, GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS.

neath. Familiar, familiar. Andrew felt absurdly sorry for both himself and this woman.

"So you were Frank's friend? You're Andrew?" she said nervously. "He talked about you a lot, he liked you." She paused and shot a shy, inquisitive look at him. "What kind of priest are you? — I can't remember."

"A Jesuit. I teach in Chicago."

"Yeah, what do you teach?"

"History."

She sucked her lower lip and considered this. She was a daughter of this neighborhood, from her painted nails to her plucked eyebrows and the long smooth naked expanse of her legs beneath a house dress, but this hesitation belonged to a new generation; she read the newspapers, she had opinions. "Yeah, do you like that?"

"Very much."

Her eyebrows rose in an expression of agreement. She was a rather tall woman. Andrew himself felt ungainly and coarse and suddenly dirty. His hands felt dirty; perhaps he had touched the railing outside. "Would you like to sit down or something?" she said. She was probably as tall as Frank had been. Her hair was a bright chestnut color, puffed up on the crown of her head so that she looked even taller than she was. She looked as if she had half-prepared to go somewhere, doing her face and her hair and then losing interest, slipping into a shapeless dress, slipping into worn-out shoes. She said shyly, "I'm sorry it's so messy in here . . ."

With a gesture of his hand he dispelled the clutter. He smiled and sat, and the girl wavered above him. She said, "Would you like some coffee or something? Or maybe some beer? What time is it?"

"About five thirty."

"Well — would you like anything?"

"Thank you, no. I won't be staying long."

She hadn't the shrewdness to disguise her relief at these words. She sat facing him on a footstool, the sort of odd piece of furniture Andrew remembered as a *hassock* — how strange that such things had disappeared forever from his life! In the living room of his parents' tiny home and in the homes of his friends' parents there had been big squat shiny hassocks, usually red, often ripped, and they were a symbol of something but he had no idea what. He wanted to laugh. This hassock was a gay orange-brown.

He did not laugh, but a pain shot up into his head. He said apologetically, "I wouldn't mind a glass of water."

She jumped up, eager to serve him. He was accustomed to this mechanical jumping-up and running-out from women. Service like that was a way of not quite seeing him, as a priest, not listening

to him or dealing with him; he supposed that he understood. The sight of a clerical collar had often disheartened him, himself. The girl went to the kitchen, and in his range of vision, selected an especially clean glass from the cupboard and let the water run to get cold and filled the glass and returned to him, like a handmaiden. She had a very light, lithe step, probably exaggerated.

"I sometimes get headaches when I travel. I carry a few aspirin," he said, explaining as he took out a small folded tissue and opened it and finished off three aspirins. The girl watched seriously. "Thank you," he said, returning the glass.

She set the glass absentmindedly on a coffee table between them. Andrew wanted to protest that it would stain the table, thinking of the expensive furniture at his seminary. He did not want to look at the table to see if there were other stains on it, and he did not want to look at the girl's rather distraught face. The jazzy music rose from the other room, and he thought wildly that he had to get out of this place.

The girl jumped up. "I better turn that off, that's just junk," she said, explaining, and she snapped off the radio. He could see the radio above the sink — red plastic. It occupied a position of importance in the kitchen. The girl returned to him again, and his eyesight weakened, the repetition of her going out, coming back unnerving him. He was not accustomed to women in such informal situations. There was something naturally jerky and alarming about women, particularly this kind of woman; his college students were rather different. This woman leaned over him and said, "You're sure your headache's all right? You feel all right?"

"Yes, thank you. Your name is Toni, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's kind of a silly name, I don't know where I got it from," she said, pleased and embarrassed.

Now it was too quiet between them, with the radio off. He said gently, "Your husband and I were very good friends at one time. I hope you don't mind talking about him."

"I don't know. I guess not," she said. "I talked about it an awful lot with my family and people and things like that; I mean, we talked about it, but that didn't do any good. What good does it do?" This was a long speech for her, but she spoke slowly and languidly, as if she were in a trance. Her face was rather pretty. Then she did a strange thing: she yawned. It was a small surprising yawn which she tried to hide with her hand.

"How long were you married?" Andrew said.

"Oh, three years."

"I'm afraid that Frank and I lost touch in the

last five or six years. I don't know why. I was always sorry about it."

"Oh, he showed me your letters, he saved them and was real proud of them," she said. "I've still got them. I used to read them, they were . . . interesting . . . He didn't know what to write back to you, but he liked your letters. Oh, I remember one letter," she said sadly, as if the letters of her husband's friend were the real sorrow in her life, "I remember you talking about Italy, describing some place . . ."

"Florence? The Vatican?"

"The Vatican, yes," she said, repeating the word exactly as he had given it, blinking, "that was very interesting, it was like we were there ourselves. But didn't everybody there speak Italian?"

"Some speak English."

"They do, why?"

Andrew smiled a quick, annoyed smile. "Languages are important to Europeans; they study many languages."

She nodded, but her expression showed that he had not answered her question. "Well, it was a vivid letter. It was vivid. It was nice to read a letter like that, from a priest and everything. I told Frank he should write you back, but he was afraid you'd laugh at his spelling or something. He thought a lot of you."

"Do you go over to the cathedral, or where?"

This was a priestly shaft, and he used it deliberately, innocently. The girl said, a little nervously, "Sometimes I go to the cathedral, yes. But you know it isn't safe there anymore — a woman was attacked at the six-thirty Mass last week, on her way to it. What do you think of that?"

"I'm sorry to hear about it."

"The priest himself says we should be careful. Someone else, a Negro, was stabbed not around church but a few blocks away. It's terrible to be alone down here."

She had an ordinary doll-like face, and most of her lipstick had worn off. But this pronouncement was almost tragic; Andrew frowned and wondered when he would begin to pity her. He said softly, "Are you all alone here now?"

"Well, yeah, my family went back to West Virginia. They got fed up here."

"Oh, you're from West Virginia?"

"Sort of. I was born there. But I'm really from right here; I mean, I'm not a hillbilly."

"Where did you meet Frank?"

"I don't know, at a dance. A blind date or something."

"Was he in the Navy then?"

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head emphatically to set him right. "No, he was out of that for a long time. He was twenty-nine when he got married, that's pretty old for a man."

He felt that she had somehow accused him of being old and unmarried; he was Frank's exact age. But the girl was looking blankly down at her ballerina-type shoes, flat black shoes with pointed toes and worn-down heels. How like the girls of his childhood! The same wistful plucked look, the same thin, sloping shoulders which were carried without grace and yet without any clumsiness, the way a bird hops from one branch to another.

"I'd be real pleased if you stayed for supper. It's stew that I got on the stove; there's enough for you," she said suddenly.

"I really should be leaving."

"Are you visiting your parents here?"

"No, my parents are dead." He paused. "They did live here, though, a few blocks away. But I should be leaving anyway . . ."

"But I wanted to ask you something . . ."

"Please ask me anything. It's just that I don't want to bother you, and you probably have something to do . . ."

"You're not bothering me," she said in a faintly accusing voice, as if he had said something preposterous. She moved the toe of one foot in a little circle on the rug. "It's sort of funny that you and Frank were friends; I mean, you're sort of different."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, he quit school and everything, he didn't like books . . ."

"He shouldn't have quit school."

"That's what his mother said. She told me that," the girl said quickly. Between them the image of Frank seemed to rise, a muscular, dark, blunt-jawed man of about five feet eight, sometimes suspicious, sometimes quick to smile . . . "She always said she tried to talk him out of it, but I don't believe that. Was that the truth?"

"I think his parents wanted him to quit. They wanted him to work."

"Ah. Sure," the girl said, nodding.

"He didn't like reading, but he liked math. He was good at math."

"Was he?"

"Yes."

She stared at him. Her face was so young and thin that he was distressed, seeing that look upon it. "You think he could have done better than he did? I mean, you think he was smart enough?"

"Yes. I do."

He wondered how old she was. He had been wrong in dismissing her as an ordinary girl; she was solemn, dazed, pathetic, and only the cheapness of her plucked eyebrows and dress was ordinary. Her sorrow was not ordinary.

"I should have given you notice before coming here," Andrew said. "I don't want to make you unhappy."

"Oh, no! Please, no, it's just wonderful that you came," she said, staring at him. A minute passed in silence. He was afraid that she would cry and that her tears, unlike those of other women who cried in his presence, would be inexhaustible. "You sure you don't want to stay to supper? I got this stew all ready; I start it on Monday and have it every other day . . ."

"But I don't want to inconvenience you."

"No, please stay. It's no inconvenience."

So he agreed and had to wince as she jumped up again, set for the kitchen. She said breathlessly, "I have to make biscuits. I have to set the oven."

SHE talked to him from the tiny kitchen as if anxious to let him know what she was up to, anxious lest he might sneak out. He glanced around the living room. The coffee table had a formica top and of course could not be stained; there was no question of damaging it. The same was true of the other furniture, which was made of synthetic materials — an easy chair, the sofa on which he sat, the hassock, a table, a few lamps — all of it anonymous and sad. There was no hint of any man having lived here, and he realized suddenly that Frank had never lived here. He felt a vague curiosity about the rest of the apartment.

"Why did you move here?" he said.

She came back into the living room, at his service. "After the accident I didn't want to stay in the other place. It cost too much. And anyway you know our boy was killed too —"

"No, what? What boy?"

"Our boy. Our boy was killed with him, in the car. They were both killed together," she said in a flat, embarrassed voice. "His name was Robert, Robin. Sometimes we called him Robin. On the birth certificate it was Robert, of course. He was two. They were both killed in the crash; I thought you knew that."

"I didn't know you had a son."

"Oh, yes, a son, that was Robert," she said vaguely, as if listening for something behind her, "and so . . . so I didn't want to stay there, so I moved over here where a girl friend of mine is . . . We both work downtown."

"Oh, do you work?" he said. He was trembling. For her sake he wanted to get this conversation going in another direction. What sorrow this girl had had to bear! He felt like a coward, he felt shame for himself, his achievement and his security and his adulthood — it was shameful that he sit here so divorced from her, unable to take any of her suffering onto himself. The girl smiled slowly. "Yes, I like to work. It's in Millicent's, a women's store. I always liked to work . . ."

"I'm glad you like to work . . ."

"Let me get something; I almost forgot," she muttered, and turned. He sat there with a foolish strained look, waiting for her to return. When she did return carrying two glasses and a bottle of wine, he felt immense relief.

"I bought this yesterday, isn't that lucky? Do you like this kind of wine?"

She showed him the label and it, too, was familiar. Now he never drank anything so cheap. But he smiled with a sincere delight and said, "That's wonderful, thank you," and she poured them both some wine with a self-conscious, elegant movement. They drank. The girl stared down at her long, angular foot and moved uncomfortably. "It's just a regular stew, nothing special," she said.

"It smells good."

"Does it?"

She looked at him quickly and critically. It was a meaningless look. The girl seemed to be listening to another conversation, or perhaps to sounds or utterances that were beneath hearing, and her talk with him was a surface affair that sometimes distracted her. She said in her rather sleepy, sad voice, "I like this apartment because it has a side porch. Just a little porch, and I can stand out there and let my hair dry or anything. It's funny that Frank never saw it, because now it's a place I go all the time and stand there and, you know, think about things . . . Off to the side there's a bird's nest on the railing, with some eggs in it. I didn't want to scare the mother bird away but for two days she's been gone; I felt sort of bad about that . . ."

"That's nice, I mean about the porch."

"It is nice," she said, nodding. Her eyes were large. There were slight hollows about them, and he wondered again how old she was — twenty-six? — because there was something tired and ageless and familiar about her, even the slope of her shoulders. He could see the faint vaccination scar on her upper arm and how familiar, also, that seemed to him . . . He drank the wine and thought of people of his childhood, packed in so closely in houses that were divided and subdivided into apartments, packed in at school, packed in at church, and he, a child of ten or eleven, distracting himself from the solemn business of the Holy Mass by staring at the uncovered upper arm of a girl, in warm weather, at the faint white vaccination scars that were like symbols of a secret he could not understand and did not want to understand; something frightening and treacherous.

The girl was speaking. She sounded sleepy, as if the wine had rushed to her head. "It's funny how the birds do that, I mean, they fly south and then they fly back north, and they never make a mistake. Did you ever think about that?"

"Yes."

"And they can't help it? And they make nests, like the one outside, and they can't help any of it?"

"It is strange, yes."

"I wouldn't want to be like that," she said seriously.

"But it's the same thing that makes them live."

"What is?"

He didn't want to get tangled in any foolish conversation, but it was impossible to back out. So he said, as if speaking to an especially slow student, "I mean that the principle that makes them migrate also makes them live — it's the same principle, the life force itself. It's all the same instinct."

She stared at him, and he seemed to hear, replayed, his own words in her brain.

"What I wanted least of all was to upset you," he said. With the bottle of wine safely between them he felt more at ease; perhaps he could handle a more personal and yet more impersonal attack. "But it was a great shock to hear of Frank's death, and a woman down the street —"

"Oh, Thelma," the girl said flatly, as if she didn't think much of Thelma.

"She said I should talk to you. I had no idea about the other — about the child."

"Yes," the girl said, finishing her glass of wine, "that was sad. That was very sad. I don't know what to say about it."

"Do you have any pictures of them?"

"No, I don't," she said arrogantly. "His mother wanted them all so she could cry over them, so I said take them, go ahead and take them, and she did. She wanted back some goddamn old dish she gave us for a wedding present. It was tarnished anyway. I gave that back and good riddance and I don't see any of them, I mean his family."

"That's too bad," Andrew said, alarmed.

"Oh, the hell with them."

"But it's too bad —"

"It was a big goddamn dish made of silver or something, with a vine in it. A design. You were supposed to put meat on it or fish, I don't know, whoever in hell uses stuff like that? I think she won it at a bingo game. I don't think she bought it with money. Or else she got it with yellow stamps. Every time she came over to see us she'd ask me about the dish, and I had to show it to her and she always said, *Why don't you polish it?* For Christ's sake, why didn't I sit around night after night while he went out bowling or whatever he did and polish that goddamn bowl! Why didn't I!" She rose unsteadily. She said, "I'll be right back."

ANDREW had the idea that she was going to get the dish to show him, but she went instead into

another room. He was glad to be alone. He poured himself more wine, making a face. It was an intolerable situation, but here he was; in an hour or two he would be free. He could bear it. And she needed someone to talk to, obviously; it was a shame for a woman like that to be alone; she was a fairly attractive woman. He heard water running in another room. It was an intimate sound, and the feeling of the apartment, now that it was twilight, was intimate and pleasant. It was strange to think that Frank knew nothing about it. Time had passed over Frank, who was as old as Andrew and yet dead, mysteriously dead. Did Frank dominate their thoughts in spite of being dead, or had they hardly thought of him at all? When the girl returned, Andrew saw that she looked prettier. Embarrassed, awkward, she stood in the doorway on thin stork's legs and said, "Nobody wants to hear me talk about him anymore, I don't blame them. It's a bore. That's why I was glad when you came, but I don't want you to feel bad or anything . . ."

She sat again and dawdled over her glass of wine. Andrew was hungry; he wondered about supper. If they ate, it would be something to do with their mouths that did not involve words. He finished his glass of wine and felt a stab of hunger.

The girl said sleepily, "You and Frank had some hobbies together, didn't you? You collected some stuff?"

"Stamps. Just cheap stamps, and seashells."

"Oh, seashells?" she said, pleased. "Where did you get them?"

He talked. His memory blossomed as the sound of the sea blossoms magically in a shell, and he recalled for her the gritty November days and the dark afternoons after school and the hopeless Saturday mornings, when for him even to go outside was a risk — no use explaining that to his parents — and he and Frank would spend hours with their collections and their spiritless rehearsals of what revenge they would get upon the older boys who bothered them. It was an amazing fact that they had been struck and tripped and chased for years, and now he, Father Rollins, sat and discussed it all objectively, fairly, and his colleague in such shame was dead, and it was all over, the terrible arena of their boyhood through which they had passed and which, itself, had not changed. Did its horrors exist for other boys, still? The exhaust and smoke of the great city were heavier than ever, heavy like the clouds that drifted languidly across the sky from the great lakes, clouds that looked as if they must reek with filth. Very strange.

"I was very fortunate to survive this neighborhood," he said solemnly.

"Tell me more about it, you and him. In high school," she said. She leaned toward him greedily, her large eyes fixed and commanding. And so

he talked. He talked about things he had not thought of for years, things he had nearly forgotten. Then he said, breaking off, "You know, it's strange that Frank was never here, in this apartment."

"Yes, I think about that too."

"Do you have any plans for the future?"

"What plans?"

She gazed at him blankly. He could not decide whether she was stupid, or only dazed from her grief. What if Frank were watching them through the window, listening? What if Frank somehow wanted to return but could not, just as he, Andrew, sometimes wanted to wake from nightmares but could not, although he understood he was sleeping and needed only to wake himself in order to be free . . . ?

"No, no plans," she said.

THEY ate in the kitchen. He liked eating here; it was artless and direct. At the residence hall, of course, he ate in a large dining room with the other Jesuits, and the only artlessness was in seeming not to avoid certain boring people; they could not always be avoided. In the past he had always eaten in kitchens. He was not one of those Jesuits who came from good families; he had never disguised his background.

"It's funny," said the girl, "but I'd swear that Frank's mother wrote to you. She said she was going to."

"No. I wish she had."

"I'm pretty sure she said so." It was not clear to Andrew whether he, or the mother-in-law, was being accused. But the girl went on, "That old bitch always wanted to make trouble. She thought we had to get married, but that wasn't true. She went around telling everybody that."

"She must be a very unhappy woman."

"Yes, unhappy, she's a miserable bitch. That's true," the girl said, agreeably. She ate thoughtfully, but Andrew ate quickly. He hadn't remembered to have lunch. Distrustful of his appetite, of most physical demands, he often forgot to eat and then the power of hunger was terrible in him, a kind of revenge for his having ignored it. It was very strange. He felt both heavy and light-headed, from the shock of Frank's death, from the wine; heavy from the meal and the relentless conversation and light-headed from the occasional bursts of absurdity in their talk — the girl's offhand reference to Frank's mother — and the two sensations, heavy and light, passed back and forth dizzily in his mind. The stew was good. It was thick with potatoes and carrots and the meat was scant, but of course meat was expensive, and where did this girl get money? She worked at a poor-paying

job. It was evil of him to take food from her, mouthful after mouthful, and yet his hunger was prodigious.

"It's awful when somebody dies," she said, laying down her fork, "it's like it was torn out of you — you know — like a bandage ripped off with the skin in it — something like that —"

For an instant he imagined Frank in the doorway, watching them.

"I'm very sorry that you're alone," he said.

"Well, I got some friends."

"You wouldn't want to join your family?"

"Back there? Hell, no. No, I don't have to go with them now."

"It's a comfort to be with somebody at certain times . . ."

"I like it here, on my own. Except for how things are, I mean how dangerous it's getting . . . I was coming back from work once, and a man followed me from the bus, a white man, he walked right after me, he had a funny look . . . it was like he was asleep and walking in his sleep . . . Oh, that was awful, that was awful," she said, and sucked in her breath and covered her eyes with her hands. Andrew stared at her. Then, after a moment, she lowered her hands again and sat dry-eyed, though faintly astonished.

It was a peculiar moment.

They went back into the living room, and she poured more wine, and he thought of how he must leave soon and how he would be leaving her alone, and how empty this apartment would seem. He spoke to comfort her and was not sure of where his words would lead: "Every one of us goes through periods of unhappiness, sometimes of depression, and the only way we get through is by holding onto some words. In order to be Catholic you must understand that: hang onto the words even when you don't believe, and then the belief will return to you. It will return."

"Was Frank a good Catholic when you knew him?" she said curiously.

"When I knew him."

"He made me turn Catholic, you know. Then he sort of forgot about it."

"He was a good Catholic then, back then," Andrew said emphatically. "We both got scholarships to the Jesuit high school across town. It was a wonderful opportunity for boys like us, and I went from the high school right into the seminary. It was terrible that Frank had to quit . . ."

"He might have got fed up with it, too. That's how I felt."

"But it was different with us. Our school. It was an excellent school. Frank should have continued . . ."

"You really think he was smart?"

"Yes, certainly."

She let her head rest against the back of the easy chair. She looked listlessly at him. "Well, I don't know. I don't know how smart he was."

"Why do you say that?" Andrew said, startled.

She made a noncommittal gesture, turning her hand idly one way in a half-circle, then turning it back. Yes, an eloquent gesture. Andrew stared at her hand and saw in it an old gesture of Frank's that had always annoyed him.

"He was smart in some ways. Some certain ways," she said. "But in other ways, I don't know." She yawned, and opened her eyes wide in a look of ingenuous sorrow. "You know, he couldn't get ahead at work, and he used to yell at the kid . . . He used to go out every night, and I went with him; I knew enough to tag along because there were some women who wouldn't mind him, I knew that, but he never figured out why I came with him. He thought it was because I loved him so much."

"But what do you mean?" Andrew said, his face suddenly warm.

"I don't know," she said groggily. She reached around and found some cigarettes on the floor by her chair. "I used to tell myself when I was a kid that people aren't much good to each other. They're really better apart, not together, like my mother and father were always fighting, and out of them being together all us kids were born . . . what's the point of it?"

"Haven't you ever experienced any happiness in your life?"

"What?" she said. He felt a strange panic. His knees were weak. The girl watched him levelly and said, "You said that when you're unhappy or something you keep yourself going by some words. Why do you do that?"

"We have to keep ourselves going."

"But you're a priest, you believe all sorts of things. You don't have to worry about things, or work."

He laughed. "I teach school. It took me five years to get my Ph.D."

"Yes, I mean, but . . . but it isn't the same because you can't fail and can't fall out, the way Frank did; you know he fell out of things and could never get ahead, he was sort of a bum . . ." Seeing Andrew's look of alarm, she said quickly, "Oh, he was a nice guy, I know that, but he couldn't catch onto things the way you do, a man like you, you know how to talk and be polite, but he didn't. And a priest has things he doesn't have to think about, that he believes."

"Priests certainly think about their religion. Of all people priests experience doubt."

"But does it mean anything?"

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because you're a priest," she said sleepily, "and it's all set, you . . . you have that black suit you

wear, and I'd like something like that, something I could hide in and wouldn't have to worry; it's like a big black bird; nuns always reminded me of birds. Penguins."

Andrew laughed in surprise. "You don't have the right idea. It isn't unbelievers who doubt, but believers. It's believers who doubt."

"I never doubt anything. I know how things are," the girl said simply. "But when I was Catholic I worried about things, yes, that's right, about sins and things. I doubted things, and then I stopped believing and didn't have any doubt left, I was free; now I know how things are and don't think about it, but it's about the same. I mean, I feel about the same. Whether you're Catholic or not doesn't make much difference."

"That's true."

He felt that his body had become quite warm and heavy. He was perspiring, nervous before the girl's relentless impersonal sorrow, which was brittle and glib as the sorrow of medieval madonnas on museum canvases. Strange girl! The dazed look of her face, the way her skin seemed stretched tight across her girlish skull, made him feel uneasy.

"Loneliness is dangerous. It's bad for you to be alone, to be lonely, because if aloneness does not lead to God, it leads to the devil. It leads to the self. Thinking too much." He spoke hypnotically. The girl exhaled a cloud of smoke. "The aim of the religious life is not to be conscious of oneself as an individual but to experience the universe, to feel its fragments unifying in us . . . That experience is God."

She frowned in thought. She balanced one foot atop the other, and the shoe of the higher foot would have fallen off, but she caught it on her toe. Her toenails were painted pink like her fingernails.

"Sometimes, when I'm very lucky, I can achieve this feeling," he said. His voice was rising with something like passion. "I wish I could explain it to you, I wish I had time . . ."

"You have time. You can stay all you want, nobody's coming over tonight."

" . . . at these times I feel that by merely looking at a person I can reconstruct his past life, or her past life, I feel that I enter into his life as a lover, someone who loves . . . and sometimes I feel that just by glancing at a photograph, in a magazine perhaps, a photograph of mountains or a foreign country . . . I somehow enter into the mystical life of that world, into its reality; I can imagine a gigantic world beyond it, its history, an entire civilization running up to that photograph which is presented to my view . . ."

She put out the cigarette and folded her arms across her stomach, staring at him. "Did you always want to be a priest?" she said.

Something seemed to have gone out of her voice.

He said, "No, I didn't. I found my vocation through the guidance of a priest at my school. There was nothing simple about it. And Frank, too, Frank might have considered —"

"Oh, the hell with Frank," she said.

He stared at her, and his heart began to pound.

"Why do you say that?"

"Look, you don't know him. Maybe you knew him once, but it wasn't the same guy I knew. Look, the reason he cracked up the car, the reason it happened was he was drunk. He was always drunk. He was a loser, and he had to take the kid out for a ride, and that's that. The hell with him."

"But why did that happen? Why did he choose that kind of life?"

"Why, why what? Who chooses what?"

"Certainly people make choices —"

"Look, where are you staying tonight?"

"At a residence in town here."

"Why are you here?"

"I'm on my way to Cleveland. I wanted to see Frank."

"After so many years?"

"I've wanted to see him often, but my time isn't my own."

"You sure his mother didn't write to you?"

"Yes, of course," he said impatiently, "of course."

She got to her feet and stretched. She was wearing a yellow dress. "I guess I have to go to bed. I have to work tomorrow," she said.

He got to his feet at once, embarrassed. "I shouldn't have stayed so long . . ."

"You want me to show you my porch? Here, it's over here."

She led him to the other room, and he followed obediently. She opened a door and stepped out on a small porch; it was just as she said. Across the way was another old apartment building, its many windows lit in the darkness, and down on the ground were uncertain shapes half in shadow and half in light. Andrew saw something move down there. "What's that?"

"Where?"

He smelled something faintly lemony about her, probably her hair. He was not thinking about her at all. It was a deliberate avoidance of thought, which he had learned as a young seminarian, and it had never failed him. She went over to one side of the little porch and felt for something and laughed.

"What's wrong?" he said.

"Nothing." She led him back to the living room, and now the way seemed clearer. Once back it was obviously time for him to leave; there would be no awkwardness about it. The girl smiled up at him, pleased. He said a few final things, she said a few things, there is no telling what people about to part can discover to talk of! — once they are safely released from each other. She went with him to

the door. Almost out, good. A few more words. He said, "I'd be very happy if you wanted to write to me, I mean, if you ever had any doubts . . ."

"But I don't have any doubts," she pointed out. She smiled, and he smiled with her. She was like a clever student who courts her teacher by insights and coquettish bursts of intellect. He stepped out into the dim corridor, she leaned in the doorway, slender and somehow pleased with something, and as he turned to leave she said, "Oh, Father, wait — here's a little present for you. It's just nothing. It's for you."

And she deposited in his palm a tiny blue egg, a robin's egg.

"But what is it?" he said, amazed.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, smiling shyly and cleverly at once, and moving back, "just something I thought of. I'm kind of crazy sometimes. I just thought of it for no reason."

He descended the stairs rapidly, his heart pounding. It was terrible not to know why his heart was pounding! Downstairs in the foyer he opened his hand again, dreading what he must see, and there the egg lay — a tiny, perfect egg, a lovely blue, a miracle achieved by some forlorn, enslaved robin. "What the hell is this?" he muttered. He closed his hand suddenly upon the egg and smashed it, and when he opened his hand again there was just a mess there, any kind of mess and not necessarily the mess of an egg. He took out his wad of tissue and cleaned it off and rolled all the tissue into a ball, and being neat, did not drop it in the foyer or out on the cluttered street, but put it back neatly into his own pocket.

POSSESSION

BY PETER DAVISON

Inside me lives someone who writes poems,
Someone who has no words but from time to time
Borrows my words, whirls them through the dance
Of his purposes, then returns them.

My only evidence for his existence
Comes when I find poems upon my desk
Ready for me to revise.

When did this happen?

Though I have never known who scribbled them
In secret, still I know my job.
I find them ready and waiting, I take over.
Possession they say is nine points in the poem.

TWO CENTS AND MORE

Advice to the Secretary of Defense

THE awesome growth of the American defense establishment into the most powerful in history has left Americans with much to ponder, not only about the effectiveness of arms but also about their ineffectiveness. Have we really found a way to manage the defense complex so that it serves society?

In January, after the man widely considered to have been the most impressive of eight Secretaries of Defense announced that he would leave the job, the *Atlantic* invited several connoisseurs, appraisers, and critics of American defense policy to "advise" Robert McNamara's successor — whoever he was to be — on important aspects of defense policies and problems. Each was encouraged to focus briefly on that question he considered to be most vital or pressing. Now, in a gratuitous offering to the new Secretary of Defense, Clark M. Clifford, we present some of the responses. One of those who declined the invitation for reasons of time nonetheless offered an aside that deserves repeating. Wrote the respected Indiana industrialist J. Irwin Miller: "A small question, which is not original with me but which you and your editors might want to ask, is: Given the possibility of more situations like Vietnam, how do we help defend a small nation without destroying it in the process? This is a subject worth some research by the defense establishment."

Another man of wisdom and direct experience in defense and national security affairs wrote (as the Tet offensive was taking heavy toll of official

optimism) the irreverent suggestion that the new Secretary should "tie a thousand-ton bomb around his neck, embrace the President firmly, and jump off Key Bridge." One of the most thoughtful critics of the Vietnam War in the U.S. Senate recommended "the power of prayer."

Six men responded at length, mostly with observations a Pentagon computer would not program. For example, the oldest among them is the most hopeful. He is FERDINAND EBERSTADT, investment banker, vice chairman of the War Production Board during World War II, a confidant from college days of the first Secretary of Defense, James V. Forrestal. In 1945 Forrestal asked Eberstadt to prepare a report on the advisability of unifying the Departments of the Army and the Navy; the Eberstadt Report became the working paper for the creation of the Defense Department.

JOSEPH KRAFT has covered the Pentagon as a reporter and columnist. In 1962 he published a book about the Kennedy Administration's European policies, *The Grand Design*.

GAR ALPEROVITZ, a fellow at Harvard's Institute of Politics, is the author of *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, published in 1965. He is at work on a book about the effect of the war in Vietnam on American politics.

TWO of GENERAL ANDRÉ BEAUFRE's books, *NATO & Europe* and *Deterrence and Strategy*, were recently published in this country. He was a French commander in the Indochinese war.

ADAM YARMOLINSKY was Special Assistant to the

Secretary of Defense, 1961–1964, and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, 1964–1965. A professor at the Harvard Law School, he is directing a Twentieth Century Fund study of the impact of the military establishment on American society.

PAUL GOODMAN has written extensively about the social and economic consequences of American military and foreign policies in *People or Personnel* and *Like a Conquered Province*. His other books include *Growing Up Absurd* and *The Empire City*.

— *The Editor*

THE FAILURE OF FORCE

by Ferdinand Eberstadt

While my active participation in defense policy dates back a good many years, my interest in it has not diminished. Discussion of defense matters in conventional terms seems to me to have become irrelevant and possibly fruitless. The huge changes that have taken place in the world, particularly in trade, communications, and travel, have resulted in a better-informed world opinion becoming a greater force than it has ever been, so that now it is unlikely that any nation's foreign policy can long continue to run counter to world opinion. Vietnam and, perhaps to a lesser degree, the Near East situation have taught us that basic differences between nations are no longer to be finally settled by explosives or dollars. World opinion seems now to desire, and approve, only such adjustments of these problems as are made on a new and firmer basis — on the basis of morality and justice.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of our Vietnam involvement is that the world's most powerful and wealthy nation has been unable through explosives or dollars to subdue a small and comparatively feeble nation. Undoubtedly through the use of our full military power, including the ultimate weapons, we could devastate North Vietnam, but we are not going to do so. And why? Can it be that a new force for peace is emerging, intangible yet strong enough to stay the hand of the mightiest nation? Perhaps an expansion of "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind"? If so, this fact, while of tremendous importance, has thus far received little or no attention — or even recognition — from statesmen or political philosophers. I submit that in present circumstances no nation — not even the greatest nation — can guide its foreign policy on the basis of "world opinion be damned" any more than a modern corporation can conduct its business on the basis of "the public be damned."

Vietnam is a trial canter in the race between salvation and destruction. The means of force and

destruction are visible and in existence; the road to salvation lies along the lines of fairness and justice. Still unclear is which alternative we will finally resort to. Time for election is running short.

I do not intend to imply that experienced and practical people expect an early utopia, nirvana, or heaven on earth, but I do think that such people realize that unless serious problems between nations are settled on a basis of fairness and justice, the final solutions will be by atomic and hydrogen bombs. To say that this would be madness is true, but that is no guarantee against its occurrence.

AFTER McNAMARA

by Joseph Kraft

Vietnam has dulled the luster of the McNamara revolution at the Pentagon. But does the war argue a return to a simpler and less ambitious scheme for ordering this country's defense arrangements? Or is the lesson instead that the McNamara approach must be democratized to encompass all the foreign operations of the United States government, including particularly the armed services?

The pre-McNamara approach rested on mobilizing overwhelming force behind clear-cut and well-demarcated American commitments: the doctrine of "massive retaliation" and the diplomacy of "brinkmanship." Because the amount of force threatened or applied was not supposed to be congruent with the issue immediately at stake, weapons choices and general military posture could be left, within crude budgetary limits, to higgling and haggling among the different services and their clients in the Congress and the private sector of the economy.

By no mere chance, that system was proof against a slow, invisible entanglement. Indeed when the possibility of direct American engagement in Vietnam first came up after Dienbienphu in 1954, two checks asserted themselves. For one thing, the Army, improperly equipped for such a venture, was opposed. More important, given a clear choice, political leaders in the Congress and the White House shied away from a major ground war in Asia.

But the pre-McNamara system had its own share of idiocies. Nuclear war was threatened over Quemoy and Matsu. When the American lead seemed imperiled by Sputnik, this country felt obliged to promise a sharing of nuclear weapons with allied countries in Western Europe. Reliance on such weapons, moreover, combined with the relatively free hand given the services on choice of weapons, made it virtually impossible to wind down the arms race. Hence President Eisenhower's

pathetic *cri de coeur* about the "military-industrial complex."

The McNamara system tailored military posture to meet a wide variety of hostile challenges: the doctrine of "flexible response." Sophisticated forms of analysis were used by civilian experts in the Department of Defense to crack the resistance of the military services and their allies. In two major ways the system proved itself. In the Cuban missile crisis, it offered the President a way to turn back a severe challenge. In the limited-test-ban agreement, it provided an overpowering rationale, against service resistance, for a major step toward arms control.

But the system has proved particularly vulnerable to the challenge posed by Vietnam. The McNamara approach provided the rationale, the budgetary resources, and the forces which brought the country, almost without realizing it, into the midst of a major engagement. More important, the McNamara revolution, and particularly its success in the missile crisis and the test ban, fed the special hubris of the educated upper-middle class in this country — the belief in manipulated solutions, the illusion that cool managers thinking hard about hard problems could contain and control the irrational forces of violence.

As it happened, Prospero could not handle Caliban. In the atmosphere of war, power steadily reverted to the chiefs of the military services and their sympathetic allies in the Congress. In Vietnam, they carried the level of violence well beyond the McNamara prescription. In the general strategic field, moreover, they have upset the balance in a way which threatens a new arms race.

The lesson, of course, is not that simple solutions are appropriate to complicated problems. Even if it were possible, a return to the pre-McNamara approach is not desirable. Still, if complicated arrangements are required, if experience has to be replaced by analysis, the new approach cannot be something put over on the rest of the country by a handful of elite civilians working in the office of a most remarkable Secretary of Defense. The discipline of ceaselessly looking for the relationship between what is being done and overall objectives, of constantly measuring ends against means and costs against gains, needs to be generalized. It needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, throughout the Department of State. It needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, in the Central Intelligence Agency. Above all, it needs to be practiced, as it is now not practiced, by the commanders in the military establishment. The great task of the new Secretary is to convert the Joint Chiefs to the religion of the Whiz Kids.

To propagate that faith, there is perhaps first required an act of contrition. The Vietnamese war

is now being fought in their way by the military commanders and their friends in the White House and the Congress. But in a peculiar way it is not their war. The war is peculiarly the war of the Whiz Kids and their friends and supporters in the liberal, business, and academic community. It is the war of those of us who thought we could manage force, and tune violence finely. Those of us who believed these things have been wrong; and the price for a wider acceptance of an outlook and technique which remain valid is probably to step forward and take the blame.

AN END TO INTERVENTION

by Gar Alperovitz

Broadly speaking, I think two basic alternatives are open to the new Secretary of Defense: he could choose, first, to follow Mr. McNamara's example. McNamara started with apparent command. He seemed to achieve civilian control over the military. But his concept of flexible response and increased options, I believe, gave the military a new lease on power. It did so by blasting huge holes in the hold-the-line conservative theories with which President Eisenhower held back the defense budget and the military-industrial complex.

Ultimately, I think, it can be shown that his approach did not strengthen civilian control, but instead, produced a horrible fusion of McNamara theory and Parkinson's Law.

"Parknamara's Law" has, in fact, been established in Vietnam beyond question: "*The more you increase the options and guns available, the more someone will find reason to use them; the more you use the options, the more your response becomes inflexibly military; the more you become inflexibly military, the more you lose your options.*"

The alternative approach the Secretary should consider, I think, is to make some fundamental judgments about power and politics quite different from Mr. McNamara's. I would begin with judgments not about how many military options we can achieve (there is *no* theoretical limit), but at the other end of the problem: if we decide what our global policy should be first, the question of military options can be rationally appraised.

Starting with first things first leads to a realization that the most important judgment is, quite simply, that America has reached the practical (if not the theoretical) limit of its ability substantially to control revolutions abroad. A CIA move here, a small troop landing there are still feasible. But the potential costs of a Cuban invasion and the actual cost of Vietnam have proved that it is unwise to compete in serious guerrilla warfare.

The conclusion is that it would be a mistake to advise intervention anymore. We should recognize with De Gaulle that it is nonsense to believe revolutions must be a threat. French policy in Algeria suggests that in practice, despite their rhetoric, the revolutionaries have little desire to be controlled by "international Communism."

If we start by agreeing not to inhibit revolutions, we may find a number of other problems solved. The debate about "options" is immediately reduced to reasonable dimensions. Moreover, once we abandon interventionism, we can cut the military establishment from its present three-million war level to perhaps one million men — especially if the long-developing détente continues to relax tensions in Europe.

(Pentagon manpower experts will also say, as even former Vice President Nixon argues, that conditions have for some time been ripe for a volunteer army and an end to the draft — even without massive manpower slashes.)

Some may still think that America, with all its power, must prepare for ever expanding nuclear threats. But in truth, after twenty-three years of atomic production, we don't — we have enough nuclear weapons to handle anything except the fantasies of the military.

This point need not be pressed. Although further acceleration of the arms race is stupid and costly, it is not of significantly greater danger than existing policy. Moreover, if we avoid intervening in revolutions, quite without trying we may see the emergence of a radical change in the international environment. This by itself would help slow the arms race.

The final judgment I would urge is that the Secretary of Defense should take steps to free U.S. policy from the powerful stranglehold of the military. The replacement of Westmoreland reminded the generals where ultimate power resides. More can be done. The tough military leaders who so frightened Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (by his account in *A Thousand Days*), are in reality quite vulnerable to a wise Secretary of Defense willing to follow up on partial steps both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson have already taken.

After the Cuban fiasco President Kennedy made the Joint Chiefs of Staff sign specific written recommendations to use military force. President Johnson, after the uprising in Saigon in February, also made them declare in writing they thought Khesanh could be and should be defended.

From now on, they should be made to "sign on" to every future recommendation — in great detail. Responsibility will thereby be clearly defined. Although this may well inhibit the Joint Chiefs, it will probably not stop them. But their repeated promises that more bombings and more men would

bring victories have already begun to raise doubts about their competence.

To achieve a policy reorientation, it is probably wisest simply to play a waiting game. There may be a period of calm before the storm, but when next we make a costly and bloody error following military advice, I suggest the Secretary reveal the signed recommendations, place the blame where it belongs, and turn the full pressure of public opinion against the advisers who deserve it.

Then it would be shrewd to appoint a committee — headed perhaps by John McCloy or Robert Lovett — to investigate all the bad advice the military has given since 1961 in Vietnam. (There must be a stack of incredible policy papers in Pentagon files!) The committee should disclose all this, arrange for a free-swinging congressional investigation, release special reports to the press. (It might also wish to focus on simple military waste: Senators Williams, Proxmire, and others have made a handsome political profit showing how the taxpayers' hard-earned dollars are squandered, even in peacetime, by military bureaucrats.)

All of this will help structure the public debate over foreign policy as a debate about the wisdom of the military approach. This is a good beginning and long overdue. Though the debate cannot be resolved, its occurrence will inevitably raise doubts about the hard-liners, free the Secretary's hand, and give the President some room to maneuver.

Once the stage is set, I suggest limited enclaves leading to withdrawal from Vietnam — and a long, drawn-out negotiation over questions such as precisely how long the United States should stay and precisely how many guarantees we require for some kind of coalition government. The Pentagon can slowly turn down the fighting, put the blame on past military advice (plus the South Vietnamese generals), and ease the issue out of the center of the stage.

In the end, the disclosures and investigation may pave the way for a "never another Vietnam" policy. This most important achievement would implement the judgment that intervening in revolutions is unwise. It might even result in useful congressional restricting legislation, which would help establish longer-term civilian control over the military and interventionism in general.

THE DISEASE OF VICTORY

by General André Beaufre

The American Armed Forces are suffering from the same disease which struck the French Army after 1918: the disease of victory. Moreover, the consciousness of belonging to the mightiest and the

richest nation in the world has aggravated the disease. Today the American Armed Forces believe that they know better than everybody else what is to be done, and that no lessons can be drawn from others' experience. They have no doubts about their doctrine and their own method of thought. (It seems to me that the Soviet Armed Forces suffer from the same disease, as far as I can judge from what I have seen of the Egyptian dispositions in the Sinai.)

Now, the present dominant trend of American thinking puts the emphasis on material superiority, as did the French Army after 1918, forgetting that the measurable factors are only a part — and often a minimal part — of the overall problem. This leads to a strategy which tends to be more logistical than psychological or even operational, and which presupposes an overwhelming superiority. Moreover, this trend was reinforced by the development of nuclear strategy, where it seemed at first that material factors were absolutely dominant. But in the later stages, as the theory of deterrence evolved, psychological factors proved decisive. In fact, nonmeasurable factors constitute the essential part of strategy, whereas measurable factors are dominant only in tactics. Tactics must be the servants of strategy and not the reverse. And strategy must include *all* the factors, the military ones, of course, but also the political, psychological, economic, and diplomatic ones. It must be a "total" strategy.

But even "total" strategy is not at the top of the scale. Strategy is only the art of achieving aims defined as national policy. Now, it has often seemed that because of the weight of the measurable strategic military factors, and perhaps also because of the strong personality of Mr. McNamara, American policy has been especially conditioned by considerations of merely military strategy, when *military* strategy is only a part of the indispensable "total" strategy, and when total strategy must not be more than one of the factors influencing the definition of a national policy. This sequence of thought is the only way toward achieving a sound international policy.

These considerations may seem excessively abstract and theoretical. I personally think that they are at the heart of present problems. Any kind of practical decision depends upon a correct appreciation of the general problem. No recommendation on a limited problem, strategic or technical, can be made in isolation, without being carefully related to an overall view. That is why I do not speak here about the F-111, the bomber force, the anti-ballistic missile question, the Vietnam War, or the weight of the military budget.

Everything depends upon a rethinking of American strategy, carried out with the greatest con-

ceptual flexibility; American thought has passed through a first stage of what could be called "mechanization." I think that a new stage is necessary, which should stem from much wider bases.

PLANNING FOR PEACE

by Adam Yarmolinsky

The job ahead of the new Secretary is a simple one. All he has to do, after he finds a satisfactory solution for the war in Vietnam, is to maintain a military establishment that can meet America's commitments around the globe without contributing to the balance of payments deficit, and manage the largest organization in the world without attracting adverse comment on either side of the aisle.

If he is looking for an additional challenge, however, may I suggest that there are at least two, one immediate, the other in the middle distance.

Robert McNamara demonstrated that the Secretary of Defense can indeed have "direction, authority, and control over the Department of Defense." It is up to the new Secretary to demonstrate that the changes McNamara wrought have been sufficiently embedded in the institution so that another man in that office can also have "direction, authority, and control." This latter demonstration calls for a somewhat different but no less eminent set of qualities.

By and large, the people who work in the Pentagon, military and civilian, are at least as responsive to policy guidance as the people who work on the other side of the Potomac. In my own experience, they are more so. But there are some who will probe immediately to discover whether they can return to the old ways, whether the counsels of experience must still be explained in the voice of reason, whether the hard questions that the Secretary's staff has learned to ask can be turned aside with a soft and imprecise answer.

The Secretary will have very little time to convince these people that things have not changed, that he intends to continue to take full advantage of the new tools and techniques of analysis, and that his own office — the Office of the Secretary of Defense — is still the keystone in the arch of his authority. But once he has made the point, I don't believe he will have to make it again.

The second challenge will come later. The time will arrive — although some despair of its ever arriving — when the Defense Secretary will preside over the termination of U.S. military operations in Vietnam. The men will be brought home. The size of the military establishment will be cut back. The military budget will be reduced. Whatever force may remain to help monitor a settlement

will not affect the fact that for the first time since Korea, the lines on the chart will be going sharply down. Secretary McNamara was fortunate that in his first two years in office he was able to introduce his major reforms in a period of rising defense budgets. Before he left office, he had already begun to plan for the time when the rising curve of Vietnam would begin to turn down. But the new Secretary will have to manage that downturn.

The effectiveness of his management will depend first on the quality and extent of the planning that is done from now on. But it will depend also on his willingness to make hard choices, some of which his predecessor never had to face. Joe Alsop has described the U.S. Army as a desert plant that can survive for years without nourishment and then take full advantage of the briefest rainfall. If the limited war forces of the United States are to come out of the current rainy season as resilient and ready for other crises as they were in 1964, they must have desert training, and the Secretary will need to be extraordinarily vigilant and tough.

There is a further reason, it seems to me, why this kind of planning for eventual force reductions is important now. Americans are very much of two minds about U.S. overseas commitments and operations. Whatever one thinks of the wisdom of our present engagement in Vietnam, if we are to continue to function in the world, we must demonstrate to our own people — and to our friends and allies — that we understand the limits on the use of force, and that we have the patience to go down as well as the will to go up.

CUTTING BACK

by Paul Goodman

On the false assumption that the Department's purpose is to provide for the common defense rather than to arm our imperial expansion and be a pork barrel for military-industrial corporations, I would recommend that the Secretary do his best to de-tensify the potentiality of conflict. In some areas he has fairly immediate opportunities; in others he can use his influence in the Cabinet and elsewhere.

1. Weaken the system of polarized national powers and build the world community. For example, internationalize space exploration, with sharing of know-how, capital equipment, and crews. This is scientifically sensible and capitalizes the world community. Similarly, unite our Peace

Corps with those of other nations and put them under the administration of the United Nations; then it could really engage in community development without suspicion of being an instrument of American expansion. Soft-pedal activities of the CIA. Internationalize AID programs, probably under the UN, seeing to it that money does not go for weapons and to involve poor regions in great-power conflicts. Multiply projects like the International Geophysical Year, and in general the international cooperation of scientists as at Pugwash.

2. In the export of capital to underdeveloped regions, lay all stress on an intermediate technology tailored to specific local needs, skills, raw materials, and labor, so that there is a minimum disruption of their societies and the speediest raising of their masses from disease and drudgery. Two thirds of mankind is becoming poorer, and as Secretary McNamara pointed out, this is a major source of conflicts; but it is the export of our technology and way of life, producing inflation, excessive urbanization, and social disruption, that is a crucial cause.

3. Cut back rapidly on our nuclear deterrent to the real point of defensive safety. Marc Raskin, who was McGeorge Bundy's assistant, has said that 25 percent of the budget for this was considered essential; and Jerome Wiesner, who headed the National Science Foundation, has shown that every dollar expended beyond the minimum increases our insecurity. Terminate all research and development in chemical and biological warfare and in counterinsurgency, which justifiably make others hate and suspect us.

4. By these and other means, drastically diminish the power of the military-industrial complex in determining our foreign policy. Also, drastically cut back military R and D in the universities, so that these may resume their independent role in the republic.

5. Push toward progressive de-tensifying of the cold war with Russia and of our differences with China and France. A good model for this is Charles Osgood's scheme of a graded series of unilateral steps by us, giving up significant (but safe) aggressive positions and asking for reciprocal withdrawal by the others. Once the credibility of our peaceful intentions has been established, the probability is very high that other nations will begin to reciprocate, if only because of world pressure.

6. Get out of Vietnam at once, providing a haven for the few thousands of the Saigon regime who, with our help, have made themselves odious. Let the Vietnamese settle their own civil war.

DEATH AND DOMINGUÍN

by Fergus Reid Buckley

The author, brother of conservative spokesman William F. Buckley, Jr., is a thirty-eight-year-old journalist, marksman, hunter, and bullfighting authority. He lives near Madrid with his wife and four children. Mr. Buckley's novel, EYE OF THE HURRICANE, was published last year by Doubleday.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD Spanish fighting bull is fully armed. Its horns are about as large as they need to get. They are commonly shaped like the two-tined wooden pitchforks one still sees on Spanish farms. The points are somewhat blunter than the point of an ice pick. The tips are often a dull, gleaming blue-black. The tips are as often colored a dull ivory. They catch the sun. They bounce pebbles of light from the sun.

A two-year-old Spanish fighting bull lacks weight, girth, and, importantly, full development of the immense tossing muscles. In anger, these swell with phallic ruthlessness. They provide the crushing follow-through for the thrust of the horns. In all other respects, the animal is complete. Call it small. Say it doesn't weigh over 350 pounds. The beast is lethal.

Alas for bull and breeder, many a young animal may never be fit for the arena. It may have poor vision. It may lack *casta*, denoting verve and style as well as conformation. Such specimens Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas, otherwise known as "Dominguín," slaughters for the meat.

To destroy in cold blood even a deficient *toro bravo* wrenches at deep-seated emotions in men who have fought the animals. They may come to loathe bulls, black nightmares that toss them nightly into agues. They never get over the fever. Retired matadors tinker with the brutes until they die or are killed. Belmonte shot his brains out when the doctors prohibited horse riding, lovemaking, and the caping of calves. In the opinion of Dominguín, it was the last prohibition that yanked the trigger. No man can abandon the vehicle of his glory.

Luis Miguel has dueled to their deaths some 7000 fully grown fighting bulls. My count. He

has spent nearly twenty-five years in their shadow. His count. "You may select from one of my rifles," he suggests in his soft, challenging, carefully modulated voice, "or you may bring your own. Nothing larger than .22 caliber. You're allowed one cartridge."

He has turned to you in the din of a party at Villa Paz, the ranch seventy miles out of Madrid to which he periodically retreats. The downstairs hall is fifty feet long. The dining room seats comfortably twenty-four people at a table whose top has been planed out of a single plank of oak. All walls buckle under the weight of big-game trophies. Stuccoed, they ricochet polysyllabic patter — melodious masculine French, shrill female Spanish, and dulcet Italian. Like ghosts, a squadron of *mozos* in neat livery slip among the luminaries, insinuating trays loaded with lukewarm Jerez and ice-cold glasses of scotch, or heaped with greasy slices of smoked ham, coins of chorizo, black and green olives, anchovies, prawns, fat *croquetas*, and tentacles of squid that have been chopped and deep-fried into succulent rings.

"A single cartridge?"

"Yes."

Jocularly: "Long or short?"

"Short."

That word is swift. Dominguín, yesterday, now, and forever, is a matador, a killer. His eyes show it.

"Are you still interested?" he asks diffidently. He is willing to drop the subject. He may not have introduced it. Friends of Dominguín act as if they feel compelled to bring up such matters. "All right," he says, apparently satisfied. "You enter the ring. I release the bull. I'll stand to one side, with a large bore rifle ready. You may not shoot

until the bull charges. That's a rule. I advise you not to shoot until the bull has come within two or three meters of you. Because you must center, you see. You must place your bullet directly between the animal's eyes."

"If one misses?"

He smiles faintly.

Later he said to me, "I'm off on safari — Mozambique. Want to come?"

"Wish I could."

"I'm going to cape a buffalo."

"You're mad."

He stretched his chin. "I don't think so — I doubt there's an animal on earth that compares to our bulls."

"Maybe not in the arena, after the picadors have taken their licks. Listen to the white hunters, Miguel. They'll tell you there's nothing in Africa more dangerous."

He thought about that a moment. "When wounded," he finally conceded. "But I'll prepare a surface; I'll surround it with thorn bushes — a regular plaza! I'll choose a medium-sized specimen out of a herd. I'll arrange to capture it, give it a shot of something. When it's quiet, we'll transport it to the corral. After a couple of days, I'll step in and try the animal."

He was planning an attempt on the unknown. Why? For every Spaniard, glory may be the consummation of life, but was it necessary for Luis Miguel Dominguín to risk his hide seeking more?

"After the buffalo," he said, "I'm going to try a rhinoceros."

"You forget," I replied, "a rhino is almost blind."

But he was ahead of me. "That's precisely to my advantage. I'll maneuver upwind of the *bicho*. When it scents me, it'll charge. Fine. I'll pass it — like a poon, wide, not like a matador. A rhino can't be agile. It won't be able to pivot the way our bulls do. Momentum will carry the animal fifty meters upwind; and then I'm downwind of it, and it won't be able to scent me. I can circle it for another try."

"Given, of course, that you're not gutted on the first pass."

He chuckled at that.

Such are the amusements of a man who, entering his fourth decade, enjoys a fortune numbered in millions of dollars, handsome children, and a rare beauty for a wife. The comparatively soft living of the past nine years has burdened little a physique that for a generation helped establish him as one of the world's paramount lovers. Women famous in our time have fought amorous battles with Luis Miguel on both sides of the Atlantic. The black, wavy hair is no longer so lustrous, and no longer so thick, receding at the temples to a pro-

nounced widow's peak. (He lets his hair grow long in the back, so that it bushes out beneath his cap and curls glossily under his ears.) The hips have widened a trifle. But he is still slim, still dark, still outwardly impregnable, and still has that faint air of knowing intimacy that stirs even experienced hearts. I have seen Dominguín at midday coffee, when it served some undivulged purpose to exercise the totality of his charm. He was spinning tales, in an unassuming, witty, and roguish fashion. Seven women watched him spellbound. If Dominguín cared to, he could still bed just about whomever he pleased.

THERE were ten of us at a ringside table in a murky nightclub, decorated after the garish Morisco style. Dominguín had in tow several visiting Americans — retired, gentlemanly, and *muy simpático* industrialists, whom he had first treated to a gourmet's feast of oysters and especially prepared tongue dressed with *pâté de foie gras*. Upon our entrance, the owner of the cabaret bustled to greet Dominguín. We were paraded to our seats. Long-stalked pink carnations had been strewn over a spotless tablecloth. The dancers on stage, male and female, blew kisses at Luis Miguel, and almost at once, a Gypsy girl with a Michelin bosom and dark, chatoyant eyes sprang from her cane-bottomed chair and began stomping out a *fandango de Huelva*. She raised dust off the floorboards, pink and orange. Dipping an arm between her legs, she hitched up her skirt, flaunting bare thighs and the satin wedge of her pelvis. She sang to Luis Miguel. She invited him to her bosom, and elsewhere. He watched her, thin lips pursed, eyes studious and withdrawn, fingers of one hand absently clacking out the rhythm on the tabletop.

He sent a waiter to her afterward with a 1000-peseta note. "She's good," he said to us, "isn't she?" He asked a nearby *camarero*, "Where are Carlitos and J —?" He was told that they had concluded their performances. This did not gratify Luis Miguel. With the castanets, Carlitos is champ; J — is one of the most explosive male dancers in Spain.

Dominguín desired the best for his American acquaintances, to whom he had taken a liking. "Tell them I'm here," he instructed the waiter, "that I have guests." The waiter bowed and hurried off.

Presently he returned, shamefaced. "Carlitos has left. J — says he doesn't care who is here, he doesn't believe you're Dominguín anyhow, or you'd have sent him 1000 pesetas too." At this, Dominguín laughed. He slipped another green note into the waiter's palm. Almost instantly, J — pranced out of the shadows.

He is a short man in his early forties, with the legs of a weight lifter — pile-driving legs that cannonade the intricate rhythms of Gypsy folk music. He was dressed in tight, high-waisted Cordovan breeches, gunmetal gray in color. The fanciful pleats on his shirt gleamed so white in the volcanic darkness of the cabaret that they cast off blue metallic glints. He snaked his hands toward Dominguí. His fingers all ten writhed in the air, flashing the half-dozen colors of half a dozen gems. They fastened on Dominguí's ears. Drawing the matador's head forward, J — kissed him fully on the mouth.

Dominguí's eyes shone like kerosene lanterns in a narrow lane at night. He snorted, shrugging tolerantly. J — grinned. The dancer began murmuring endearments, smearing his lips over the bullfighter's cheeks. Luis Miguel now smiled only. His eyes slid toward the American executives, whose faces were plainly scarlet — Scarsdale and New Rochelle, Grosse Pointe and Back Bay — who did not know whether to notice, who were caught with frozen half-smiles. Dominguí, *el número uno*, who for long years went out of his way to scandalize, who has never entirely freed himself of that imperative, permitted J — to paw him a little longer, watching us, and gauging our reactions.

"Basta," he finally admonished, brushing the dancer from his lapels as though he were dandruff. "Now earn your money."

He turned to me, and in a thoughtful and nearly pedantic tone said, "For years, people have been whispering that J — and I are lovers. Tonight, all Madrid will shout about it." He stared blankly at me; he did not give a damn, he would have me believe. But he wanted to make sure that I was absolutely clear about it, continuing, "The same sort of slander is whispered about all *toreros*, that we're *maricónes*. J —, of course, is one. Gypsies don't care. They have all the tolerance of people who are dust under the feet of society, who have to cheat and steal for a living. But they're kind."

HE WAS in an expansive mood when we joined in an autumn partridge shoot. It was a golden day, with only the slightest chill in the air, sufficient to cool the melons that we raided off the fields for lunch. An implacable competitor, the more difficult the partridge, the greater his elation and the faster his swing. It seemed that he would never tire, never let up, and never get enough.

Later his mood darkened. "This," he declared, waving at the countryside, dismissing the sport of potting partridges, "is nothing. Africa is nothing — I've killed everything they've got. What's a man to do?"

"Enjoy his life."

"And when it's finished?"

I remember inhaling that question, letting it curl through my sinuses and then expelling it. Then I asked bluntly, "Why are you trying to kill yourself?"

"What else is there?" he asked softly. "When for nearly twenty-five years you've fooled around with death almost every day of the week; when you've felt the cold shock of a horn buried to the hilt in your gut, and your blood, hot and thick, running out of your body and spilling on the sand; nothing else has meaning, nothing else gives you the same sensation, the same zest, the same thrill."

In his brilliant *Papa Hemingway*, A. E. Hotchner reports on a visit paid by Hemingway to Dominguí's bedside, following Luis Miguel's fourth bout with Antonio Ordoñez.

Dominguí had suffered a serious goring; a horn had penetrated his abdomen. Walking back to the hotel, Hemingway said, "He's a brave man and a beautiful matador. Why the hell do the good and brave have to die before everyone else?" He meant, Mr. Hotchner goes on to explain, a different sort of death than the merely physical, and he quotes Hemingway on another occasion as saying, "The worst death for anyone is to lose the center of his being, the thing he really is. . . . Whether by choice or by fate, to retire from what you do — and what you do makes you what you are — is to back up into the grave."

I didn't buy Dominguí's package. The emotional and psychological letdown in a man who has quit such a profession as bullfighting must be indeed traumatic. But I've known a bunch of happily retired professionals, the late *El Gallo* among them. Pondering Luis Miguel's words, my mind kept reverting to Juan Belmonte, who shot himself suggestively soon after Ernest Hemingway blew his skull to smithereens. Hemingway and Belmonte had been friends. After *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), a triumph, Hemingway had produced nothing better than *The Dangerous Summer*, his disappointing account of the Dominguí-Ordoñez rivalry. That long, long-promised "major book" was stalled. Doctors had instructed him to stop drinking; a close mutual friend has told me that rampant skin cancer prohibited further exposure to the sun, and thus denied to Hemingway the solaces of fishing and hunting. Hotchner records the writer's mental deterioration, and he implies strongly that this tragic condition was rooted not only in Hemingway's physical afflictions but in his loss of creativity. The man had run dry; he could not write. The novelist and the bullfighter, each in his way, were through. And of Belmonte's suicide at least, Dominguí's analysis may be correct.

It was irritating not to be satisfied with Luis Miguel's sad revelation, especially as it followed so faithfully the state of mind attributed to contemporaries like Ernest Hemingway, who helped write a crucial page in Dominguín's destiny. A year ago last fall and winter, I grew closer to the man than in nearly ten years of previous acquaintance. I watched him, spiderlike, cast gossamer lines of silk around me, my will, and my sympathy. He had known me for a businessman. He had learned recently that I wrote besides. He exposed to me many facets of his complex character, uncovering private matters similar in content to the scene he staged at the cabaret. By "similar in content" I mean nothing more than that he is pursuing a course not merely reprehensible on moral grounds but savagely destructive: of his reputation, of himself, and of his family. In that way, yes, a death wish is manifest. But what he is trying to destroy is not just the physical Dominguín — if at all — but Dominguín the public character, Dominguín the imaginative projection that he wrought out of the raw materials of his being. He desires a suicidal end to the man he can no longer live with; and it is this, I believe, that he wants recorded.

He was the Cassius Clay of his time, brash, assertive, ringing the cobalt sky around his index finger and proclaiming himself *número uno* before he had proved it: daring Manolete, the failing, aging idol, to meet him. Manolete finally picked up the gauntlet.

On the twenty-eighth of August, twenty-one years ago, at the unimportant plaza of Linares, Spain's greatest hero confronted Luis Miguel Dominguín. They were fighting the death bulls, Miura bulls, which have extinguished the lives of more *toreros* than any other breed. These were large.

Manolete faltered on his first test. By contrast, Dominguín mastered his animal, exhibiting a grace and polish that brought jubilation to his supporters. Then out of the *toril* trotted "Islero," Manolete's second bull. Almost at once, it became apparent that "Islero" was a particularly dangerous specimen of the breed. Manolete's manager warned him: Careful, don't take any chances. Manolete stepped out into the arena and began wrapping "Islero" around his vulnerable body. The crowd began to respond. Manolete drew "Islero" closer and closer. The crowd rumbled, and then roared, because the master was again sucking honey out of the comb. And then it was time for the sword.

As Manolete's manager handed it to him, he pleaded: Manolo, dispatch that bull quickly, and do it safely. By which he meant: Do not go straight over the right horn, which is the true, the proper address. Manolete ignored the warning and was killed.

He vacated a throne. But for Dominguín, it was

a bitter accession. He had been ahead; his youth alone guaranteed ultimate victory. News commentators abused him with every pejorative word in the Spanish dictionary; and as we know, many of the most knowledgeable foreign *aficionados* have echoed the accusations. Dominguín was number one because he had driven his rival to death.

This is, of course, hogwash. It was Manolete's professional pride, combined with too much drinking, an unfortunate liaison, and too many years of too many bulls, that killed him. No matador seeks the death of another. Their fraternity is special.

Dominguín was only twenty-one years old. He was not yet sophisticated. In Spain, peasant and



noble are the natural aristocrats. Anything slightly above the first and lower than the second tends to brassy impertinence. Cheek is answered with cheek, and a *cara dura* is the reply of mortified natures to a hierarchic world that is forever censorious, and against which there is no other defense.

It may have seemed to Luis Miguel Dominguín that he had this choice: to crumble inside, and hang his head; or to brazen it out. Now he flouted his love affairs. There was vengeance in more than one of them. The Duke of Pino Hermoso allegedly had to appeal to France in order to spring his daughter out of Luis Miguel's arms. Humbling so proud an escutcheon must have tasted sweet. In the ring, he stung the eyes of his detractors with fistfuls of sand, flaunting his consummate skill, splurging it in grandiose heroics. The disdainful fashion with which he reduced noble *toros de lidia* to hunks of quivering flesh infuriated the critics. That disdain, they sensed, was aimed at them. Dominguín jerked his head back; he juttied out his lower jaw, strutting from *faena* to *faena*, turning an arrogant rear on the high-priced shady side of the bullring while opening his arms to the sun-drenched poor.

Dominguín was too intelligent to alienate completely the powers that be. Many critics are purchasable; it is alleged he bought them. Many mem-

Painting by Tom Lea.

bers of the establishment are not above swallowing their principles if the contortion is eased with vintage wine; Dominguín squandered fortunes on pharaonic parties. Watching, listening, he smiled through his bitterness, knowing that some of his guests would return to their homes and there regale acquaintances with fresh malice.

Daily, his contempt for humanity grew, as did his contempt for life and life's rewards, and with that, his contempt for death. He never lost his cool while actually engaging the horns: when he dropped to his knees in front of a bull, flinging sword and *muleta* away, stretching his arms out as if inviting the animal to charge and destroy him, Dominguín's brain, those probing eyes, that calculating empathy had all spoken to advise him that the bull was anchored to the sand. He was, and remains, a great *domador*. Slowly, he imposed his will. He acquired dominion over himself.

Age also brought maturity. He married. (Miraslova Stern, the Mexican movie actress, killed herself when she heard the news.) His skill in the arena gained dimension. Whenever challenged, he revalidated his crown with ease, and with such extraordinary polish that many of his most convinced partisans, as well as hard-core critics, failed to realize that he was lifting his art to a peak. He retired. He came back. In Venezuela, he battled an ebullient César Girón to a standstill. People began to praise his graciousness with rivals. They noted that no one was faster with a perilous *quite*, faster to get to a fellow matador in trouble and extricate him from it. Years rolled by. The memory of that mortal afternoon in 1947 faded. Time clothes nearly everyone in respectability, and Spain was changing. New money stuffed new shirts and powdered new faces. If there is one truth about a viable aristocracy such as Spain's, it is that money makes the man. Jets were about to land at Madrid's Barajas Airport, unloading a different and easier set of standards. Those of the old establishment who had not shriveled on the vine accommodated themselves. Dominguín qualified as a member of the new society. He retired once more, now definitively, the undefeated champion. Perhaps he expected peace.

It was during the midsummer Malaga *feria* of 1958 that a young man from the broiling Andalusian town of Ronda unfurled what may be the most exquisite cape in the annals of bullfighting. Appearing on five occasions, Antonio Ordoñez displayed a dramatic, delirious, and erotic style that crushed out of the tightest throats groans of ecstasy.

It was a revelation. Ordoñez had been around several years. He had shown early promise, and had then sunk into mediocrity. But during this summer, he exploded on the world of the *fiesta*,

fighting with a passionate involvement that had the crustiest critics comparing him to Manolete.

He did not personally place his *banderillas*, as did Dominguín. In all else he was complete: a lover with the cape, a stern, sorrowing master with the *muleta*, and a noble executioner. There was never an excrescence. Never did he permit himself a cheap play for vulgar emotions. Integrity — total dedication — distinguished him, and that season he spanned the paleolithic face of Spain with a single arch of triumph.

Dominguín, brooding at Villa Paz, announced that he would accept limited engagements.

It was not necessary for him to come back. There is always, somewhere on the horizon, a challenger. For over a decade, he had met them by the dozen and put them away. But he foraged out of his hole anyhow — when, in his first year of middle age, the reflexes were no longer so sharp, the body not so supple, nor the nerves so steady. In a single season, enthusiasm for Ordoñez had gone a long way toward eclipsing the memory of Dominguín.

The autumn of 1958 and early spring of 1959 was a time of dazzling rewards for the *aficionado*. Ordoñez fought with mounting passion; the maturity that Dominguín had begun to evidence before his retirement now honored almost every performance. He was no longer playing for the fickle affections of a particular plaza, but for history. Gone were the stunts that had expressed his contempt. Gone were the false dramatics with which he had frequently dressed his cold art. He had skinned that art to its skeletal foundation. He had grown into an overwhelming *domador*, who could take any bull, the biggest, the most recalcitrant, the most perilous, and forge it on the anvil of his will into an implement with which he completed passes that for a lesser matador would have signified disaster.

Desgraciadamente, something less lovely than the desire for an ideal bullfight entered into the clamor. By coming back (as he surely must have realized), Dominguín had exposed himself. People whose spite had never been satisfied now worked up a parching thirst. That thirst was tickled by the element of personal antagonism that was said to divide the matadors. Ordoñez had married Dominguín's sister; it was rumored that at a certain dinner, Dominguín had treated his brother-in-law cavalierly; that Ordoñez had turned churlish; that someone had had to come between the two men. How delectable are family feuds!

IT WAS in Zaragoza, a town named for Caesar Augustus, that Dominguín and Ordoñez first paraded together into the bullring. That afternoon,

the followers of Antonio were disappointed. Nobody denied that his *verónicas* with the large cape were breathtaking; but with the *muleta*, Luis Miguel Dominguín outthought and outfought him.

Not long afterward, at Valencia, Ordoñez and Dominguín met a second time. This was a true *mano a mano*, with only the two fighters participating. The younger man trounced his brother-in-law. Supporters of Ordoñez whooped it up. Their spirits were dashed somewhat when a gust of wind, catching Dominguín's *muleta*, exposed him to the horns, and he received a wound in the groin. To them, this was a heavy blow. They could not wait for the next *mano a mano*, scheduled to take place at Malaga, where they confidently expected Ordoñez to confirm his triumph. Then, when Ordoñez was gored in the thigh at another bullfight, they were wholly dispirited. That the matadors would meet again was in doubt.

The confrontation at Malaga was scheduled for August 14. Ordoñez left the hospital on the eleventh. This cheered his fans. But I remember their sneers at Dominguín. His wound was the more serious; they discounted it. "Watch the fox use it as an excuse!" they cried. "Watch him back out at the last moment."

Dominguín was aware of the humiliation and worse that these people were wishing on him. Much of his bitterness must have returned. A day or so before the fight, he said to me, smiling a distant, sorrowful, cynical smile, one that he might have inherited from Manolete: "I'm going to disappoint them. I won't run, and I'm damned if I'll let myself be killed."

"How's the wound?" I asked him.

"Regular."

"You're foolish not to withdraw?"

He didn't answer.

I said, "You're feeling all right, then."

"I'm *decentrado*," he replied.

He explained. "I see the bull coming, there." He took his right hand, palm open, and passed it along his loins, stopping it with a jerk about a foot in front and to one side of his left hip. "Then I see the bull going, there." He drew his palm back, extending his arm until the palm jerked to a stop two feet away from his right hip. What he meant was: as the bull entered, he saw it; as it went by, he suffered a blackout, sighting it again only when the horns had already raked by his middle and were past him.

For a man engaged in the business of taunting and caping wild animals, this is less than an ideal emotional state. A glance at the man's face was sufficient to register its fatigue. He was being pressed by Ordoñez, perhaps more than he had expected. Too many years of exposing himself to too many horns were achieving their cumulative effect.

He was in hardly better shape than Manolete when that man met the bull that killed him.

PEOPLE remained seated on the concrete rows well after the fight was over. An old man wept shamelessly. He had not witnessed such a *corrida* in twenty-five years; he did not expect to live long enough to witness another. Six bulls dropped almost instantly at six single thrusts of the sword. Twice Ordoñez killed *recibiendo*, an extravagantly perilous method whereby the matador stands in place, cites the bull, and invites it to impale itself on the blade by its own inertia. Mobilizing every skill acquired over a quarter of a century of active fighting, Luis Miguel proved his brilliance in each *tercio*, placing the *banderillas* himself, *al quiebro*, and consistently drawing the bull into risky terrain. Then, while engaging his second bull, Dominguín was tossed.

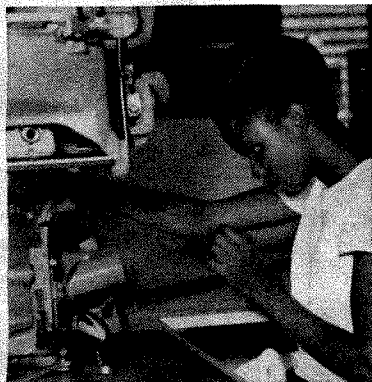
The *voltareta* occurred at the *faena*, the prelude to the animal's death. This was a bad tossing, a spectacular cartwheel. Dominguín's right knee (I believe) had been hooked; he was hurled into the air. He came down with a thud heard throughout the arena. At once, Ordoñez came running out to play the bull away; the *peones* of both principals ran headlong for that lonely center of the arena where Dominguín had chosen to fight.

Luis Miguel took time hauling himself up. He limped. He neglected the formalized histrionics of the fallen matador, the angry waving away of assistants, the melodramatic shrieking for cape and sword. Cynics at once began mumbling, "Ah, he's faking, it's come out at last, he can't keep up this pace and wants to quit." Even when red stains began to spread through the satin in the area of the groin they continued their mumbling. Then it became evident to the most skeptical that the pain wrenching at one side of Dominguín's face was real, and the limp unaffected, and the blood not borrowed from the bull, but his own. Now when he dismissed his helpers, reaching for cape and sword, there was silence. I believe no roar, no accolade, ever developed. The man's wound had indeed been grave; it had not healed; he had fought two bulls for almost forty minutes without letting on; and now it had burst open with the tossing.

Dominguín was sending everybody back to the protection of the *burladeros*: he was shaking his head furiously at Ordoñez, who remonstrated with him, grabbed him at one point by the biceps and tried to drag him to safety. Whatever clash of personalities may have existed was forgotten under the binding pressure of the risk to which Luis Miguel was subjecting himself; because Dominguín was insisting on completing the *faena*, and alone, without

In hope of doing each other some good

—and a minor in Photo-Interpretation



United Nations

When setting off to the isle of Jamaica for some fun, forget about looking up the place where this picture was taken. The establishment is supposed to improve the quality of life on the island. That's no fun.

Ruth Masters is working here with aerial photography. The United Nations is helping the citizens of Jamaica learn to use it more effectively both for mapping and

for "P.I.," which is a military term. Photo-interpretation, a fallout from the art of war, is now rapidly moving into a new phase. People are getting into it who know nothing about war. They operate on the understanding that objective study of the physical environment must guide improvement of the economic, social, and psychological environments. Yet what's good economically may be bad for the body or the spirit, whether or not your choice in theologies tells them apart.

The physical world does matter.

There is a citizen of Norway at the U.N. Secretariat in New York who argues that peaceable photo-interpretation should now drop its guise as a separate craft, that students preparing themselves to serve in fields from political science to limnology, from geology to anthropology, need firsthand knowledge of photo-interpretation if they are to do a better job for humanity, including themselves.

The man may be addressed as follows:

Chief, Cartography Section
Resources and Transport Division
Department of Economic and Social Affairs
United Nations, N. Y. 10017

Do you have any questions for him?

Sharing the brains



All ten men in this picture hold down jobs in the manufacture of Kodak cameras and projectors. One of them is an assistant vice president of Eastman Kodak Company, and two of them happen to be mentally retarded. The latter two are here representing all the young adults working in the plant of a subcontractor of ours, the local chapter of the New York State Association for Retarded Children. With them are Kodak men who have used their brains to perfect procedures

whereby the subassemblies produced at the Association's Work Training Center pass the same rigid reliability standards that have for generations maintained Kodak's position and reputation.

Held back the medals. This has been going on for years, and with the physically handicapped as well. We have sacrificed nothing. The cost is the same as if the work were done in-plant. For many of the retarded the work experience has ultimately led to job placement in the community at large.

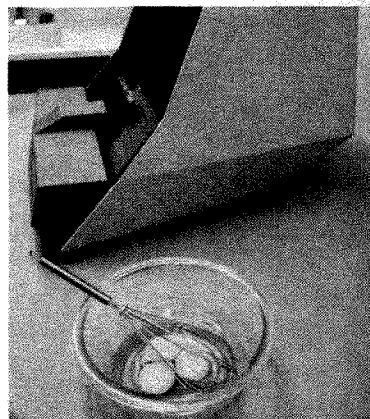
Ten good, sensible guys, all in all.

Vision of a well-equipped home

The low price of RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader PFCS is significant. It gives quick access to data such as parts lists, catalog pages, and buyers' guides, many pages of which can be compacted on a 4 x 6" or 3 1/4 x 7 3/8" microfiche. In truth, very few of this particular model are likely to be purchased for use in the home.

Nevertheless, as microfilm readers become mass-produced items and the unit price continues to drop with rising volume, the more pervasive will microfiche become. When microfiche readers are found in as many homes as dishwashers are today, there may be quite an effect on the manner of publishing anything of a nature at all specialized.

Questions about the RECORDAK EASAMATIC Reader or about any other aspect of microfilming are answered by Business Systems Division, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.



Hungry?

From three eggs in a mixing bowl can grow a masterpiece of self-fulfillment to fill the self, family, and guests full of purring satisfaction. All it takes are talent, time, inclination, and a comfortable income.

There is a magazine called *Food Technology* whose very name suggests a colder view of food preparation, where eggs get beaten in 300-pound batches because there are several billion people waiting to be fed and relatively few of them keeping their own laying hens. One of our chemists, Gerald T. Luce, has an article in *Food Technology* for November 1967. He writes not of eggs but of acetylated monoglycerides.

These were first proposed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and were put into commercial production by us. Metabolizable and nutritious themselves, they form coatings of low permeability to oxygen and water vapor. Consequently foods coated with them stay appetizing and wholesome longer. This works particularly well with fish steaks cut from the frozen round fish — a promising development with the switch from hunting the sea to farming the sea.

Luce's paper goes into detail on nuts, raisins, meats, cooked lobster, breast of chicken, and many other good things to eat.

his *cuadro* close to him, again in the center of this ring. And as Ordoñez realized, and even the meanest soul in that crowd perceived, Dominguín, who had felt that wound tear open, whose loins and thighs were soaking in blood, was not now in total command of his body. His reflexes could not be functioning with the requisite precision.

No! No! No! rolled out of the crowd. Dominguín jerked his head back in a Yes! They had asked for this; they had come desiring it. He would give it to them. There was nothing of the challenger in the downcast eyes and the hunched shoulders of Antonio Ordoñez as he walked slowly away from his brother-in-law and toward the *burladeros*, clamping the collar of his cape between his teeth, folding the cerise-and-yellow serge with his hands, his face demonstrably the more pallid with concern. It may be that the vision of another Manolete death crawled through his mind. It may be that he envisioned his wife's brother sprawled like an abandoned puppet on the sand, and the crowd then turning on him with all the implacable rancor that so many had directed against Dominguín.

The shadows of a westerling sun had sliced a chunk out of the pale yellow sand. Dominguín stood just beyond the rim, in the dusty, filtered light. His bull, winded, stood about thirty yards away, gulping oxygen into its lungs. Slowly, Dominguín arranged *muleta* and sword. Then he straightened, twitching his jaw, freeing the skin caught at the collar. He squared himself, planting his feet. That movement pained him. The crowd saw that it pained him. The crowd was aware that he was unable to run from trouble. With a *¡Ja, toro!* he summoned the bull.

To cite a bull from a distance is asking for trouble. The animal has all the time in the world to make up its mind, to swerve or hook or plan on any number of potentially lethal maneuvers. The bull whose horns have once made contact with the solidity behind the phantom cloth that for fifteen or twenty minutes has been teasing them tends to have learned its lesson, and to jab not at the lure but at the living flesh wielding it. Incompetent practitioners perform the preliminaries with bravado. They suck in their waists. They puff up their consumptive chests. They crack their spines bending back on them. *Toro!* they yell. And the bull doesn't budge.

They are not in control of the animal. When Dominguín cites a bull, it charges.

This one came barreling at him. Dominguín stiffened, dropped the crimson cloth unfurling in front of him, and accepted the fury of that rush with an indolent, architectural *naturale* — when properly performed, the most difficult, the most

classical, one of the most dangerous and commendable of passes. This *naturale* yanked us to our feet. Dominguín did not budge. The animal emerged from under the *muleta*, ran a few yards, wheeled, and faced him again. And again the matador summoned his enemy. Again he seduced the beast with a patch of red cloth held with supple magic by the right hand. Feet riveted to the sand as though only physical uprooting would remove them, body erect and graceful, head raised, arm mesmeric; the cloth caressing the thickening twilight air in front of the bull's muzzle, then caressing the horns and sweeping over the animal's black back; Dominguín passed the bull a third, a fourth, and a fifth time, carving into the long history of the *fiesta* three unforgettable minutes.

I went to congratulate the two men after the fight, first to the quarters of Ordoñez, as was his due. The trophies tell it all. Antonio Ordoñez was awarded six ears, two tails, and two hoofs. Luis Miguel Dominguín was awarded four ears, two tails, and one hoof. Nothing more could have been asked of either man.

Nine years have gone by. El Cordobés, all guts and no art, has displaced even Ordoñez in the esteem of tourists and the vulgar, who today have usurped the plazas. Belmonte and Hemingway lie in their graves, and Dominguín — so he believes — seeks to terminate his existence. But it is a ghost that he would lay, and a memory destroy. He is a proud man, a flawed, proud man, who has accomplished much, all of it funded out of his supremacy in the ring. There he was at last bettered, and a writer esteemed by Spaniards as a Titan in the world of letters has pronounced imperishably on the fact. No cape buffalo winding like a cummerbund around his waist; no rhinoceros blundering myopically into his cape; nothing in this world, no feat, no excitement, can conceal from Luis Miguel Gonzalez Lucas that "Dominguín" should have died that torrid afternoon in Malaga, to satisfy Spanish vengeance, Spanish poetry, and the Spanish sense of destiny. On the afternoon of Manolete's death, twelve years earlier, he, Dominguín, had fought better, and it was Manolete who had been apotheosized. Had Dominguín died in Malaga, his valor might have overshadowed the surpassing art of Ordoñez; and the glory of those five incomparable *naturales* — that song in slow motion he sang for us and for himself — would today be chiseled into legend and commemorated in *fandangos de Huelva* for such as J — to stomp out. That ultimate garland has eluded this tortured, chaotic, ambiguous, and uncommon man. Death cheated him, and so he hounds it in pursuit of symmetry.

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Arts and Letters

The Deathbed Notes of Henry James

by Leon Edel

It has long been known that during his last illness, in the midst of the 1914-1918 war, and when he was in delirium, Henry James called his secretary, the late Theodora Bosanquet, and dictated certain passages that dealt with the Napoleonic legend. The text of the dictation has never been published, although Miss Bosanquet once read an excerpt during a BBC broadcast devoted to the novelist; and in 1927 it was mentioned briefly in Pelham Edgar's *Henry James: Man and Author* as a "Napoleonic Fragment." I found the document in 1937 when James's nephew and executor gave me access to his posthumous papers. It struck me as curious — a kind of stream of consciousness of a fading mind still in possession of its verbal power and the grandeur of its style — and I took a copy of it, feeling it to be a significant biographical document. Later, when the James family papers were given to Harvard, this manuscript was not included. I learned that the executor had ordered it destroyed along with certain other papers. He felt that it was too tragic a record of a mind in disintegration. I think he felt, too, that the passages hardly constituted a literary

work. Miss Bosanquet, who took the dictation directly on the typewriter (as was James's custom), told me that the sound of the familiar machine, and the ability to ease his mind, had helped soothe the novelist in his feverish moments.

It had been my intention to use this material in its relevant place in the *Life of Henry James*, which I am now completing. But I have learned that a certain writer in England, who gained access to Miss Bosanquet's papers, found copies of some of this dictation and is planning to make use of it in a forthcoming book along with other materials long ago made available to me by Miss Bosanquet, and reserved for my use. I have decided accordingly, in the interest of the record and of accuracy, to make this document public, there being no objection now from the James descendants. If I am to be anticipated, it seems to me, I may as well anticipate my own book. It must be noted that Miss Bosanquet did not have the complete document; certain sentences were set down during her absence, were dictated to James's niece, Peggy James, daughter of William James. Peggy, with her mother, the

widow of William, had braved the submarine menace of the First World War and crossed the Atlantic to be with Henry James during his last days.

The final dictation is at points an incoherent document. Yet it is less incoherent than one might suppose; and far from mirroring the collapse of a great intellect, it dramatizes its struggle and its power. The grandeur, the majestic rhythm of the great style remain; the vivid phrases are minted as at the very threshold of death. "I am that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility," James had written to Henry Adams. And as Proust redictated the death scene of the writer Bergotte in his novel, a few hours before his own death, so James, in his last days, insisted on performing what he called "an act of life."

The facts, briefly, are these:

On the evening of December 1, 1915, Henry James wrote a letter to his niece, then in America. He spoke of renewed heart trouble, of his long sleepless nights, of the constant ache of the war: "One feels very abject . . . in the midst of the huge tremendous thing . . . to have dis-

qualifying personal and physical troubles." He told her his manservant, Burgess Noakes, who had worked for him since boyhood, had been given a "renewable leave" from the army, and that "his devotion is boundless and most touching." He gave Peggy other news, and then wearily ended, "The pen drops from my hand! Your all-affectionate old Uncle, Henry James."

The pen literally dropped from his hand. The next morning, December 2, James's servants in his flat in Carlyle Mansions, Chelsea, heard him calling. It was 8:30 A.M. and James's left leg had given way under him as he was dressing. He was a very heavy man, and with difficulty Burgess and the maid got him into bed. The novelist was fully conscious. He was reported later to have told his friend Howard Sturgis that his thought as he collapsed was, "So here it is at last, the distinguished thing." But he held "the distinguished thing" at bay. Miss Bosanquet, arriving, found him propped up in bed. He announced to her he had had a stroke "in the most approved fashion." And he dictated a cable to his nephew in New York: "Had slight stroke this morning. No serious symptoms. Perfect care. No suffering. Wrote Peg yesterday." On the next day he hunted in a thesaurus to find a word describing his condition — the word "paralytic" did not satisfy him.

He continued in this way for several days, with some confusion of mind. On December 8, six days after the stroke, he called for his typewriter and dictated:

I find the business of coming round about as important and glorious as any circumstances I have had occasion to record, by which I mean that I find them as damnable and as boring. It is not much better to discover within one's carcase new resources for application than to discover the absence of them; their being new doesn't somehow add at all to their interest but makes them stale and flat, as if one had long ago exhausted them. Such is my sketchy state of mind, but I feel sure I shall discover plenty of fresh worlds to conquer, even if I am to be cheated of the amusement of them.

Two days later he had pneumonia. Miss Bosanquet wrote in her diary, "Mind clouded this morning and he has lost his own unmistakable identity — is just a simple sick

man." He showed the next day, however, that his characteristic identity remained. He was better, though confused as to place. He thought he was in Cork, Ireland, which he had visited many years before, after his mother's death. On the afternoon of Saturday, December 11, he called once more for his typewriter:

Wondrous enough certainly to have a finger in such a concert and to feel ourselves touch the large old phrase into the right amplitude. It had shrunk and we add to its line — all we can scarce say how save that we couldn't have left it. We simply shift the sweet nursling of genius from one maternal breast to the other and the trick is played, the false note averted. Astounding little stepchild of God's astounding young stepmother!

... on this occasion moreover that having been difficult to keep step, we hear of the march of history, what is remaining to that essence of tragedy the limp? We scarce avoid rolling, with all these famished and frustrated women in the wayside dust . . . mere patchwork transcription becomes of itself the high brave art. We [word missing — the typist apparently could not make out what he said] five miles off at the renewed affronts that we see coming for the great, and that we know they will accept. The fault is that they had found themselves too easily great, and the effect of that, definitely, had been, within them, the want of long provision for it. It wasn't why *they* [were] to have been so thrust into the limelight and the uproar, but why they [were] to have known as by inspiration the trade most smothered in experience. They go about shivering in the absence of the holy protocol as in the — they dodder sketchily about — as in the betrayal of the lack of early advantages; and it is upon that they seem most to depend to give them distinction — it is upon that, and upon the *crânerie* and the *rouerie* that they seem most to depend for the grand air of gallantry. They pluck in their terror handfuls of plumes from the imperial eagle, and with no greater credit in consequence than that they face, keeping their equipoise, the awful bloody beak that he turns round upon them. We see the beak sufficiently directed in that vindictive intention, during these days of cold grey Switzerland weather, on the huddled and hustled campaigns of the first omens of defeat. Everyone looks haggard and our only wonder is that they still succeed in "looking" at all. It renews for us the assurance of the part played by that element in the famous assurance [divinity] that doth hedge a king.

His mind rambled a great deal the following day. He thought himself in some foreign hotel and wondered how his London friends who came to his bedside could be there as well — how could they call if *he* were elsewhere? Just before lunch on December 12 he dictated a few sentences — the opening remarks apparently an allusion to his motoring days with Edith Wharton:

We squeeze together into some motor-car or other and we so talk and talk that what comes of it. — Yes, that is the turn of public affairs. Next statement is for all the world as if we had brought it on and had given our push and our touch to great events. The Bonapartes have a kind of bronze distinction that extends to their fingertips and is a great source of charm in the women. Therefore they don't have to swagger after the fact; fortune has placed them too high and anything less would be trivial. You can believe anything of the Queen of Naples or of the Princess Caroline Murat. There have been great families of tricksters and conjurors; so why not this one, and so pleasant withal? Our admirable father keeps up the pitch. He is the dearest of men. I should have liked above all things seeing our sister pulling her head through the crown; one has that confident — and I should have had it most on the day when most would have been asked. But we jog on very well. Up to the point of the staircase where the officers do stand it couldn't be better, though I wonder at the *souffle* which so often enables me to pass. We are back from [word lost] but we breathe at least together and I am, devotedly yours

"After luncheon," Miss Bosanquet noted at the time, "he wanted me again and dictated, perfectly clearly and coherently, two letters from Napoleon Bonaparte to one of his married sisters — I suspect they weren't original composition, but subconscious memory — one letter about the decoration of the Louvre and the Tuileries and the other about some great opportunity being offered them which they mustn't fall below the level of. After he had finished the second letter, he seemed quite satisfied not to do any more and fell into a peaceful sleep."

Actually, the first letter was the Bonaparte letter. The second has the sharpness of tone, the "military eloquence" of Napoleon's dictation, but the novelist signed this one with his own name. He may have thought he was writing to his brother

William and his sister-in-law Alice. William had died six years before, but Henry now thought of him as alive, though never in the same room.

Dear and most esteemed brother and sister,

I call your attention to the precious enclosed transcripts of plans and designs for the decoration of certain apartments of the palaces, here, of the Louvre and the Tuileries, which you will find addressed in detail to artists and workmen who are to take them in hand. I commit them to your earnest care till the questions relating to this important work are fully settled. When that is the case I shall require of you further zeal and further taste. For the present the course is definitely marked out, and I beg you to let me know from stage to stage definitely how the scheme promises, and what results it may be held to inspire. It is, you will see, of a great scope, a majesty unsurpassed by any work of the kind yet undertaken in France. Please understand I regard these plans as fully developed and as having had my last consideration and look forward to no patchings nor perversions, and with no question of modifications either economic or aesthetic. This will be the case with all further projects of your affectionate

NAPOLÉONE.

My dear brother and sister,

I offer you great opportunities in the exchange for the exercise of great zeal. Your position as residents of our young but so highly considered Republic at one of the most interesting minor capitals is a piece of luck which may be turned to account in the measure of your acuteness and experience. A brilliant fortune may come to crown it and your personal merit will not diminish that harmony. But you must rise to each occasion — the one I now offer you is of no common cast, and please remember that any failure to push your advantage to the utmost will be severely judged. I have displayed you as persons of great taste and great judgment. Don't leave me a sorry figure in consequence but present me rather as your very fond but not infatuated relation able and ready to back you up, your faithful brother and brother-in-law

HENRY JAMES.

The final passage is not dated. It was taken down sometime later, mostly by James's niece. These phrases come closest to a kind of Joycean stream of consciousness — there is fragmentation and decrease of verbal coherence.

across the border
all the pieces

Individual souls. great . . . of [word lost] on which great perfections are. If one does . . . in the fulfilment with the neat and pure and perfect — to the success or as he or she moves through life, following admiration un-failing [word lost] in the highway — Problems are very sordid.

One of the earliest of the consumers of the great globe in the interest of the attraction exercised by the great R.L.S. [Robert Louis Stevenson] of those days, comes in, afterwards, a visitor at Vailima and [word lost] there and pious antiquities to his domestic annals.

These final and faded remarks all have some interest and some character — but this should be extracted by a highly competent person only — some such, whom I don't presume to name, will furnish such last offices. In fact I do without names not wish to exaggerate the defect of their absence. Invoke more than one kind presence, several could help, and many would — but it all better too much left than too much done. I never dreamed of such duties as laid upon me. This sore throaty condition is the last I ever invoked for the purpose.

Memory, in this "last dictation," went very far back, as I hope to show in the final section of my biography of the novelist. James refers in part to the many volumes

of Napoleonic lore in his Lamb House library; and there may be recall too of a more recent experience. Eight months before his stroke, James lunched with his old Napoleonic friend, Count Giuseppe Primoli, the Prince and Princess Victor-Napoleon, and the Duke of Alba. The occasion, in the midst of war, had its ironies. And then the Napoleonic legend had been strong in his mid-nineteenth-century boyhood — and he had lived so long.

Fragmentary though it is, the last dictation contains within it an extraordinary vitality, an Olympian world-weariness. It speaks for a will to live and to do; and the seventy-two-year-old James demonstrated the power of that will. He survived the stroke; he survived the pneumonia; he lived for more than two months. His mind wandered on far-away places and things; he sat watching the boats on the river through his big Chelsea windows. George V gave him the Order of Merit on New Year's Day, 1916 (for James had become a British subject six months before). He survived until February 28. The funeral was in Chelsea Old Church, and Mrs. William James brought his ashes to America.

The Origin of Laughter (after Desmond Morris)

by John Updike

Hunched in the dark beneath his mother's heart,
The fetus sleeps and listens; dropped into light,
He seeks to lean his ear against the breast
Where the known rhythm holds its secret pace.

Slowly, slowly, through blizzards of dozing,
A face is gathered, starting with the eyes —
At first, quite any face; two painted dots
On cardboard stir a responsive smile. Soon
No face but one will serve: the mother's,
A mist, a cloud that clearly understands.

She teases him, pretends to let him drop.
He wants to cry but knows that she is good.
Out of this sudden mix, this terror rimmed
With necessary flesh, a laugh is born.

Black Anger

by Robert Coles

The jacket of Eldridge Cleaver's autobiographical book *Soul on Ice* contains an ironic and sobering statement: "He was educated in the Negro ghetto of Los Angeles and at the California state prisons of San Quentin, Folsom and Soledad." We are told other things — that he was born in Little Rock thirty-three years ago, that he is even now on

Soul on Ice
by Eldridge Cleaver
(McGraw-Hill, \$5.95)

parole, that in the San Francisco area he is Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, that he is a staff writer for *Ramparts* — but nothing quite so startling and shrewd as the facts of his "educational experience," to use the twentieth-century expression for schooling.

As a matter of fact, the words we summon to describe a man like Mr. Cleaver tell more about "us" than him. We consider him uneducated, criminal, "culturally deprived," and "culturally disadvantaged," and certainly we have to raise our eyebrows when we read that he was *educated* in a ghetto, in three prisons. Edgar Friedenberg and John Holt may claim that our schools are prison-like, full of narrow-minded, pedantic tyrants who want to turn every boy and girl into an unquestioning American robot, prepared to trample over any adversary and crush any inconvenient critic or dissenter. But they are romantics, iconoclasts, writers — or if we feel particularly threatened by them, poets. In our hearts we know that right or wrong there is a *system*, with power, authority, prestige, and money to offer, and every child must learn *that*, and then learn how to survive, to make it in the system. Schools teach them how. Schools prepare them for college and graduate programs and diplomas and jobs and success. And what precisely do Messrs. Friedenberg and Holt suggest in place of our schools? Schemes that undermine the whole social and

economic system? Values that Max Weber would have to comprehend as against his "protestant ethic," against his "spirit of capitalism"?

So, Eldridge Cleaver needs our "help," needs to be really educated, needs to be reminded that his book is full of too much (for whom?) anger and outrage and scorn. He also has to realize that prisons do the mind in. The prisoner becomes sullen, taciturn, suspicious, and out of tune with the world — which, of course, offers us all freedom. The prisoner falls prey to apocalyptic thinking. He is dead, or near-dead, while others are alive. He is totally weak and dependent, while others are healthy and able to do more or less what they want — or rather, have *come to want* as properly loyal and cautious citizens, or as the British put it, subjects.

A good deal of *Soul on Ice* was written in California's prisons. (After having been shot in the leg, Mr. Cleaver is, at this writing, back in jail.) All the essays deal with racial hurt, racial struggle, and racial pride. Mr. Cleaver is a black man, and he is not going to let either himself or anyone else forget that fact — in case it is possible for an American of either race to do so. Ralph Ellison and even James Baldwin want above

all to be writers, and Cleaver says no, that is impossible, that is foolish, and certainly that is wrong.

I am with Ellison and Baldwin all the way, but the author of a book with the stark, unrelenting title *Soul on Ice* would expect that of me, a reasonably unharassed white middle-class professional man who, really, in many ways had it made from birth. I don't at all like the nasty, spiteful way Mr. Cleaver writes off *Invisible Man* or *Another Country*. I don't like the arrogant and cruel way he talks about Baldwin's life and his personality. I don't like the way he lumps white men, all of them, indiscriminately together, and I'm sick and tired of a rhetoric that takes three hundred years of complicated, tortured American history and throws it in the face of every single white man alive today. Mr. Cleaver rightly wants to be seen for the particular man *he* is, and I don't see why he should by the same token confuse the twentieth-century traveling salesman with the seventeenth-century slave trader. If he wants us to understand American history, and in fact see its economic and political continuities, all well and good; but it is really stupid to tell today's white people that they caused what in fact gradually and terribly happened. What can anyone do with that kind of historical burden, "do" with it in the sense of coming to any personal or psychological resolution?

I suppose one thing that can be done is what Maxwell Geismar does in his short and thoroughly unsurprising introduction. Mr. Geismar

With this issue we launch a new Arts and Letters section, devoted to the best of criticism and to commentaries on books, theater, films, music, the dance, and the fine arts. We intend to present a wide variety of writers and opinions, the work of critics and artists already well established in the world of letters as well as that of promising newcomers. With due genuflection to the obvious centers, such as New York and London, Arts and Letters will take special care to search the cultural scene in many other places at home and abroad and to offer, in addition to reviews and comments, an occasional treasure like the last writing of Henry James, as discussed by Leon Edel in this issue. We promise continuity, too, with regular book reviews by Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams, and in other sections of the *Atlantic* there will continue to appear the satire and glimpses of human comedy that entered these columns in the more than twenty-five years during which the late Charles W. Morton presided over our Accent on Living section. Major Books and Men essays, an *Atlantic* trademark, will of course remain a regular feature of the magazine.

Arts and Letters will be edited by Robert Evett, who for fourteen years previously brought distinction to the *New Republic* as Books and Arts editor and music critic.

has abandoned himself without qualification to Mr. Cleaver's scorn and outrage. The black man cries out, and the white man says yes, yes, no matter what. Eldridge Cleaver is a promising and powerful writer, an intelligent and turbulent and passionate and eloquent man. But Geismar ironically treats him with the ultimate condescension of exaggerated praise, and even worse the cruelty that goes with using a man as an irrelevant foil. Accordingly, *Soul on Ice* is one of the "discoveries of the 1960's." Cleaver's voice contrasts with the "prevailing mediocrity of talent" — something Cleaver himself didn't feel in prison, where he desperately and in vain sought out (by his own listing) Hemingway, Mailer, Camus, Sartre, Baldwin, Henry Miller, Terry Southern, Julian Mayfield, Bellow, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Herbert Gold, Robert Gover, and J. O. Killens. Then we are told that "Cleaver is simply one of the best cultural critics now writing." He has "boldness." His mind is "heroic." He has written "the best analysis of James Baldwin's literary career" that Geismar has read. What is more, "while Cleaver calmly says things that no white critic could really dare to say, there is not a trace of petty artistic jealousy or self-vanity in his discussion." I am sure that Mr. Cleaver meant to be anything but calm; and it is good to know that Mr. Geismar finds at least one man so untainted, though if I were Eldridge Cleaver I'd watch out. Praise is like power; there is nothing as corrupting (and yes, insulting) as absolute praise, particularly when one's very humanity is denied. (Which writer is without a "trace" of "self-vanity"?)

Nevertheless, apart from the introduction to this book, and apart from its black nationalism, there are some really lovely and tender and even exquisite moments to be found — when the author becomes a writer, not a pamphleteer and not a propagandist and not a devious, cruel literary critic, but a man who wants to struggle with words and ideas and tame them. There are ostensibly four parts to the relatively slim volume, but actually it is split in two. "Letters from Prison" and "Prelude to Love — Three Letters" show how one inmate of a jail becomes something much more, a literate, sensitive, and intelligent

human being. There are white millionaires who have failed where Cleaver has succeeded.

How did he succeed? Why? We ought to ask such questions, even as we do with Malcolm X, Cleaver's great hero. People like me can tear Cleaver and Malcolm to shreds. We can discover the bad "background" they come from. We can find pathology everywhere — mental illness, physical disorder, social chaos, cultural disintegration. Cleaver's childhood was no doubt a sad and violent one. He went to bad, crowded schools. He grew up amid alcoholics, addicts, and worse. And ultimately, he went to jail and stayed there, not only behind bars but often enough in solitary confinement as dangerous, wild, unruly, disobedient, troublesome, loudmouthed, uncontrolled, crazy — all the words.

Yet at times he writes vivid, compelling prose. He has a sense of humor. He knows how to be astringent one minute, ironic the next. He can be tolerant and compassionate, far more so in my opinion than the man who wrote the introduction to this book. He is full of Christian care, Christian grief and disappointment, Christian resignation, Christian messianic toughness, and hope.

He loves his lawyer, a white woman, and pours out his love to her in three beautiful, incredibly subtle and blunt and unsparing and unforgettable letters. How did he do it — learn to write, learn the really impressive theological subtleties that are addressed to his lawyer? (They remind one of Dietrich Bonhoeffer in jail, or Dostoevsky writing from the Underground.)

Of course he also learned the other things, the handy political and sociological clichés that have blinded black and white men everywhere in every century. But above all we must notice what he has done: begun (and only begun) to master the writer's craft. For that achievement Eldridge Cleaver deserves our unashamed awe, our admiration, and our insistence that like every other writer he work harder, rid himself of unnecessary baggage, and put to word the startling ironies that he knows from real life but sees and comprehends out of his mind's life. He ought to spare us nothing, but he ought to spare himself very little either. Inside a developing writer there is, there has to be, a kind of ice that somehow uses but also transcends the weather, the scene, the hot and cold of the outside world.

Nabokov's Card Trick

by Charles Nicol

This may be considered as the brilliant second novel of a twenty-eight-year-old Russian expatriate, the brilliant translation of that forty-year-old novel by the author's son, Dmitri, or as the not quite so brilliant new novel by an aging American citizen now residing in Switzerland.

Here then is a work of Nabokov's youth, and the early Nabokov is no mean author; we are indeed in the presence of the same man who wrote *Invitation of a Beulah*, *Lolita*, *Pale Fire*. We find the same magic language, as this description of a passenger train's arrival testifies: "Slowly, surely, smoothly, the huge iron cavity of the station drew in the train, which at once grew sluggish, and then, with a jolt, redundant." However, a word of caution on old and new Nabokov is in order here, since the best elements of that sentence, the last six words, seem to be newly

added, an admirable second thought forty years after the fact (I am comparing not the unobtainable original, but a German translation of that original, which Nabokov believes to be "competent"). The plot and the movement of the prose are mainly the creation of a younger Nabokov, bravely experimenting with

King, Queen, Knave

by Vladimir Nabokov
translated by Dmitri Nabokov
(McGraw-Hill, \$5.95)

an original, highly mannered approach to fiction.

King, Queen, Knave is about a love triangle, where two of the members attempt to murder the third. The plot is deliberately standard fare, and the three characters, young Franz, Dreyer the financier, and

It's a book!
It's a time capsule!
It's **SUPERNATION
AT PEACE
AND WAR**



Justin Kaplan

by **Dan Wakefield**

It's the *complete* report of journalist Dan Wakefield's fact-and-fantasy-finding tour of the United States. It's a brilliant distillation of the words and thoughts of Americans in drawing rooms, hippie pads, executive suites, assembly halls, prowl cars, waiting rooms, stadiums, military bases, and ghettos. Thousands of candid prose snapshots merge into a gigantic portrait-in-depth of a country at war halfway around the world, at war with itself, and marching resolutely toward its destiny — or its doom.

Everyone who enjoyed the shorter version of Mr. Wakefield's provocative observations of American protest, pacification and patriotism in the March *Atlantic* will welcome the opportunity to read his full report.

\$5.95 at bookstores
ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Dreyer's wife, Martha, are deliberately kept to simple proportions. The story is less concerned with psychology than with performing a rather marvelous set of variations on a familiar theme. The plot is, paradoxically, not only dangerously simple but also dangerously elaborate, yet Nabokov keeps his skis together and skims downhill with ease.

According to Andrew Field's biography, the novel draws its title from a Hans Christian Andersen story of the same name, where a pack of cards engages in a palace revolution. While Nabokov's story apparently has little to do with Andersen's, it is presumably no accident that the novel has thirteen chapters, the number of cards in a suit. The characters are two-dimensional, like cards, and the variations on a conventional plot suggest that the novel is one permutation of dealing a hand. Nabokov, of course, adds certain mystifications in his foreword, and because his art involves an aesthetic resonance between the parts of his composition, this preface is an integral part of the book.

The most structured situation in fiction is the duel, a "slow dance on the killing ground." The ritual is standard and accepted, and only the variation is important. In dueling stories (written by, among others, Dumas, Lermontov, Pushkin, Chekhov, Mann), character is always secondary to the surprise ending. In Nabokov's dueling story, "An Affair of Honor," the protagonist never even shows up. The love triangle is the second most structured form, and the young Nabokov flexes his muscles in tracing its convolutions. And the challenges he sets himself are numerous; for instance, in the second chapter nearsighted Franz breaks his glasses and we find ourselves wandering in a bright, impressionist haze, dazzled by unexpected stabs of sunlight.

Most comparable with this latest novel is *Laughter in the Dark*. Both novels are set in Germany, and while the one takes its title from a "fairy-tale," the other actually starts, "Once upon a time. . . ." *Laughter* is a different set of variations on the love triangle, again culminating in death. In these artificial stories, the reader is taught to relish the author's surprises, the carefully set up situations, complete with conventional foreshadowing, where the reader's

initial recognition of a situation he is familiar with from countless third-rate novels suddenly explodes when the plot abruptly, drunkenly swerves in an unpredictable direction. As the reader hurries after this wandering monster, it settles down to a familiar pace, again throwing the (always gullible) reader off his guard.

In the foreword, Nabokov mentions his "amiable little imitations of *Madame Bovary*." *Anna Karenina* is also dropped into the discussion, and at one point in the novel Martha is described as being "no Emma, and no Anna." In Nabokov's peculiar logic this is an admission that Martha's character is to some extent borrowed from both of these heroines. Certainly Nabokov has taken more from Flaubert than his heroine's hairstyle (center part, chignon). Flaubert was often accused of being a cruel, inhuman author, because of the impartial observations and apparent objectivity of his lucid novel. Much the same charge has followed Nabokov throughout his writing career. It is important to realize that this objectivity is a learned part of Nabokov's art, and *King, Queen, Knave*, written in 1928, was the laboratory where he first tried out his lessons.

In an admission that for once is

neither mystifying nor coy, Nabokov explains that this second novel of his career used German characters in a German setting as a "subtle protective device":

At a stage of gradual inner disentanglement, when I had not yet found, or did not yet dare apply, the very special methods of recreating a historical situation that I used ten years later in *The Gift*, the lack of any emotional involvement and the fairytale freedom inherent in an unknown milieu answered my dream of pure invention.

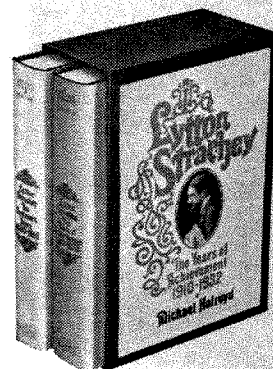
That is to say, wrestling with the problem of total control, probably the most distinguishing and admirable feature of his art, Nabokov found it necessary to deal with the unfamiliar because he could not yet handle the familiar with objectivity and confidence. His first novel, set in his own émigré society, apparently had escaped that control. To venture a dictum, he was not yet able to make the familiar strange; he could not yet transform reality, he had to create it anew; he was not yet able to accomplish what Flaubert accomplished. Nabokov had not yet mastered that dual role of actor and observer in his own life, would not yet have been capable of his later, marvelous autobiography, or of *The Gift*, or of *Invitation to a Beheading* — novels close to his own experience. In this sense, *King, Queen, Knave* is a minor novel in the Nabokov canon.

The surprise appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Nabokov in the last two chapters seems to belie the above statements. Calmly sitting at a restaurant table, speaking Russian and staring "arrogantly" at the book's main characters, Nabokov is insisting not only on his control of events but on his control of himself. He has, however, only now been added to his novel; he was not in the 1928 version.

The brief appearance by the Nabokovs is a pleasant idea, for they culminate the small galaxy of unlikely characters who circle around the main story. Franz's landlord, for instance, believes he has invented his lodger and can change himself into anything he wants; his name is Enricht, and he calls himself Menetekel-El-Pharsin. We know he is mad, because the handwriting is indeed on the wall: there is only one creator, Nabokov. But Enricht may not be a completely false Proteus, for when a large dog becomes a character in

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Charles Nicol is at work on a study of Nabokov.

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Edward Weeks, Herbert Kupferberg, and Phoebe Adams contribute to the *Atlantic* every month.

What is Psychology?

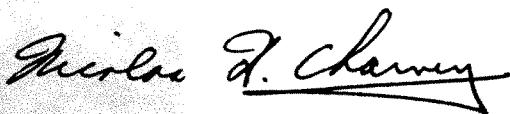
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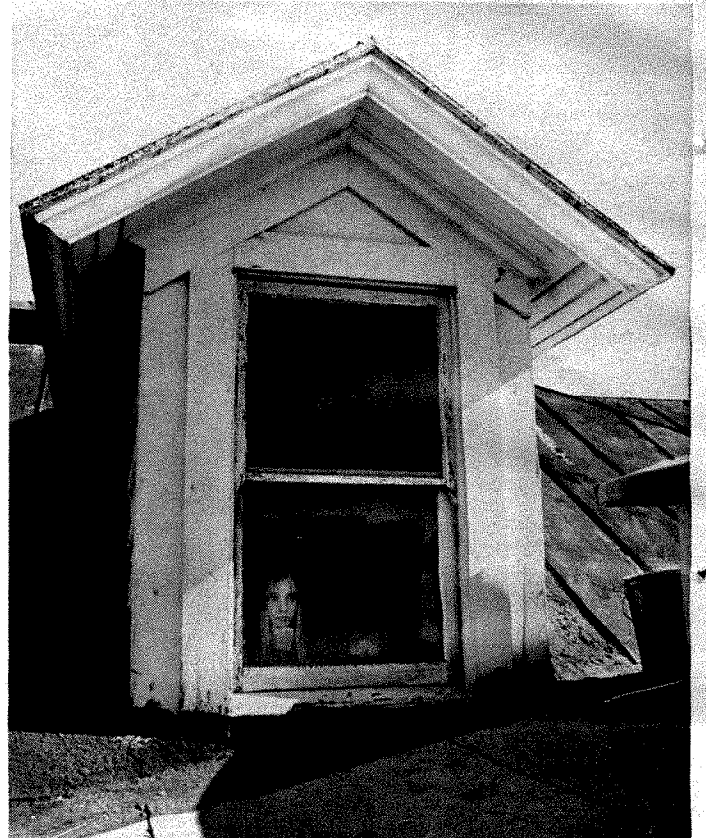
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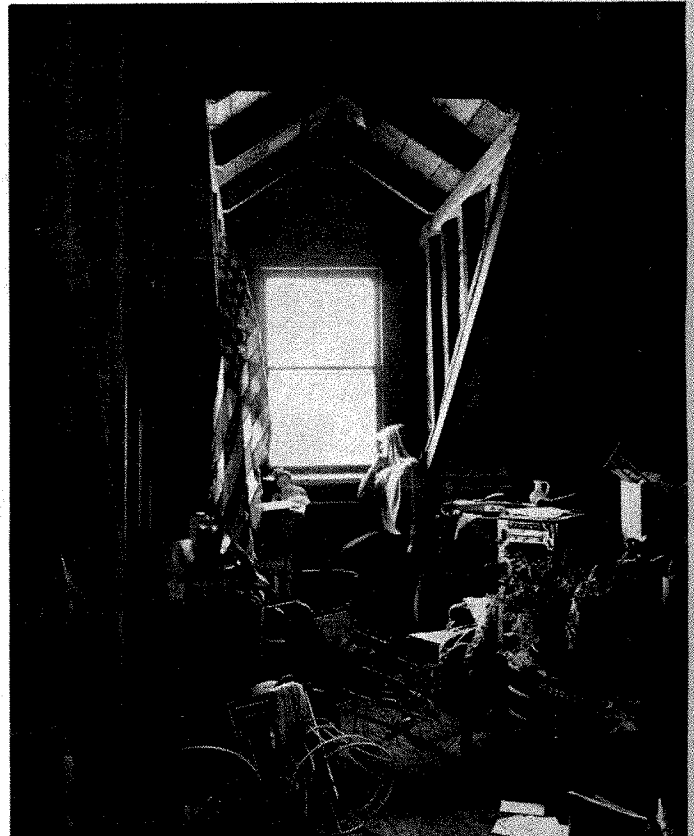
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the novel, we occasionally have the strange feeling that it may be this lunatic landlord, getting kicked for performing the impossible. And an inventor creates some lifelike robots (which break down in a hilarious scene), echoing the incomplete life

of the novel's main characters. It is a madcap world, indeed, that floats just on the periphery of our perception, and though the characters of this novel are too thin to cast shadows, bright shades are here anyway, dancing.

Rubaiyyating With Robert Graves

by Peter Avery

No work by Robert Graves can be ignored. Not even when he fails to improve on what someone else — in this instance Edward FitzGerald — has done before him. And certainly not when, with faulty judgment, he takes the liberty of blaming FitzGerald for silliness and inaccuracy. It is the place for surprise rather than anger when a poet so frequently ready to instruct lesser breeds in the processes of poetry and workings of the poet's mind refuses FitzGerald his sure instinct in poetic matters, and in a pompous, "scholarly" piece of show-off with references to Latin Mass controversies in the sixteenth century and Henry VIII, charges FitzGerald with being like the "old English parish priest" who preferred his misreading *mumpsimus* to the correct *sumpsimus*.

There is everything to be said for each successive age's translating really great poetry in remote languages and from distant eras afresh in the idiom of the day. To accomplish this, however, the translator must keep clear of theories about the content and purpose of the poetry and stick to the words. Above all others, Mr. Graves should know that poetry is better left to speak for itself. Mr. Graves's image in the first stanza is nevertheless probably as good as might be expected of him. Whether it is an improvement on FitzGerald's (first edition) "Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night/ Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight . . ." is questionable.

While Dawn, Day's herald straddling
the whole sky,
Offers the drowsy world a toast "To
Wine,"
The Sun spills early gold on city
roofs —
Day's regal Host, replenishing his
jug.

Less questionable, sad though it
may be for the hosts of us who have

been happily brought up on FitzGerald's inspired renderings of them, is the fact that, as Persian poetry goes, the Khayyām originals are not really very great poetry. Edward FitzGerald had special reasons for liking them enough to experiment, first with Latin translations, later with often revised English versions.

His reasons lay, apart from his simply enjoying the way the *rubā'iyāt* "went," in the Victorian man of insight's anxieties, nicely paralleled by those of an eleventh-century Persian mathematician in Nishapur in northwest Iran under the Saljuqs. In those times Nishapur was a hotbed of tensions among different Islamic juridico-theological schools. Freethinkers and doubters of the rigid tenets of orthodoxy and traditionalism were worsted and persecuted. The great philosopher al-Ghazzali had to resign his professorship at Nishapur in about 1106 A.D. in trouble for opposition to the prevalent fanaticism. 'Umar Khayyām was born in the same city circa 1021–1022.

It is a pity that Mr. Graves's collaborator did not concentrate more on these matters, for which there is ample historical documentation. Instead he is advertised as the descendant of a line of Sufi

the refuge of those who seek more in religious experience than legalism. The pharisaical element in Omar Ali-Shah's position is reflected in Graves's quite untenable assertion that "hard liquor was unknown to twelfth century Persians." His collaborator should have been more honest, not to say accurate. Also, numerous eyewitness accounts of the rewarding of poets in twelfth-century Persia with jewels sufficient thrice to fill the mouth and strings of camels required to carry a poet's golden vessels should have prevented Mr. Graves's believing that "in Khayyām's day, authorship . . . of a poem that won general acceptance was held to be its own reward."

There is, of course, no reason why Omar Ali-Shah's particular sect of dervishes should not have chosen 'Umar Khayyām as their poet. This does not mean that Khayyām was necessarily any more a genuine Sufi than — the evidence of the Persian and Arabic biographies aside — for example, the shrewd FitzGerald took him to be. It would, moreover, be a rather backward, mountain or upcountry, kind of Sufism that would prefer the quatrains of 'Umar as its quasi-liturgical textbook to some of the real Sufi poetry with which Persian literature abounds.

Claims that the quatrains represent some sort of "temporal pattern from dawn to the dead of night . . . its central verses recording the metaphysical noontide torments of a passionate mind" are nonsense. The stanzas are disconnected epigrams, and it is exceedingly curious that the ancient manuscript of them in the family of Graves's collaborator should open with the same verse about daybreak that FitzGerald, in his "mashing together" of the quatrains, chose for his first stanza. Such a coincidence makes this manuscript just as suspect, if not a little more so, than all manuscripts of verses of this type. The suspicion grows on noticing that what Mr. Graves calls Omar's "awesome culminating verse" was the four-versed stanza found by a traveler, R. B. M. Binning, carved on a stone in the ruins of Persepolis. Binning published it in his travel narrative in 1857, and FitzGerald mentions it in a letter of January 13, 1859.

How dubious "ancient manuscripts" of *rubā'iyāt* are can be explained by the adeptness of Iranian forgers and by the ease with which

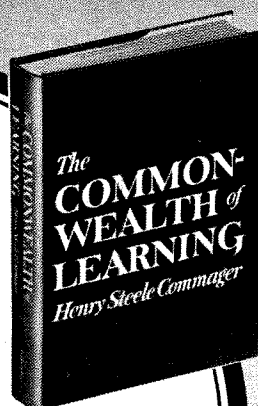
The Original Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyām

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by Robert Graves and
Omar Ali-Shah
(Doubleday, \$5.00)

leaders, sectarians who, in the Afghan setting to which he apparently belongs, often go to great lengths to prove their Muslim orthodoxy; whereas Sufism in Persia and elsewhere, indeed at its peril often in Afghanistan also, has generally been

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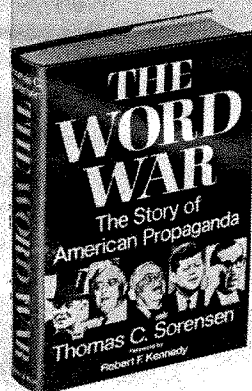
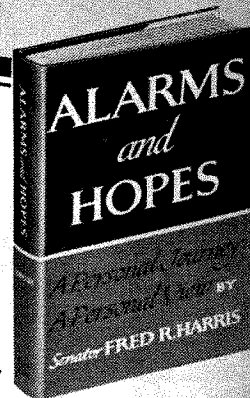
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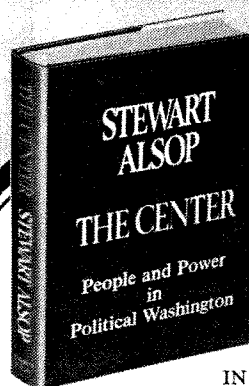


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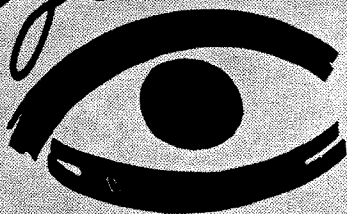


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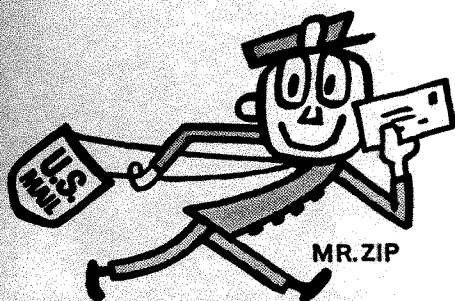


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this verse form comes to Persians. I once knew a cabdriver in Shiraz who made up *ruba'iyat* to amuse his fare on a long journey. Hence there is nothing very strange about finding, in FitzGerald's version,

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew —
I saw the solitary ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo!" she cried,
"Coo, coo, coo,"

on a slab in the rubble of Persepolis. In Persian the word *kū* means "Where?", whence the onomatopoeia. Graves with his

A ring-dove perches on its battlements;
"Where, where?" it coos, "where, where?"

shows, whether he likes it or not, some debt to FitzGerald, and a good deal of accuracy. But what is strange is that this "awesome culminating stanza" should have cropped up in the truly "marvelous" text Mr. Graves's friend found for him.

As for Omar Ali-Shah having all his life spoken "classical Persian," since so far as one can tell this was something invented to make Persian studies respectable in England's older universities, it is hard to know what it means. Presumably Omar Ali-Shah spoke Persian all his life, but it is difficult to say that he is always any surer about the correct renderings of Persian idiom than was FitzGerald, who never claimed to be a complete Persianist anyway. And with his private brand of religious interpretation of the stanzas, one would have expected Omar Ali-Shah to be more precise about the fact that the fate-struck polo ball in

the Persian original is ordered to go "straight," not to oscillate hither and thither. *Chap miro* (though by itself *chap* means "left," as in "left hand") means "roll over." *Rāst miro* (though *rāst* by itself means "right") means "go straight" or simply "keep going." FitzGerald has:

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes
But right or left as strikes the Player goes.
And He that toss'd thee down into the Field
He knows about it all, He knows —
He knows.

Literally the stanza means:

You revolved by the polo-mallet of fate like a ball
Roll over, go on and say nothing,
For that person who threw you into a spin,
He knows, he knows, he knows, oh!

Graves makes it:

Poor ball, struck by Fate's heavy polo-mallet,
Running whichever way it drives you, numbed
Of sense, though He who set you on your course,
He knows, He knows, He knows.

Perhaps after all, Graves is here near enough the mark, though FitzGerald at least did not add the evaluators "poor," "heavy," and "numbed of sense." But who knows about Mr. Omar Ali-Shah's Persian? One fact that is clear is this, that FitzGerald remains closer to the spirit and therefore, ultimately, to the text of the Persian than Graves does. Graves began with a theory and, one suspects, a petulant dislike of "poor old Fitz." FitzGerald merely found Omar's verses fun, and so discovered what they said.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

It was Dame Rebecca West who defined the meaning of treason in the atomic age. Under the pressure of the cold war, espionage and defection have been intensified with consequences both serious and baffling, as we find in reading *The Philby Conspiracy*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July. This is the real-life detective story of how and why three conspicuous members of the British Establishment, Guy Bur-

gess, Donald Maclean, and H. A. R. Philby, known as "Kim," became Communist spies and of what damage they accomplished before they defected to the Soviet Union. It is the composite story by a journalistic team of staff members of the London *Sunday Times*, who have reconstructed the lives of the three conspirators, leading up to the influence which each exerted at his zenith: Philby as the head of the Soviet section of the

Secret Intelligence Service; Maclean in Washington at the center of the Anglo-American atomic energy program and with full access to the CIA files; and Burgess, diplomat, drunkard, and boastful homosexual, who was constantly being dried out and promoted by the Foreign Office.

They were all Cambridge men, two of them Trinity, and at Cambridge in the early thirties it was fashionable to deride both king and country. Abroad fascism was on the rise, and at home Ramsay MacDonald's sellout of the Labor Party had left the young rebels no hopeful alternative except Communism. Or so it seemed.

Of the three, Philby was much the cleverest, a hard worker and a hard drinker, who with his useful stammer had an undeniable appeal for

ther and son are shadowed, but there is every reason to believe that the son acquired his father's contempt and that when he went down from Cambridge in June of 1933, he had already entered the Soviet counter-intelligence service. He maintained his cover for thirty years and during that time he penetrated more deeply into British secrets and supplied his Soviet masters with far more damaging information than either Burgess or Maclean did.

After his graduation Philby spent a year in Vienna, where he witnessed the fascist putsch and learned the technique of his trade from a competent Soviet instructor. He then returned to England with Nazi funds with which to publish a pro-Hitler magazine; the magazine did not prosper, but Philby did. Two years later he was in Spain, the accredited correspondent of the *Times*, and his dispatches were so daring that he was personally decorated by Franco with the Red Cross of Military Merit. At the outbreak of World War II the *Times* reassigned him to the British headquarters in Arras, and when he was finally evacuated from France, his assurance and his competence were such that he was eagerly recruited by the British Secret Service.

Part of Philby's penetration was made easier for him by the inter-service jealousy. He was a good deal more intelligent than the policeman types in the rival agency, MI5, and the book concedes, somewhat grudgingly, the skill with which he eliminated Volkov, a dangerous Soviet informer, and the deadly accuracy with which he was able to anticipate and terminate the movement of British agents, particularly in the Albanian Subversion. When portraits are as accusing as this they tend to ignore the skill of the villainy. Burgess, whether as a drunkard or a blustering homosexual, was not a pretty sight, but he had another side, as witness the fact that he was indulged by Harold Nicolson, used as a model by Evelyn Waugh, and accepted with friendliness by Cyril Connolly until his departure. Maclean was not a scientist, and though he may not have comprehended the scientific theory on which the atomic bomb was based, he was in a position, however briefly, to filter helpful information to the Kremlin. "Burgess and Maclean," said Secretary of the Army Brucker in Febru-

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both men and women; Burgess, handsome and ruddy, was the more charming, and the most outrageous in his behavior; Maclean, the "nervous Nelly," fretted by sex, was the first to be suspected and the first to break under the eventual strain. As John Le Carré reminds us in his brilliant introduction, there are big gaps in the record. Who was the Soviet recruiter? he asks. Did he recruit only gentlemen and only from Cambridge? It seems unlikely.

What we do know is that Kim Philby was a dissenter by birth. His father, St. John Philby, was a renowned Arabist and a Muslim convert, who had left the Indian Civil Service for a series of shady deals in the Middle East and whose contempt for Whitehall was outspoken. The relations between fa-



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ary, 1956, "had secrets of priceless value to the communist conspiracy."

Why were they condoned? The answer can only be inferred. Macmillan, who first defended Philby before Parliament, had a private contempt for espionage and would not believe that a man so long trusted could be a traitor. Edward Heath, when it was his turn, felt that the Conservative Party could not stand another scandal, and so for seven years more Kim continued his activities as a double agent whose primary loyalty was to Moscow.

A clearer answer to the mystery comes from Philby himself in *My Silent War*, a book which was begun five years ago in Moscow. This is no act of confession but a stylish, and within limits, candid, affirmation of why he deserted "a crumbling Establishment" to volunteer as an agent for the Soviet Union, "the inner fortress of the world movement." Philby writes well, and in his crisp, sophisticated manner he gives a withering picture of the confusion and apathy in the British Secret Service, which even as late as the summer of 1940 did not possess one single agent between the Balkans and the English Channel. "SIS," Philby writes, "is the only British service authorised to collect secret information from foreign countries by illegal means," but Churchill had a fondness for appointing agents who were instructed to report back only to him, and the overlapping and rivalry within the entire secret organization created a flap which Philby with his orderly mind set about correcting.

Here is the secret of Philby's success: "The first duty of an underground worker," he tells us, "is to perfect not only his cover story but also his cover personality," and Philby worked at his English career with a capacity and discretion which won him both trust and promotion. His story of how the SIS cracked the German code and consistently double-crossed the *Abwehr* in Spain is fascinating. His account of the conflict between the "Brains" and the policemen is much funnier than the one the journalists have written. His penetrating, witty comments on J. Edgar Hoover (who distrusted all British agents) and his estimates of the contributions made by Graham Greene, Bill Stephenson, and Malcolm Muggeridge are vastly entertaining, whatever their bias. The

plain truth is that Kim Philby could not have wormed his way up to a post which permitted him to direct the SIS agents operating in the Soviet Union without recommendations based on his "solid and conscientious work," and he covered his tracks so skillfully that when at last he was named in Commons the evidence was so flimsy that he could bluff his innocence in an impeccable news conference. Wrongheaded and a traitor, but certainly a cool operator.

True Grit begins as a terse and exciting story of the frontier days in Arkansas when the judge and his marshals were only a degree or two more honorable than the men they put to death. The action comes to us through the retrospect of a spinster, Mattie Ross, whose father was robbed of his life, his horse, and \$150 in cash by a no-good tenant, Tom Chaney, a bachelor twenty-five years of age. The murder occurred in Fort Smith, and in the dead of winter the fourteen-year-old Mattie left home intent on finding the men who would help her capture the murderer. She visited the horse dealer in Fort Smith and talked him into repaying the \$110 which her father had spent on some now useless mustangs; had the body shipped home; and then asked the sheriff to name his best marshal. He told her, "The meanest one is Rooster Cogburn. He is a pitiless man, double-tough, and fear don't enter into his thinking. He loves to pull a work." She bribed Rooster with \$25 down and another \$25 to come, and with him and a Texas ranger she rode off in pursuit of the killer.

This is a Western with a difference. The hardihood and the fighting are depicted in a vernacular which curiously is both prim and primitive and in a series of escapades reminiscent of Jesse James and *The Perils of Pauline*.

Like Audubon, Roger Tory Peterson made his approach to the world of nature as an artist, studying at the Art Students League and for two years at the National Academy of Design before embarking upon the bird paintings and study which were to make him the best-known field ornithologist in the world. For a time he free-lanced as an illustrator in New York City, and John Kieran remembers him as one of the

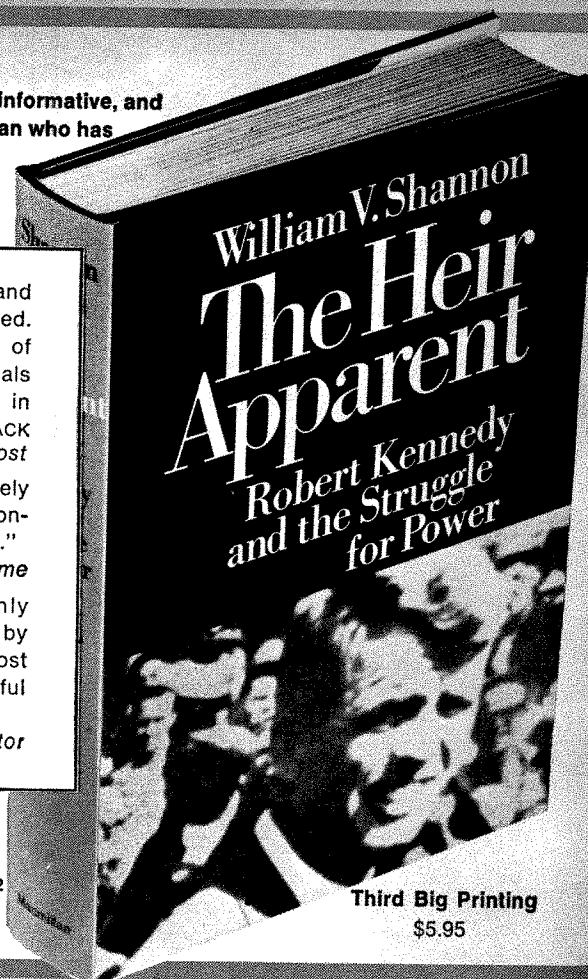
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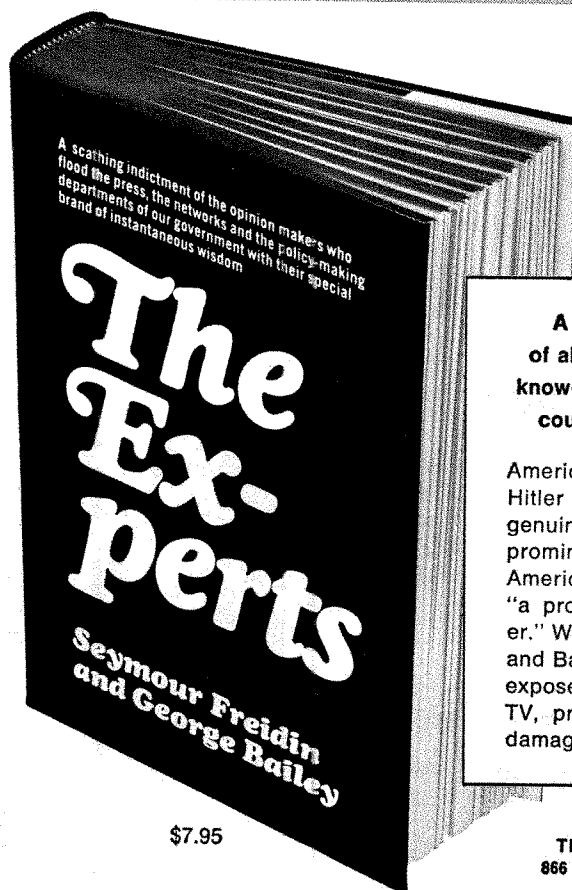
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founders of the Bronx Bird Club, thrashing through the cattails of the Van Cortlandt Park marsh shouting and clapping hands to scare up the Virginia rails and soras that used to breed there or pass through on migration. Today, tall, filled out, and with inexhaustible energy, he is known by his friends as an "owl" worker instead of a "lark" worker: he gets brighter as the day goes on, and in his studio at Old Lyme, Connecticut, he works through the night and is hard to waken once he has turned in. When he has to appear on a morning telecast he sends himself a telegram the night before with instructions that the messenger boy should not leave until he is sure that the recipient is out of bed.

Peterson's hearing is as acute as his eyesight. When he was working on the Field Guides which have made our American birds familiar to millions the world over, he would occasionally take a break and go to a movie, and his wife would hear him mutter "nighthawk" as the bird passed over the flat-roofed building and over the sound of the reel.

Twenty years ago on Cape Cod Peterson began making the drawings of wildflowers for his new handbook, *A Field Guide to Wildflowers of Northeastern and North-central North America*. Margaret McKenny collaborated with him, she working on the text, he on the legends and the 1344 illustrations in this gay and handy book. On hundreds of zigzags through the East and midlands Peterson drove his beach wagon at a snail's pace, one eye on the country road, the other on the flowers. In the case of rare orchids, or gentians which he knew better than to pick, he drew them lying flat on the ground; those he picked he kept fresh in plastic bags until he could get to the next tourist cabin. In his suitcase he carried a 200-watt daylight bulb, and once this was screwed in he could begin his owl work. He has been known to keep going for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and the deadlines he sets himself for his paintings, his writing, and his lectures run down but do not exhaust his batteries.

Wildflowers are woven into our earliest associations: the violets and lady's-slippers the first signal of spring; the musk mallows which speak to us from the summer marsh; that toughie the dandelion which travels everywhere; the wild azalea

and cardinal-flower I look for in the great ponds of Essex County; the meadows full of devil's paintbrush and wild lupine we pass on our drive to Canada; the purple loosestrife which so quickly covered the bombed areas of London.

Wildflowers have traveled with Western men from Greece to the Roman legions, from the legions to Britain, from Britain to the new world, and on to the extremities. On a recent trip to Tierra del Fuego Peterson reported that nine out of ten wildflowers by the roadside there were of European origin. It is a fact that the transients, the wild-

flowers from Europe, have taken root in the disturbed areas of America, whereas our native species have held the fort in the undisturbed areas. In the railroad rights-of-way you may find a little of both; this ground has been so little changed that one may find traces of the original prairie growths planted there centuries before the iron horse. It is man's instinct to familiarize himself with his environment, and we are grateful to Roger Tory Peterson and Margaret McKenny for making their horde of knowledge so available and so pleasurable to receive.

THEATER

The Sins of the Sons

by Marshall Cohen

In a theatrical climate created by Brecht and Artaud, Miller's dramaturgy is bound to seem naïve and tepid, deficient in intellectual cogency and sensory excitement alike. It is repetitious as well. His new play, *The Price*, is another drama of guilt and responsibility, trust and betrayal, success and failure. And these themes are embodied, as they have been in *The Man Who Had All the Luck* and *All My Sons*, in *Death of a Salesman* and *After the Fall*, in the story of a father and two sons — the father a man in difficulties, the sons men of differing temperaments and moral psychologies. (The prob-

ated Biff Loman and who often returns from Hollywood to appear in Miller's works, is again playing one of the brothers. And the audience, liberal, middle-aged, affluent, is, for the most part, the one that wept over Willy Loman and found in John Proctor the very type of a political hero. Miller's audience is nostalgic, loyal, and — this is now the highest kind of praise for a Broadway play, especially for a play performed without intermission — grateful not to be bored.

Yet *The Price* is a moderately effective play, and it does not support the charge that Miller is simply repeating himself. His usual solemnity is relieved by an unsuspected vein of Jewish humor, his Ibsenian dramatic techniques are given a promising elaboration, and the play proceeds on moral and psychological assumptions quite different from those that governed his earliest efforts. The "attention-must-be-finally-paid-to-such-a-person" indignation of *Death of a Salesman* and the strident manichaeism of *The Crucible* no longer characterize his work. In *After the Fall* Miller's surrogate, Quentin, recalls those earlier works, and days, as gone beyond recall: "The world so wonderfully threatened by injustices I was born to correct! It seemed so fine! Remember — when there were good

The Price

by Arthur Miller

(Morosco Theater, New York)

(Viking Press, \$4.75)

lem of the older man who sins with a younger woman, first announced in *The Crucible* and later re-enacted by the Arthur Miller figure and the Marilyn Monroe figure in *After the Fall*, is avoided in the present work.) If the themes are repetitious, the techniques are familiar: piecemeal revelations of the past, manipulated climaxes, heavily underscored symbolism. It is no surprise, then, to find familiar actors and the same old patrons. Arthur Kennedy, who cre-

and bad people?" In that prelapsarian state of innocence Miller believed that "bad people" (like Elia Kazan) ratted to congressional committees and Salem courts while "good people" (like Arthur Miller and John Proctor) refused to cooperate. Indeed, he felt strongly enough about the matter to break off his brilliantly successful collaboration with Kazan, and Jed Harris was called upon to direct *The Crucible*.

By the time *After the Fall* appeared, these attitudes were considerably altered. In that play, Quentin admits to feeling relief when one Communist friend he is committed to defending conveniently commits suicide, and he records the actions and motives of Kazan's surrogate without condemning them. Miller underlined his new attitude by having Kazan himself direct the play. In *The Price* Miller seeks to avoid both the self-righteousness of *The Crucible* and the self-laceration of *After the Fall*. The play is an attempt at disinterested moral analysis, which he is unfortunately unable to sustain.

Victor and Walter Franz, the middle-aged sons of *The Price*, responded in sharply different ways to the collapse of their millionaire father's business. Victor abandoned his studies to remain at home and lend support while Walter, not so gifted as Victor, turned his back on the family and plunged headlong after success. Miller suggests that there are two incompatible moral attitudes at work here, and in American society generally. One must choose between them — and pay a price. The price Victor pays is a blighted career and some gratuitous heckling from his wife; Walter's is a broken marriage, a nervous breakdown, and offspring who are "investigating" the guitar while Victor's son is off on a scholarship at M.I.T. This analysis is plainly of the pulp-magazine variety and an imperceptive slur on the younger generation to boot. But a more serious difficulty with the play must be mentioned.

If Victor and Walter are to represent the old morality and the new, if we are to concern ourselves with the price exacted by the life of duty as against the life of personal advantage, then we must, of course, believe that Victor has acted as duty requires. At the very climax of the play,

however, in a revelation as ill-prepared as the production of Larry Keller's letter in *All My Sons*, and as unconvincing as the scene of Biff Loman's disillusionment with his father in *Death of a Salesman*, we are given to understand that this is not, in fact, the case. The Franzes' father was not a ruined man, and Victor was in a position to know it. There was no moral dilemma after all, only a psychological trap. Our interest shifts from the price Victor pays for doing his duty to the source of the illusion that he had one. And this shift exacts a price of its own. Miller has time for only a few ambiguous hints about his true subject, the psychology of the Franz family. It is a nice question — very much in the spirit of the play — whether Miller's delay in coming to the point should be regarded as an unfortunate miscalculation or a cleverly disguised form of avoidance behavior. But this question carries us beyond the bounds of dramatic criticism.

The play is set in the present, and its entire action unfolds in the attic of a Manhattan brownstone where Victor and Walter, long separated, meet to dispose of their parents' furniture — to settle their family affairs. Victor has no taste for bargaining, and before Walter arrives he has agreed on a "sacrifice" price with the furniture dealer. Walter, when his busy schedule finally permits him to appear, feels no obligation to abide by the agreed-upon terms and proposes an entirely new arrangement. It is far less advantageous to the dealer and requires Victor to treat his legitimate inheritance, at least for tax purposes, as a gift from Walter. In the end Victor rejects Walter's suggested course of action and abides by the original agreement. In settling the price of the furniture with Gregory Soloman, the brothers have obviously re-enacted their earlier dealings with their father, and the action we see before our eyes suggests that the Franz father may have been in control all along, giving each of the sons what he most deeply wanted. For Gregory Soloman, the furniture dealer, is very much in control of the negotiation, and as the curtain falls he is seated in the father's chair, laughing contentedly. Miller had a splendid idea here — the symbolic re-enactment of past events might well have put us in a position to



How can a little old publisher in the Midwest create such laudable* essays on Edward Albee, Saul Bellow, Peter DeVries, T.S. Eliot, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Golding, Günter Grass, Graham Greene, Ernest Hemingway, Eugene Ionesco, Pär Lagerkvist, Bernard Malamud, Flannery O'Connor, Kathleen Raine, Philip Roth, J.D. Salinger, Edith Sitwell, William Styron, John Updike, Charles Williams and more?

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understand the past—but the occasionally brilliant surface of his play does remarkably little to illuminate the obscurity at its center.

It is Miller's usual practice to disguise his obviously Jewish characters as average Americans and to pass the corruptions of their English off as poetic turns of phrase. In Gregory Soloman he has finally given us a Yiddish-American character straight, and this canny, benevolent, resourceful ninety-year-old furniture dealer with a discharge from the British Navy is one of the best things he has ever done. Harold Gary scores an easy triumph in the part, but the rest of the cast, Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid, all excellent actors, can't give much life to Miller's cardboard cut-outs. Boris Aronson's overstuffed attic makes visible the oppressive weight of unredeemed time.

Record Reviews

by Herbert Kupferberg

Bach: B Minor Mass (*Klemperer, New Philharmonia Orchestra, BBC Chorus; Angel SC-3720*). Klemperer humanizes Bach's monumental Mass surprisingly, getting some beautifully textured choral singing, and fine solo work from Agnes Giebel, Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, and Franz Crass.

Beethoven: Nine Symphonies, Four Overtures (*Toscanini, NBC Symphony; RCA Victorola VIC-8000*). Lots of the young bloods tend to pooh-pooh Toscanini's taut, no-nonsense approach, but anyone knowing of a more intense and exciting Beethoven package than this is welcome to it. Reasonable sound; eight records.

Brahms: Four Symphonies, Two Overtures; "Haydn" Variations (*Toscanini, NBC Symphony; RCA Victorola VIC-6400*). If anything, Brahms benefits even more than Beethoven from a Toscanini tightening-up. This is a four-record album.

Elliott Carter: Piano Concerto (*live performance by Jacob Lateiner, with Leinsdorf and Boston Symphony; RCA Victor LSC-3001*). Carter has a language of his own, with instruments speaking their lines almost individually and building them into a tonal

drama. The listener almost has to become part of it, and not all may be willing to do so. Michael Colgrass' *As Quiet As* on the reverse is a lightweight filler.

Gilbert and Sullivan: The Sorcerer (*D'Oyly Carte; Richmond RS-62015*). London recently put out a new D'Oyly Carte *Sorcerer*, but this just-reissued older model, with Peter Pratt as John Wellington Wells, is equally good and costs less. *The Sorcerer*, though, is early G. & S. and mostly for Savoyard specialists.

Gluck: Orfeo, Italian version (*Angel SBL-3717, with Grace Bumbry as Orfeo and Vaclav Neumann conducting; and DGG-139268/69, with Fischer-Dieskau and Karl Richter*). Bumbry's singing has more warmth, and so does Neumann's conducting, but neither of these is wholly satisfying.

James Joyce: Passages from Finnegans Wake (*movie sound track; RCA Victor VDS-118*). Beats reading it.

Mahler: Kindertotenlieder, Songs of a Wayfarer (*Janet Baker with Barbirolli and Hallé Orchestra; Angel S-36465*). A beautiful but bloodless *Kindertotenlieder*; the *Fahrenden Gesellen* cycle just about perfect.

Mendelssohn: Piano Trios Nos. 1 in D Minor and 2 in C Minor (*Beaux Arts Trio—Pressler, Guilet, Greenhouse; World Series PHC-9082*). Despite an occasional reminiscence of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, these trios emerge as inconsequential even in these amiable performances.

The Comic Mozart (*Köth, Schreier, Prey, Berry; Seraphim S-60050*). A good antidote to Epic's recent soggy attempt at these satiric, bawdy ensembles. These stick to the original German (translations in booklet) and are smoothly sung. Good, clean fun. Pretty clean anyway.

Rossini: Barber of Seville (*D'Angelo, Monti, Capecchi, Bartoletti; Heliodor HS-25072/3*). When this appeared originally on Deutsche Grammophon I thought it the liveliest of modern *Barbers*, and I find no reason to revise my opinion now that it's out in a bargain reissue. A good way to celebrate the Rossini centenary.

Joan Sutherland in the Golden Age of Operetta (*with Bonyne—who else?—*

conducting the New Philharmonia and Ambrosian Light Opera Chorus; London OSA-1268). With her big voice, stately style, and tendency to swallow words, Joan is simply in the wrong pew in this two-record set encompassing everything from Offenbach to Romberg. Her proper world is opera: Sutherland go home.

The Swingle Singers: Spanish Masters (*Philips PHS-200261*). Since their first Bach record, repertory has been a vexing problem to the Swingle vocalizers, and these Spanish pieces by Albéniz, Granados, Rodrigo, and so on aren't the answer either. This will never replace Segovia.

Vaughan Williams: A London Symphony (*Barbirolli-Hallé Orchestra; Angel S-36478*). The kind of music into which the Big Ben chimes fit comfortably. Maybe this 1914 London no longer exists either physically or musically, but it makes a lovely retrospection.

Wagner: Siegfried Idyll (*Ristenpart, South German Philharmonic; Checkmate C-76010*). Karl Ristenpart's recent death (on the eve of his first American visit) deprived us of a conductor who knew how to freshen up the familiar. This *Siegfried Idyll* is, well, idyllic, and the Brahms Serenade No. 2 on the reverse, while it does go on, benefits no end from his affectionate treatment.

Short Reviews

by Phoebe Adams

The End of Obscenity by Charles Rembar. Random House, \$8.95. Mr. Rembar is the lawyer who successfully defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer*, and *Fanny Hill* against legal suppression as obscene books. He did it, according to this lively memoir, by maneuvering all three cases to the Supreme Court, where he adroitly shifted the attention of the Justices from the content of the books to the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press. Mr. Rembar writes unpretentiously and well; he includes great chunks of courtroom dialogue, always dramatic stuff; he is brisk and clear in explaining legal arcanities for lay readers. He also has a passion for irreverent asides and semi-relevant

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André Previn conducts the celebrated English Chamber Orchestra and a sparkling cast which includes Reri Grist, Judith Raskin, Richard Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Leo McKern (fresh from his film triumph in "A Man for All Seasons"). Conductor Previn's wife and song-writing partner, Dory, created the rollicking English libretto. Mozart was never such fun.

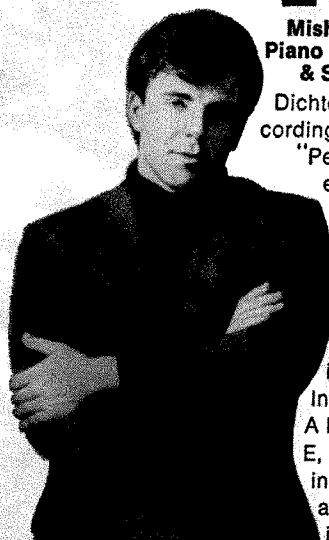
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Erich Leinsdorf & The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Leinsdorf and the BSO are creating a remarkable library of magnificent recorded performances of Beethoven. This new entry, the lyrical Fourth Symphony, is a study in clarity and purity of interpretation. Beethoven's "Leonore Overture No. 2" rounds out another orchestral event.

Beethoven SYMPHONY No. 4/LEONORE OVERTURE No. 2 BOSTON SYMPHONY/ERICH LEINSDORF



Itzhak Perlman & Erich Leinsdorf-First complete Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto

The first collaboration of Perlman, Leinsdorf, and the BSO was superb. Now they are together again in a performance of the beloved Tchaikovsky work that must be heard to be believed. Dvořák's "Romance" rounds out the LP.



Seiji Ozawa

conducts the Toronto Symphony in a 2-LP set of contemporary works by two of the world's most important living composers. Messiaen's 10-movement, 80-minute "Turangalila Symphony" is a massive sonic experience. Takemitsu's "November Steps," a first recording, is a study in sonorities.

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absurdities, and indulges it in the most hilariously rewarding footnotes that ever jazzed up a book on a serious topic. Or is obscenity serious?

The Real Thing by William Carney. Putnam's, \$6.00. This is a novel in letters, vaguely Gothic in tone, about a sadist who undertakes to instruct his nephew in the art. Correspondence school sadism is a promisingly funny notion. Unfortunately Mr. Carney has approached it in all sobriety and produced portentous flappedoodle reminiscent of Monk Lewis.

The Irish by Donald S. Connery. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. The author wastes no time on the romantic or the picturesque. This is a description of contemporary Ireland, a country belatedly and rather nervously taking up industrialization, modern economics, and twentieth-century ideas, and it is a sensible, useful, sometimes humorous report.

T. H. White by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking, \$6.50. The author of *The Once and Future King* was an unusual man — son of an abomina-

ble woman, reluctant homosexual, solitary, sportsman, lover of red setters, falconer, and drunk. White was capable of exceptional kindness (the real kind, requiring time, tact, and money) and also of a boorishness that drove his friends to sputtering rage. Miss Warner has reconstructed this odd, sad, attractive character with much success, helped by White himself, who was an incorrigible journal keeper.

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. Dover, \$2.25. Except for a needless introduction by Alfred Werner, this is a paperback facsimile of Whistler's superbly designed edition of his neurotically quarrelsome writings, a masterpiece of incivility and fine bookmaking.

Onwards! by Nat Hentoff. Simon and Schuster, \$3.95. Mr. Hentoff has written a small novel about the embarrassments of being a middle-aged academic liberal. It appears that he never decided whether to aim for satire or lament, and ended by shooting the air.

Aspects of Antiquity by M. I. Finley. Viking, \$5.95. As the title implies, a collection of learned essays ranging in subject from Minoan Crete to early Christianity. Since Mr. Finley's style is low-pressure and his arguments are put with discreet courtesy, there is danger that the reader may overlook the unusualness of some (not all) of his opinions.

Colonel Sun by Kingsley Amis alias Robert Markham. Harper & Row, \$5.95. James Bond survives his creator, a trick previously confined to heroes of Homer and the comic strips. Mr. Amis, a devotee of the Bond cult, has assumed the mantle of the prophet, and his first utterance will presumably satisfy the faithful, being, on the word of an old Bond hater, just as unendurable as genuine Fleming, and for the same reasons.

Ellen Terry by Roger Manvell. Putnam's, \$6.95. As a child actress crashing about backstage, Ellen Terry nearly upset an old gentleman who turned out to be the great Macready; she learned her trade with Kean's company; played for triumphant years with Henry Irving;

acted in plays by Shaw and Barrie; had a grandchild via Isadora Duncan; played in some early movies. Even without Shaw's sentimental correspondence, her life would be fascinating, a history of sixty years of English theater. Mr. Manvell has taken proper advantage of excellent material.

The Survival of Scotland by Eric Linklater. Doubleday, \$6.95. Primarily a novelist, sporadically practically everything possible under the man of letters heading, Eric Linklater has used all his skills to present the disorderly history of Scotland in an orderly, interesting, readable narrative.

Iberia by James A. Michener. Random House, \$10.00. Mr. Michener is enthusiastically interested in everything, a trait that is both strength and weakness. His book on Spain is full of information, and that information is presented with no concern for relative importance, so that the text becomes a muddle of the banal and the unique, the significant and the trivial. Not exactly a book to read, but agreeable to rummage in.

The Walls of Jerusalem by Chaim Raphael. Knopf, \$6.95. An accurate description of Mr. Raphael's "excursion into Jewish history" would be reflections (by the author) on commentaries (by generations of rabbis) on a commentary (poetical lament) on a remote historic event (the fall of Jerusalem). It sounds discouraging, but the book is attractive, learned, personal without becoming idiosyncratic, and highly relevant to the present day.

The Golden Age by J. Paul Getty. Trident, \$5.00. Having spent his life amassing an inordinate amount of money, Mr. Getty has undertaken to advise the world on how to spend its old age. His advice is reasonable enough on the take-up-a-hobby-and-do-not-buy-a-house-full-of-termites level, but anyone who thinks to get rich by reading this book might as well play the horses.

Kiss Kiss Bang Bang by Pauline Kael. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95. A collection of Miss Kael's opinions, discussions, and reviews of films; some of this material has appeared in the *Atlantic*.

A robust novel of love, labor, and the struggle for the good life among the working classes as the 20th century dawned over Firenze

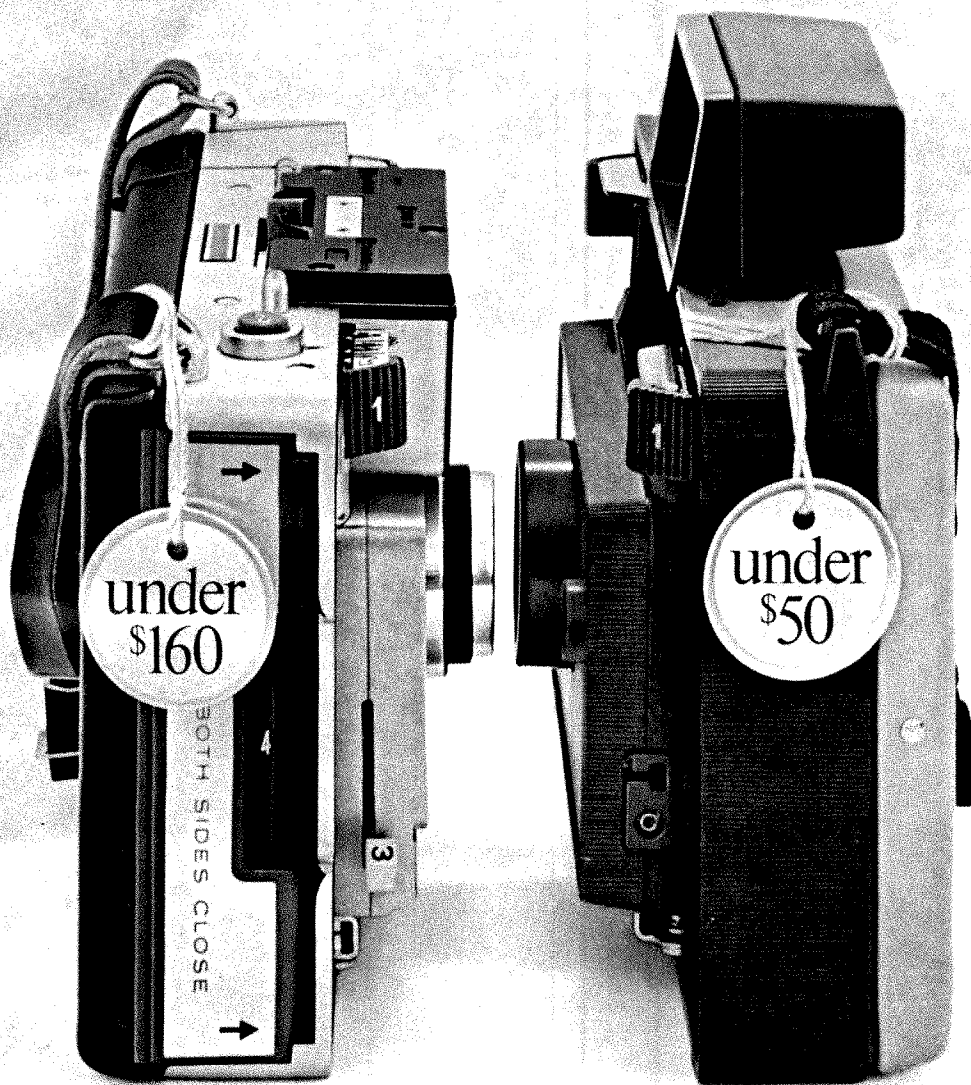
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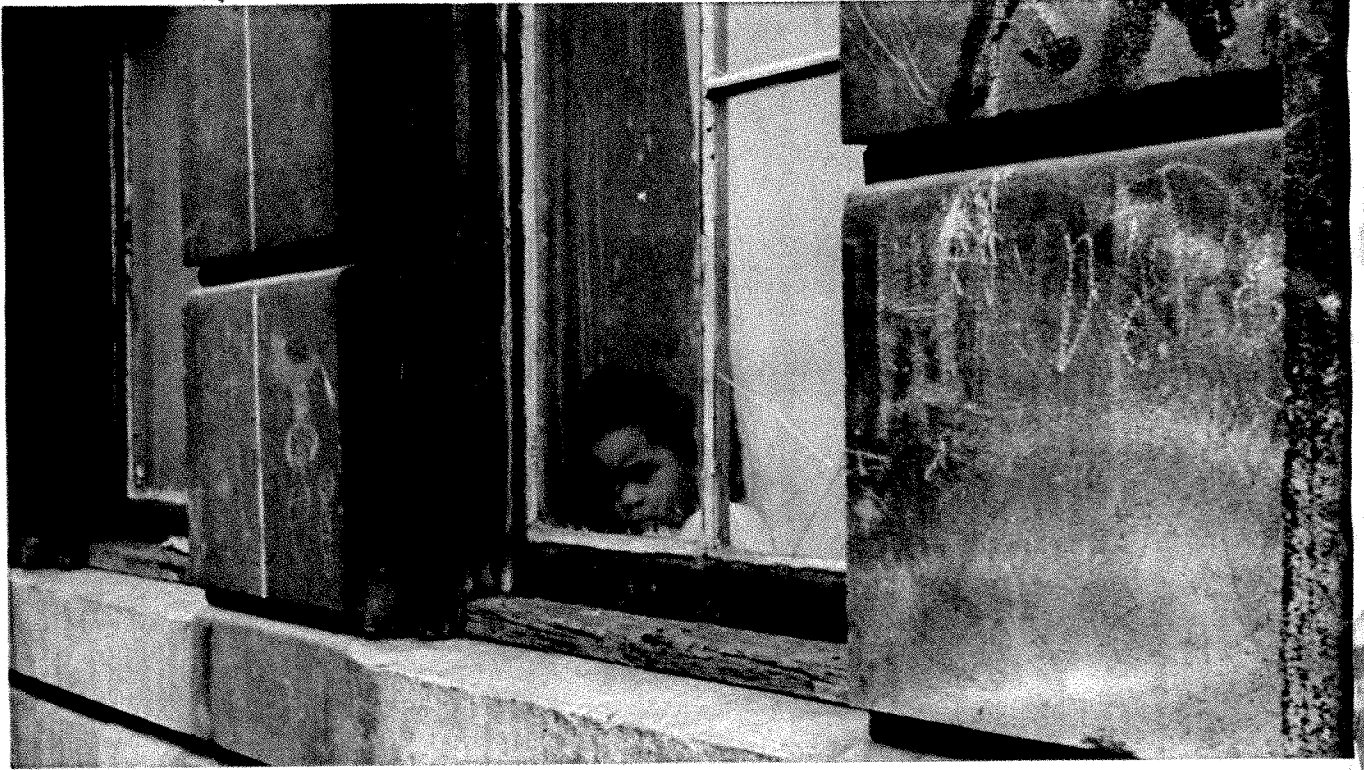
\$160 model? \$50 model? As we said, you can't go wrong.

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you just sink and you can't get out of it . . .
I mean you can live here for millions and millions of years
and you will see the same place, same time, and same situation.
It's just like time stops here."

A quote from a resident of a Gary, Indiana, slum,
before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.



What's it like to live in a slum?

You have to feel it. And smell it. And taste it. You have to choke on the physical and moral sickness of it. Living in a slum just might be man's most degrading experience.

And, whether you know it or not, slums affect you. Because slums have no boundaries. Right now, in every major city in America, the slum is spilling over its tenement walls. And slowly, but visibly, the sickness of these slums is becoming the sickness of our cities.

Look at the figures. One third of this country's jobless are concentrated in our cities' slums. 47% of these families are on welfare. Is it any wonder then that so much crime and disease is bred there?

The future of our cities depends in large part on what we do today about our slums. It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . inside and outside the slum. White and Negro alike. For the job will take years and cost billions. But concerted action—now—can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unequalled anywhere else in the world.

It's everyone's problem. That's why we ask everyone to act directly and vigorously in this crisis. Help is needed to build and improve housing, to create job-training centers, to re-evaluate hiring practices, to participate in community programs of health and education.

That's why we ask private citizens to voice their convictions in an effort to alleviate these problems.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

Institute of Life Insurance
277 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
On behalf of the Life Insurance Companies in America